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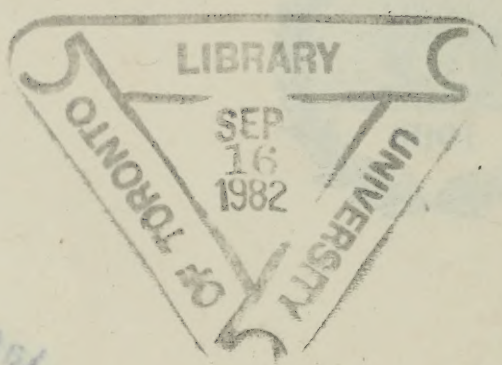


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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIV JULY, 1908 NO. 1

DIVERSIONS IN PICTURESQUE GAME-LANDS

GRAND BAD-LANDS AND MULE DEER

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. HUFFMAN

IT is an interesting but unaccountable fact that comparatively few American sportsmen ever have carried their rifles into really fine bad-lands. The particularly wild and picturesque bad-lands of Montana and Wyoming have for me the same fascination that arctic ice has for a a pole-hunter. When fully under the spell of their grim and uncanny grandeur, one seems to live in a Dantean world, wherein everything is strange and unreal. If you go about with open eyes, you will see that even such savage-looking wastes of land carvings as those of Hell Creek and Snow Creek are stocked with interesting animal life, queer vegetation and physical wonders. If you are a paleontologist—ah! then your finds are likely to surpass all others—as we shall see.

Unfortunately for the sight-seer, the bad-lands along our transcontinental railways are rather tame. The wild tracts do not generate much freight, nor many passengers. To see and feel the real thing, and have it dominate your senses with hypnotic power, go when nerve-weary to a place where you will find a Grand Canyon in miniature, and panoramas of wild nature that you can dream over all the rest of your life. For the time therefor, choose either October or November, of The Present year.

I think the finest bad-lands in all Montana are those on Snow Creek and Hell Creek, reaching southward from the Missouri River for a width of twelve miles. The trail trip northwestward, 120 miles from Miles City, is a good curtain-raiser for the real experience. The modest little buttes and coulees along Sunday Creek are just wild enough to convince the explorer that civilization has been left behind, and that the wrestle with Nature is really on. Six hours from the trail's beginning, "the next water." "firewood" and "grass" are topics for serious thought, especially between the hours of four and five in the afternoon.

At the head of Sunday Creek, the plain and simple bad-lands of that stream fade out, and you emerge upon a vast stretch of rolling prairie uplands, absolutely treeless, and drained by numerous small creeks. In days gone by that was one of the finest buffalo ranges in all the West. After the buffalo days, this side of 1884, it was a fine cattle range; but the awful sheep-herds have gone over it, like swarms of hungry locusts, and now the earth looks scalped and bald, and lifeless. To-day it is almost as barren of cattle as of buffaloes, and it will be years in recovering from the fatal passage of the sheep. That once-popular buffalo range extends northward over divide and valley, across the Little Dry, Sand Creek and the Big Dry, ninety miles at least, where it breaks into the awful bad-lands that scarify the country along the southern side of the muddy Missouri.

There were only four of us; and we left Jim's ferry on the Yellowstone on Oc-

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Wolfer's Roost—The prettiest cabin in Montana.
Max Sieber's home on Hell Creek, at the edge of the bad-lands.

tober 2nd. Jim McNaney was with me on the historic Smithsonian buffalo hunt of 1886, even unto the day when we found and killed the big bull whose lordly portrait now adorns and illumines the face of our new ten-dollar bill.

Our souls had yearned so strongly for another look at our old haunts up Sunday Creek and beyond the LU-bar ranch that when he proposed a hunting trip to "the worst bad-lands in Montana," I had come all the way from the East to respond.

By good luck, our old friend L. A. Huffman, expert photographer, sportsman and all-around good fellow, had been persuaded to join us; and to the fighting strength of the outfit he had contributed his historic white horse, Jady, and a buggy to carry cameras and plates. The fourth member was Bert Smith, cook and wagon-driver. The other equine members of the party were Bull Pup, Sunfish, Easter Lily, Yellow Belly, and Louey.

Joyously we pulled up to the Little Dry, seventy miles from Miles. and made Camp No. 3. For supper the cook fried—most becomingly—the four sage grouse that Jim shot in the shadow of the LU-bar Buttes. The pungent and spicy odor of the sage-brush—sweet incense to the nostrils of the Eastern sportsman—the swishing flame of the camp-fire, the snort of the tired horses thankfully feeding at ease, and the white oil-cloth spread on the clean buffalo-grass all gratefully combined to soothe the senses like an opiate. *Montana, again!* This is Life! In that glorious weather, we scorned the Sibley tent and slept in the open, triumphantly, as do men who for ten years and more have longed for the trail and camp-fire in buffalo-land. It was Layton Huffman's "first real big-game hunting trip since Ruth was a baby."

For seventy miles our spirits had mounted higher and higher every hour. The joy of it seemed too bright to last—and sure enough, it was It was at our camp on the Little Dry that Calamity overtook us, sweating and weary from our all-night ride.

In the early morning, while we were hitching up for a fine start, Calico Charley slowly galloped into view from the south, rode up to our camp-fire and with a brief, "Hello, fellers!" stiffly dismounted. A



Our camp on the bank of Hell Creek.
At Sieber's ranch.

blind man could have seen that he had ridden hard and long.

Jim McNaney, Huffman and I were each of us married men; and each had given double hostages to Fortune. During a long half-minute of painful silence, we looked at Calico Charley, and at each other, without the courage to ask the fatal question. At last Jim managed to say, in a very low voice,

"Well, *which one of us is it*, Charlie?"

"It's you, Jim," said Charley, very gently. "Maggie's been took *awful* bad. The doctors say there's got to be an operation—right away. . . . It's to be at four o'clock this afternoon."

Maggie was Jim's wife, and the mother of little Jack. "Sorry" was no name for what we all felt at that moment.

"Well, boys," said Jim, quietly, "I'm awfully sorry to miss the hunt with you; but I must hit the trail back. Bull Pup will get me there by four o'clock, all right. . . . Now, the rest of you must go on, and have the hunt; and if Maggie gets well enough that I can leave her, I'll try to join you on Hell Creek, for a few days with you at the finish."

And so, taking a handful of cigars and a box of matches, he flung himself into his saddle, touched Bull Pup with a spur, and in an instant was galloping away on the seventy-mile run.

Three weeks later when he met us returning, again at the LU-bar Buttes, he told us briefly of the ride.

"Well, sir, that plucky little beggar of a Bull Pup took me to Miles by half-past three—and he *never turned a hair!* Blamed if I don't believe he could have brought me back again to the Little Dry by midnight! He's the best little cayuse I ever owned. . . . Yes, you bet, Maggie was glad to see me. . . . Oh, yes; the operation was fine, and she's getting on all right!"

When Jim galloped away from us, Layton Huffman and I conferred briefly, and took an inventory of our resources. Calico Charley could not go on with us. It remained for Layton and me to find the hunting grounds, somehow, kill our game, take our pictures, and get safely back again, on time. Jim told us that at Jerdon's, on the Big Dry, we could inquire the way to Egan's ranch; and once there, the ranch

people would put us wise as to the hunting grounds, and "locate" us.

Before we moved out, Layton elected me foreman of the outfit. In that position, I did not have to work very hard, but as horse-wrangler-in-chief, I think I earned my keep.

Without the loss of a moment, we pulled on north, and on a level flat a mile above the ruined LU-bar ranch house we saw the spectacle of the sage grouse. It was a sight that neither sportsman nor naturalist could easily forget.

The flat was as level as a floor, and the closely cropped buffalo-grass upon it was as smooth as a tennis court. The ground looked like buff-colored manila paper. The plain was very thinly dotted with tiny clumps of young sage-brush, no larger than spring geraniums, and over numerous spaces even those were absent. As I rode in advance of the wagon, there arose a short distance ahead, but quite near the trail, certain sage grouse sentinels, which betokened the presence of a flock. As I slowly rode forward, the birds all stood at attention, and looked at me. Presently they began to stalk very slowly and majestically athwart the trail. Momentarily expecting them to take wing, I rode forward, pianissimo, in order to see how near I could approach the flock before it would explode into the air, and wing away.

Montana is a land of many surprises. In very open order, spread out over a quarter of an acre of ground, with heads held high and striding with regal dignity and deliberation, those twenty-four sage-grouse stalked up to the trail, and across it. At a nearness of thirty paces to the skirmishers of the flock, I drew rein to gaze; and presently our whole outfit halted close behind me, to look and wonder.

Each of those birds strutted as if he alone owned the whole of Montana. They gave us stare for stare, preserved their formation, and sauntered on across the trail as if there were not a loaded shot-gun within a hundred miles. It was the most magnificent series of grouse poses that any of us ever beheld, and we regretted that the exigencies of the trail compelled us to move on. The lofty heads, the big, plump bodies, and the long, marline-spike tails slowly and majestically stalked away into the easterly sage-brush, and never a feather stirred in flight. Even to this day, I wonder how those birds *knew* that we would not "shoot them up!"

The trail was good, and our load was light; Jim's team was in fine shape, and we went forward at a rattling pace. By the time you have ridden from the Yellowstone through twenty miles of bad-lands, and across sixty miles of billowy divides, you stand on the hurricane deck of the lofty watershed that separates Little Dry Creek from the Big Dry. Incidentally, you also see your first solitary and scared prong-horned antelope, and it looks unspeakably lonesome. As you draw rein, and gaze in spell-bound silence toward all points of the butte-filled compass, you think, "How *big* Montana is! This is indeed the top of the continent!"

Your vision takes in with one cycloramic sweep at least one thousand square miles of butte-studded country, and the mental and moral uplift of it all is worth the cost of the trip. Then, and not until then, is your mind in a proper frame to approach the weird wonderland that lies to the north, beyond old Smoky Butte, that looms up in the northwest, a grim and majestic sentinel.

We camped on Sand Creek, and in the gray dawn Layton kindly shot two blue-winged teal for breakfast. Immediately thereafter, by a very close shave we succeeded in heading back our horses after the whole bunch had decided to take advantage of their right to the initiative and referendum, and hit the trail back to the Yellowstone. Had they succeeded in giving us the slip we might have spent half a week in chasing them on foot.

We pulled on north to Jerdon's store and post-office on the Big Dry, forded a river of real water, and obtained careful directions for reaching Egan's ranch without a guide. The specifications were all right, but, as often happens after a contract has been let, the ground plan of the country didn't seem to fit them.

Beyond Jerdon's the trail was dim, and as it lengthened its dimness increased. We failed to find the turn-off for Egan's, and went straight on. When sixteen miles had been reeled off, we reached the crest of a lofty divide, crossed a high and level mesa, and from the western edge of it looked down upon a sea of rolling prairie, richly set in grass. We said, "The ranch may be



Under Panorama Point

The sterility of the bad lands immediately below the rich grassland



The bad-lands of Snow Creek from Panorama Point.

on the creek that we see, away down yonder. Let us get there, even though we do go west."

We started on the down grade, and very soon the country on our right hand (north) went all to pieces into rugged ravines. We drove and rode, wound in and wound out, and just about sunset reached the bottom, and the creek. There was a sinuous chain of golden-yellow cottonwood trees, firewood to burn and water in the hole—but not the faintest trace of a ranch, past, present or to come.

Then and there we were unquestionably and shamefully lost; and since there did not appear to be any other human beings north of the Big Dry, nor any clue to our position, we went into camp, fed sumptuously and bade Dull Care begone. That night the coyotes serenaded us in old-time style, and we dreamed that we had come into our own wild domain, wherein no man might molest us, nor make us afraid.

The next morning at peep of day, I saddled Easter Lily—Jim's favorite mare, and my special mount—and galloped northward to look for hunting grounds. Three miles along, I caught a glimpse of land ahead that quickly led me to halt and climb to the mast-head of a tall butte that rose conveniently near.

Glorious! Two miles beyond that point the grassy plain broke up into a wild revel of bad-lands, such as delights the heart of a mule deer, and a deer hunter. The whole landscape was hacked, and gouged, and cut down into a bewildering maze of deep canyons and saw-tooth ridges, all thinly sprinkled over with stunted pines, and junipers and cedars. As far as I could see, to right, to left and straight away, the wild and eerie bad-lands bespoke mule deer, and beckoned us to come on.

I hurried back to the outfit and reported.

"There are grand bad-lands ahead of us, and quite near at hand; and there must be deer in them. There surely is water in them, somewhere, and all we need to do is to work down to a good camping place, and make ourselves at home. There is no sign of a ranch, and we don't need any!"

Layton gave a defiant gesture with his free hand, and recklessly consigned Egan's ranch and Hell Creek to the Bad Place.



The mule deer that escaped from a mountain lion.
Right antler broken off, right ear torn, and wound on neck. Shot from Panorama Point.

We hit a dim old wagon trail, and when Huffman saw the promised land, from Pisgah Butte, he smiled with satisfaction, and said that it was good.

"But where on earth does this wagon track lead to, anyhow? Let's follow it up, and see if it don't lead down to good wood and water."

We spurred ahead of the team for about two miles, and presently completed the ox-bow course he had been describing with the previous ten miles. Going due east at last, almost bursting with superheated curiosity, we reached once more the bank of our creek of the previous night—and suddenly came up against the prettiest little log cabin in all Montana! It had the lines of a Swiss chalet. There was a dug-out store-house, a pile of buffalo horns, a stable, corrals, and a fine but lonesome shepherd dog chained beside a nice, clean dug-out kennel.

There was no one at home but Shep; but he said he was mighty glad to see us; and wouldn't we 'light and stay awhile? We would. Huffman put up his hands, and peeked in at the window.

"Bachelor quarters; and everything as clean and neat as new pins!"

We eye-searched the country round, but saw no sign of the bachelor. At last we were mounting to ride away, when "spang!" came the call of a six-shooter from the throat of the bad-lands, northerly.

"There he is," said Layton. "He wants us to wait."

Ten minuter later, up came the habitant, breathing heavily, red of face, and looking none too pleasant. He was short of stature, sandy of beard, clad *in neat buck-skins* and armed with both Winchester and Colt. He was Max Sieber, ex-buffalo-hunter and Texas cowboy, at present engaged in hunting wolves for the bounty on their scalps, and holding down a valuable water-hole for an increment. Huffman immediately voiced our curiosity.

"Well, now, will you tell us—*where* is Hell Creek?"

"*This* is Hell Creek," said Sieber, very emphatically. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"Well! Of all the Luck!"

By guiding ourselves, and opportunely



Buffalo-hunter's cabin at the edge of the grazing grounds.
Bad-lands of Snow Creek.

missing the Egan ranch—which was well out of the game country, eastward—our hunter's luck had led us to an ideal camping place at the very focus of the bad-lands we were seeking.

Behind us was the high and billowy "mesa" covered with unchewn grass a foot high, a domain that was worth thousands of dollars to any stockman. I never saw such grass elsewhere in the West. Sieber was mowing and stacking it, for his pair of monstrous horses, and their sides were ready to crack open with Prosperity. Eastward lay a strange region of high-level bad-lands; and northward, the labyrinth of canyons, and peaks, and ridges was fairly indescribable.

At first the grizzly old wolf-hunter was offish and suspicious; but Layton instantly divined the trouble, and took the situation in hand.

"Now, let me tell you, Sieber. My name's Huffman. I live in Miles, and I'm a photographer. This man is from the East, and he has come out here to kill one or two black-tail, and see how they live when they're at home. I'm going to take pictures of the bad-lands. We don't own a hoof of range stock, and don't want to; and we're not looking for a range, or a ranch site, for anybody. This is a pleasure trip, old man, and nothing else,—honor bright."

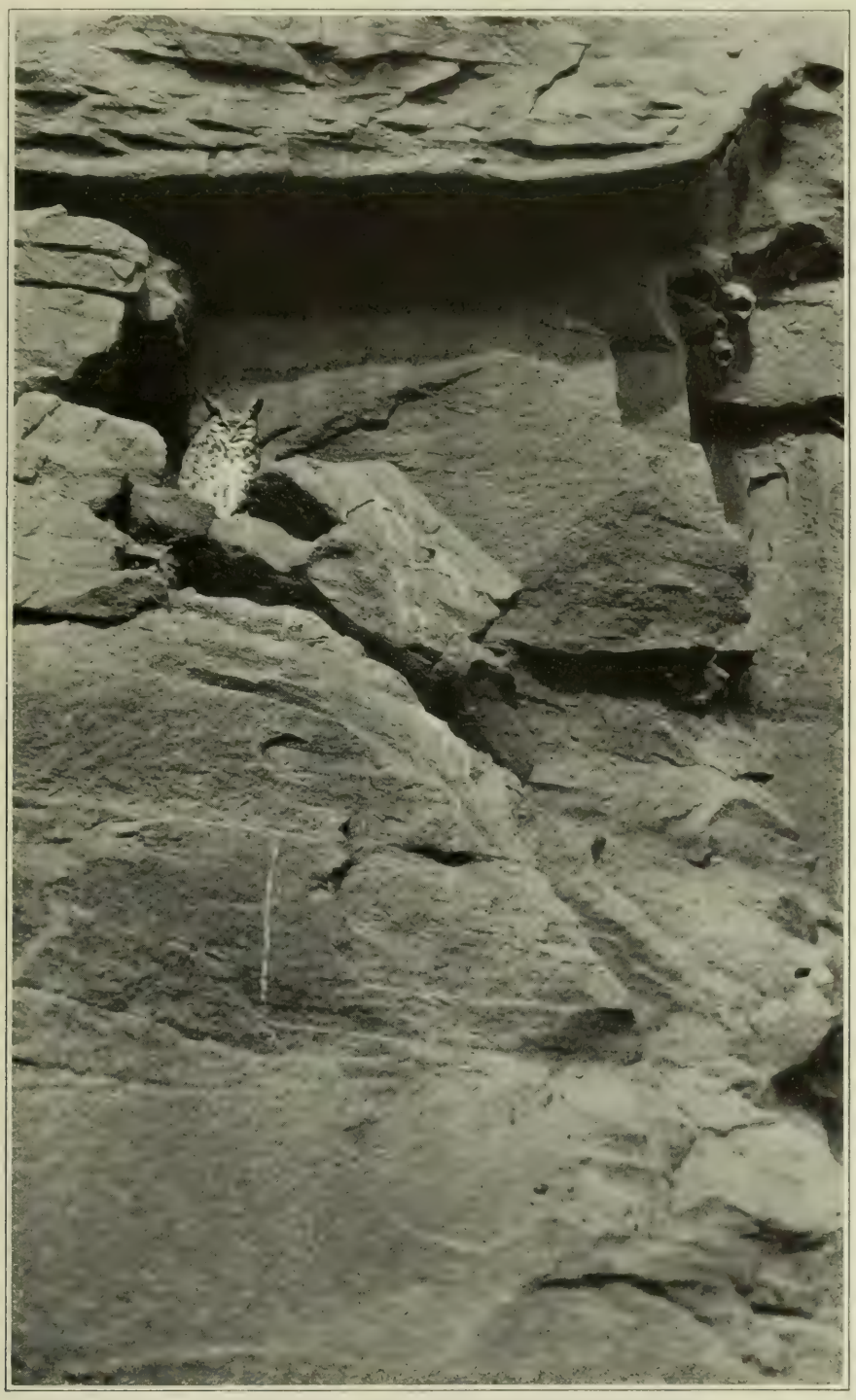
That was ample. Sieber's clouds rolled away in a burst of sunshine, and the whole country became ours. Being of a sociable disposition, and also downright lonesome, Max was as heartily glad to see us as we were to meet him. He cordially invited us to camp near him, which we did; and from that moment until we parted from him, two weeks later, eight miles along the home trail, we were much together. To find so fine a "character," and precisely where a picturesque old-timer so perfectly fitted in, was great luck.

I wish I could set before the Reader an adequate impression of the fourteen halcyon days we spent in that wonderland; but it is impossible. The best that I can do in a few pages will give but a pale glimpse of the whole.

An early discovery, and one which gave us keen pleasure, was the fact that Sieber is an ardent game protectionist, and a con-

sistent hater of game-butchers. His indignant recital of how certain ranchmen of the North Side had slaughtered great numbers of antelope and deer to feed their dogs, revealed the real lover of wild animals. We joined him in anathematizing all men who kill female deer and fawns, and we pledged each other that, come what might, *we* never would do either of those disreputable things.

Just below Wolfer's Roost—I mean Sieber's cabin—Hell Creek makes a picturesque bend, and in its encircling arm there is an ideal camp-ground. The cut-bank furnishes shelter; likewise horned owls and swallows. The plaza is covered with good grass, and there is much good firewood in the thin grove of cottonwoods two hundred yards above. We brought down our outfit, pitched our Sibley tent, and settled down to have the Time of our lives.



Details of a cut-bank with the owl and swallow's nests.



The outfit (all but the photographer) in the bad-lands of Sunday Creek.

Max kindly offered to go out with us for the afternoon, and we blithely accepted his company. Whenever he could go with us, he was *persona grata*, to the utmost.

We set out on foot over the plateau to seek the panorama of the bad-lands, with an edge on our expectations like that of country boys going to a circus. We footed it briskly westward along the edge of the high plateau, and after the shaven prairies of the sheep ranges farther south that wild-west grass was really inspiring. It was knee high, and rich as cream—mingled buffalo grass, grama grass and spear grass. Only its long distance from the nearest railway had preserved it immaculate. I mention it thus particularly because at that late day the existence of such a tract of virgin grass-land on the northern buffalo range was decidedly noteworthy. It is all occupied by cattle now.

There are several kinds of bad-lands. Those most commonly seen are usually tracts of dry and half sterile country, with low buttes scattered over them, always somewhat picturesque, but seldom grand. Usually, such tracts are of considerable extent, and you enter them by such slow degrees that your impressions of them arrive rather tardily.

But the Snow Creek bad-lands are very different. You could erect a hand-rail on the line where the rolling, grass-covered buffalo range breaks off into a wild chaos of rugged depths. In a series of jumps, both quick and long, the grassy coulees drop into ravines, the ravines into gulches, and the gulches into deep and gloomy canyons. Fertility ends as abruptly as sterility begins. Often at the spot where a grassy ravine drops sixty feet sheer into the head of a barren gulch, a lone pitch-pine tree takes root and grows up in the angle, as if trying to reach up and get a peep at the upper level.

Near the upper edge of sterility, dark-green masses of trailing juniper cling to the steep sides of the high ridges, as if to hold their barren soil from being further scored and washed down into the Missouri. In the blasted heads of the ravines and arroyos, usually where the ground all about is as bare as a brickyard, we often found growing rank clumps of the narrow-leaved mugwort (*Artemesia tomentosa*), twin brother of the common sage-brush, and well beloved of the mule deer.

When we reached a view-point which opened up a particularly fine prospect, we indulged in a few exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

"And are ye really fond of scenery?" said Sieber, beaming with pleasure. "Then come with me, and I'll show you one of the finest sights you ever saw in your whole lives!"

We dared him to go on, and make good.

Turning abruptly northward, Sieber led us only half a mile along the level top of a lofty wedge of the table-land, which maintained its elevation out to a sharp point that terminated in mid-air. Afterward, for our own convenience, we named it Panorama Point.

It seems to me that no human being can stand on that spot and view that marvellous labyrinth of wild Nature without being thrilled by it. Instantly your thoughts fly to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, as seen from Point Sublime, only this is in miniature. The fact that you stand on a sharp point, from which the world drops steeply away on three sides, is not the thing that is so profoundly impressive. It is the depth, the breadth, and the awful wildness of the maze of bad-lands into which you look. Before you, and on either hand, there stretch miles upon miles of ragged chasms, divided and walled in by a thousand fantastic cliffs, and buttresses, and domes of naked hard-pan that stubbornly defy the forces of erosion, and refuse to crumble down. In several places there are masses of earth architecture that remind one of the ruined castles on the Rhine. These bare walls are mostly of gray earth, not rock, and the carving of them has been most strangely done. It is only when you climb amongst them, and touch them, that the wonders of erosion are fully revealed.

The hard, dry earth has most stubbornly resisted the disintegrating action of water, wind, heat and cold, and there are hundreds of earth cliffs nearly as smooth and as perpendicular as the brick walls of Harlem.

I dislike to estimate the total drop of these bad-lands from the plateau to the waters of Snow Creek, but I *think* it is about eight hundred feet.

After the first moments of spellbound wonder and amaze, you begin to pick out the geography of what lies before you. You see that the axis of all this wild waste of carved and furrowed earth is the level and very narrow valley of Snow Creek, which



The author's coincidence mule deer.

High level bad-lands. About in the centre of this picture was found the Triceratops horn which led to the discovery of *Tyrannosaurus rex*.



From a photograph, copyright by L. A. Huffman.

A wild chaos of carved earth.

comes down from the west. You can easily trace its course eastward to the point where it bends abruptly northward and runs into the Missouri, parallel with the last eight miles of Hell Creek. In the creek bottom there is a sinuous string of cottonwood trees, aspens and willow brush.

The uttermost boundary of this sublime prospect was formed by "the breaks of the Missouri," on the northern side of that stream, and about twenty-five miles away. With a glass, the valley of the "Big Muddy" was plainly defined, and so were the "breaks," but no camera is able to seize and record those far-distant details. We absorbed them into our systems, but on the dry plates they do not appear. Every camera has its limitations.

All this while, I have been wildly impatient to record the occurrence of the first three minutes of that first view from Panorama Point. It will read like a shameless invention, but it is strictly true. I can furnish two affidavits, from white men, with recognizable names.

When the Wolfer led us to the Point, Layton and I seated ourselves on the outermost edge of the jumping-off place, and rested our feet on a little ledge that is conveniently placed below. Sieber seated himself directly behind me, on the left. We had taken only one good look at the panorama before us, and the choice adjectives were but beginning to loosen up, when Sieber excitedly exclaimed:

"Look there! Look! *There goes a dee-er, now!* Shoot, quick! Shoot!" (He always said "*dee-er*" for deer.)

A hundred and twenty yards below us, and to the left, on the steep side of our flat-iron, stood a really fine adult mule-deer buck, gazing up at us in mingled astonishment and curiosity. While Huffman scrambled to his knees, behind me, I turned on my rocky perch, and actually *waited for him to get ready!* Having given him what I regarded as time enough, our two rifles cracked together, so exactly in unison that a moment later, when I threw out my empty shell, Layton innocently exclaimed:

"Why—did *you* shoot, too?"

The buck kicked back with both hind feet, then turned and went bounding down to the bottom of the gulch. We saw on his side a fatal red blotch—which Huffman had made, not I.

"He's hit! He's hit!" cried Sieber.

The buck leaped across the dry bed of the ravine and started up the opposite ridge, intending to climb high over it and away; but half way up he fell, and quickly expired.

When we laid hands upon Huffman's prize, and examined it, a strange and interesting story of wild-animal life was revealed. About three months previously, that is to say about August 1st, that deer had been leaped upon, from above, by a mountain lion. Its right ear was fearfully torn, and there was a big wound on the top of the neck where the skin and flesh had been torn open. The main beam of the right antler had been broken off half way up, while the antlers were still in the velvet. The end of the broken antler had healed over in a way that enabled us to fix the date of the encounter with a fair degree of accuracy. Both the hind legs had been either clawed or bitten, but we could not surely determine which.

It is our opinion that when the mountain lion leaped and fastened upon the neck of his intended prey, the struggling buck either leaped or fell over a cut-bank and landed upon his back, with the puma undermost. Although he broke off the executive branch of his antler, he so seriously injured his assailant that the mountain lion was glad to escape without doing further damage. Some of the casualties to the deer are plainly visible in Mr. Huffman's photographs of the dead game.

A few days later we found about two miles above our camp, close beside the dry bed of Hell Creek, the story of another wild-animal tragedy. On a tiny bit of level bottom-land, which was well planted with thick clumps of tall sage-brush, there lay the well-gnawed remains of a mule deer. Close beside the skeleton there was a round hole in the earth, like a post-hole, made by the waters of the creek, about two feet in diameter and five feet deep. This hole contained about two-thirds of the hair that once had covered the deer. As sure as fate, that yawning hole, which lay like a hidden trap under the long grass and the drooping branches of the sage-brush, had been the undoing of the luckless deer. It seemed to us that while being chased by wolves, the deer had landed heavily on that spot, with *both its forelegs in the hole*, and

before it could scramble out, a wolf, or several wolves, had pounced upon it, cut its throat in quick time, and afterward devoured the animal as it lay across the opening. In no other way could we account for all that hair on the sides and bottom of the hole.

In the hope that the wolves would return to those remains for a final gloat over them, Max Sieber generously provided three wolf traps to welcome the expected guests; but during our stay none were caught.

The weather during that golden October was supremely fine. When you have only two weeks to spend in your hunting-grounds, it is good that none of the time should be stolen from you by anything so cheap and commonplace as rain. It was a grand time for the cameras, and we revelled in the opportunity. Huffman's pictures were fine, but my seventy-odd kodaks did not develop as well as they should have done.

We hunted deer, also; but in reality our desire to shed blood was not very strong, and our rifles were useful chiefly as an excuse for ranging far and wide. One of our finest days was when Layton and I rode off alone, and took a wide circuit through the western bad-lands, worked down to Snow Creek, and climbed back by a new route. We discovered, well away toward the west, a long, round-topped ridge, richly set in grass, rising between two pine-filled canyons, and sprinkled all over its top with scattered pines and cedars. It was like a lovely dream park, and just when its serene beauty had filled our souls to the chin, we found the nymphs. Five fat and sleek mule-deer does suddenly appeared amongst the cedars just beyond our horses' noses, stood still, and gazed at us for the fleeting moment which is so fatal to that species. Even before they wheeled away, Huffman had mentally christened that ridge "The Doe's Pasture"—a very fit name, indeed. Then the does wheeled and calmly trotted away toward Snow Creek, leaving us wondering *how* they had so quickly learned of our solemn vow not to shoot female deer! That they *had* found it out (by telepathy?) I am sure I can prove, by Huffman.

We struck an old buffalo trail, and followed all its devious windings down the steep sides of a canyon, in and out, twisting and turning, until at last it landed us on the level floor of the valley of Snow Creek. It is a long, hard job to lead a horse either up or down between mesa and creek-bottom.

We forded the little stream and found a cosey shelter in the sun close beside the combination so dear to the frontiersman—wood, water and grass. There we off-saddled, let our horses graze, built a friendship fire, ate our frugal luncheon, and basked in the romantic wildness of our surroundings.

We found no bucks that day, and cared naught. Late in the afternoon, when we finally climbed out of the bad-lands, leading our horses, and following another old buffalo trail up to the grass-lands, we discovered in the head of a long valley a goodish bit of heavy pine timber. Just within the edge of that, and within pistol shot of the rich grass-lands where the buffalo millions fed fat as late as the early eighties, we found the half-ruined remains of a buffalo-hunter's cabin. No lazy man was he who built it, for it was well done, and had been a comfortable home. The roof had partially fallen in, but the walls were quite intact; and as Huffman and I poked about the place, we saw visions of long-vanished herds of shaggy black heads and high humps, hides drying on the snow, millions of pounds of fine buffalo beef going to waste, and the constant dread of "hostile Sioux" over all.

Along the edge of the buffalo range we found in many a grassy hollow and sheltered coulee the bleaching remains of buffaloes, now reduced to scattered bones, very white and clean. In 1886, we found between the Little Dry and Sand Creek thousands of decaying carcasses, lying intact just as the buffalo skinners left them, the hairy heads looming up black and big on the bare sod. But now, all those have so completely disappeared that it would take a long and wearisome search to find enough buffalo bones to fill a bushel basket. By diligent watchfulness, however, Sieber had accumulated nearly a hundred weathered buffalo horns, and had them piled on the roof of his store-house, waiting for a chance to dispose of them.

At Sieber's ranch, a dozen old buffalo trails converged, focussing upon the deep and permanent water-hole which constituted our friend's most valuable asset. So plain are they as they lead down the steep slope

from the east that Mr. Huffman made a photograph to show three of them on one plate. What could be finer for wild bison than grazing grounds such as these, close beside perpetual water, and a labyrinth of ravines in which to shelter from the sweep of the blizzards!

Our camp was exceedingly comfortable, and also interesting. Our tent stood within seventy-five feet of the high cut-bank on the opposite side of the waterless creek, and in a cosy niche in the earthen wall there lived a fine old western horned owl. His pulpit was only about twenty feet up the wall, and there he sat, every day, meditating and blinking away the hours. His working hours were from sunset until sunrise. During the daytime he always seemed happy to meet those who called upon him, and occasionally hooted vigorously, *in broad day*—not necessarily for publication, but to guarantee good faith. I can hear even yet the hollow and sepulchral reverberations of his greetings as he called out:

"*Hoo*-hoo-hoo-*hoo*-HOO,—ah!
If you won't shoot *me*,
I won't shoot *you*,—ah!"

We accepted the trust the old fellow reposed in us, and throughout our stay the only service we exacted of him was looking pleasant while Mr. Huffman planted his largest camera at the shortest possible range, and took his picture. Quite near to him, and stuck against the bare wall of earth, were the mud nests of a colony of cliff swallows, but at that season the owners were absent for the benefit of their health.

The gathering of our supply of firewood, from the clump of cottonwoods in the bend above our camp, led to an episode with five small animals. Our cook hitched a horse to an ancient and very dry cottonwood log, snaked it down to our tent, and proceeded to cut it up. Being cottonwood, and old, it was necessarily hollow. In due time the inexorable axe revealed in the cavity a fine, ample and very proper nest, made chiefly of the feathers of wild birds, and containing five white-footed mice, snugly settled for the winter. Packed close against the side of the nest was about a pint and a half of fine, clean seed, like radish seed, evidently furnished by some weed of the Pulse Family.

While the food-store was being examined and finally deposited in a pile upon the open ground near the tent door, the five mice let us see how they run, and escaped to the sage-brush.

Now, in that rustic scene there was a bit of stage property which no one noticed at the moment, but which any old theatre-goer among those present might have known would be put to use before the play was played out. It was the old-fashioned buggy that belonged to Jady and Mr. Huffman.

At the end of the day, we promptly forgot the white-footed mice; but they made other arrangements. In the morning when Mr. Huffman lifted the cushion of his buggy, and opened the top of the box underneath, in quest of more dry plates, five cunning little heads bunched close together, five pairs of beady black eyes looked up at him in friendly curiosity, and politely asked him what he wanted. I heard a cry for help.

"Great—day—in—the—morning! Just come out, and look here!"

It was one of the drollest sights I ever saw. The mice were not in the least alarmed, and for some *minutes* they made no attempt to escape. They seemed to be consumed with curiosity, about *us!*

"Get your camera, *quick*, and take them where they are!"

The photographer flew for his machine, and actually brought it to bear upon the group; but its big, glaring black eye, so near and so fearsome, was too much for mice, and before the negative could be exposed they stampeded. They streamed down the wheels and again took refuge in the sage-brush.

On taking an account of stock, we found that those amazing little creatures had gathered up every particle of their nest, and every seed of their winter's store, and *carried all of it up into the seat of that buggy!* The nest had been carefully remade, as good as new, and the seeds placed close by it, as before. Considering the many journeys that were required to carry all those materials over the ground, up the shafts of that buggy and into the seat of it, both the agility and the industry of those tiny little animals was amazing.

By way of experiment, we again removed both nest and seed, and placed them all upon the ground near the tent, as before.

During the following night, those indomitable mice *again* carried nest and seed back into the buggy seat, precisely as before. Then we gathered up the entire colony, nest, seed and all, and finally took the whole collection back to New York, where they might be seen of men.

And yet there are people who doubt whether animals reason!

Directly eastward of our camp there was a stretch of bad-lands quite different in character from the great Panorama of Snow Creek. It was high land, but in places most gruesomely blasted and scarred, as if by raging fires. At intervals there rose isolated buttes, or groups of buttes, like so many volcanic islands in a sea of dead lava. Among those buttes there are patches of grassy grounds, and, what was more to the point, many clumps of narrow-leaved mugwort, white sage and cinnamon sage. Sieber said that in October the solitary mule-deer bucks approve that region, and are occasionally to be found there, at long range. He told me, with deep feeling and the self-abasement that marks the truthful hunter, how he once climbed to the top of a low S-shaped butte, saw a fine buck below him within fair range, fired at him with all possible confidence and a good rifle, but missed him, clean and clear! He would give twenty dollars to know *how* he came to miss "that buck."

On the third morning of our stay, we elected to investigate those bad-lands, and again Max Sieber recklessly volunteered to accompany us,—"hay or no hay." We got an early start, and were in our hunting ground at daybreak.

I now approach an incident before which the most hardened *raconteur* might well pause, and calculate his chances of being believed. When written down, it will read so much like a cheap invention that it might be wiser to leave it untold; but inasmuch as an "affidavit" is now supposed to be quite irrefragable "evidence" of the truthfulness of even the silliest pipe-dream about "nature," and Max Sieber is still at Jerdon, Montana, and able to make affidavit of the entire truthfulness of this story, I will make bold to set it down.

Layton, Sieber, and I together hunted through those bad-lands for two hours or more, without results; and then Layton left us to hunt alone through an isolated group of buttes half a mile away. Sieber and I tramped about until we approached a low butte, and then he said:

"Now, here we are! If you will come up to the top of this butte with me, I'll show you right where I missed that fine big buck, last winter."

I thought (very secretly), "Oh, *hang* the big buck you missed last winter! What I want to see is a living buck, not the scene of a dead failure."

But Sieber blithely started up, and solely to humor a kind friend I sacrificed myself and climbed after him, without audible protest.

We reached the top of the queer hog-back, which really was like a capital S, three hundred feet long, and along its crest we walked. At its farther extremity it rose a hundred feet higher, in a bald, round dome of blasted earth. Up that also Sieber and I climbed, side by side, and presently overlooked its highest point.

Raising his right hand, he pointed down the farther slope, toward a ragged notch a hundred and fifty yards away, and said, reminiscently:

"That buck was standing right down in —*why! Look! Look! There's a dee-er there now!*"

Down he crouched,—sensible to the last, —hoarsely muttering, "But it's a doe!"

But I knew better; for I had seen the glint of high light on a fine pair of antlers.

"*No!* It's a buck! *I see his horns!*"— Bang!

He leaped just twice, then went down to stay; and by the time we reached him he was lifeless. But really, the remarkable coincidence represented in the flesh and blood of that buck seemed almost incredible. It took minutes for us to adjust our minds to it, and make it seem real.

Sieber said to Huffman: "It was as purty a shot as I ever saw made—quick, close behind the shoulder, and a shore bull's-eye."

The death of that fine specimen, in a wild and rugged landscape, and by a single shot, gave me all the blood I cared to shed on that trip, even though it was, as Sieber said, "a mighty long way to come to kill one black-tail buck, saying nothing of the hard work and the expense." But it is not all of hunting to kill game.

That was a fine, large buck, with fairly good antlers,—fully developed and long,

but not so massive as we like to have them. He stood 42 inches high at the shoulders. The contents of his stomach was totally different from what I expected. Instead of the grass that we all looked for, it consisted almost wholly of narrow-leaved mugwort (*Artemisia tomentosa*), which had been eaten to the exclusion of practically everything else. There was hardly a trace of grass. Later on, when we tasted the stems of that species of mugwort, and found how pungent and aromatic is the flavor, and how tender to chew, we did not wonder why the deer were partial to it.

Those buttes east of our camp were literally alive with cottontail rabbits. They loved the sunny nooks that were strewn with rocks, and it was a common thing to disturb a meeting, and see five or six rabbits wildly scurrying away in different directions, but all in sight at the same moment. The prairie hare was very scarce; and I saw only three individuals during the entire trip.

Gray wolves, and coyotes also, were rare, —thanks to the delicate ministrations of Wolfer Max and others. I saw only four wolves during the month that we were out. One spotted lynx was seen. Mr. Huffman and I came upon it on Hell Creek, finishing a repast of rabbit, and although my companion-in-arms wounded it, it managed to get into a wash-out hole in a cut-bank and escape.

We saw the fresh work of the western yellow-haired porcupine, on Hell Creek above our camp, where several cottonwood saplings had been denuded of their bark and small twigs, pro bono porcupine.

Sieber assured us that in the Panorama Bad-Lands there dwelt, even at that time, a band of about half a dozen mountain sheep; but we did not look for them. I did not doubt the report, because I once met the fresh head of a huge old ram who lived in bad-lands down in Wyoming which were by no means so deep or so high as these.

The most exciting feature of our story remains to be told.

Over in the easterly bad-lands, about in the centre of the landscape behind my dead mule deer, I found three chunks of fossil bone which when fitted together formed a horn-like mass nearly a foot long. It was the terminal third of *the right horn of a Tricer'-a-tops*, a huge three-horned, armored reptile of the Upper Cretaceous, that is as big as a rhinoceros, and looks like one, dead or alive! Then Max Sieber took me to a spot near by where he had found the badly weathered remains of what once had been a fossil skull, as large as the skull of a half-grown elephant. It lay quite free, upon the bare earth, in a place that looked very much like the crater of a volcano, it was so blasted and lifeless, and cinder-like. The skull was so badly weathered that nothing could be made of it, but near it lay several fragments of ribs in a fair state of preservation.

It was very evident that in the age of reptiles some gigantic species had inhabited that spot. There was no knowing, without a thorough examination by an expert collector of fossils, what that square mile contained; and so, with Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn in my mind I brought away the specimens which seemed likely to afford Science a clue.

On reaching New York, Professor Osborn was keenly interested. The Triceratops horn was considered of sufficient importance to justify the American Museum in sending Mr. Barnum Brown to the scene of the find, to make a careful reconnoissance of that locality. Halfway up the western face of the butte directly opposite Sieber's cabin, on the east bank of Hell Creek,—the very one which bears the two piles of stones which I erected to form the wild western "water sign,"—Mr. Brown found the remains of a new genus of gigantic reptiles—predatory, and carnivorous to the utmost. A skull, *six feet long*, and set with frightful teeth, was unearthed and sent to New York; and in due time the world was introduced to *Tyrranosaurus rex*, the Tyrant Lizard, late of Hell Creek

AN OLYMPIC VICTOR

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Illustrations by A. Castaigne

I

EURIPIDES, the lame shoemaker of Marousi, noted throughout the province for his willingness to talk at any time on the ancient customs of his once great country, was lately returned from a holiday trip to Athens and yet afire with the enthusiasm for the great festival to come.

One should know Euripides, whom all who knew him loved. Lame, as has been said, but seeming not to be hindered in his agility thereby, being quick in his movements as some little field-creature, ever hopping back and forth, never still of legs or arms, unless it were while he was glued to his bench executing the orders which, because of his rare repute, he could not avoid; or unless it were in those silent hours of the night when, the unavoidable work for the day ended, he drew forth the old volumes from which, sometimes, he would not stir till daybreak.

And now was Euripides, neglecting the work which was merely his bread and butter for the matters that were his very life, mounted on a bench beneath the olive tree not far removed from his little shop, and declaiming after his vehement fashion of the great graces that were to be the portion of his country in the near future.

"Here is the *Echo* of this morning," and he flourished the newspaper aloft. "Listen to what it says." He readjusted his horn-rimmed spectacles which would never stay for long on his little concave nose. "Know ye that these games are to be on a scale of such grandeur as would not have disgraced the festivals of our illustrious ancestors in their proudest days. On the next, the seventy-fifth, anniversary of that great day whereon was acknowledged our freedom from the yoke of the Turkish tyrant—on that great day will prayers be offered in all the churches, and feasts be celebrated throughout the land and also will a grand reception be tendered to the guests from afar. From all over the world the competitors will come and on this day they shall be made to feel how great is our sense of the honor they pay us in coming. There will be a parade, the same to follow the line of the walls that surrounded the ancient violet-wreathed city, and, afterward, speeches and toasts and a banquet in the Chamber of Deputies. On the second day will be held the first of the competitions in the Stadium, in the short running race, the triple leap and the throwing of the discus—these being the games that have come down from our ancestors. On the day after, the athletes will contest in the more modern games, the high leap, the single long leap, the shot-putting and the eight hundred and fifteen hundred metres. On the third day will be contested the gymnastics, the contests on the horizontal bars, the rings, the horse, and the merely muscular efforts, the lifting of heavy weights and so on. On the last day—after again some modern events—the hurdle race and pole-vaulting—and now this the best of all—and to this listen carefully"—the voice of Euripides filled in volume—"on the last day will be contested the glorious race from Marathon to Athens, in which the youth of Greece are expected to uphold the honor of their ancient race."

"But, Euripides, what are the prizes?" demanded a voice.

"The prizes? Ah"—the shoemaker deftly caught his falling spectacles—"the prizes? Of a value commensurate. A branch of wild olive from the trees of old Olympia; or, it may be—a wreath from the classic grove by the ancient sacred temple will for true athletes be the prize sought. But, in deference to the spirit of modern life, there will be for each victor a magnificent diploma, a design of noble conception and supreme execution. The artists of all the world have been appealed to and the reward made of such substance as to tempt the highest. Supplementary to the wreath and diploma will be a medal of pure silver

and chaste workmanship, such a memento as a man will be proud to hand to his posterity, although in itself not of extraordinary value—a thousand drachmæ in gold will be its cost. And then a bust of "Victory" by the hand of our foremost sculptor, and—but indeed I cannot say—there are so many. But greatest of all, of course, will be the appreciation of one's fellow-citizens—the gratitude of one's country.

"And for all this"—resumed Euripides—"is constructed a Stadium. And such a Stadium! See here is the plan—" He displayed the spread page of the *Echo*—"only last week I beheld it—a priceless morning—a moving breath from the Ægean Sea and from the South—a sun like a benediction. On the sight of Athens' Stadium of old it stands, on that same historic spot about which sat in olden days and watched the athletes contending, the illustrious ones of our race. There on the banks of the Illisus our people have created such a structure as would stir to immortal strains the reincarnated lyre of great Pindar himself. Of walls on the outside of four hundred paces length one way, and a hundred and twenty another, and this ground-plan enclosed to the height of a man's head of solid marble, and of a depth ere the seats begin of another man's length, and all this of dazzling Pentellic marble—of marble white and gleaming as the marble of the temple of Athena—not as we see it now," and Euripides turned and pointed to where on the crest of the Acropolis the ruins of the Parthenon arose. "Not as we see it now, with the o'er-casting gray of many centuries. Not so, but white as the original snow of the mountain peaks of the north. I say to you, my people"—the fiery Euripides extended his hands as if invoking the blessing of Jupiter, "I say to you——"

"O Euripides, O Euripides," came a voice from the edge of the crowd, "here is one who has been long knocking at your shop-door. He wishes a pair of slippers. He says that if you do not come soon——"

The rest of the message was lost in the shuffling of the crowd which, spellbound for the moment under the thrall of Euripides's enthusiasm and the interest of a subject that was beginning to appeal to every Greek, were now departing from the shade of the olive tree. "Dear me, dear me," sighed Euripides, folding his *Echo*, wiping his glasses, and stepping down and across the road to his shop.

"What is it?" he demanded, not too amicably, of the youth at the door of his shop.

"My master wishes two pairs of slippers. Here are the requirements of one pair. To be of the very best tanned goat-skin, dyed red and close-stitches in blue and gold on the instep, with eyelets silver plated, and—" the messenger read from his instructions until Euripides stopped him.

"Give me the paper. I will scan it at greater leisure. It is always business when one is interested. Always business nowadays. It was not so in ancient times. And for whom," addressing the messenger, "are the slippers? Doubtless some tourist with more curiosity than learning, some awkward Englishman or fly-away Frenchman, or may be for some rich American poking his cane among the ruins with his 'What did this cost—and how much for this?' or 'Are you sure this is the oldest on record?' Dear me, dear me, 'twas not so in other days. For what sort of tourist did you say?"

"For no tourist, but for one of our own nation—and wealthy too. He is Vanitekes of Megara."

"Megara? Megara? Boy, you talk almost of great matters—great people."

"Yes, 'tis his father who owns so many herds of sheep."

"Sheep? Sheep? Who spoke of sheep? What are they? Are sheep mentioned in the ancient histories? No, boy, except as sacrifices. But Megara is nigh to Salamis Bay, and do you know what Salamis means? Come now—what happened at Salamis?"

"Why, I am not certain, but did not our forefathers fight a great fight near there?"

"Fight a great fight there! Great Pindar, hear him! A great fight! Why, there were more than four thousand ships and two million five hundred thousand fighting men of the Persians. And our great Admiral consulted the oracle—and what said the oracle? 'Wooden walls,' said the oracle, and what did wooden walls mean, boy? Tell me now—what?"

"M-m—Ah, yes—there was a wooden horse at ancient Troy——"

"A wooden horse at ancient Troy! Aye, and a wooden head at modern Marousi, and 'tis yours. 'Wooden walls,' boy, meant

ships. And ships we built and for weeks succeeding that most glorious conflict the bodies of the slain Persians choked the waters of the bay. And that was twenty-four centuries ago—almost. Four hundred and eighty years before the cradle of Bethlehem and that was nineteen hundred, lacking four, years ago. 'Wooden walls' said the oracle. Remember it henceforth."

"And will the shoes be ready in the morning?"

"Oh, the shoes. Yes, tell your master yes. Even now I have almost ready a pair that will suit. Will you call for them?"

"Not I."

"Not you? Then who, you wooden horse of Troy—who?"

"Vanitekes himself. He has heard of your skill and wishes also that you make for him a pair of shoes for the long race in the Olympic Festival."

"Ah-h—he will enter for the Marathon race then?"

"He has already entered."

"Already? Already entered for the Marathon run and comes from near Salamis? Indeed, though I know not this Vanitekes, yet I even now almost love him. What does he look like? Is he tall? And long of limb? Does he stride freely as he walks? And is there courage in his eye? And does he hold a high reverence for the traditions of old Greece?"

"I don't know how he stands for Greece, but he is tall, dark and strong, and orders people about as if they were his slaves."

"H-m—plays the master? But that may be his youth. And this Vanitekes will be here in the morning? Well, tell him I shall be waiting him and get along you, who know not the mechanical windings of a wooden horse from the list of a noble trireme."

II

At this season of the year, when numberless tourists from all the world were visiting Athens and its environs, Euripides was kept busy with special orders of this kind. Altogether too busy at times, he thought, who liked his holidays as well as any tourist. An enthusiast by temperament, by imagination an artist, and therefore bound to become deeply skilled in whatever line of work he gave attention, Euripides had made a great name for turning out fancy slippers, such a name that the merchants of Athens gladly paid him prices far above the average. Seven and eight drachmæ in gold, even more in special cases, were prices paid Euripides for a pair of slippers, which to the casual eye were hardly better-looking or better made than many for which others of his trade could get but three or four drachmæ.

But it was for the discriminating eye that Euripides worked; and he worked late this night, which caused him to arise at such an hour next morning that, the stickiness of sleep yet barely out of his eyes and his shop-door hardly thrown open, he was greeted by a bold, confident voice.

"Euripides, is it not?"

"It is."

"You are making a pair of slippers for me—Vanitekes of Megara?"

"They are made."

"You are prompt."

"No more prompt than I promised."

"You are quick with your tongue."

"Not quicker than with my bill, which you will find in one of the shoes."

"Right or left?"

"A bill, if properly presented, can only go to the right shoe."

"True, here it is—but in the left shoe."

"Which in this case must be the right shoe, since you've found it."

"H-m—you cling obstinately to your point. Let me see—ten drachmæ—they should be good shoes."

"If they are not, you are free to return them and the money is yours again."

"I return no shoes to Euripides. I wish to look my best, for to-day I call on—but possibly you know him—Anninoe Perigord of this village?"

"I know him, as I knew his dead wife and his parents and her parents and their grandparents before them."

"And you know Anninoe's daughter Marie?"

"I do."

"Then you know also that she is beautiful?"

"You who are to call on her should know that."

"But it is four years since I have seen her. She was then very young. She has changed in that time, no doubt."

"H-m—you would inquire of me her



Drawn by A. Castaigne.

Tourists from all the world were visiting Athens. —Page 20

repute now, thinking it may be that no one should better know what is going on than old Euripides, who has time to listen to all the village."

"You judge me harshly. It is merely that already my boy has heard that she comes to visit you, her friend."

"M-m— And you would hear what changes four years have made. Well, she has, she——"

"Yes—yes——"

"Well, from a girl of fourteen she has grown to be a woman of eighteen."

"You are making fun of me, old man."

"H-m— And you see only fun in that? God help you. And you are to call on her, you say?"

"I am recommended to her father by my father. Here is the letter."

"Better to be recommended to herself, I should say—and with more than letters."

"Why? Is she proud as that?"

"No prouder than a good girl should be."

"And she is beautiful, you said?"

"I did not say. But I say it now—there is no harm in it—she *is* beautiful, and more than beautiful——"

"How more than beautiful—she is rich?"

"No, no, not rich—and yet not poverty-stricken."

"Well, what matters it? I am rich enough, or shall be when my father dies."

"The saints forbid."

"H-m—so say I. But he will have to go in time."

"That is true. But say no prayers to hurry him. We old people have not much —wish us life then, while we care for it. But I talk so much. You wish a second pair of shoes?"

"I do—for practice for the great race—and as the price does not matter, they must be of the best."

"They shall be of the best—the best of old Euripides at least. Rest your foot here and I will take your measure."

"Here is the measure already taken."

"Ps-st—I take my own measure. Yours will do for shoes to go visiting young ladies, but these are to be shoes for the Marathon race, and for that one must be careful—all Greece will offer prayers for you."

"So? And what chance have I?"

"I cannot say. I do not know you sufficiently. And yet you should do well. You are tall and strong, even as the boy said, and there is determination expressed in your face, and lightness in your movements, but it will take more than even all that to win the great race."

"More than strength and stride, wilfulness of spirit and lightness of foot? Certainly, old man, you do not encourage me much. What more does it take?"

"To win the Marathon run from all the world will take heart and soul above all other things—a soul to inspire, a heart to endure what the inspiration impels."

"And have I not heart and soul? Do you know what they call me at home? The goat. Yes, the Goat. And—why, old man —that sly grin—why?"

"Goats are great creatures for blindly butting."

"Blindly butting! Pshaw no—but because I can scale the crags——"

"Ha, ha——"

"You are making fun of me. If you were wiser, you would be more careful."

"H-m-m— Wise I never was, and careful—it's not my nature. But when do you wish the shoes? To-morrow morning? They shall be ready. Good-morning, and barring one, I wish you all luck."

"And that one—does he run, too, in the race?"

"I do not know. It is likely that he has no thought of it."

"And you will make shoes for him?"

"If he wishes, I shall."

"Even better than mine?"

"Hardly that. I am giving you of my best. You paid the best price and I give you my best shoes."

"But if you could make a better for him?"

"Be sure I would then—better than for a king. He is my godchild and I love him."

"That is all right, but you should not put it to my teeth as you do. However, if I meet this favorite of yours in the race, you shall see how I shall beat him."

"It may be—it may be. Indeed I think it likely, for, as we agreed, you are strong and tall and light of foot, and you have the ambition, which he has not. But as I said before, heart and soul are also needed, and the great heart and soul, they rarely attend the boastful spirit. Good-morning to you."

"Good-morning."



Drawn by A. Castaigne.

A noise as of a shutter softly turning.—Page 26.

"A bold youth that," mused Euripides. "Bold, bold, and he should run well. Boastful and yet strong and not ill-looking in a girl's eyes. Ah, well"—and turned to his bench.

But in a moment he stood up again, and from the door gazed after this Vanitekes, who was taking the road with such insolent strides, and continued to gaze until the stranger had surmounted and was lost to sight beyond the crest of the hill when, stepping within his shop again, Euripides consulted a calendar which hung above his bench and on which was one date marked in red. On that he laid his forefinger—"Three, four, five—in a few days now his term of service will be up." After a moment's thought he resumed his bench, but, presently, as if something still troubled him, he began to sigh— "Poor Loues—poor Loues!"

III

The week which saw the advent of Vanitekes in Marousi saw also the discharge of Loues from the army. He had left the white-marbled Athens behind him and had come in the late afternoon to his own village of Marousi, to the public square, on the farther side of which was Euripides, now characteristically engaged.

Approaching the square Loues saw him, saw the queer little figure come hopping across the road to the bench under the olive tree, and while yet a hundred paces away could hear him declaiming of the greatness of the ancient Greece to whomsoever had time to stop and listen. In a quiet village like Marousi there are always many who have the time to harken to speeches of any kind, and many of these were listening now, some with a great appearance of interest, even after he had done with the glories of other days and was descanting on the news of the present.

Loues did not present himself to Euripides then, even though it was six months since his godfather had visited him in barracks; this because the old man had become deeply engrossed in his subject and was holding his audience in such good humor that to interrupt him then were to interfere with one of his greatest passions; and so after a pause on the edge of the crowd, the lad held on to the home of Marie.

Now though it was two years since Loues had last set eyes on Marie, yet he was backward in approaching her. He knew not why, but so it was. Hence, instead of repairing at once to her home, he walked back and forth on the hill side nearest that part of the village, in the hope that some business or other would bring her outside. But nothing like that happened, and after an hour or more of dilly-dallying he made bold to approach the house. It was dusk then—it was possibly the falling darkness that lent him courage—and in the night-shades as he neared the cottage he passed a stranger, a young man, tall and free-striding. Something impelled Loues to turn and look after him, and, looking, he found that the other had also turned and was returning the scrutiny. They were perhaps ten paces apart, a trifle farther it might be than men might well measure one another in the after-twilight, and hence it was difficult for Loues to determine just what manner of man this was, whether from the north, the south, Larissa, Trikala, Messenia, or where, whether he was dark or light, ill-looking or handsome; but certainly he was of resolute bearing, a tall man who stood firmly yet lightly on his feet; an exterior that should have made for an attractive man. And yet something about him there was which Loues did not like.

Troubled in mind, Loues continued on his way. In a moment he was at Marie's door. He knocked, but so timidly that he had to knock again ere the bolt was drawn and the door swung back. It was Anninoe Perigord himself, Marie's father, and there being no light within, he evidently could not at once make out his visitor, but saying, "What, back again, Vanitekes? Welcome indeed, welcome, my friend from Megara"—whereat Loues said, "It is not Vanitekes of Megara, but Loues—Loues of Marousi, and stepped within.

"Oh!" said Anninoe in disappointment, and then more heartily, "Welcome, lad, welcome," and in the next breath, "Who would know—you have shot up so! And how have you been?"—and so on, and gave Loues a seat, and rolling a cigarette, offered that also to him.

Loues took the cigarette, and though he never in all his life up to that hour had smoked one, except to take a pull or two of one when a young boy, and that out of

curiosity merely, yet he now smoked this, because it was Marie's father and he craved any excuse whatever to linger until he should see Marie.

Now Loues liked Marie's father, though he understood little of what mind the father held toward himself. He felt that the father knew what he would be at, although never in their lives had Marie or himself spoken—nay, nor even hinted, after the manner of many young people, at love. Even at this time it was not so much claiming Marie's love that troubled him as that he desired to be near her. When he was near her he knew that he forgot everything else, when away from her that nothing went right. Of late he had become a changed youth, never still, quick to lose his temper; they used to say of him that he was the most restless man in his regiment. And now he was restless to see her of whom he had had no sight for so long.

He heard her step on the stairs at last. An hour he thought it must have been since he came in, but looking down he saw that his second cigarette was not yet consumed and knew that scarce two minutes had passed. He had been puffing furiously especially when he heard her descending step on the stairs. She stepped into the room, and then for the first time in two years he saw her.

She had sprung half a head taller, and was much larger every way. Where before was a child's slimness was now a young woman's roundness; and yet not large or bulky—and her beauty had flowered like a rose-bush in May, and thereafter it needed not the cup of oil to light the room for Loues—through the gloom her eyes shone on him, and nothing else did he care to see.

There was no lover's greeting between the two; for there had never been a word of love spoken between them. When Loues left home she was but a slender girl, and he had no thought of what love was, nor had she; but now Loues knew that whatever Marie thought, he would never be at ease again till he knew Marie loved him.

Nor was there any chance to speak of love that evening, even though they had been both so minded; for, ere he had become well accustomed to her presence, her father, inventing some shrewd pretext or other, sent her on an errand upstairs, from which apparently she should have soon returned; but she did not return. Her father, excusing himself, shortly followed after, and returning in a few minutes said, "All day Marie complained that she is tired—she will go to bed, she said, and made me bid you good-night for her."

In the good-night was no hint that he should call again, and Loues' heart fell, for in other days she had been kind enough.

In silence then they sat, the father and Loues, for a space of perhaps five minutes again, he filling his long-stemmed pipe the meanwhile, and passing his tobacco and paper with which Loues essayed to roll a cigarette, and, having made it, bunglingly enough, to smoke it though it might choke him; for he had no mind to leave the house so long as there was kin of Marie to whom he could talk.

"Loues," said Anninoe suddenly, and only the glow of the tobacco-bowl to mark his position in the darkness, "Loues, how old are you?"

In the heart of Loues were dim forebodings, but he answered with calmness, "Twenty-one—nearly."

"H-m—almost twenty-one? And have you ever thought of what you are going to do?"

Loues had not, and so said; and saying it was of a mind to add that in Marousi it never seemed to occur to the young men to plan for their future living—they took whatever came along. And some were luckier than others. Loues even hinted of that last thought to the glaring spark in the darkness.

"H-m-m—" sniffed Anninoe, evidently without even removing his pipe from between his lips. "And did you ever think you might like to marry?"

"Why, n-no, sir."

"What!" snapped Anninoe; and thereby understanding that the answer surprised Marie's father, Loues ingenuously began to explain that of course everybody married in time, and doubtless he should in time; but now, only this very hour, he had been thinking, and——"

"But," Anninoe quickly interrupted, "that's it, you have thought of marrying; but what have you ever done to show that you had any thought of the future in your head? Nothing. What are you even now? No more and no less than you have been all your life—an idler. Aye, all your life hunt-

ing and fishing over the mountains, singing and carolling, with no more thought of what was to become of you than the birds in the trees above you, or the wild game you hunted in the woods about you. Once when you might have done something, when Simonides, the rich merchant, a friend of your dead father, and of me, offered through the love of his dead friend to make something of you, what did you do then? Nothing, but ran off to the army. Is it not so?"

"It is true, but everybody thought at the time there would be war with the Turks, and Greece had need of men."

"War? And was there war?"

"But how was I to know?" asked poor Loues.

"How were you to know? It matters not. What we do know," thundered Anninoe, "is that you are a soldier and upon a soldier's pay. If any silly girl were foolish enough to marry you, she might be able, if she were a careful and provident wife, to buy shoes upon your pay."

"But I am no longer a soldier. My time has expired, and here is my discharge. It is an honorable discharge," and Loues drew it out and tendered it toward the glowing pipe in the darkness. But from behind the pipe came only a pitying laugh, and again after the pause, the voice, saying, but now with a shade of softness, "and only a boy's thoughts are in your head. Put aside all thoughts of marrying until you have something to show in the way of worldly goods, or some prospect of being able to support a wife."

And so Loues left him, without having had with Marie that private word in hope of which he had walked sixty miles that day.

IV

Loues went out into the night and, much after the fashion which Marie's father said was his crime, heedlessly wandered over the great hill near Marousi. But it grew so lonesome at last that he came back to the village, having in mind to seek out his godfather, but also to pass Marie's house again on the way.

As he drew near, he saw, to his surprise, that a light was streaming through the windows, which impelled him to pause at the corner of the paling which surrounded the house. From there he could see her father and a stranger—the stranger, tall, spare but broad shouldered—the dark and wilful-looking young man. He and Marie's father seemed now to be chatting like old friends. Even as Loues stood there disconsolate he heard the young man ask, "But your daughter, is she not coming back?"

"Aye, she will come," and raising his voice, the father called, "Marie, O Marie!"

"Yes, father," and then Loues made off. But he came back when the lights were gone, except for one which streamed out on the porch, and by that he saw Marie and the tall young fellow—or their shadows perhaps it might be more truthfully said—but enough of her head was in the light to disclose that in her hair was a red rose, stuck above her ear; and he was bending over her, a little more closely than Loues liked, and once more he ran away, now in a rage. And yet again he came back, and this time, everything being dark, he lingered, and presently for very lonesomeness began to whistle an old air, very popular with the army—"Sons of Greece" 'twas called, an invocation to the younger and more daring spirits of the country, and as he whistled came a noise as of a shutter softly turning. "Anninoe Perigord," said Loues to himself, and (another look to where Marie's room might be) was about to make off when he felt something fall lightly on his upturned face—once, and then again something, and he groped at his feet and found them, not knowing then what they were, except that one felt flower-like and the other satiny, clinging to the fingers, nor did he discover until he came to the lighted shop-window of Euripides, when he saw that he held in one hand a red rose, and that the other token was a small blue and white rosette—and blue and white were the colors of Greece. And, too confused then to put interpretation on them, his heart beating wildly, he ran into the shop of his godfather, who seemed to be wondering whether he had best have another look at the *Echo* and read further of the programme for the coming Olympic Games, or retire.

If one could have seen the face of Euripides when he saw the lad! "Loues, Loues!" he called, and opened wide his arms. "Ah, but how long you have been away from your old godfather! But you look dejected. What is it, my Loues?"

"Oh, nothing, godfather, nothing."

"Oh, nothing, and you say it as if your very heart were bursting. Out with it. Am I not your godfather?"

"Truly you are that, and more. You are my father himself now and my best friend."

"Then what is it?"

"Well, this morning my time was up in the army and there being no train till night, I left for home, stopping at Athens only long enough to drink a cup of chocolate and eat a bit of bread. This evening I arrived here. I went at once to see Marie, but 'twas her father I saw most of. He told me to give up all hope of her."

"And Marie, Loues, what did she say?"

"She said nothing, but looked at me as she passed from the room. From her look at departing I gathered but slim hope and from her voice, as she said good-night, small comfort. But from beneath her window as I came away—these. What does it all mean?"

On his Socratesian nose Euripides replaced the horn spectacles to get a better look at what Loues held. "H-m—a red rose, and the colors of your country. H-m—Loues, she gives you these, and yet you lament. Loues, truly you will always be a boy, as her father has often said while you were away. Love and country, and yet you lament."

"Love? You think that, godfather? If I could but discover this was the same rose she wore in her hair."

"And if 'twas?"

"It would mean that she cares for me and will yet marry me, or she has become in two years a loathsome coquette."

"Why, Loues, such talk?"

"Does a young girl wear roses in her hair while talking to a young man, one who is favored by her father—and, who knows? maybe by herself, too—and who would be, it may be is, her accepted lover? Would she wear any rose in her hair at such a time—the shades of night, the added shadow of an arbored porch—unless that rose was given by a lover?"

"By one who *would* be her lover, Loues."

"*Who would* be then—but what matters your correction if she accepts and wears the rose?"

"Ps-s-t—what an intolerant child you've become since the army. Loues, Loues, would you have her inhuman? Like fire to you and frost to all else? The loveableness that has won you you condemn the practice of. Can't she be warm-hearted and virtuous too? Would you have a young girl refuse a rose when a young man offers it?"

"And wear it in her hair—stuck above her ear?"

"Where else would she stick it—inside her ear? Tut, tut, my Loues."

"Then you *do* think 'twas Vanitekes gave it?"

"Who knows? And what if he did?"

"There—if he did—'twas his rose, by what right does she give it to another?"

"Even to you—her old playmate?"

"Even to me, godfather—but no longer her old playmate."

"H-m—" Euripides pondered. "H-m—there is something in that."

"Surely, godfather, what one lover gives, to another lover must not be given. Not by a good girl, at least."

"H-m— Then the rose you hold there, Loues, was never plucked by Vanitekes, for Marie is a good girl. I know her. Hardly a day during all the time you have been away that she did not come in to see me, to talk with me, and an old man doesn't see a maid every day but if a change should come he would see that too. Have no fear, Marie is the same Marie that you knew."

"But has she been here every day since the coming of this Vanitekes?"

"Why, no, but that is but a few days."

"Then it is not me she loves, nor is it me she will marry."

"No, it is true, she may never marry you, then what?"

"Then she is a coquette."

"Tut, tut, she may love you and be no coquette and yet never marry you. There is her father to consider. His views must influence a young girl. Love is beautiful, but life must be sustained. And this other youth, don't doubt but what he has passion too. What do you intend to do, Loues? You wrote me of certain wild notions. Tell me your plans."

"I do not know now. I thought of going to Piræus and there sign for a voyage to some other country. There are ships for America, where——"

"Ps-s-t—child—remain at home. Sit by me. Draw near the light and listen."

Euripides picked up the newspaper that

had dropped to the floor and began to read. And Euripides was ever a masterly reader. Loues's eyes became moist and his cheeks colored. So noticeable was the effect that Euripides could not but see it. He dropped the *Echo* and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"And do you see now, Loues, what I would be at with you? The Marathon run—for the honor of Greece—what do you think, Loues?"

Whereat Loues exclaimed: "Why, the Colonel of my regiment spoke of something like that before I came away. 'Twas I, godfather, carried the long messages—eighty, a hundred, even more—sometimes one hundred and twenty kilometres between dawn and dark over the hills."

"And you found it weary work or no, Loues?"

"Why, no, it was but repetition of the long tramps of those days when I had nothing to do but roam the hills, hunting and fishing."

"And what heed did you give your Commander, Loues?"

"I'm afraid, godfather, I had no ears for it."

"No, Marie was filling your poor mind. Well, keep her in your mind. You will but run the better for it. Listen. For years, Loues, you have been preparing yourself for this test, though you did not know it. Tramping over the hills and into the valleys, fishing and hunting, eating sparingly and living cleanly, an image of something unattainable always in your mind, here you are arrived at manhood, with the body of one of Phidias's gods and the mind of a poet. You need only the incentive. Here is everything to hand. Enter for this race, train for it and try for it—you will win, and immortal glory is yours. No man in Greece but will be proud to claim you for his family."

"And lose, godfather?"

"And you lose? Why, you are no worse off than now. And if you have made a good try, you are still a man."

Loues stepped to the door of the shop. An instant there and he disappeared into the darkness of the road. Euripides waited patiently. The old man knew when his mind was in ferment the boy loved to be where he could see the stars.

After a time, perhaps a half hour, Loues was back by the bench.

"I will make a good try, godfather. I am ready. Shall I start now? It is but eight miles to Athens. I'll be ready for the early morning there."

"Wait—wait. Not in a minute. Sleep here to-night. And for fear I forget it—in the morning when you set out for the city, take these shoes to Christos, the merchant who has that large shop on Hermes Street—you'll know it if there were no other sign by the tourists, particularly Americans, who gather there. And Christos, he fleeces them prodigiously. 'What matters? If not one, 'twould be another,' he says. There is owing to me from Christos two hundred drachmæ. Here is the receipted bill. Do not let him put you off. It is not much, but with that you will be able to live in Athens until the race. And now to bed. Tut—tut—what thanks? Are you not my godchild?"

Euripides drew the shutters, locked the door, put out the lights and retired to the back room, where he would have given Loues the cot and himself the floor. "What matters it about me?" explained Euripides. "My old carcass—what harm if it grows lame? But you—you must keep supple and strong for the great event. The glory of Greece may yet repose in you. Who knows?"

But Loues would not have it so. "The nights I've slept on the mountain side—are they of no account now? Even if we were of one age, you would shame me, who, above all, is proud of it that exhaustion never overcomes him."

"Yet you have been tired enough to sleep many a time, Loues?"

"Ah, but that is different, godfather. One may be so tired that he can sleep standing on a march and yet, if need be, march another hundred kilometres without pausing. Fatigue and exhaustion—they are not the same," and Loues threw himself on the floor, with a sheepskin from the shop for bedding. But not to go to sleep for a long time; and when sleep did at last come to him, it was in the form of dreams that were peopled altogether with heroic figures.

V

THE sun was barely risen next morning when Euripides, after a warm embrace, packed Loues off on the road for Athens.

"Your name and fortune are before you. Overtake them." Such confidence did he put into his tones and so influenced was Loues by his text, that a dozen times on the road to Athens he found himself running furiously after people as if his sole business in life thereafter was to convince all strangers that no legs were fleeter or more enduring than his.

And Athens looked gay and bright to him as he entered within its walls that morning.

It was half-past nine, and Loues had finished his business with the merchant Christos, and was turning into the square that faces the royal palace when he overtook a tremendous figure of a man, one who loomed so colossal in the crowd that people after passing him invariably turned to look on him again—even if it were no more than his back they saw. And he was a satisfying sight. A handsome, cheerful face he had, with smiling eyes, gleaming teeth, and a skin deep-bronzed where the great beard did not cover it. This colossus was proceeding much more leisurely than Loues—like one taking the air indeed; and his was plainly a temperament that did not shrink under admiration.

To Loues the wide back was reminiscent. He looked again— "It is—" and running ahead to face the giant—"it is surely—but grown over with huge——"

"Gouskous!" exclaimed Loues.

The great man stared. A second stare—"Ah-h—friend of my youth—my Loues—embrace me."

"Gouskous, but how you have grown!"

"Grown? Pff! Was I ever so small?"

"And how strong you look! You have been off with your ship to foreign countries?"

"Yes, my Loues—arrived in Piræus yesterday; but to-day I am free for two months."

"So? And how is that?"

"The Olympic Games."

"You, too, Gouskous?"

"Aye. And you also Loues? Good—Once more embrace—" which they did, after which Gouskous wiped his perspiring face, and continued: "The Admiral is afire about these games."

And to get the full effect of his words, one should have seen Gouskous, the giant, gesticulate in that crowded square of Athens. "The Admiral, he never tires of talking of the great games. 'Gouskous,' he says to me, or 'Diagoras' it may be—according to his humor—and calls me into his private cabin where only the notables go—" Gouskous touched his friend's shoulder and repeated in a whisper, "Where only the notables go. 'Gouskous,' says my Admiral, and he offers me a glass of wine, very fine wine, my Loues—" The eyes of Gouskous glowed. "My soul even now rejoices to contemplate the memorable flavor of it. And showing my extreme satisfaction in the absorbing of it, doubtless, he poured out a second which also I did not refuse, drinking this time to the nation, the first having been to his health—my health also by him. Ho, ho, my health, which now I must take care of. Ho, ho, good health, good wine, good food hereafter that we may keep our bodies well nourished for the great strife. Was ever a more beautiful invention, short of Heaven itself, more calculated to beatify the soul, Loues——?"

"But what said the Admiral?"

"Ah, yes. He said, 'Gouskous, it is for the honor of the nation to whose health you have drunk. You who are so strong, the strongest man in all the fleet, you must try—the discus-throw, the heavy-weight lifting, you must try. What say you, Diagoras?' This Diagoras was a large and divinely shaped victor in the ancient games, I understand—and wondrous powerful. And I said, 'Admiral, my strength it is for my country,' and I raised my hand aloft and—it is true—the tears came surprisingly to my eyes, and my Admiral—great man—leaped to his feet. 'Gouskous,' he said, 'leave of absence for you for sixty days. Enter the games, and if you do well, who knows what rank you may attain in the navy.'

"'As to rank, my Admiral,' I answered, 'it matters not.' Whereat, he filled me another glass of the wine, and, on my soul, my Loues, it tasted better than the other two. You smile, but no, no—it was not that. They were but small glasses, Loues, not above half-litres each. And so I came to Athens, Loues, and I am even now on the way to the Stadium to see the director. And you, Loues?"

"To the Stadium also. I am to run in the long race."

"Hello! once more embrace me. We go together then. Truly, Loues, a pleasant cruise—naught but fair winds, smooth seas

and sunny skies do I anticipate. A most agreeable cruise—stand by, good heart—" and arm in arm, with the giant sailor rolling like a ship in a sirocco, they resumed their way to the Stadium, which presently came into view; and truly at this time, well on toward completion, it well merited the admiration of Gouskous who, fresh from a long sojourn at sea, was stirred before it as by the discharge of a broadside.

"Ah-h—Loues, but this is magnificent. Surely the whole city might sit here without crowding, and of such a completeness. See the black running path level as the deck of the flagship, and these seats of marble, sacredly white, rising tier on tier like rolling billows, high almost as the immense billows of the mighty north Atlantic. And the matchless statuary, and the flagstaffs—all to fly bunting no doubt when the time shall come. And look aloft, the one great flagstaff, tall to its top as any maintruck in all the fleet."

"Aye, Gouskous, from that—I read of it in the *Echo* this morning—from that will fly the colors of the nation of each victor. And should a Greek ever be fortunate enough to win, Gouskous!"

"Should ever, Loues? And why not?" Gouskous expanded his immense torso.

"With athletes from all the world over trying to wrest the victory from us? Ah, Gouskous, it will be a severe test."

"Severe? Surely, surely. But what are they who cannot conquer? Hah, Loues, centuries ago did not our ancestors compete on this very spot where we stand, on the banks of this very Illisus? And seated about were the great men of Greece—poets, orators, sculptors, Pindar, Phidias, aye and Pericles and Æschylus. And such odes! and plays! and statues! Of such excellence that the world has been trying in vain to equal them ever since."

"My, my, Gouskous, but Euripides would like well to hear you! At whose feet have you been sitting lately?"

"'Twas the Admiral, no less. He said many other things of which I shall recollect another time and tell you. 'Come back, Diagoras,' said the Admiral, 'with the crown of wild olive and the bay of laurel and you shall see, you shall see.' And with the crown I will come back or burst a blood vessel, my Loues."

"Hush, here is the director himself."

To the director they introduced themselves, and in the eyes of that specialist they found favor, more especially the gigantic form of the sailor. "Truly you are tall and strong—as Prince George himself, and he, they call him the strongest man in all Europe."

"H-m—so it is said. It may be true—His Highness and myself *are* of the one height—two metres, lacking four centimetres. But in weight he is comparatively slim, one hundred and ten kilograms, and I one hundred and forty. To be sure, thirty kilos—it is hardly worth discussing."

"And His Highness was in the navy also?"

"Aye. I am in his old ship."

"And on her he was considered the strongest of all in the Navy's roster?"

"H-m-m—bar one, I think so."

"And that one?"

Gouskous smiled enchantingly. And the director, looking into the face of Gouskous, smiled also; he could not help it. "And you have been practising with the weights?"

"For three months I have done little else on the Admiral's flagship. My duties have been lightened that I might have time wherein to practise."

"Good. You will go, you and Loues, through the tunnel there and on to the dressing-room, where an attendant will provide you both with a cabinet wherein to disrobe, and clothes for the exercise of the Stadium."

They found the dressing-room of the Stadium to be a marvellously attractive place, consisting of a gravelled court, enclosed by innumerable little booths or closets, over which were hung the flags of various nations which were expected to send contestants to the games (but the flag of Greece always predominating), and in the centre of the court, two long tables, attended by benches of corresponding lengths, and, convenient to either end of the benches, a refreshment booth.

It was this last item which pleased Gouskous. "Ah-h—" he cooed, and on the spot ordered two bottles of Copenhagen beer of large size. "You will have one?" he asked Loues. "No? Great soul, but you must nourish the body. However, I thought as much; you were ever abstemious. And yet, good beer is good beer—it

must not be allowed to go to waste—" and placidly drained the second bottle.

"And now for these arduous drills, these exercises of the arena," he announced, and, as if he had been officially appointed to the position, assumed the leadership of the column which filed through the tunnel to the Stadium. It seemed the most natural matter for the others to fall in behind this overshadowing figure.

The candidates divided into various squads and performed the exercises most suited to their ambitions. Loues was one of those who this day were to practise on the road outside of the city, as most nearly resembling the actual labor of the long race to come; and it pleased him that it was the road to which his feet were well accustomed, rather than the unvarying treading of the track of the Stadium, where it was ever the crunching of the same black cinders under foot, the same sharp turnings at each end, and always the monotony of the rows upon rows of almost empty seats enclosing the track.

Somewhat fatigued was Loues, when after that first afternoon's exercise, he returned, perspiring, hot, dust-covered, to the dressing-room of the Stadium, where he encountered Gouskous, who, as he failed not to make clear to his friend, had also been hot, perspiring and dust-covered; but now sousing himself under streams of cold running water which poured down from above on his immense person.

Turning his glowing body this way and that, exposing now one shoulder, now the other, again the expansive back, and now holding one mighty leg after the other to the purifying water, Gouskous was delivering himself of the various complaints engendered by the morning's performances.

"Ps-s-t—such toil! Toil? Aye and torture, nothing less. That devil of a director! What does he know of a man's limitations? 'Again,' he said, 'again'—twenty, forty times that 'again' and 'once more,' like some eternal recorder from the lower regions. Ps-s-t—the blood I sweated this day, my Loues, under the rays of the outrageous sun! Like cataracts, like the very stream from the pipes here, it was poured off me as I left the field, but not cool, blessed water like this. Ps-s-t, no! but hot brine down my face and scalding steam down my poor back. Never in the navy did we do such things. Wait till I see my Admiral! D'y s'pose now he'd countenance such tortures of his favorite seaman? Not the good Admiral."

"But it is so with all of us the first day, Gouskous. We must do it to accustom the system to the coming strain. Lungs, heart, stomach, the nerves, the muscles, the wind, the very soul——"

"Lungs, nerves? Aye, and so you should for your gentry that are to do such monstrous things—forty-two kilometres is the distance? Whew! 'Tis long enough to think of rowing that distance with twelve good sweeps in a smooth-bottomed gig; but to run it, to lift one leg, so"—Gouskous elevated and lowered one enormous thigh—"and so"—he elevated the other—"for forty-two kilos! I say also that you should have tireless wind for such unnatural deeds; but wind for a man who lifts a great dumbbell, who has only to bring his arm aloft and thence hurl a two kilogram weight as far as he may? And there—two kilograms! Who invented such a weight? It is like a feather. The noble Phaylos, most renowned of all the discoboli of old, I warrant he never bothered with such a trifle. It is no more than a breath of air in the palm."

"Then you will cast it all the farther, Gouskous."

"Cast what offers no resistance? Ps-s-t, no. Here—" he turned to the attendant—"be good now and pass this towel over my back. These wisps of runners can twist and turn and rub their wand-like bodies, but I can't reach half around. Arms should, by right, be adjusted to one's proportions, but it is never so. It is rather as with ships, the other way. The lean ones carry the longest yards. Come now, like a good fellow. And fear not to lay on."

"But I will bruise the skin."

"Pf-f—fear not for the skin. The winds of five oceans have tanned it."

"And now that we have had our bath Loues—" Gouskous was returning to his dressing booth—"shall we be rubbed with oil, say? And then for something to eat? Yes, something to eat, good heart. Truly it is fatiguing, this training for glory. On my Admiral's flagship there was nothing like it."

(To be continued).

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS

By Will H. Low

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM HIS COLLECTIONS

SECOND PAPER

ENTER R. L. S.

I HAVE spoken of the plaster lion which guarded the doorway leading to the painters' studios at "eighty-one." Since his brief hour of glory in some long forgotten Salon exhibition, the noble animal had encountered many vicissitudes, and suffered much indignity at the hands of a lawless generation, in his long career as sentinel at our door. Bereft of his tail, with pencilled moustaches and many scrawled inscriptions covering him, it was left to my ingenious friend Bob to discover that by beating this king of beasts with his cane, the reverberations of his hollow plaster interior made an excellent substitute for a gong. This my friend put to use, rather than climb the stairs and knock at my door, when he desired to communicate with me. Thus summoned, one spring evening in 1875, to my window, I looked down to find Bob arrayed for the street, intent upon a walk and a dinner afterward somewhere on the heights of Montmarte where we infrequently ventured, for which he desired my company.

Descending to the courtyard I joined him, and in passing we paused at the porter's lodge to inquire for letters. There was one for Bob, which he tore open and, after scanning it, passed to me, saying, "Louis is coming over." I read the brief note; it was the first time I saw the handwriting which was to become so familiar to me, and by whose medium the world was to gain so greatly. I fancy I can see it yet, the blue-gray paper with the imprint of the Savile Club in London, the few scrawled words to the effect that the writer was "seedy," that the weather was bad in London and that he would arrive the next morning in Paris to seek sunshine and rest, and at the end the three initials R. L. S., which now are known the world over.

I had heard much of this cousin, of the life which Bob and he had led in Edinburgh, where their revolt against the overstrict conventionality of that famous town had been flavored with the zest of forbidden fruit. I had heard in detail of escapades innocent enough, the outcome of boyish spirits, in which both had shared, and of which, Bob, philosophically enough, had borne the blame of leading the younger cousin into mischief. I had also heard that Louis was "going in" for literature, but this had not interested me particularly, for in those days we were all "going in" for one thing or the other, and so long as it was not banking, commerce, politics, or other unworthy or material pursuits it merely seemed the normal and proper function of life. I had heard enough, however, aided by my hearty affection for my friend Bob, to be keenly interested in the advent of the cousin, and I awaited the morrow with some impatience, for it was at once decided that we should meet the newcomer on his arrival at the St. Lazare station.

The morrow dawned, one of those days which fickle Paris gives in the spring to atone for her many climatic misdeeds of the winter. A filmy sky, the sunshine softly veiled, the trees in the fresh glory of their new attire, and the life of the streets partaking of the joyousness of the *renouveau*, as the old French calendars name their spring. It was a good day to undertake anything, better still to journey across the beautiful city, loitering on the bridges or through the courtyard of the Louvre, and, best of all, to meet a new friend: to add to one's life another link in the chain of friendship, the most enduring of human ties.

At the appointed hour there descended from the Calais train a youth "unspeakably slight," with the face now familiar to

us, the eyes widely spaced, a nose slightly aquiline and delicately modelled, the high cheek bones of the Scot; a face which in repose was not, I fancy, unlike that of many of his former comrades in his native town. It was not a handsome face until he spoke, and then I can hardly imagine that any could deny the appeal of the vivacious eyes, the humor or pathos of the mobile mouth with its lurking suggestion of the great god Pan at times, or fail to realize that here was one so evidently touched with genius that the higher beauty of the soul was his.

The appearance and the sense of youth he kept through life, though this was perhaps more discernible in conversation with him than from the published portraits. An early one of these from a photograph taken in California, though some years later than our first meeting, preserves much the same aspect as that he had when he stepped from the Calais train on the memorable spring-time morning in 1875.

One other detail of personal appearance I mention, for we hear much in his latter life of his long black hair. His hair never was black, though it grew darker with advancing years and became brown of the deepest hue, but at the time of our first meeting, and for some years later, it was very light, almost of the sandy tint we are wont to associate with his countrymen. In proof of this I have a little color sketch painted in the Autumn of 1875, which shows him with his flaxen locks; "all that we have," as his wife once said sadly, "that will make people believe that Louis's hair was ever light."

Of his dress my memory is less vivid, he may have worn a velvet coat or a knit jersey in guise of waistcoat; I have known him to do both at later periods, unconscious that for the boulevards, at least, his costume was less than suitable, but I aver nothing. Later he laughingly recalled that I appeared to him that morning in a frock coat and a smoking-cap, but if his recollection was correct; if I had, knowing that I was to meet one free from Gallic prejudice, temporarily resurrected my seal-skin *toque*, which in any case was not a smoking-cap, it will be seen that my taste in dress was sufficiently eclectic to condone any lapse from strict conventionality on his part.

The formalities of introduction were soon over, the formalities of intercourse never weighed heavily upon us in those days, nor indeed with Louis in after time; his luggage was dispatched to Lavenue's hotel, contiguous to the restaurant, and consequently near our studios, and light handed and light hearted we proceeded to retrace our steps across Paris.

And then began a flow of talk which, as I look back, seems to have been an irresistible current flowing through our lives not only on this occasion but whenever, in Louis's frequent sojourn in France for the next few years, we three met together. Talk, even of the quality of which my two friends were past masters, is a light wine that can be neither bottled for preservation nor decanted, and if I were able to here faithfully report the abundantly flowing discourse of that day, doubtless it would appear of no great import. There would still be lacking the atmosphere of spring in Paris, the growing interest of three sympathetic yet widely differing natures and—above all—the brave outlook upon life from the vantage ground of youth. For we were very young, Louis Stevenson three years my elder, and his cousin three years his senior, but our combined ages were scarcely more than the threescore years and ten allotted to man in which to acquire wisdom.

Wisdom, therefore, we had not, but we had ideas and were not chary of their expression; we had insatiable curiosity upon all subjects pertaining to art and letters and to life as well, though in the restricted sense in which by representation art sought the expression of life or was in turn influenced by human conditions.

Hence it is no great loss that few of the many words uttered on this day of our first meeting have lived beyond their birth, but it was good to be out in the pleasant sunshine, in the city kind above all others to our kind, to be at the threshold of our lives, and even the certainty, which probably we all felt, that what we were saying was important, that possibly the whole course of art and letters was waiting expectantly for our decision before determining its final direction, may be pardoned us.

Again, I must qualify my words. We had the strong, the ordinary convictions of

youth, but we had also some of its modesty. One who, like Louis, had such a hearty respect for his craft, so great a solicitude from the first to master his tools before essaying to use them, never, even when he had made himself master to a degree attained by few English men of letters, conceived his individual effort to be important. This in the quasi-solitude in which he had lived in his native town, he had taught himself. As for the other two: if Paris teaches much that is worthy to the practitioners of art, she teaches nothing more worthy, nor more thoroughly, than the lesson that art is long; that to reach the heights of definite performance the route is stony and difficult.

Therefore, on that spring morning, we already carried as ballast to the clippership of our speculative theories upon the inexhaustible subject of art the sobering conviction that our individual effort was but 'prentice work, and that before we could count as accepted workmen in our several crafts much water would run under the Bridge of Arts on its way to the sea.

Our wandering steps had brought us to that Pont des Arts which, bridging the Seine from the Louvre to the Institute, is most appropriately the only bridge in Paris over which you must walk: no easy progress in a carriage is possible for he who follows that path. Here we loitered in the sun, looking up to where the boat-shaped Cité swims upon the current, bearing the proud towers of Notre Dame. To the left we could follow the long façade of the Louvre and to the right stood the Institute where, as we knew, forty antiquated gentlemen sat in judgment upon æsthetic France; a judgment which we were prepared to question, an institution we were equally prepared to overthrow, though to-day forty gentlemen, some of the same, still more antiquated, and others replacing those gone to their academical reward, still continue to govern æsthetic France, while another generation of brash youths continues to question its judgments.

We remained basking in the sun for some time, talking of many things after the manner of the Walrus and the Carpenter, until at the approach of noon we discovered that we were hungry, and forsaking the pathway of the arts came down to earth, hailed an open carriage and rode in state to Lavenue's. This was Louis Stevenson's first visit to the restaurant of our predilection of which he in turn became a votary; in his letters and his published works its name is often mentioned and its praises sounded. The mendacious divinity who presides over the bad quarter hour of payment, Mademoiselle Fanny, will to-day aver that she remembers the cousins well, and certainly for a number of years they were frequent visitors to her shrine.

This morning, in honor of the occasion, we had a better déjeuner than usual and, scorning the *vin ordinaire*, we drank to our better acquaintance an excellent Beaujolais-Fleury at two francs fifty centimes the bottle, a vintage of which Louis wrote to me four or five years later, after my return to the United States:

"Lavenue, hallowed be his name! Hallowed his old Fleury—of which you did not see—as I did—the glorious apotheosis; advanced on a Tuesday to three francs, on the Thursday to six, and on Friday swept off, *holus bolus*, for the proprietor's private consumption. Well, we had the start of that proprietor. Many a good bottle came our way and was worthily made welcome."

Here after our lunch with coffee and cigarettes we sat, as we did so often on later occasions, until four or five in the afternoon. Before, during, and after the meal, we talked, and here I was to encounter for the first time a whimsical instance of my new friend's sense of fitness in language. We were deep in a discussion about some detail or character of Balzac, the particular point we sought to elucidate I have forgotten, but at the time Bob and I were deep in the wonderful reconstitution of the life of France from Napoleon to Louis Phillipe, which the master-romancer had fashioned, and Louis we found was no less interested than ourselves. Suddenly, without a note of warning, Louis changed from the language we had spoken up to that moment, which of course was our native English, to French. Now Bob spoke French somewhat hesitatingly, choosing his words with care, but with excellent knowledge of the idiom; Louis's French was not unlike his cousin's, and mine, picked up in a more constant frequentation of French companions than is common among foreigners in Paris, but was sufficiently fluent. I forbear to characterize our accents; having

indeed to this day reasons for avoiding that thorny subject in so far as I am personally concerned.

Up to the time of this change of language not one word of French had been spoken, and for all that Louis knew I might have been helpless in that polite tongue, but as we continued I soon realized that for our particular discussion of characters, events, and of style, which were all French in essence, my new friend was not ill inspired, and that we three English-speaking youths could better analyze the subject before us in French than in our native tongue. Speaking of this long after, I found that Louis had quite forgotten the incident, and I think it probable that at the time he was hardly conscious of it, his sense of the proper word and the fit phrase leading him into this excursion into a foreign language.

From Lavenue's we sought the garden of the Luxembourg, where we sat long into the twilight, taking our dinner somewhere near and adjourning to a café afterward. Here with our café a cordial, chartreuse, or curaçoa was brought in a small decanter accompanied by the usual small liqueur glasses, and here the impish extravagance of my new friend, which was at the bottom of so many of the youthful escapades in Edinburgh and which, conducted with an enthusiasm worthy of more serious objects, had more than once caused dire prognostications of his future to be drawn, became manifest.

"I wonder," he said suddenly, while sipping his cordial, "why this sort of thing is always served in such small glasses?" and calling for an ordinary water glass, he half filled it with the cordial and drank it. I exclaimed in horror that it would make him ill, but enjoying my surprise he declared that it did not matter, because "I have come to Paris to rest, and to-morrow I shall lie abed all day." This was the first reference to his feeling "seedy" which his letter had mentioned, and indeed throughout his life, except when it was forced upon him by actual physical prostration, beyond the precautions which he later learned to observe, there was no allusion to, no apparent realization of, his delicate condition. At this time and during the three years that followed, I was never conscious that he was more than a little less robust than most of us were.

At Barbizon he was among the foremost in our long walks over the plains or in the forest of Fontainebleau, and in the summers of 1876–1877 at Grez, where he led a semi-amphibious life, on and in the river Loing, he never seemed ill, and as youth is not solicitous on questions of health, it never occurred to us that his slender frame encased a less robust constitution than that of others. "My illness is an incident outside of my life," was his watchword later, and I need not enlarge on his brave attitude in that respect.

At the close of this eventful day we sauntered leisurely up the Boulevard St. Michel, entering for a few moments the Bal Bullier, which we surveyed philosophically; as prudent youths taking their pleasure otherwise, and having small interest in the riotous scenes enacted there. Thence, descending the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, we escorted Louis to the door of his hostelry, where we left him, appointing a meeting for the following evening, in order that he might carry out his plan of resting through the day undisturbed.

At the appointed time he reappeared, feeling, he assured us, much refreshed, and the morning after the two cousins departed for Barbizon. I was urged to accompany them, but I was busy upon a picture which was to be my first offering to the Salon. Could I have foreseen the cruelty of the jury of admission some days later I should have foregone this exhibition of Spartan virtue and, accompanying my friends, would now be able to describe the first impression which the smiling plain and shady woods made on Stevenson; who for several years was to find in Fontainebleau and the adjoining villages of Barbizon and Grez fields for work and play, influential at the time, and to which in pleasant memory he often reverted, until the end came in the far South Seas.

COMRADES AND CAMARADES

The summer was yet young when Louis rejoined his cousin in Paris. This time he slipped so naturally into our easy intimacy that he soon became known to all the little circle in which we moved. The exodus from town was approaching. The long-suffering color men were supplying their different clients with canvases and colors

for the summer work; and, as in only a few instances current coin of the republic was exacted in these transactions, and as the hotel keepers of Barbizon, Cernay, or Pont Aven were known to be equally liberal in their disposition to extend credit, art for art's sake seemed less an illusory dream than any one of these young painters were likely to find it in their after careers.

This summer was to see assembled at Barbizon most of our intimates in Paris, some of whom, pupils of the *atelier Duran*, had elected a preference for the society of Bob, even as I had, rather than for what I presume considered itself the more orderly element among the English-speaking pupils of the master. First and foremost among these was Henry Enfield, of whom I have already spoken. His studio was on the same floor as that of Bob, at eighty-one, and through the winter these studios had been the common meeting-place in the evening. During a portion of the winter, in fact, Bob had been afflicted with what he, in common with us all, had considered the infantile malady, known as the mumps. Confined to the studio, but not suffering particularly, this illness had served us an excuse for dispensing a rough hospitality to the intimates, in which the little kitchen attached to his studio had come into play. Here on merry evenings numbers of the men congregated, and I recall a beefsteak supper where our invitation bore the admonition to each guest to bring his beefsteak with him. Fire, and the adjuncts of a comfortable meal were provided by the hosts, and a surprising variety of steaks were brought, and various conflicting theories as to the best manner of preparing that delicacy were put into practice.

By this time also Theodore Robinson had come to Paris, and again, one who for many years was the best of friends, appears to me as he appeared then. Frail, with a husky, asthmatic voice, and a laugh that shook his meagre sides and yet hardly made itself heard, timid and reticent, saying little yet blessed with as keen a sense of humor as any one I have ever known, Robinson was received at once into our little circle with the highest favor.

At first he seemed almost negative, so quietly he took his place among us, but once the shell of diffidence was pierced few of the men had thought as much or as independently, and the knowledge which he possessed he had made so thoroughly his own by some innate faculty that a truism uttered by him had a flavor of originality.

His work partook of the same qualities of originality from the first, though it was to be many years before it shed a certain dryness, and under the influence of the impressionistic school blossomed into color and achieved popularity of the kind which the painter occasionally vouchsafes to his fellow. Popularity with the collector and the general public he never attained during his lifetime, though I am glad to think now how much it appealed to me from the first, and how when his day of recognition arrived, though day had closed for him, it brought to me no element of surprise. Robinson though born in Vermont had been taken as a child to Wisconsin, which seemed to many of us quite remotely Western, and we shared with our foreign friends the mingled sense of strangeness and appropriateness to the life which we fancied typical of our Western States, when on turning over the leaves of one of Robinson's sketch books we came upon a hasty scrawl and, half guessing at its purport, asked for its meaning. "Oh that was the hanging of a horse thief that I saw out in Colorado," was Robinson's nonchalant rejoinder.

In my intimacy with Bob, which was so promptly shared by Louis, I served as a means of procuring for them occasional glimpses of the life of the French student. Nothing could afford a stronger contrast to our essentially Anglo-Saxon group than the two men who were chief among my Gallic companions, unless it was the contrast between these men themselves.

Adrien Gaudez was of the purest French-Burgundian type, something, like the bouquet of the rich, generous wine of the country from which he came, emanated from his presence. He was an artist to his finger tips; no expression of art was to him negligible and few were unfamiliar.

A grave and even tender solicitude for the young American confided to his care made him in those days more than a comrade, and to some degree my mentor. For that matter, though little older than the other members of his immediate following, he was by that little company its unchallenged leader and by no assumption of

superiority on his part; none of us, though we used freely the *tutoiement* and addressed each other as "thee" and "thou," according to custom, used these familiar terms with him.

One of his most inspiring qualities was a courageous optimism and, though then and later we shared rather more than the usual hardships that fall to the impecunious follower of the arts, I never remember him being cast down or despairing. To any one who knows intimately the life of a sculptor in Paris, there are few careers where the rewards are less and where the intervals between opportunities for employment or production are greater. Of course, this was more marked in these early days, for in his later time my friend became, for a French sculptor, almost conspicuously prosperous; but, in direst poverty or temporary affluence, Gaudez worked with a stout heart and an unfailing confidence that gave courage not only to himself but to his intimates; all of whom to a large degree shared a common purse, with no perceptible effect on the fluctuation of the money market.

The second of these friends was a type more common in fiction than often met with in life.

Arthur Cocles, such was the classic surname of one who realized more truly the existence, the character and aims, or the lack of aim, of the traditional Bohemian, than any one of the many students with whom I was thrown. Many of these unwittingly lived *la vie de Bohême;* some few perhaps consciously, if unwillingly, did so; and fewer still tried with a brave show to flaunt their indifference to conventionality before the world—in a world that was placidly indifferent to their existence. In all these cases, however, it could be felt that the morrow would possibly change one and all, that condition and not nature was the reason for the existence of all these Rodolphes and Schaunards. But as the gem is to the imitation, so was my friend Cocles to the psuedo-Bohemian. Born on a canal in the north of France, the child of a poor boatman, how and why he had drifted to Paris when a boy I know not, nor where he had acquired his curious substitute for an education. On some subjects of the most usual character he was densely ignorant, upon others, ofttimes of an unusual cast, he was extremely well informed. A voracious reader; rarely without a book in his pocket and creating for himself abundant leisure; in fine weather he would seek the Luxembourg Gardens. There, first carefully perusing the daily paper, as he gravely held it to be the duty of every one to keep himself informed of the state of politics and the general progress of the world, he would with a cherished volume pass the long afternoons in reading. For a time he shared the studio with Gaudez, who for many years had been in more ways than one his friend. It was due to his influence that Cocles had consented to study for a time at the École des Beaux-Arts, where he had displayed considerable talent, and on leaving the school Gaudez had found work for him as an assistant to one of the older sculptors of the time, Salmson; who had befriended him in many ways and whose studio, when all else failed, was still open to him as a refuge. Work for other men, intermittently enough, gave him the little he needed to live, and he busied himself with projected masterpieces of his own at intervals. I would not venture to count the number of such works that I have seen begun. None were ever finished, the mood changed, an inspiring model was not obtainable, or a newer subject presented itself to the detriment of the half-finished figure; though some of these beginnings were of more than usual promise, for we all accorded the possession of talent to the dreamer. These continual failures did not in the least disturb my volatile friend:

"*N'insultez pas une femme qui tombe*," I remember him quoting wittily, as he destroyed one of these figures; for Victor Hugo's verse was frequently on his lips, while he could quote whole pages of Alfred de Musset.

As singular in appearance as in manner, he was in any company a marked man. Of skeleton thinness of figure, his long legs were encased in the tightest of trousers, and his beardless mask was invariably surmounted by an opera-hat; which on entering a room he always flattened and held by the rim, daintily, like a dish; occasionally waving it, as much gesticulation punctuated his talk. When Gaudez and he took their walks abroad, the thick-set,

replete figure of the former and the extreme tenuity of Cocles, with a long coat flapping about his meagre shanks, enforced an extreme contrast which was further accentuated in their characters, for in Gaudez a substratum of strong common-sense and acceptation of the hard terms on which an unsympathetic world alone tolerates the man preoccupied with problems of art, was present even in these insouciant years, while Cocles then and thereafter steadfastly refused to strike his flag to the *bourgeois*.

But while the society of Cocles was a constant delight in the city, where at each turn some unexpected sally of wit or semi-profound philosophy bubbled from his lips, it was in the country, in the presence of nature, that he was at his best. With some predisposition to accept as truth all "doubtful tales from faery-land," it was not difficult for me, in my long rambles with Cocles in the woods of Clamart, Chaville, or later at Fontainebleau, to believe that I had unearthed a faun. His running comment on the most trivial of the multitudinous events, which transpire to the observing eye on a country ramble, were inimitable. Throughout the whimsical comments ran a vein of poetry ringing true inasmuch as it was quite unconscious; and, though from his untrammelled, undirected existence from childhood in Paris my friend had not escaped scathless, here in the woods he was as innocent as a child. I have seen him tête-à-tête with a toad, or scaling a sunny rock, scattering green, glittering lizards in all directions in their vain pursuit, or baring a long, lean arm to plunge into the burrow of some animal in the hope of finding its denizen at home. All this fearlessly, while, the mood changing, after nightfall or in the long twilight of the woods he has walked clinging to my arm in quite visible alarm—the simple terror of the city child before the solemnity of nature.

Nor must I fail to recall his delight in the mimic life of the stage. In those days we had of the best, we saw Delaunay brave "in green ribbons" playing "Alceste," despite the weight of years carrying conviction through his finished art; we saw the young Sarah Bernhardt, heard the "voice of gold" before long declamation had marred its lustre, and saw the pale star of her genius rise in the glorious constellation of the Français of that day. We were modest frequenters of the *parterre*, but with true nobility, urged thereto by Cocles, we sternly refused the not uncommon practice of the students, who gain entrance for a trivial sum by lending their applause to the *claque*. This useful institution exists in all French theatres and its leader by preconcerted signal leads the applause at designated moments. The reduced fee for entrance was a strong temptation to our modest purses, but Cocles argued that in selling our approval or bartering our right of criticism we destroyed the value of the one or the other; so we bravely paid the full price of admission, which in the *parterre* is fortunately small, and many a delightful evening we spent, occasionally together but more often with others of the "bande."

Before resuming the erratic course of my narrative, I must tell the sad fifth and last act of my whimsical friend's tragi-comedy of life. This was enacted in the years that lapsed between my student days, my return home, and a second sojourn in France in 1886. On occasions, in mood of sentiment, Cocles had spoken of a young girl whom he had known since childhood, who lived with one of the few relatives that he possessed, and who, he averred, was to crown his life with happiness in that future when some great work achieved by him had brought fame and fortune. Fame and fortune—sorry jades—lingered; when, a short time after my first departure from Paris, the young people did as so many young people do and concluded to await the arrival of the tardy sisters in company. The marriage of Cocles spurred him, as it has done many an honest man, to greater effort, and under this influence he completed a group of sculpture, which in some measure justified the expectations that his faithful friends had so long maintained. Already, however, the privations which his course in life had brought were beginning to tell upon him, and the Salon medal which promptly rewarded his first ambitious effort was of the third class only, when his hope had been for one of higher grade.

It is the curse of official recompense to art in France that these rewards so often fail in their object. Their chief value is in

provoking means for further production through government orders, and of course the lowest grade of medal comes last when the distribution of official work takes place.

After so much laughter, the progressive illness and the disappointment at the result of his effort changed the character of my friend, and, for the few years remaining, he avoided and distrusted his former comrades and did little or nothing to add to his first partial success. When the end came—an end lightened by the knowledge that his wife, fortunately, was possessed of skill in a trade where, left alone, she would be abundantly able to support herself—there was a brief transitory revival of the spirit of former days. On the last morning—as it was tearfully told me—he called his wife to his side, and with fast-failing strength recalled many of their pleasant excursions and long rambles through the country. At last he asked to be lifted in his bed and as she stooped to help him he burst into a verse of Murgers's song:

"Tu remettrras la robe blanche,
Dont tu te parais autrefois,
Et comme autrefois—le Dimanche—
Nous irons courir dans les bois."

And as he sang—as he had lived—he died, "babbling of green fields"; not perhaps a heroic figure, but one consistent and upheld through life by the courage of his convictions.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

The irregularity with which these random recollections come back to me is perhaps sufficiently indicated by the inclusion of a long description of two of my French friends who were not particularly identified with our life in Barbizon, where they both, however, made short apparitions. Now, however, before going on with the memories of the summer of 1875, I must go backward to the two previous summers, for during my first sojourn there I made the acquaintance of Jean François Millet, and even so slight a contribution as mine to the knowledge of the world of so great a man is not without importance.

When, after reaching Barbizon by the roundabout route of Recloses, as I have already described, I found myself with Wyatt Eaton domiciled in a couple of rooms and a studio, which a thrifty peasant had built over his house on the village street, and realized that a few doors away this, to me, greatest of modern painters lived; the desire to know him rose uppermost in my thoughts. Eaton, who had been longer in Barbizon than I, was no less desirous but was less hopeful of our being able to accomplish our purpose as he had heard many stories of the great man's inaccessibility.

The great painter never came near Siron's where we took our meals, and in fact I rarely saw him on the village street; his garden communicating with the fields and the forest in which he walked by preference. His son and namesake, a painter of about our age, was, however, occasionally at Siron's; his acquaintance we made, and to our request that we might know his father, he consentingly promised to arrange a meeting. Before this, however, I had in my journeys between our lodging and the hotel frequent glimpses of Millet in his home, through the window which opened on the street. This room was level with the ground and served as the dining-room of Millet and his numerous brood, and the picture presented to the passer-by might well have been of the composition of the master who, seated at the head of his table, seemed the very prototype of the patriarch. It was a pleasant first sight of one whose miseries, pinching and true enough at times in his career, have been given too much prominence in Sensier's otherwise authoritative biography.

Millet, whose great uncle was a priest who, at the abolition of his curacy at the time of the French revolution, had returned to the cultivation of the soil, was more fortunate than many, for at the hands of this good man he had received a solid instruction in letters, tinctured even with the classics in Latin. His parents indeed, as may occasionally be found among the peasants, were superior in mind to their class and when, driven from Paris by the cholera in 1848, he came to Barbizon there was nothing in common between him and the peasant inhabitants of the village. He and his family were looked upon as *bourgeois* from the first; and to be of that class without an assured income is to be viewed with suspicion in any French

village. Hence the very genuine hardship by which the whilom peasant and his family were assailed, for the sturdy commonsense of the father demanded good and plentiful food for his growing family, of which there were eventually nine children, and caused them to be regarded as demanding luxuries without the ready money to pay for them. But it must not be forgotten that Millet's industry, even at the small prices which his work then commanded, brought sufficient at most times to support his family in a comfort unknown to his neighbors; and we find in Sensier's life many letters of the master which show purchases of engravings, photographs, and the like, necessities of his craft it is true; but not likely to be acquired by the half-starved peasant of the legend which has grown up about Millet.

At the time when I first went to Barbizon the family had long outgrown the suspicion and jealousy from which they had suffered, and though living scrupulously apart not only from their peasant neighbors but from the few resident artists, they were universally regarded with respect. The Millet house, its gable to the street and its entrance through the garden, by whose wall it was joined to the studio, was a structure of a single story, picturesque and cosey enough in appearance; I remember at the time thinking it an ideal home for an artist; but from a modern hygienic stand-point, rheumatism and perhaps graver ills lurked in its recesses.

It was, and has remained, a memorable day when the green gate into the garden was opened to me for the first time by François Millet. Entering, I turned to the left toward the studio. The son hurriedly explained to me that his father was suffering from one of the headaches to which he was subject, but had insisted on rising from his bed to receive the young American student. Naturally I drew back and protested against intrusion on his father at such a time; but, as I spoke, the elder man advanced.

He was of large frame and medium stature, the eyes of an artist, deep set with the frontal bone well developed, a strong and prominent nose and abundant beard, which did not entirely conceal his mouth; firmly drawn yet gravely kind in expression. A drawing which I endeavored to make some time afterward, from one of the rare photographs taken of him (loaned me by one of his brothers) is not unlike him; although it gives an aspect which he only had when dressed in city clothes, as on his rare visits to Paris. Clad in a knitted coat, not unlike the Cardigan jacket which was familiar here at one time, closely buttoned to the waist and well-worn trousers, his appearance was that of the peaceful provincial in France who, secure from the public gaze behind his garden wall, dresses for ease and comfort. The legend of the peasant's sabots worn by him has only this much of truth that in the heavy dews on the plain, or in bad weather at any time, he wore sabots out of doors as most country people do in France, as a foot covering that, after a little practice, is not difficult to walk with; which protects from dampness, and is easily slipped off on entering within doors.

Between my timidity, the little French I possessed, and the master's evident suffering, our first interview began badly enough; my chief preoccupation being to find an excuse for withdrawing quickly. But as it progressed the interest of Millet grew as he would display, from canvases stacked against the wall, pictures in various stages of progress. There were many of these, for it was his habit to begin many things, often as a memory of something he had seen would arise, and lay them aside to be taken up and carried further, then laid aside once again as his interest was given elsewhere. His method almost invariably was to indicate a composition lightly in charcoal, seldom, at least at that time, having recourse to nature, and never from a model posing; his work from life consisting generally in a strongly accented drawing almost in outline. When the composition was finally arranged to his satisfaction, he drew in the figures and its principal lines, using a thick quill pen, with ink. Upon this, with semi-transparent color, he would prepare the dominant tones of his picture. A canvas thus prepared he would set aside to dry, returning to it later with more direct painting in opaque tones; gradually refining its color and rendering its effect to the point of completion.

An art student at the point of advancement, which was mine at the time, is a creature filled with half-digested beliefs

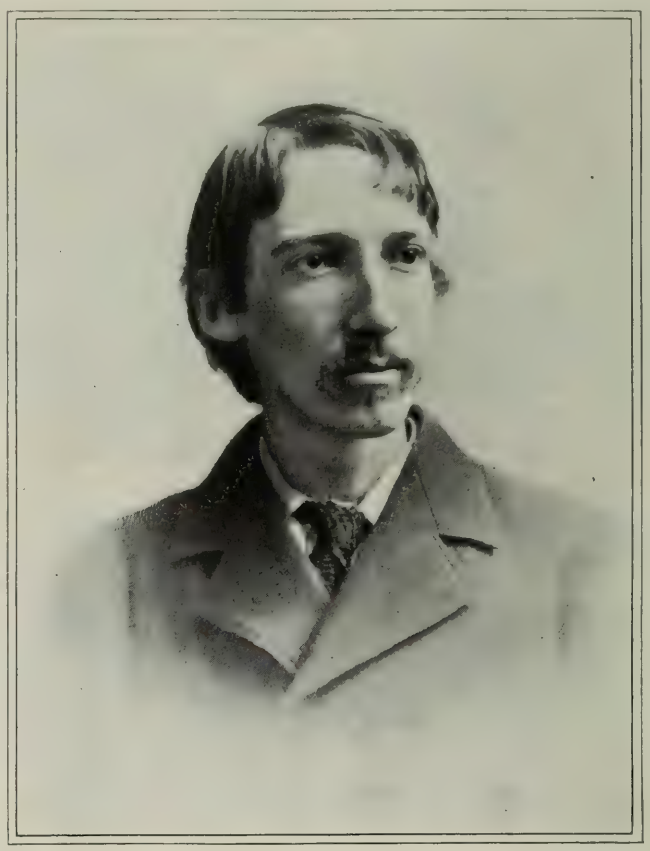


Le Pont des Arts, Paris, the Institute in the background.

and crude principles, absorbed from limited experience; and I remember questioning to myself, although I warmly approved of the result, if the means employed by this great painter were those which were thought consistent with the best modern practice. Slavish adherence to nature was then and after the watchword of the school, and, as many do, I confounded the practice of the school with that of the mature artist; forgetting that in one is learned the handling of the tools, and that the other represents the result of such study in the production of the master-craftsman. Some question of this kind I ventured to make, asking how in the studio lighted by a single window he could study the model as the figure would be lit out-of-doors. For reply he showed me a drawing, a mere quick sketch, as I fear even other zealous followers of Gérôme, among whose pupils I was numbered at the time, would not have hesitated to judge; but now, to my better understanding, appearing, as I remember it, to have the indication of all the essential construction of the figure that the master with his knowledge of form needed to work from. The answer to my question appeared to me, however, enigmatical, and Millet, speaking slowly and with much emphasis, explained that a figure arrested in movement and with muscles relaxed demanded at the best on the part of the artist a memory of the appearance of the figure in action; that for him the weary imitation of a posed model seemed less true, less like nature, than to follow a sketch retaining the action of life with added truths garnered from a long and close observation; aided by the memory of the relation between a figure and its background under certain effects of light.

In my own efforts, especially during the two years in New York in drawing for illustration, I had noticed that I could frequently draw a better figure from memory than from nature; or, at least, by discarding a drawing made from a model, could repeat the drawing from memory and infuse it with more life than my first study possessed. I ventured to speak of this, and Millet said: "If you have that faculty it is fortunate, and is one that you should cultivate; but perhaps it is best for you at present not to depend too much upon it; you tell me that you are in the *atelier Gérôme*, there or wherever you work think only of rendering the model as truthfully as you can; it is by such practice that you will familiarize your eye to see and your

mind to retain the construction and the proportion of the human figure, and later on you will be able, through such knowledge, to be the master and not the slave of the chance individual model who serves you; and give to your work the typical rather than the accidental character of nature." If I put this answer in quotation marks it is with no pretence of repeating Millet's exact words; on the contrary that great man, for the benefit of the humble student unfamiliar with his language, took the trouble to repeat his phrases, to speak slowly, to vary the form of what he said when he saw that I did not thoroughly understand. I have always felt that something of his earnestness, in a partially hypnotic fashion, penetrated my understanding despite the unfamiliarity to me of the language which he spoke; though it had then been for some months my only medium of communication with my new-found French friends.



A youthful portrait of R. L. Stevenson.
Preserving his aspect in the days here described.

By this time I own I had forgotten the headache from which Millet was suffering, and so, in my own excuse, I am certain had he, for he continued as he talked to show me various pictures; once, I remember, saying reflectively, before one of them, "Not so bad; it is a good thing not to see your work for six months," denoting the time that that particular picture had been turned to the wall, perhaps in temporary discouragement.

I saw that day many of the pictures which formed the collection sold at the Hôtel Drouot after the master's death eighteen months after—some of them left as I had seen them, others carried to further completion.

Upon an easel, during all this time, my glance had rested from time to time on what was evidently a large picture covered by drapery thrown over it. At length Millet asked me to step back, placing me behind a curtain hung to a rod which projected at right angles to the window, so that to a person standing there the window was entirely hidden. Then he removed the drapery, allowing the light from the window to fall directly on the picture; and a surprising thing occurred.

Ever since I have had consciousness of life, I believe that I have been looking at pictures, at that time I had seen many, and since then, many, many more; but before or since no picture has produced upon me the exact effect of that which I then saw. I looked out on a plain with apple trees in blossom on either side of a tortuous road which ran to high woods in the distance. The plain was in mingled light and cloud shadow and the wooded distance strongly illumined showed bright against a clearing storm sky, a portion of which was traversed by a rainbow.

The picture is well known; is now in the Louvre, where on many occasions since I have studied it with continuing admiration; but with no trace of the amazing sensation I experienced on that day. For then *I did not realize that it was a painted canvas.* As a picture it has little of the stereoscopic realism with which some painters have endowed their work, it has nothing of the factitious relief which the French term *trompe-l'œil;* such as we know in the familiar panorama or the clever scenic realism of the stage. Nor



Sketch in oils of Robert Louis Stevenson, in the Bas Breau, Fontainebleau, Autumn of 1875.
"The only proof we have that Louis's hair was ever light."

was my feeling exactly that of looking on a real scene so much as that I was, by the magic of the painter's art, lifted out of myself and made to realize the poignant sensation of the reawakening of nature in the spring. To one who compares the picture reproduced in these pages with what I here endeavor to describe, my words probably convey but little meaning, and I can only say that I was so moved, so shaken in my entire being that I made at the time no effort to describe my feeling to the painter, as, barely able to control my emotion, I left him.

I have since endeavored to explain to myself this episode, unique in my life's experience, by the plausible reason that throughout the afternoon, in my tense desire to follow from one beautiful work to another the great painter's intention, I had fairly surrendered all my sentient nature to his effort.

When at the last this master work was shown me, the method of its production faded before my mind; and the evocation of the spirit of the scene alone remained.

Before returning to Paris at the end of the summer, I again sought Millet: this time for advice to resolve a question which had an important bearing on my future, and which was presented in so flattering a manner that it was most tempting; though my better reason sought strength to put it aside by confirmation from Millet.

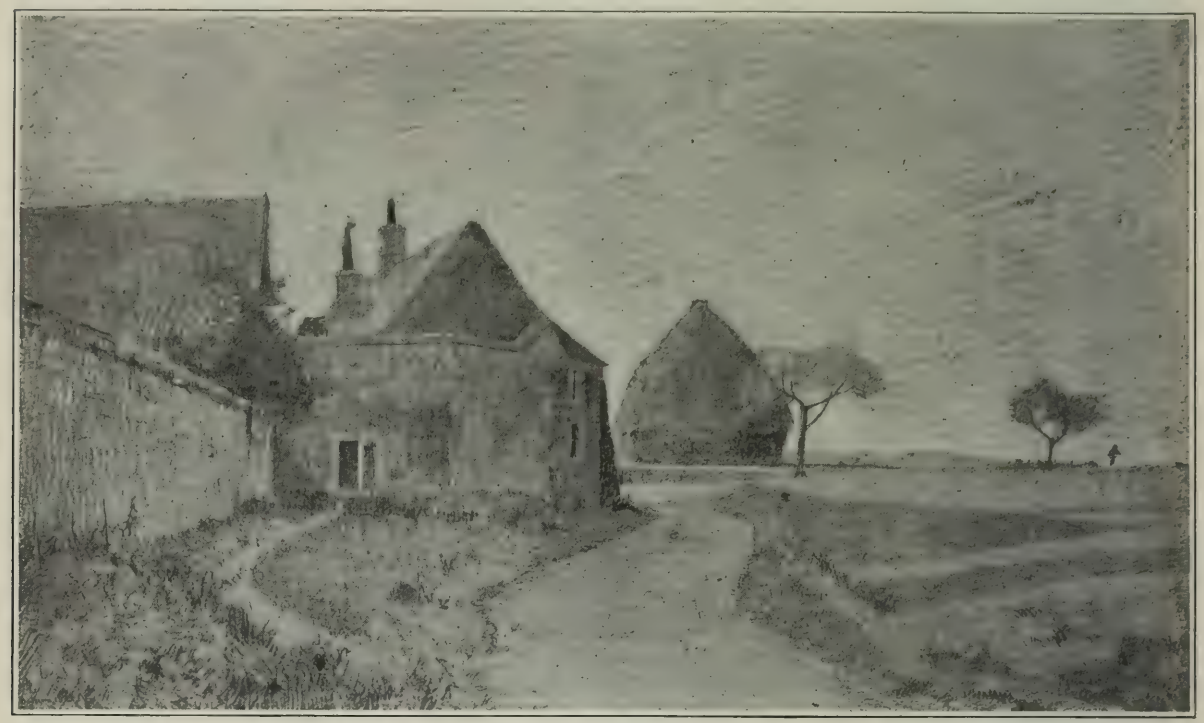
The early success of Munkacsy in the Salon, with his "Last Day of a Condemned Man," was then comparatively recent and had been repeated in some degree in the succeeding exhibitions. Immediately after the war the Paris Salon opened its doors to many foreign painters and of these Munkacsy though of German training was by far the most favored.

Like all students a Salon success counted for me in those days as a permanent title to fame and, as his later career gave ample confirmation, the Hungarian painter had many of the qualities that go to make the great artist. I was therefore considerably elated when, of his own volition, a few days after his arrival in Barbizon that summer, he came to see me in my little studio and

gave me valuable criticism upon my work. He accompanied his strictures with praise which even then appeared exaggerated, though I did not at the time appreciate as I do now that it was a part of the impetuousness of manner, which was marked in his every word or action. Thereafter he made me frequent visits and of course we saw each other constantly at the hotel.

It was then my intention to return at the close of the summer to the *atelier Gérôme* and, with many shrugs of the shoulders and protestations that my master might be a great artist, might be this or might be that, might be all that I claimed him to be, "but not a painter, no, not a painter, *de tout, de tout, de tout,*" he essayed to dissuade me from returning to study with him. Naturally his words had weight, and when later, with much earnestness, he assured me that with my faculty for composition I would do better to take a studio and produce pictures, arranging my composition so that every element could be closely studied from nature, and in this way acquire by constant practice the knowledge which I sought in the school, the proposition seemed most alluring.

The vision of a place of my own, the possibility of arriving at my desired result in my own way, and my absolute ignorance of the many difficulties material and æsthetic of such a course, made the prospect distinctly enchanting. Fortunately I had a residuum of common-sense and I finally put the question to Millet. I found, rather to my surprise, that he was absolutely ignorant of the position which Munkacsy had already acquired; the Salon in his isolation occupying him but little. But upon the main point of my problem he was almost vehemently emphatic in its condemnation. "What would you think of a poet arrested in his composition by a question of grammar?" he inquired. "The school affords the easiest way of continually studying from nature. The casts from antique statues stand still for you to learn the structure of the human figure, the models, trained as they are, are almost equally in the same manner at the disposition of the student, who must laboriously acquire this knowledge. It does not matter so much who the master may be, every one should listen to the dictates of his nature and follow them"—here perhaps he was thinking of his own revolt in the atelier Delaroche, where, reproached with studies apparently hewn out of wood, he had retorted that the figures of the more approved students of the master were made "of butter and honey" —"but continuous study from nature is the only salvation. Look at the antique, study the masters in the Louvre to see what



Old farm, Barbizon.
From a pencil drawing by W. H. Low.



L'allée des Vaches.—Entrance to Barbizon, from the Forest.

From a painting by H. R. Bloomer.



House of the Belle Clarisse, Barbizon, 1875.
"La Belle Clarisse" was a charming young girl, a relative of Mme. Siron, whose person and habitation were thus christened, quite without her knowledge.

these men have done with the knowledge which they have gained by their study—the elements of style, the suppression of detail which is detrimental to the typical character which you must endeavor to always bear in mind when you are trying to make a picture; but, when you are making a study in the school, copy slavishly all that is individual, even that which you may think ugly; and, from the accumulation of such information as you gain of the varieties of the human form, you will learn what will best serve you when you wish to express your own individual view of nature."

This time I fully understood—though again I only repeat the sense and not the textual words of the master as they were then crystallized in my memory—and with a wiser head, though perhaps not altogether a lighter heart, prepared to again take up my studies in the school.

STENNIS AÎNÉ, STENNIS FRÈRE, AND WALTER SIMPSON

Of the two cousins, whose names and relationship were thus misstated in the accounts which Siron kept, Bob was at this time easily the dominant spirit. Louis held his own, indeed we all did, in the constant flow of talk; but in our dissonant orchestra the baton of the leader was in the hands of the elder of the cousins. In all his sympathies he was, to use Gautier's

phrase, a man for whom the visible world existed; and the world of fancy, illumined by the light that never was on sea or land, was then, and remained with him forever, the debatable ground. Hence his after allotment to Velasquez of the supreme place in art, and the lesser sympathy easily discernible in his writing for the effort of the Italian masters. His tastes in literature were of the same order, and in the many discussions where Louis upheld the claims of the poets and the more abstract writers, and where I sided with Louis, Bob would in the end dismiss the whole contention as one beyond his ken; granting them their place, but insisting that Flaubert or Balzac was much more his "game."

One instance of a small victory over Bob worth recording, as in matters æsthetic few who ever frequented him have victories in argument to their credit, belongs to the autumn preceding Louis's first visit to Barbizon; where my intimacy with his cousin first began; and when Millet was still alive to be, unknowingly, the convincing factor in a hot discussion between two English-speaking art students.

The time was out of joint for my friend. The great men were not only dead but their influence was lost; the age had turned to science, and though, he admitted, art was, in the country where we sojourned, held in high esteem and ranked with the most important avocations of man, it was merely a perfunctory survival of habit. I protested, and cited Baudry, of whose devotion to his great work in the decoration of the New Opera I had heard, though its result was only to become known to us later. But Bob argued, with some truth, that one who, like Baudry, affronted his task in so submissive a spirit as to spend four years of preparation in copying Michel Angelo and Raphael, proved the paucity of original initiative in our day; demanding if I believed that Veronese would have devoted an equal amount of primary energy to the preparation for any work conceivable. Rather worsted in my contention, I quietly arranged through the painter's son a visit to Millet's studio; where Bob had never been, but of which there had already been question between us.



Cocles, in the Luxembourg Gardens.
From a pencil sketch by W. H. Low.

When a time was appointed I reverted to our talk, cheerfully assuring my pessimistic friend that I had a knife concealed in my sleeve for him. The interview with Millet, if conducted on terms slightly more familiar than the first which I have described, was sufficiently impressive. In a nature so keenly appreciative as that of my friend, the gradual realization that we were in the presence of one who, here in our own time, was close kin to the mighty dead—that this figure with the

heavy shoulders and slow tread, in the studio simple almost to barrenness, showing his works without assumption of primacy; yet evincing authority in his craft by every simple gesture, in every word he spoke; and making good his preëminence by every work shown—was well worth observing. Fluent, and even flippant as Bob could be, here he was neither one nor the other; but, visibly moved, the few words which he spoke to the master were tinged with emotion. We left the studio, and with one accord turning down the village street, we were well out upon the plain before either of us spoke. Then Bob, with a droll surrender in his look and tone, turned to me and said: "Do you consider it fair play, in a conversation between gentlemen concerning minor poets, to spring Shakespeare on your opponent?"



"The young Sarah Bernhardt" to whose "voice of gold" we listened in 1873.

Louis, as I have said, if not more reticent (I fear we none of us practised that virtue to any considerable degree) took a less conspicuous part when our talk turned on painting, as it naturally did much of the time. He was also much with Walter Simpson and, as I had for a time work to do in the forest, the two friends would often accompany me. Here, while I worked, they would lie prone on the ground basking in the sunshine, or, from my station, would take short walks, returning late in the day, when we would walk homeward together. It was then that I learned from Simpson some of his experiences. The son of the well-known physician, who was the first in Europe to employ anæsthetics, he had, with the strain of seriousness which is a common trait of Scottish youth, some years before decided that it was an evasion of duty to remain at home at ease, enjoying the advantages of the wealth and social position which his father had won. Reasoning that every one should be able to earn his livelihood, he had applied for and obtained a clerkship—I think—in Liverpool. Here, for a year or so, he had worked, living within his salary, which was pitiably small, until, by an equally ingenious course of reasoning, it occurred to him that he was filling the place of a man poorer than himself, who might need the money which he was earning. Relinquishing his position he returned home, and by all accounts profited largely, by a revulsion of feeling, from all the advantages which he had theretofore despised. He had read law, as had Stevenson, and was admitted to the bar as an advocate about the same time; though, like his friend, his practice counted for naught. With his considerable fortune, a sincere desire to do something in the world for himself, without apparently any very definite idea as to how he should apply his not inconsiderable abilities, he passed through life without making real any of the dreams that, in the days of which I write, were common property with us all. His character, about this time, has been well described by R. L. S., in a fragment written in San Francisco in 1880.

"The fourth of these friends was Sir Walter Simpson, son of Sir James, who



Door of Theodore Rousseau's House, Barbizon, 1875.
From a painting by W. H. Low.

gave chloroform to the world. . . . His was a slow-fighting mind. You would see him at times wrestle for a minute at a time with a refractory jest and perhaps fail to throw it at the end. . . . He was shy of his virtues and his talents, and above all of the former. He was even ashamed of his own sincere desire to do right. . . . Simpson would show himself not only kind but full of exceptional delicacies. Some of them I did not appreciate till years after they were done and perhaps forgotten by him. I have said his mind was slow, and in this he was an opposite and perhaps an antidote to Bob. I have known him battle a question sometimes with himself, sometimes with me, month after month for years; he had an honest stubbornness in thinking, and would neither let himself be beat nor cry victory."* In our association I chiefly remember him as ballast for our clipper-ship, whose sail plan was a trifle excessive for the hull and caused us at times to steer an erratic course; yet no one was more ready than he to lend a hand and a heartfelt interest in all our activities.

*"Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Graham Balfour. Page 106, Vol. I.



Maternal cares.

From a painting by W. H. Low in the possession of G. H. Thacher, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

This, my first work in France, was the picture on which I was engaged at Barbizon in the Autumn of '73, and which caused Munkacsy to advise my desertion of school work, as described on p. 44.]

As Stevenson has described Barbizon as he knew it, Siron's hotel was less an inn than a club. Like any other club, the edicts of non-admission were based upon principles difficult to explain; but, as we all of differing nationalities dwelt in harmony, so, in common, by various means, an unwelcome guest was made to feel that there were other quarters of the globe where his presence might be more desired. With one such sentence of eviction Simpson was actively concerned.

The stage one evening had dropped at Siron's door a dapper little man whose London raiment proclaimed him English, but whose general inconspicuousness effectually concealed the fact that he was a cad; as a verdict delivered before a day had passed unanimously declared him to be. We were in no degree intolerant and had borne, with true appreciation of certain good qualites, the society of a youth from the British Isles, who wore at all times when visible to us a field-glass strapped to his person; for all the world like 'Arry on 'is 'oliday; who cheerfully murdered the King's English whenever he spoke; and who had recently departed, eloping with one of Siron's maid-servants under a mistaken idea that it was the proper thing to do in France. He had, however, in some mysterious way escaped this deadliest of all classifications. The deadliest, we were all agreed, for while France and my



L'ami Gaudez, 1875.
From a sketch in oil by W. H. Low.

own native land, as we Americans were not infrequently reminded, can produce many varieties of the objectionable person, England seems to have evolved the type of the cad and to retain him for her own.

Immediately after the first dinner where the new arrival took his place and remained unnoticed during the somewhat noisy meal, he approached me in the court-yard, gave me his card, bearing a name which I have forgotten, and asked that I should present him to my friends.

This I cordially assured him was entirely unnecessary, that the unwritten law concerning intercourse at a French *table d'hôte* permitted his joining in the conversation and addressing whomsoever he pleased, with the certainty of receiving polite consideration. The next morning at coffee, and again at the mid-day meal, my advice was followed with so much satisfaction to the stranger that by dinner time there had grown an undefined suspicion that he might be a trifle cheeky. This his talk at dinner confirmed; how, it would be difficult to describe; but by the time that cheese and coffee had appeared the poor man had not a friend in the world.

Worse was yet to come, however, as a number of the intimates gave themselves up to innocent horse play in the court, vaulting over chairs piled one on another and performing various other feats of agility, where the lithe and nervous Bob



Spring.
From the painting in the Louvre by J. F. Millet.

excelled. As he concluded some such feat we clapped our hands; whereat, in answer to our applause, he removed his hat and, with his hand on his heart, bowed low, in mock acceptance of our plaudits. As he replaced his hat the newcomer, who stood behind him, moved by a most mistaken sense of humor, struck the brim, causing the hat to fall to the ground. Bob's figure became tense and, though not tall, he appeared to tower as, with a perfectly even *white* sort of a voice, he said, "Pick that up," indicating the hat which had rolled away on the ground. The offender did so. "Now dust it off." It was done. "Replace it carefully on my head." By this time our silence had become intolerable, and the mistaken humorist, having obeyed these commands like one in a dream, at once broke out in clamorous excuse. He had been told that there was no ceremony at Barbizon, everything he had been assured was free and easy. He had intended no offence but simply wanted to join in the fun. He was allowed to finish and then Bob, who had hardly relaxed a muscle, with the same even voice from which the restrained anger relapsed gradually to patient scorn, replied: "Perhaps some time—though not here, I trust—you will learn that where the greatest latitude prevails the utmost nicety of conduct must be observed. You can do things in church, at home, that you can't do in Barbizon." Abashed, but not enlightened—a night's reflection had not brought wisdom to the unhappy wight—when meeting Simpson at coffee before any of the others had appeared he lightly turned off the occurrence of the night before and then volunteered the information that as a student of character we appeared to him a "rum lot," but that he had "sized us up" entirely to his own satisfaction. "Indeed," said the slow and patient Simpson, luring him to the edge of the precipice, "it would be curious to learn if your 'sizing up' was correct." Thus urged the artless youth detailed his conception of the various characters of those sojourning at the inn. Exactly what he said, Simpson, who had his own sense of humor, never told, averring that it "was

quite too dreadful," but at the last he had begged that he should be favored with a portrayal of his own characteristics. "Oh, you, it's easy to see through you," bleated the unfortunate, "you're the all-round British sport." Nothing occurred during the day after Simpson had related the morning interview, and the artless prattle of the condemned went on through the time of dinner.

It so happened that after dinner we had arranged to make a nocturnal visit to the Caverne des Brigands, one of the show places beloved of tourists where (possibly) at one time robbers may have foregathered. It is a tolerably capacious cave with a rude fireplace of rocks in one corner and a vent by which the smoke of a fire may escape. During the day it was occupied by an old man who drove a fairly profitable trade in selling lukewarm beer to visiting tourists, but at night it was deserted. Here we would repair with the necessary ingredients for preparing punch, and when the lurid flames of the brandy we burned in an old black kettle lit up the interior of the cave the effect was sufficiently picturesque. The walk to and from the cave was the best part of the expedition, and when, as now, the moon was at its full it was one of the "things to do."



J. F. Millet.
From a drawing by W. H. Low.

I had suggested this particular excursion and our smaller coterie had been extended by my invitation and that of others so that we numbered perhaps twenty strong as we advanced down the moonlit aisles of the forest. Suddenly some one said, "Do you know that that cad has come along?" We were at the head of our little procession, Simpson, the Stevensons and I, and acting as the host I at once proposed to read the law to the intruder.

Quite eagerly Simpson put me aside. "No, let me," he said, his accent becoming, as it would under stress of excitement, quite broadly Scotch. With him I retraced my steps to where, following in the rear, walked our enemy. "It's a fine night," quoth Simpson, whose accent I shall not attempt to reproduce. "You appear to be walking; may I ask where you are going?" "To the Cavern of the Brigands," answered the luckless one, "I've never been there and so I thought I'd just join." "Ye'll not go there to-night," bluntly responded Simpson, "for the place will be quite filled with a *private* party, and if ye wish to walk I'd suggest that the *grande route* to Fontainebleau is open to ye." Standing transfixed under the cruelty of his sentence, we left him. We saw him no more, for he rose with dawn, and fired *not* with hope he vanished, and Barbizon, the abode of law-restricted lawlessness mourned not his loss.



"Of course," Karge declared irritably, "I'll not sign what I didn't paint."—Page 55.

THREE BLIND MICE

By Eleanor Stuart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

I

IN the year of grace 1904, I accepted an invitation to visit Paul Karge, well known as the master painter of sun and shadow; the inventor, as it were, of the modern treatment of darkened foreground and glowing vista.

It had taken me five years to procure his invitation, and it was only by placing this important person under real and fancied obligations to me, that I at last obtained it. But Hector, Comte du Belsoze, is not easily discouraged, and although the summons to Karge's house came faintly just at first, I kept recalling it to his mind by constant refusals, until he at last became pressing to insistency, when I telegraphed my intention of coming to him at once—as a good cook will lift broth from the fire as soon as it boils. It is well to deal subtly with artists.

In spite of London's depressing charac-

ter, I was conscious of the pleasantest anticipations, as we drove from Charing Cross to Kensington, and I stood in the street to admire Karge's front door, while my man unloaded the luggage from the top of our four-wheeler. This doorway had been removed intact (like the appendices of many Americans) from the house of some tasteful Florentine of a day gone by, and a brazier stood in one corner of the vestibule filled with those large and deep-hued violets which always speak kindly to me of Fiesole. The enchantment of April, obvious even in England, recalled a hundred hours of happiness.

This door flew open suddenly and Karge drew me into the house with compelling hands.

"Welcome," he cried in his nervous fashion, "I have knocked off work early to greet you."

Immensely flattered, I followed him to his studio, where the wonder-light of spring well became the beauty he was creating. A few portraits of prominent people were in process of cold-blooded construction, but his portraits have ever been an income rather than a "métier."

Two Bombay chairs, curiously carved, were drawn up before a brilliant fire and we threw ourselves into these to talk together in a room surcharged with interest for me, who had heard of it so often. I did not smoke lest I disturb the odor of violets—the perfume of my past.

"Your news," I enquired, "is good?"

"Oh, yes, quite good." He laughed as though the enquiry embarrassed him, scanning his finger-nails critically as his habit is when thoughtful. "I am a little disturbed by a curious circumstance," he added presently. I looked at him, fully expecting him to say that he was obliged to dine out and leave me alone. I remember how angry I felt as I jumped nimbly to this conclusion.

"Do you remember," he continued, "that your tuneful cousin, Rondel, bought a picture last June, which he thought was mine?"

"A glorious picture!" I interjected. He looked at me wistfully. "Yes," he said, "it's good, painfully good, but it's not mine," he finished with a wry face.

"Not yours!" I screamed at him, "Why? but this is calamity. It cost him nearly two thousand guineas, and everyone told us it was cheap."

Karge nodded. "I know," he said sadly; "it was unsigned and the dealer was deceived. I know him; he's honest, for a dealer."

"I should have sworn anywhere that the picture was yours," I cried again hotly.

"It is exactly my manner," Karge said reluctantly—"I'll agree to that, but I will not sign it. Rondel sent it to me to sign—'not,' he wrote, 'that he should value it more' if I signed it, but because that hospital he has left his money to could realize more on signed work at his death."

"Rondel is so cheery," I interrupted smiling—for this was more like him than his photograph.

"Of course," Karge declared irritably, "I'll not sign what I didn't paint. But think what it is to me to have this creature about who paints like me. The awful part of it is that he doesn't imitate without surpassing me; that "Aurora Borealis" thing of Rondel's is too good, Monsieur le Comte—too good by a good deal."

He broke off indignantly to busy himself at a tea-table his man had placed before us, and I looked closely at him, for his sensitive face was remarkable, but scarcely more so than his efficient, self-effacing servant's, which wore the sadly contemplative look of those who know no human condition but suffering. He touched Karge's least possession as though it were an holy thing, and I divined depths of faithfulness and heights of affection in his nature by prolonging my study of him. He poured arrack sympathetically into my tea.

"Your servant loves you," I said when he had gone.

"Who? Doyle? Yes, he loves me, I almost believe. He's a clever steward, puts his heart into the account book, and saves me everything. You should hear him criticize pictures!"

"Can he?"

Karge regarded me with a momentary contempt. "No," he answered baldly, "but he thinks he knows all about painting, attends exhibits and buys catalogues—he is fearfully funny."

The door opened just there and Doyle entered very gently.

"Mr. Ranneken, sir," he announced, "has called to ask you to inspect his por-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"I never painted it," he avowed wearily.—Page 58.

trait of Mrs. Bley. He has her carriage with him, sir, if you care to go."

"Do you?" Karge asked indifferently.

"I should very much like to meet Ranneken," I acknowledged, whereupon he rose and we passed again to the stone hall.

II

RANNEKEN was a Dutchman, whose nose and nearsightedness were more apparent at ones first meeting with him than his wit—of which I had heard even more than his talent. He possessed a hearty hand-clasp and a leisurely manner, as I observed in passing from the house to the carriage. He was evidently much amused with Mrs. Bley, who sat hours before her own portrait, admiring it with profoundest egoism, but his certain admiration was reserved for her artistic appreciations, himself included; which in more than this one instance chimed with his own. I learned thus much before we stopped at her house in Prince's Gate.

"She is American," Ranneken said as we were alighting, "typically so, of good family but poor digestion—like all the smart American ladies."

Her house was exceptionally pleasing; the lighting was well arranged, and colors melted into one another with the perfect blending a trained sense of color achieves. A little fountain splashed amiably in some precinct of potted palms, and all the clocks had nice voices in which they sang the four quarters of every passing hour. Someone beside the upholsterer had thought of the ensemble in this house, and one became aware of it almost before the door opened.

Mrs. Bley received us in a small room, perfectly French, if a little too true to its Louis-Quatorze type to be interesting. She herself was pale, with most of her polish upon her fingernails. Her accent was distinctly distressing, although, like many American ladies while abroad, she feared comments on her native, nasal voice to the extent of conversing in confidential whispers. Much as I admire the women of her country I found Mrs. Bley less fascinating than her sisters.

She gave many orders to the servants abusing priceless articles about her that our attention might be drawn to them. It was impossible not to feel annoyance. Declining tea, we proceeded at once to the portrait.

The world knows now that it is a masterpiece, but I knew it before the world, as I stood there on that suggestive and spring-like afternoon to gaze at our hostess in shining black, her white and luminous face empty of all expression except such as was given it by her eyes, which met my glance like two searchlights, probing the price of things. I was wounded by the blaze of enquiry which shone from them. One of her hands crumpled a fine lace handkerchief and the other spread itself upon a marble pillar, to the advantage of her shapely fingers.

Karge was delighted, sitting before the picture and chuckling with inward chuckles of appreciation. When he did not laugh, he sat devotionally still as one before a shrine; Mrs. Bley whispered with Ranneken.

"Show it first to M. le Comte," I heard him say; "if Karge should make any comments on my work it might be useful to hear them."

Mrs. Bley advanced upon me somewhat coquettishly; and, with her head a little on one side, asked me if I should like to see what she considered one of the greatest pictures of one of the greatest painters of to-day.

"I thought we had just now that privilege," I rejoined, bowing politely to the portrait.

She whispered to me with great archness, "In spite of Mr. Ranneken's subject, this other picture is greater than his." I followed her from the room.

Her just pride in her house so mastered her that she led me over an immense number of rooms and corridors which an infant might have perceived were not on the direct route to the picture gallery.

There was no special feature, architecturally, in this room, whose walls were covered with gilded gunnysacking. An ornate and wonderful lectern supported the best ancient quarto of the "Paradiso." I was ungallantly wondering if she had ever read it when she pointed majestically, as Balboa might have pointed to the Pacific, "silent upon a peak in Darien."

My rather bewildered gaze followed the direction of her indicating forefinger to a painting alone in its true glory on the far wall. I sympathized with the triumphant quality of her voice as she announced her satisfaction with the canvas before us.

In truth, I was astonished at its beauty, and recognized the picture instantly as Karge's work in his happiest creative moment. Deep in a darkened recess of background, glowed the forge of a smithy, upon which a half clothed, Titanic being blew with a distended bellows. In the foreground, blocking the stream of firelight, sat three little children, reading by the tactile senses in their tiny fingers from huge, raised letters, such as are commonly used for the training of the sightless. Even without this indication of their condition I should have known that they were blind—the listening look on their pale faces, their pointless gaze, told the story of that great privation. Every stroke that laid them living on the canvas was made with a tenderness that was like a mother's touch.

We stood before it in wonder, knowing it to be infinitely greater than the portrait down-stairs. We looked through the dark foreground which was the alcove of a great cavern, to that glowing fire and to the sunshine beyond that. I had never appreciated the light of heaven before, or the gift of sight. The idea of blindness struck home with a smart blow, bringing the tears with it. I had never dreamed Karge capable of such passionate pity, such parental sentiment; I seemed to see with his eyes—the violets of which these children would know nothing but the perfume, the chill wonder of the moon, shining on them in vain, or the swift sympathy of old eyes agaze on young faces.

"This is marvellous," I whispered; "Karge is supreme in this effort."

"Yes," she answered with a glance of comprehension, "his subject has inspired him to a tiny change of manner. You will observe that the figures are bigger than in any other picture of his. The thing is called 'Three Blind Mice'—and don't you adore the little fumbling hands, spelling out words in the darkness. Poor lambs! what can nouns mean to them, who may never see a person, a place, or a *thing?*"

Their deprivation, through a painter's genius, affected me keenly. The thought of their inability saddens me as I write.

III

When at last Karge came to us in the gallery, I saw that he was as profoundly moved by the picture as we had been. He drew up a chair and studied it with a sort of envious sympathy, but he spoke not at all. Changing the electric lights to suit himself, he passed me to turn one out, whispering that the differentiated qualities of fire and sunlight were marvels.

I agreed cheerfully.

"In what year did you paint it, Karge?" Ranneken asked easily.

"I?"

Another light dawned on him slowly: he went forward and took in every detail of the canvas as it stood, and then moved back toward me.

"I never painted it," he avowed wearily, "but I wish from my soul I had. It's a great achievement and I should like it to have my name for a finishing touch."

"It's too palpably yours to need your signature," Mrs. Bley interjected anxiously.

Karge rose absently, and put out a limp hand for anyone who would clasp it in farewell. "This is the second picture," he said in a voice which showed him to be deeply grieved, "which has been sold for mine when I've never put brush to it. Both paintings are better than I can do, and I know I'm a bit sick at being beaten at the only game I can play; still, Mrs. Bley, I *am* beaten, and I'm sorry for it." I followed him down the wide stairs, agape at their gilding and at the strange eclipse which threatened Karge's fame.

He was silent to the verge of gloom as we drove home behind Mrs. Bley's horses and I dared not intrude dispassionate comment upon such painful reflections as I knew his to be. Had he been a Frenchman I should have touched his hand; a woman, and I should have held it. But as he was that least expressive entity in all the range of God's creative activity—an American born who dwells in London—I kept tightly to my corner of the brougham, wishing him of mine own people.

I was further surprised that he began to discuss this great trial at the dinner-table, but perhaps Doyle's wicked little cocktails moved him to speech, or perhaps the "*ensemble de mènage*—so perfect in intention and expression—suggested the supreme comfort of complete confidence. I rose in my own estimation as I saw how complete his confidence was. The scene was one of luxury directed by a master's taste. One felt that the lace cloth was laid for people of

sufficient taste not to catch their forks in it, for the gross feeder may not use lace tablecloths. In his eagerness to consume food he breaks the web of beauty with an arduous fork. Pursuing such casual reflection, I felt myself a master of all finesse. As I faced Karge I knew that his grief was the crude, unsparing, unthinking disappointment of a beaten man. "I shall never paint again," he declared without heat.

Such a statement, after the modicum of monumental vintage we had consumed, struck me as very serious. "I feel," he continued—"belittled, and—in a way—so very sorry for the genius who crouches behind my manner, and dare not sign either his own name or mine."

I laughed with false cheeriness: "I pity him only if Mrs. Bley catches him," I answered. "She doesn't buy pictures—she invests, and just for a moment she fears to lose her money."

A plate crashed on the stone floor; Doyle had dropped it in his calm transit from sideboard to dining-table. It was a charming plate and I mourned its loss loudly. Not so Karge; his mind was grappling with its own sorrow, he sat back in his chair and looked through me; I took it as a sign of Doyle's absorption in his master that he seemed to have taken on a like mood of oblivion, and served us as if he were a sleepwalker, while Karge's voice came from a far state of trance.

For a moment I seemed to think with him—to keep step with the trouble in his mind. I could see that he felt his art to be mastered by another hand while he himself was vanquished by an impostor.

Presently he made a strange exclamation, pushed his chair from the table and left me without the faintest excuse. I could see that his chagrin was unendurable.

This gloom affected my own spirits. He had long been the idol of skilled painters, and it seemed unjust to me that he should be crushed to silence on the very day that I had achieved an entrance to his usually inaccessible presence. I had counted on quoting his wisdom in crowded gatherings, on being momentarily great with his greatness.

Doyle, too, was wretched. His eyes were wide and frightened, and I saw that he had divined the situation with the satanic readiness of a personal servant. I could not pluck him from my consciousness, the smoke of my cigar could not obscure him; I went to bed weary with Karge's crucial misfortune and with Doyle's too apparent sympathy.

My host made no sign throughout the evening and I respected his aloofness with my whole soul. It was impossible for me to detach my mind from the many changes of the day and to dispose myself favorably to sleep.

I lived over again our embarkation at Calais, I endured once more my servant's excitement at seeing London, the swift and swaying train rushing over a perfect roadbed; and then I recalled Karge's hand-clasp of welcome and our delightful hour. Ranneken and the scenes at Mrs. Bley's golden house returned upon my quickened senses, and the day would not begone. At first I read, and then lay still in darkness, with many words of impatience a-quiver on my lips. I took a little Cognac, and just as I was about to sleep, the dawn pointed at me with a ghostly finger—a long ray of English daylight penetrating a broken slat in the shutter. I got up and bathed; and, with an insomniac's relief that the night is really over, sat by the open window, wondering if Karge were lighter hearted than when we had faced each other at his dinner-table.

The street was filled with perfunctory people; milkmen, boys attending bread barrows and emitting shrill whistles, newspaper distributors, and window-box waterers. A young man fled by the house in evening clothes and evident confusion, two sick-nurses chatted gaily of the last moments of their last patient, and I could catch the grim things they said in their pretty voices. A jaded cab horse saved his sore feet as he lagged his way back to the stand. The early hours of metropolitan day are atrocious; the sleeping world turns over on its seamy side for one last nap. It seemed less awful to be blind as I gazed on ugliness than when I had seen the glorious and dancing lights in the pictured cavern at Mrs. Bley's, and realized that the three children's eyes were forever closed to them. I leaned out of the window suddenly, for a strange figure caught my eye.

A girl, not over fourteen, turned the corner and faced my window. She wore a scarf tied tightly over her streaming brown

hair, and a shawl, fastened more tightly still, across her strong shoulders. She hesitated, turning first to the thoroughfare and then to the quieter street in which Karge dwelt. In the course of her hasty veering, I saw her face clearly, a countenance of shining peace and imperturbable content. I had never seen its like.

She stepped to the railing of a great house at the street corner, and ran so light and swift a hand over it that it seemed like a flying thing, distinct and separate from her other members. She paused—listening for something, and then quietly crossed the street.

When she reached our house she felt for the bronze column at the base of the steps, and then sat quietly down at the servants' entrance, directly beneath my window.

Watching these people in the street made me long to be with them; I dressed, turned the great key in the Italian door, and breathed the stinging air of an English morning. Sauntering on, I found myself under Karge's windows; the shutters were tightly closed, and, with the feeling that one intrudes, which ever comes in the presence of sleep or death, I strode quickly toward the thoroughfare. In an instant I came sharply upon the child, swathed in shawl and scarf.

"You wait patiently," I observed.

"I am too early," she answered. "The houses are never opened until the window-box sprinklers are finished, and I hear their hose now, playing on the flowers."

The faint sound of sprinkling seemed to jump at me from the silence. I was appalled at the preternatural sharpness of the child's hearing.

"Are you one of Mr. Karge's maids?" I enquired.

"I? No." She laughed as if the idea of such occupation amused her. "My father was his steward, but he came home too tired every night, and now he's too ill to come any more."

"Is his name Doyle?" I asked to make sure.

"His name is Espey," she said firmly; "he sent me to say that he is too ill to work. If you know Mr. Karge and would tell him, I could get away back, before there are so many horses up and about. Tell him that father's ill, I mean."

I promised to tell him.

She thanked me. And I wondered that her wide-open eyes had never sought my face.

She rose and turned toward the thoroughfare. I kept abreast of her and as we reached the curb, she paused to listen in the perfect stillness.

"It's all right," she declared briefly, "no wagon's near."

I cried out: "Your hearing is phenomenal!"

She faced me quietly. "That is because I am blind," she explained. "We're all blind but father. My two sisters and I have never seen. In Paris—where we felt the gayety we could not see—we were called 'The Three Blind Mice.'"

She bowed, with a grace beyond her years, and stepped serenely away from me, through the bleak serenity of that English morning.

But what a tribute to my birthplace! "We felt the gayety we could not see." She had said it sincerely, since she could not see that I am French.

IV

KARGE's housemaid was shaking a rug on the doorstep as I returned, shaking it as a terrier shakes a rat.

"Doyle is not coming back," I announced quietly; "can you make Mr. Karge comfortable without him? His messenger left word with me that illness forces him to give up his position here."

The housemaid was deeply astonished. "He is so fond of Mr. Karge, sir," she said timidly, "that he'll come back directly he's well again, no doubt, sir."

I saw her later, moving about in the dining-room, taking up Doyle's duties with a clattering of cups and plates which emphasized the loss of the household.

When Karge strolled in for breakfast I determined not to tell him of his servant's departure until he had had his coffee. To restrain a communicative impulse at first is often not to tell one's news at all, and I was heartily glad of my restraint when I saw how his housemaid shocked him when she said that Doyle was gone.

"Doyle, gone?" he asked amazed. "My wits will be leaving next!"

"He was ill," I explained, "too ill to

work. You will remember he was seedy last evening."

"Upon my word," Karge replied, "I was too seedy myself to notice him. Misfortunes never come singly. I've lost my artistic prestige and the only perfect servant in the world at one throw."

"Your prestige," I cried anxiously, "is conspicuously unimpaired. "Doyle has *la grippe*, and all persons in the early stages of that illness entertain excessive views and behave like so many wildcats. Moreover, all servants are impossible when ill; you will have observed that they make all the trouble possible; observe also, that when Doyle's fever abates he will return to his post. In the meantime, tell me where he lives."

"I don't know," Karge declared; "probably some of my people know. If he's ill, Du Belsoze, I want him to have the best advice. I suppose that no one can suffer more than I suffer to-day, and I think all that makes me tender toward Doyle. People say you can't love a servant, but I love him. He was such an amusing chap, all the claptrap he talked about art! Perfectly disgusting bunkum, cheap, plutocratic rhapsody, about genius and the quality of color. He used to be taken that way after we'd had a tea-party here. I think, as he stoked the ladies with food, he caught some of the nothingnesses the dear things were saying."

"Doubtless," I rejoined amiably. I was not quite sure of it.

Mr. Ranneken had asked me to call upon him, and although I was convinced that he would hardly expect me at so early an hour or upon a day so near to our first meeting, I determined to seek him at once. I enquired of everyone in Karge's dwelling for Doyle's address, but none of them had the least idea of where he lived. One maid knew that "it was about an half mile to the left of us, or beyond it," and another believed his house to stand "in a bit of Bloomsbury, or maybe to one side," so I proceeded at once to Ranneken, without any clear idea of why I sought him, but hopeless of finding Karge's paragon by any direct method.

The Dutchman's house was a model of beauty and neatness, set in a perfectly slummy precinct. Stables breathed on me and infamous odors of elementary cooking vied with those of the mews. Bright brasses winked facetiously as the hall door opened into a very Dutch interior, and a cross Amsterdam butler told me that the painter was at work.

"Of course he is at work," I agreed urbanely, "but my business is urgent, and therefore I disturb him. Beg of him to receive me; I promise to be brief with him and liberal with you."

After his long absence above stairs, I went with him to a little lift, which creaked in toilsome ascension to the topmost floor. I stepped from it to a marvellous salon, where mediæval furniture of great beauty was judiciously grouped with flourishing shrubs. The sun streamed into one corner of the apartment, making the effect of this London room strangely exotic. I observed this in following the testy servant to a side door, where he tapped with the authority of a policeman.

A great voice cried out in Dutch and I crossed the threshold of Ranneken's studio to find him reading Hans Andersen's "Bildebuch" and eating scrambled eggs.

"I am so busy this morning," he annouced without shame, "that had it been anyone other than you, I should have had to deny myself his society. I am desperately interested in this strange freak of Karge's, this swearing he never painted what he alone can paint. He always was an extraordinary goose of a genius."

"Do you think," I cried, "that he painted that picture when he swears he didn't?"

"Who else could paint it? Of course he did."

"Of course he didn't," I answered mournfully. "Why, he would have given worlds to have painted it."

Ranneken took the topmost note from a pile of unopened letters, and thrusting its corner into the flame under his tea-kettle, lit his pipe before speaking: "Do you think Karge sane?" he then enquired cheerfully.

"Yes," I said, "I do."

"I don't," he cried crudely; "he's as mad as a hatter."

I leaned back, unconvinced, and watched him smoke.

"Did you ever," I asked finally, "meet a painter called Espey?"

"I have seen his work in the old days in Paris," he answered. "Some fearfully

strong portraits; but I rather think he's dead, for no one has heard of him in ten years."

I rose; "I see how busy you are," I said graciously. "I have, oddly enough, an idea, and I shall now leave you to pursue it. Good-day!"

He called after me that Mrs. Bley was furious, believing as I did that Karge had not painted the picture.

"Women guess well," I called back in a voice of thunder.

V

The accomplishment of my idea developed difficulties after the first thrill of its dawning had flooded the situation with light; for I had determined to find my blind and radiant messenger, and to let her lead me to Doyle, who should clear up all which pained Karge and perplexed me. It had seemed wonderfully easy, as I had watched the scrambled eggs disappearing in Ranneken's studio. Without—in my sorry cab—it assumed the characteristics of a needle hunted in a haystack. I suffered premonitions of defeat.

Being near to Charing Cross station, I bethought me of ways and means to reach la France again, and directed my morose driver to the terminal, with the desire men often have of letting detail divert them from real duty.

The "guichet" was besieged with sharply articulate Americans, and I found myself obliged to wait while they chaffed the ticket seller. I felt annoyance. On my right was an almsbox for the benefit of The Long Nosed Widows of Blackheath, on my left a like receptacle for Lord Phutliver's Favored Orphans or the Destitute Minors of Kent, beyond was a tin box whose pennies were for General Booth, and beyond that again a tiny standard was raised on behalf of the Chelsea Educational Establishment for the Deserving Blind.

The idea was reinforced; I forgot schedules and tickets. My blind girl was probably of Chelsea where her father worked; also evidently her tactile sense was instructed. I ran from that station like a little boy and hailing a smarter cab set off, excited, to the Establishment for those Deserving Blindness.

The approach to that institution is bordered by attenuated poplars and I was pondering the distressed effect they presented, when my eye was arrested by a desirable brougham affixed to a pair of capable and shapely horses. A face flashed greeting, and a look that was something more, at me just as the vehicle passed my own. It was Mrs. Bley's face and its expression was anxious. In a moment, I divined her mission and with the prompting of expediency took out my card, which reads "le Compte du Belsoze."

I added to it in pencilled writing "Director of the Armagnac Blind Asylum." I have not been in Armagnac.

Mrs. Bley, too, had thought of searching for the models of the "Three Blind Mice!" Had I not said that women guess well?

She was standing within the building at a mammoth office desk, as I approached, and her whole appearance bespoke mental anxiety and excessive care of her person; every hair was disposed to the best advantage, and the faint, artificial color on her cheeks was laid there with a consummate touch.

She was talking excitedly to a bearded official, a passively offensive person, whom merely to see was to detest. Bowing to them both, I presented my card to him; he became attentive to me on the instant,drawing me aside after motioning Mrs. Bley to a chair.

"It is not our custom to show this institution except on Thursdays," he said in a loud voice, "but to you," he added softly, glancing again at the self-imposed dignity upon my card, "it is open at any time. Just step into my office until I rid myself of this determined lady."

I obeyed.

Mrs. Bley was not in the hall as I left the office with Mr. Rook, the superintendent, at whom she had evidently charmed with intent to kill, but in whom she had raised mere indignation. By nature confidential, he told me that his visitor had been insistent. I remember being embarrassed by his dropping h's, which sounded loudly in my ears and in the long and silent halls.

"My special interest in your institution," I proclaimed largely and at last, "is caused by a child called Espey, whose charming appearance and radiant manner have interested all of us who sympathize with the privation of the blind."

"The three Espeys," Rook answered,

"are marvels. Laura is now the most promising. She is the eldest one. We teach her by herself, hindividually, do you see. I'll show her to you. Why, she's actually composing hepics for the birthdays of Crowned 'Eads. She's the Hay One specimen of the Gifted Blind in the United Kingdom. She could be in the daily paper every week. But her father is what the Americans call a crank; he won't have her picture published. Not but what he's a good father, paying liberally for her separate tuition. He's probably an ignorant fellow, and there you are, sir!"

I have no surviving impression of the class-rooms—rows of desks at which the sightless groped a handicapped course along the toilsome way of letters; and ever my aching heart responded to the pang of the Three Blind Mice, and I thought with veneration of a burning genius who had forged the style of his adoration for them and had, moreover, in the same cause, I doubted not, served tea and soup for them at Karge's. I was unbearably perturbed by the whole matter.

"Would you care to see the Espey now?" the superintendent asked me, taking out a big watch. "She'll be nearly through with lessons, sir, if you'd care to peek in on her."

"By all means," I nearly shouted, as we moved down a long hall, ill-lighted and depressing.

He opened a door but the merest crack, through which he invited me to look in dumb show. As I crept forward in response to his gesture, I was conscious of an excitement so great that I felt ill and giddy.

But the sound of Doyle's messenger's sweet voice roused me. She was reciting in a hesitant, appreciative way, her two hands flying like white birds from letter to letter in the raised text before her.

She read:

"Only reapers, reaping early,"
"In among the bearded barley,
Hear a sound which echoes clearly——"

"I hear a sound, Miss Babbitt," she declared, "and the door is open."

The full light of day with its glory so pathetically denied her, bathed her, exquisite and expectant, in its fullest brilliance. I tried to picture one's life without sunlight, but the effort hurt me: "Little Messenger," I said, "it is I to whom you gave your father's message this morning. I want to ask now how he is."

Her instructress dismissed her and she came to me as directly, as if she saw: "I don't know how he is, quite," she answered; "I am going now to see."

"I will go with you," I replied, and turning, made my adieux to Mr. Rook. He asked me for the Annual Report of the Asile d' Armagnac and I booked his address that I might not forget to despatch one.

VI

THE child had put her hand in mine quite trustingly, and we moved along together like old friends. If the oak really loves the ivy, it may feel as I did when those supple, interrogative fingers—human tendrils—twined themselves upon mine. Every bachelor treasures the moments when children turn to him in trust.

We moved quietly onward until within a few paces of the glass doors which gave on the street. Laura ran lightly forward then, and pushed the door wide.

It was hard to believe her blind—her memory and other faculties tried so hard to make up for her lack of sight.

When I put her in the hansom I had no idea of what to do next.

I spoke Karge's address automatically, as one will say anything that has lain a long time in the mind and knows its way to the lips, as it were. The cabby repeated what I had ventured with business-like precision; and, in an instant, we were on our way.

"I have never gone in hansoms before," my companion said quietly; "please tell me about them."

I described them—fore and aft. I had gotten as far as the pin beneath the cab's body upon which the vehicle rests when not in motion. I had described just how it takes the weight from the horse—when we pulled up before Karge's door. He was standing in the vestibule, watching a flower-man fill his brazier with fresh violets.

"Karge," I said, "No one can help Doyle but you; he is ill; come."

He stepped to the cab without question, but stopped suddenly, eyeing its occupant. A wave of angry color went over his face, but the child's sweet serenity checked his first impulse to speak.

"Who is it?" he asked.

Snatching at my sleeve he forced me away and said to me with rage—"A nice creature to bring to me. It is a blind mouse, I tell you—the high light in the nest of them."

"Yes," I answered blankly, "she *is* blind. Jump in, old friend. I pay this cab by the hour."

He got in and the child sat quietly compressed between us. Karge's eyes never left her face, his glance was sidelong but intent as he squeezed himself unhappily into his corner to accomplish a continuous sight of her.

I wondered what we could do next. I had given no direction to our driver who fumbled at the window above our heads.

"Your number?" I said to the child.

She gave it and we drove off rapidly, but only a moment before Mrs. Bley's carriage drove up to Karge's door. I was thankful to have escaped her.

It transpired that Doyle's rooms were near at hand, in Mrs. Partington's Model Mews—light, airy, and noisy with the voices of her prize-winning dogs. There was a big stable under his apartment and a long flight of steps leading up to it. There was something birdlike in Laura as she mounted them.

She did not knock, but opened the door with a key, and we followed close at her heels, finding ourselves in a big, bare room with a great window opposite the doorway. Two little girls were playing at "Cats-cradle;" and, on a lounge in the corner, Doyle was miserably huddled, his face buried in a pillow. He stood up as we entered, but catching sight of Karge, turned slowly away—his whole bearing tragic with shame and with despair.

I went to him and touched him as pitifully as I dared: "Espey," I said quietly, "don't be afraid to tell us everything. Just get these nice little girls out of the way first, though."

"Laura," he commanded, "take your sisters into your room."

Karge was silent. We sat facing one another until the sound of their light steps gave way to stillness.

"They were born blind?" I enquired, as lightly as I could.

"All three," Doyle answered. "Mr. Karge," he went on in a voice not always steady, "when I was your pupil in Paris for the only season you ever taught, I never meant to forge your style, or be your butler, or do any of the things I've done that are so beneath me."

"I suppose not," Karge assented—his voice was cruel.

"I remember"—Espey looked at me with pleading eyes—wild for mercy—"that you wrote me a letter, Mr. Karge, about my portrait of Graf Grönfeldt. You said it was a noble portrait; a great promise, which only a great career could redeem. Well—Grönfeldt's executors wouldn't pay for it, although his son got a foreign embassy by giving it to the National Museum."

Doyle paused, and shot a glance at Karge's face, which had not softened.

"I was very nearly in despair," he continued, "when they put off my payment, because I'd begun to educate our children rather lavishly. I thought I was a great painter and I made myself liable for a lot of money. Just then I got an order from General Pridereau—to paint him for the arsenal at Toulon. Gentlemen, you can never know the joy that letter brought me. I went to Paris at once, and found that he had been killed in a balloon ascension on the afternoon of my arrival."

"H'm," was all that Karge said to this, but there was mercy in his tone. Doyle looked at me as he told his tale, and I eyed Karge.

"Then I came back to London," his voice was a mere shamed thread of sound. "I painted that Aurora Borealis thing that Mr. Rondel bought, not because I was imitating criminally, but because I was thinking of you, Mr. Karge, I had you always in my mind. Your praise had heartened me. One day Lumm, of Bond Street, saw the picture, and told me I was too poor a man to hang on to such a good example of your work. He offered me a thousand pounds for it."

"The swine!" Karge interrupted, "if only as my work it was worth more——"

I felt encouraged.

"I was glad to let it go," Doyle answered, but his voice had more hope in it. "I didn't tell him it wasn't yours. Buyers demand names, and I forged yours as much as if I'd written it. Oh, I realize that I'm to blame. But when I heard what that Vienna Doctor

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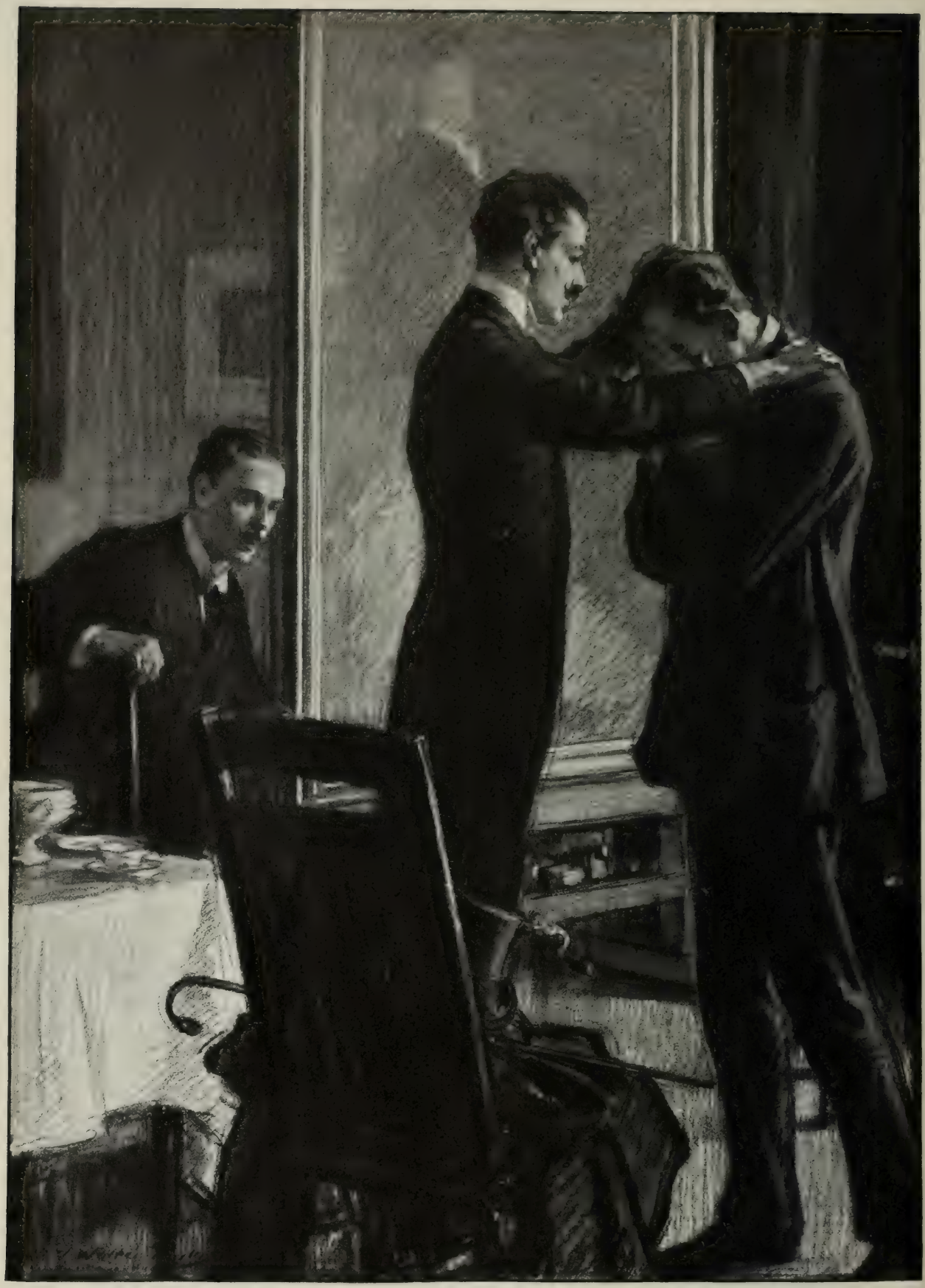
"Is his name Doyle?" I asked to make sure.—Page 60.

was doing for blindness, I forged again. I think," he burst out, "I should have kept a rag of manhood to cover my misery if I'd signed 'Karge,' as you do. I could have done it. They gave me more money for 'The Three Mice,' but the children can't see a thing for all that. Oh, Mr. Karge, they're the best little girls in the world and their father must drag about with them in hiding, afraid of a hand on his shoulder and the officer's voice in his ears."

"Did you not"—Karge's voice was so stern that I hated him momentarily—"enter my service expressly to perfect yourself in my style?"

"I did not, I did not," Doyle cried heartbrokenly; "I went to your house to tell you what I'd done, and when I was shown into the studio you said—without looking up from your work, "Do you want to be the butler? All right, come on Wednesday." I planned to tell you every day that I was in your service, but I never could——"

"You used to get near it in those art talks of yours," Karge observed bitterly. "You don't appreciate my position," he added;



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"I saw the elder painter's hand rest like a forgiving father's on his head."—Page 67.

"it will soon be known that some one can paint like me, but better than I can, and I shall be beaten at my own game, while your fortune will be made. I'm in the past, and you've pushed me there——"

"I swear," Doyle almost screamed, "that I'll never paint like you again. I don't enjoy doing it. I think this is my knack, gentlemen."

He pulled down an old green cloth that looked like a slinking portière, and we looked at the portrait disclosed—speechless with admiration and astonishment. It was Karge's portrait, grave Karge, Karge the personage—his alert eye, supple hand, and graceful figure. On a chair, near by, sat Laura Espey demurely knitting, enwrapped in sunny calm. A little bush of gardenias flowered whitely against her rusty hair and Karge's portrait of his Mother blessed him from a darkened background. The thing was inimitable, and I said so, and then silence fell upon us.

Karge broke it. "I have seen three great pictures since this time yesterday," he cried, "and, by ——, Doyle, two of 'em are yours."

We took chairs and studied the portrait, none of us feeling it absurd that two persons should be painted together, who had met only in the fancy of a painter who bore them constantly in mind.

I took Doyle aside and talked with him earnestly. I told him a little plan I had made and saw that he liked it. It hurt me to think that he had served me at table and had witnessed my gastronomic weaknesses. I watched him as he pleaded with Karge, and presently I saw the elder painter's hand rest like a forgiving father's on his head.

"We are going to Mrs. Bley's to have another look at the Mice," he said turning to me, "and no one but us three is ever to know its history."

We went below to the cab. Laura was singing above and sweetly, and Mrs. Bley's carriage passed ours again as we turned toward her little palace in Mayfair.

VII

She greeted us just within her doorway.

"Is it not remarkable," I cried, "that I know but one lady in London, and that it is my privilege to pass her equipage three times in one morning."

"Yes," she said sharply, "and the little girl you had with you was one of the mice."

"Yes," I replied, but suavely, "I met her at Mr. Karge's. I think her as charming as he did."

"May we see the portrait again?" Karge asked quite humbly, "Mr. Espey is the proud father of these charming children, and I want him to see that I did them justice——"

"Then you don't deny painting it?" Mrs. Bley's eyes were round with wonder.

"My good woman," he cried crossly, "can't you take a little joke? Where were your eyes? We were chaffing you. Take off your hat, put on your pince-nez and come look at the bellows in the picture—please do."

We went like three conspirators to her gallery and while I watched the door, Karge pulled a tiny knife from Espey's pocket. He scraped "Karge" on the bellows in the pictured Titan's hands and handed the little implement back again. And then the father of the Mice became gracefully hysterical; he kissed the hand which held the knife just as Mrs. Bley swept in.

"I hope you'll pardon the liberty we took in jesting with you," Karge said to her gravely, "and I hope you will show your pardon by coming to see Mr. Espey's portrait of me painted with his little daughter. Mr. Espey," he added, "will shortly prove himself one of the strong painters of this century."



Mr. Blashfield's decorative painting at the College of the City of New York.

—The Field of Art.—Page 125.

THE PRAYER OF PAN

By William Hervey Woods

"But I, I have no soul!"—
The voice arose,
Man's tone, but with an intake spent and slow
And shuddering, like a child's; while twilight gray
Between the dawn and day, when old men die,
Wrapped the wet woods, and made the ruined shrine
And that goat-footed shape that huddled there,
Shadowy as dreams.
And startled night-folk shy
With poisèd foot and doubting senses heard
The prayer of Pan.
"Wilt thou not let me be,
Thou harrier of Olympus? All are gone,
Gone and forgot who once kept court with Jove,
Save only me, and me thou followest hard.
I know thee, who thou art, and whom thou madest
Thy messenger; for once in Jericho's
Fig-orchards hiding, all unseen I saw,
(Unseen of men, but naked still to thee,)
Saw Him whose name thou wilt not let me speak,
Stoop down and take from woman-arms a babe,
And knew him mother of all motherhood,
By what dread names so e'er in other worlds
They throne him. But for me, he will not look
On me. I have no soul."
He paused, and still
The drear autumnal rain forgot to drip,
And winds of daybreak, on which passing souls
Go winging hence, were dumb: they had not known
Till now what wailing meant.
"Why must I die,"—
Again the pleading voice—"who am not man,
And yet not all a beast, but, beast or man,
Wholly thy creature's creature, and not thine?
I have not fought against thee, but of old
Believed and trembled; yea, thou pitiful
To all but me, be judge if poor old Pan,
Goat-hoofed, goat-hearted, piping in the wood
His silly tunes, e'er set himself for ill
To aught of thine? And yet thou bidd'st me now
Die, and be done. Be done! No more to see
How silently the earth puts on the day,
And with what conscious majesty the stars
Into their kingdom come; to hear no more
Converse of growing leaves, and winds at play,
And silvery-laughing streams, nor aye at dusk
When dewy breezes o'er the copses sigh,
To scent the flowers of night. To die, to cease,
And mid quick Nature's teeming turmoil, lie

Mere earth, a clot of trampled ooze! Alas,
Would I had been thy beast, thy sparrow small,
The worthless, happy thing that, falling, knows
Its Maker by, and watching. Kind art thou,
Yea, kind to all thine own; but I am Pan,
The beast, outcast, unowned, and dying."
Then
A sudden wind arose, and ceased: a sound,
A sense of some great footstep coming, shook
The bristling wood: all earth was ear: ev'n stones
Listened by curdling brooks, and 'neath the hills
The dawn itself stood waiting. He who prayed
Had now an unseen audience.
"Lo, I go,
As Jove went and his compeers," thus the voice,
Now but a whisper low; "yet, ere I pass,
One boon I crave, who have not asked before
Or gift or grace:—Thou unforgetting God,
Forget who calls thee now, and smiling down,
Think me a man, thy foolish, erring man,
Who, childlike, oft hath brought his bruisèd heart,
And cried thee, 'Oh, and Oh, my Father!' Yea,
As such an one appraise me; yet, not now
Send help or pity, but for once, ay, once,
Give me to praise. Lend me a human soul,
And teach me hallelujahs!"
Was it heard,
That pagan prayer? Who knows? But sweet, Oh, sweet,
The charmèd air that now, not sound alone,
But ripest harvests of each single sense,
Thrilled on the ear. Moonlight was there, and dew,
The violet's fragrance and the thrush's hymn,
Grace of the fawn, and touches silken-soft
As moving shadows' kisses, married all
In that one throbbing psalm. Yea, and white dreams
That lonely haunt Himalayan peaks remote
Of Manhood, things too high, too faint, too far,
For spoken prayer or praising, in that strain
Poured forth their worship, till the dreary wood
Seemed Eden ere the first star-songs of dawn
Lapsed into silence.
Thrice the music soared
And sank. And last, again that sobbing breath,
"My Father, Oh, my Father!" broke and ceased.
And day's red lances pierced the silent shrine.

THE WAGES OF HONOR

By Katherine Holland Brown

JUNE sunlight, dimmed to silver by drifting morning haze, lay broad on the great campus, and chequered the flagged Elm Walk with flickering arabesque of twig and leaf. The thick young grass was still fleeced gray with heavy dew; the banners and bunting which draped the gaunt college doorways, and wreathed the flamboyant arches, that rose at intersecting paths along the Seniors' line of march, hung moveless in the warm, sweet air. The day above was calm as sleep. Yet through it swung a great quickening pulse of expectation. This fragrant morning silence, with its green peaceful vistas, its blue unfathomed depths of sky, seemed merely the background, admirably planned, set with wise thought and fine unswerving skill, for the climax of some gracious play; for the last act of the long college year.

The President viewed its beauty placidly as he stepped from his decorous threshold and walked down his shaded garden, then across to the Old Main Portico. Already the broad green spaces were filling with an eager crowd. It was not yet nine o'clock; yet there must be five or six thousand people on the grounds, he considered. Another hour, and the great lawns would be a living flood. He narrowed his tired old eyes against the sunlight, and reflected. There had been barely five hundred in the audience at his first commencement in this college, thirty-six years ago. And five hundred had seemed a majestic assemblage in those days. However, thirty-six years was a good while back; a long while.

From the top step of Main Portico, the point of outlook deferentially accorded him, he could look across the campus, east, north, south, to the three great groups of departmental buildings: medicine; engineering; law. Their lank walls, too raw and new for the sheathing ivy which softened Old Main, flaunted gay with flags and college colors; their broad steps, and the oval plots below, were crowded with Seniors in cap and gown, already falling into irregular frolicking line. From the Library front rose suddenly the clamor and thump of the favorite college quickstep, played by the college band. The students joined in, with uproarious vim. Even the President caught himself humming the jubilant air. Then he checked himself, and turned with grave official courtesy to meet the first detachment of his colleagues, who, in unwonted and perspiring pomp of mortar-boards and doctor's hoods, were taking their stand on the steps around him.

"Fine clear day for the Seniors, isn't it?" The Dean of the School of Mines nodded to the President, smiling. His handsome cordial face was flushed and beaded from his rapid walk; his deep voice rang with a sonorous mellowed note. "Though for my part I can't remember a Commencement Day that wasn't clear—and hot, too; hot as blazes, 'specially my own." He laughed out, tugging at his billowy exasperating sleeves. "Twenty-one years ago to-day, by Jove! Our class, '86, was the first to reach the hundred mark. How cocky we were, to be sure! And here this year's class grazes the thousand! Remember our class, Doctor?"

The President nodded, absently. He did remember; not only the class, but the boy who, in these twenty-one years, had grown into this bluff recognized authority. A lean, scared, awkward gangling cub, with feet several sizes too big for his lank ankles, with brawny red wrists sprouting from the skimp sleeves of his shiny black coat, with a rough-hewn honest young face, and a voice whose gruff, shy tones already held the note of steadfast dominant purpose which had ruled all his staunch useful years. Certainly he remembered. He recalled, too, that it was upon his urgent recommendation that the youngster had won his first chance, as a staff assistant, to prove himself.

A slow smile bent the President's clean-cut old mouth. There had been other boys of his choosing. Ballard, of '79, for instance. Ballard, who, starting in a yellow-headed stuttering hobbledehoy of

twenty, had built up the School of Engineering, year by year, until, from a listless fumbling course of mathematics, alternated with straggling hours of drawing and half-hearted shop-work, it now stood systematized, thorough-going, powerful, a centre of service to half the continent. There was Curtin, of '80, whose infinite capacity for hard work, and whose boundless gift for bullying, had wrung from a stiff-necked and rebellious legislature appropriation after appropriation, till his laboratories rivalled the great European schools in equipment and in efficiency. There was Pope, slow, humorous, gentle, always a little behind-hand, who had spent the marrow of his working years in reorganizing his law courses, but who now stood secure in the knowledge that no department of the University could excel his own, in solidity of fundamentals, in perfection of detail. Not a man among them but had accomplished some definite service for his college. They were all born masters; able, resourceful, confident; picked men. And he himself had picked them, each for his work, with unerring sight.

The harsh disheartened furrow across his forehead yielded a little. Throughout these thirty-six years, his own work for the college had been a thing of shreds and patches. He had never found time to build up one department, to plan one single course. But at least he had known how to choose the men who could achieve. At least he had accomplished that much for his University. Although that was little enough. Year after year, he had planned some one complete and rounded undertaking: year after year had sped past, each day crowded to the farthest hour with the myriad scattering duties that left no time for the one real achievement. He had had to learn smatterings of twenty professions in order to fill one. He must be teacher, architect, orator, financier, diplomat, in turn. His record was all odds and ends; here, a method learned from some earlier educator; there, a promising theory, adapted and developed. He had never originated, never created; although he knew that, had he once put aside these clamoring lesser needs, and given himself peace and leisure, he could have created, and superbly. The hand of the maker was his, he knew, by unfaltering instinct. Instead, limited in resources, harassed for time, he had built up his school painfully, bit by bit, with the borrowed labors of other workers, with the borrowed thoughts and plans of others wiser than himself. His whole life had this borrowed aspect. Even his commencement address to-day, he reflected, with irritation, would be a Joseph's coat; a patch of quotation, an historical parallel, a resounding although battered platitude, a gilded fringe of poetical allusion, the pilfered thoughts of other men, pieced together into a motley jumbled whole. . . .

He straightened his lean old shoulders with an impatient fling. Thirty-six years! He smiled, a bit grimly, to remember how, in his commencement addresses of those earlier days, unable to find time and heart to originate, he had toiled to make his quotings and his truisms sound fresh, inspiring. He saw himself, with whimsical pity, that first year of his presidency, a tired over-strung man of forty, entering upon his new work in a mood half-prayerful, half-desperate, weighed down to terror by the vastness of his undertaking, its merciless responsibilities. There had been ninety-one Seniors in the graduating class in 1871, his first year. He chuckled as he remembered how heavily the burden of those ninety-one young futures had hung upon him; how he had slaved, night after night, already dull and witless from his long day's work, to give them some message which should go forth with them, a guiding memory. His second self, that quiet impassive bystander, stood back and looked at his life, amused, yet with compassion. Here he stood, a very tired old man, still in harness, though he had long since passed his allotted span. He was living and working on borrowed time—forever a borrower! . . .

He felt a sudden ugly envy of these others, his subordinates. Douglass, with his School of Mines; Curtin, with his laboratories; Pope, with his law courses; even old John, the head gardener, with his clipped hedges, his velvet lawns, his idolized rose-gardens. If he himself could only point to one building, one course of study, one flower-bed, even! And the final sting lay in the knowing that, even could his life be given back to him, to shape again, he would be powerless to undertake its re-

building. True, it was only a mass of fragments, a scrap of mosaic; but it was so intricately set, so fitted into the bends and turns of other lives, so framed into the structure of the school itself, that of his own will he could never dare to ask its change. His hour to create, to give of his own soul's inheritance, had slipped through his hands. The years to come would be as the years gone, a narrowing caravan of hueless days. Yet his soul hungered with the deep inarticulate hunger of every other human soul, to wrest some one achievement that should be absolutely his own: to leave some mark upon the trodden road of his own time. . . .

A blare of music crashed across the lawns. Down the long path came the Senior procession, an endless double line of straight young figures in wide-flowing black, of flushing faces and gay eager eyes, of stately young heads held high. The President looked down on their brave pageant with a vague quiet gaze. Past these nine hundred crowding faces he seemed to see, dimly thronging, innumerable, the faces of those thousand, thousand others, the boys and girls who had marched down that blossoming path through the years so long gone. For the moment, his look shadowed, dully. Then he turned to the procession again.

The Engineering Class swung now into view; rank on rank, keen, clear-eyed, spirited, confident, with their eagle look of concentration, early learned, their striding gait of the outdoor world. He met Ballard's proud eyes upon them. No wonder. Then came the graduates in medicine, Curtin's boys; he caught Curtin's deep-drawn stealthy breath of satisfaction as they tramped cheering by. Then Pope's law class; he need not look across the portico to see Pope bend toward them, red spots on his gaunt cheek-bones, his dull eyes shining. Well, they had a right to their complacency, these other fellows. Every man of them had set himself a definite certain task for the University. Every man of them had attained his end, had made good his pledge. Certainly, you could not wonder.

The long morning of exercises dragged, interminably. To the President, sitting erect and tranquil on the broad stage, backed by his serried Faculty, each separate minute went on feet of lead. The huge auditorium, crowded to its walls, first with the class itself, then with the countless multitude of their relatives and friends, was a pit of smothering heat. The programme, unnecessarily elaborate, dragged its slow length through soul-wearying hitches and delays. The audience sighed and fanned, and rustled, and whispered. From time to time, exhausted groups fled, sheepishly, to the outer air. The orator of the day, a famous diplomat, could not hold the people to even a surface interest. He was a man of exceptional powers, and of charming presence; his address, scholarly, felicitous, brilliantly original, fell on his limp hearers, flawless sentence by sentence, never rousing a ripple of response. Sheer discomfort, long drawn out, had numbed them to apathy.

The President looked down on them with amused commiseration. A pet catch-phrase—"Cheer up; the worst is yet to come!" floated through his mind. The worst, indeed, was yet to come; his own speech, his Farewell to the class. It was a borrowed effort, a patchwork, as usual. He winced as he thought how banal it would sound, how obvious must be its guileless plagiarisms, its well-worn appeals, following upon the orator's fine balanced arguments, his vivid individuality of phrase, his suave engaging logic. However, it was the best that he could do. With the growing self-distrust of old age, he dreaded to risk his own judgments. Better the faded axioms of another than glittering bombast of his own.

The orator concluded his peroration with an eloquent flourish of trumpets. There followed thunderous applause. Through its reverberations one heard the heart-felt sigh of unutterable relief.

The President rose, bowed slightly to his colleagues, and stepped forward. There was a quick patter of applause, then silence.

As he looked down at his people, the man felt for the thousandth time an inexplicable sensation: the sensation which he always experienced when he found himself facing a great college audience. He had no easy illusions. He knew himself an unassuming speaker, and one without magnetism. Yet, with his first word, he could perceive, always, the instant attuning of his hearers to his mood. He could feel

his audience swing to his hand, like a turning boat. He could never understand his hold upon them. It made him feel bored, a little foolish. To-day, as he looked out over the great suffocating hall, he could see this wave of recognition, of an understanding that was almost homage, sweep through the room, like a gust of rain-washed soothing air. Strained faces relaxed; the buzz of whispers and the flutter of fans dropped to a breathless hush. A moment the President surveyed them, with steady eyes. Then, in a silence that paid him not only respect but reverence, he began.

His speech would be short. It had that one virtue, he assured himself. His dreary dual humor was again upon him; he listened with a sardonic amusement to his own voice, carrying, musical, serene, as it swung through the accustomed round of florid generalities, of high-flown ornate exhortation. He himself stood back and viewed himself, this bland embodied Platitude, in cap and doctor's hood, pouring out his stale insipid wisdom. His scorn was not for himself alone. He owned a frank disgust toward his audience, even more toward his attentive Faculty, who were listening, not only with decorous observance, but with actual interest. That they should thus sit unflinching, hearkening with such faces of respect to all these flagrant truisms, argued better for their courtesy than for their wit.

He reached his conclusion. He halted a moment before his climax. His last trite familiar appeals echoed taunting in his ears. "Be sincere." "Give always of your best." "Serve your generation. You have no time to lose in serving yourself, one man alone." "No matter what your straits, keep faith with God and with your fellow-man."

In the brief pause, he felt again that pulse of eager assent, that curious thrill of sympathy. He looked down at the ranks of young faces, absorbed, intent. He stole a glance at his Faculty. To a man, they were leaning forward, their eyes fixed upon him. Not a syllable had escaped them. His thin mouth twitched. What witless humor possessed his audiences, that they must forever receive his borrowed rhetoric as illumined prophecy, that they must sit breathless and wide-eyed before this sounding brass of platitude? What could it mean?

Suddenly the great sunlit hall swam dusk before his eyes. His face grew very white; his veined old hands trembled on the reading-desk. Quietly, simply, as all royal gifts are vouchsafed, there had come to him a vision of the truth. Before that miracle of understanding he stood abashed and humbled, even in the white exaltation of its splendor.

To these his people, waiting silent before him, the phrases in which he chose to clothe his thought meant less than nothing. If he saw fit, he could borrow the purple and the blazonry of every orator and poet since the world began. That would not matter. They had no care for the garb of his belief. They were looking past his words, past his thoughts, even, into the life that loomed behind. To these men and women, his words were real, were vital; for they could receive them, not as mere amiable advice, but as the speech of experience, tested in the crucible of daily living. He stood before them a man whose whole life had showed forth the very principles that he professed; a man who had upheld, through seventy years, the very precepts that he now urged upon them. He was commanding them: Be sincere. Give always of your best. Well, he dared command. For he himself had held himself to sincerity; he had given always of his best. He dared set forth these laws, for he himself had proven them. So far from speaking platitudes, he had spoken only truth, as he had lived it. And as truth made visible, compelling, his people now received it.

He felt himself swept past his world on that torrent of sublime and terrible realization. Truly he had measured out his best to life, overflowing. And in the measure that he had meted, it was now meted to him again. To him was vouchsafed the supreme immemorial requital: that he could dare to look back upon his own life without shame: that he could dare to judge his own days—and be content. With all his might and all his talents, he had served his generation. True, he had built up his college as he had built his own days, from shreds and patches. But it would stand: for it was set upon the living rock of his integrity. Of his own life, by

all its crowded days, its heart-sick nights of vague success and heavy failure, he had made his gift to his time. And, even in his passion of humility, it was now granted him to understand: that this his life, his record of stainless daily toil, should be forever to his college its richest treasure, its noblest heritage.

He lifted his gaunt old head. Something of the brave radiance of his self-forgetting days pulsed through his voice and illumined, as with the immortal light of his own being, the final borrowed words:

"'Oh, young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.'"

Late that evening, young Prentice Keith, a favorite lieutenant of Curtin, '80, dropped into his chief's study for a moment's chat. Keith, a recent graduate of a small but venerable Eastern college, was new to this Western university, as well as to the West itself. Arraigned before his severe young judgment, this huge rough-cast modern school presented flaws and solecisms which impressed him regrettably. And he took his own impressions very seriously indeed.

His errand concluded, he stood looking out on the dark gleaming Campus, a shadow-garden, lit with rainbow lanterns, surging with a vast merry crowd. The college band forsook its marches to romp through popular airs set to rag-time; the Seniors walked no longer in scholastic state. Instead, they went ringed in a fond body-guard; fathers, mothers, sweethearts, aunts, winsome young sisters, and whooping small brothers. The scene had all the picturesqueness of a garden party, all the naïveté of a county fair. It was academic to the eye of faith alone.

Curtin, '80, viewed his pensive subordinate with a commiserating eye.

"Rather crude, aren't we?" he said, kindly. "Remember, we're still young, and inclined to cavort a bit. Even if our capers are elephantine, you'll have to make allowance. How did you pull through this morning?"

"I just did pull through—barely," admitted Keith. "It *was* rather awful. Really, now!"

"All of it?"

"All. Except, perhaps, the President's address. That was different. Decidedly too florid, too emotional. Yet it seemed to fulfil the occasion, somehow."

Curtin lit his pipe.

"Exactly," he agreed. "The President always does fulfil the occasion. You couldn't put it better."

Young Keith concluded that he had been unduly magnanimous.

"Although, as I say, there was too much. He dragged in every grand sentiment and glorious aspiration ever voiced, from Socrates down. Chunks of erudition, oodles of ideals. Embarrassment of riches, don't you know."

"Yes. Yet we need it. All that accumulated wealth of ages, and more, too." Curtin stood up. His powerful body bulked huge against the shaded light. His massive face took on lambent intelligence. "We're the laborers of the earth, mind you; we pin-feathered surgeons and teachers and engineers are making ready to bend our backs to an almighty heavy load. We need all the food and training and knowledge that's coming to us, to make us fit. And we've fed our bodies, and disciplined our minds, and now, Prex gives us something that will make all our slaving and failing and succeeding worth while." He halted, with comical Anglo-Saxon panic at finding himself suddenly near great depths. "'If there be no vision, the people perish.' See?"

"I see." Keith nodded. "Yet why all this mass of such diversified exhortation at that? Would not an address of more specialized interest, narrower, perhaps, but more logical, have made a higher appeal?"

"He can't afford to risk leaving out anything," returned Curtin. "We've got to have the best, and all the best—oodles of it, as you say. Can't you understand, kid, that we're the wheat, the ground-work of the nation, the embodied commonplace? Leave your specialized interest, your rounded periods, to the older schools, of slow leisurely development. We can't wait. We mustn't stop to split hairs. We've got to settle into the collar, quick, but we must have a star to watch, to keep us from settling too far down in the collar. We need

all the ideals we can carry. And Prex gives us the very best. Not his own little particular one-man make, either. It's the heaped-up treasure of all time. And Prex is the one man who is big enough to give it."

"He certainly is bigger than anything he says." Keith granted it generously. "Curious, though, your ground that the common people should need, not only the most thorough discipline, and the soundest training, but also the highest ideals—and, as you say, the most of them."

"Considering that they're the bed-rock of civilization, you'd naturally want to see them pretty solid, and clean-built, too, wouldn't you? And come to think of it," —Curtain wheeled on him with a spark in his eye, "What about you, yourself? Aren't you one of them? Aren't you shoulder to shoulder with us, right with the crowd? Where else do you belong?"

Keith, the aristocrat, hesitated, almost sulkily, under his chief's shrewd gaze. Then he turned, with a quick boyish gesture of shame-faced laughing assent.

"Precisely where I belong. Right with the crowd. No doubt about that."

"And a good place it is, too," nodded Curtin through his smoke rings. "Which reminds me—who was it said that the Lord must love the common people, He had made so many of them?"

A PILGRIM SONG

By Charlotte Wilson

Ah, little Inn of Sorrow,
What of thy bitter bread?
What of thy ghostly chambers,
So I be shelterèd?
'Tis but for a night, the firelight
That gasps on thy cold hearthstone;
To-morrow my load and the open road
And the far light leading on!

Ah, little Inn of Fortune,
What of thy blazing cheer,
Where glad thro' the pensive evening
Thy bright doors beckon clear?
Sweet sleep on thy balsam-pillows,
Sweet wine that will thirst assuage—
But send me forth o'er the morning earth
Strong for my pilgrimage!

Ah, distant End of the Journey,
What if thou fly my feet?
What if thou fade before me
In splendor wan and sweet?
Still the mystical city lureth—
The quest is the good knight's part;
And the pilgrim wends thro' the end of the ends
Toward a shrine and a Grail in his heart.

PAPA AND MOTHER

By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer

Illustrations by H. G. Williamson

SOME years ago my friends the Brownlows experienced a partial change of nomenclature. This happened when Emily came home from school one day with the announcement that Poppa and Momma were childish and undignified appellations and that henceforth her parents were to be addressed as Father and Mother. Emily was the youngest of the Brownlow children and had, as one of her schoolmates put it, "stacks of character."

Her family followed her lead up to a certain point. Mrs. Brownlow was no more Momma, but Mother. "Mother," however, had a gentle persistence which was sometimes a match for Emily's enterprise. Her husband had been "Papa" from the day when their first child was born, and except on the rare occasions when dignity forced a difficult Mr. Brownlow from her lips, she had never spoken to him or of him by any other name. The children might use what titles they liked, but for herself, she had no thought of changing. Not that she ever said anything of the sort. She simply continued to say "Poppa," and the children followed in the easy path of old habit. Even Emily gave up after a while and acquiesced in the unusual combination of "Papa and Mother."

"Mother and I used to have names of our own," said Mr. Brownlow to me one day with a laugh; "but we passed them on to the children and took up with being just parents. Papa seems a trifling name for a man of my size, but if Mother is satisfied, I am."

He is a large man, Mr. Brownlow; not fat, but tall and broad and extremely good-looking in his unconventional way. He has a remarkably gentle voice and keen gray eyes with a twinkle in them; and a humorous, tolerant smile lurks behind his gray moustache. Mrs. Brownlow is at first sight simply an insignificant little woman of a usual type. Hair just gray enough to be dull, brushed smoothly down on each side of her face and put up in a tight little knot behind, a complexion which must have been indeterminate even in youth, commonplace features and a flat figure. But her dark eyes have the brightness of youth and she looks as good as she is—which is saying a great deal.

In the course of years the usual changes have taken place in the Brownlow family. Frances has married and gone to a Western home, whence she returns at intervals with an ever-increasing brood. Frances is much occupied in multiplying and replenishing the earth. John, too, is married, but has set up his household in his native village. He is his father's right hand in the business and Netty is scarcely second to their own children in the parents' affections, while they enjoy to the full the peculiar joy of grandparents—all of the pleasure and none of the responsibility. And then there is Emily. The rest of the children died young and Mrs Brownlow has their pictures—dressed in their little old-fashioned frocks and jackets—hanging in her bedroom. They are well-to-do people, these next-door neighbors of mine, and live in great comfort in a big old house, with a pleasant front garden and a spacious back yard, but for some years past they have lived there alone. For Emily has had her Work—always in Emily's mind spelled with a very large W.

She was always an Earnest Girl, was Emily, taking herself seriously even when she was in the primary department of our village school. She was clever at her studies and the family were immensely proud of her. "She'll grow younger after a while," her father used to say, and meantime spoiled her as much as the rest. She passed admirably through all the grades of the public school and then went off to Smith College—the happy hunting ground of the Earnest Girl. She used to come back for her vacations bringing her friends with her—intellectual young women, but on the whole, less serious than she. They enjoyed being

feasted and coddled by Mrs. Brownlow, and some of them even grew chummy with Netty and admired her smart hats and gowns. Poor Netty, who would so gladly have taken an interest in Emily's clothes, but was always rebuffed.

"It's simply maddening," she used to say, "to see a girl so fundamentally good-looking make such a fright of herself."

The most incongruous element in Emily's life was her faithful adorer, Freddy Adams; and to do her justice, he was an element that she always tried to eliminate. I never could see exactly what it was in her that attracted him. There were any number of girls whom one might have expected him to prefer to her; but however it came about, his affection for her had never wavered from the time when they sat in the same room at the primary school, he with his hair hanging in the golden curls which his mother couldn't bear to cut off, she with her tightly braided, dark pig-tails. He wasn't brilliant, poor Freddy. Even in those days she despised him for a dunce, but he took her snubs with such imperturbable good-nature that she finally gave up taking even that amount of notice of him. Meantime the curls were cut off, and by the time she entered the High School he was growing into a big, handsome young athlete, very stupid still at his studies, but the champion of his class at foot-ball and base-ball. In due course of time his rich and doting parents sent him to boarding-school and to college, where by dint of private tutors, popularity, and his great prestige at sports, aided by a certain amount of heavy-hearted grinding at his studies, he just managed to get along without being plucked. Although he was two years older than Emily she always kept ahead of him, but he was all the more proud of her on that account. It was at the end of his freshman and her sophomore year that he began to propose to her regularly every summer vacation. He never made any secret either of his proposals or of her emphatic rejection of his suit. His invariably cheerful spirits were so little lowered by it that Emily scornfully refused to believe him serious. I was half inclined to agree with her at first, but one day when I was on my veranda he stopped in passing and sitting down on the steps, lingered a while. He seemed a shade less buoyant than usual, but explained that it was because he was discouraged about working off a condition left over from the June examinations.

"I hate study so," he said frankly, "that sometimes I'm tempted to throw the whole thing up and ask Father to take me into the business right away. He'd do it if I said so. But I tell you what, I hate to be beaten. And then one of these days Emily will like it better if I've got my degree all right."

"Emily?" said I. "Then she is less discouraging than she was?"

"Not a bit," he answered cheerfully. "But I think she'll come round one of these days. I'll admit that perhaps I ought to be discouraged, but I suppose I don't know when I'm down and I always think it will come out right if I stick at it." And he went off with restored cheerfulness.

This was at the end of his junior year at Yale, and Emily had just graduated at Smith, having passed her final examinations with the greatest éclat—so different from poor Freddy, with his conditions. The whole family went to see her graduate, Netty superintending Mother's wardrobe for the occasion and herself wearing her most impressive clothes. They were absent a week and returned bringing Emily with all her laurels. It was a pleasant summer for her, with a trip to the sea and friends visiting her at home. Freddy also had his college friends and there were all sorts of junketings. Some of the girls were not above taking an interest in beaux and I think there was among them a feeling that Emily was not living up to her privileges; for Freddy is very handsome and shows to advantage in the occupations of idleness. When the visitors were gone, Emily unfolded her plans. To the consternation of her family she wanted to go away from home and earn her own living. But here, for the first time in her life, she encountered serious opposition. Her parents refused their consent and were unmoved by her arguments.

For some reason or other, both sides confided in me. One day Emily would come, and, sitting on my piazza in an attitude so tense and with a preoccupation so serious that my industrious sewing seemed the most inconsequent trifling by the side of her strenuous idleness, she would set forth her views on the rights and wrongs of women, with all the familiar arguments. "You don't know how lucky you are," I sometimes said to her, "not to have to fend for

yourself in earnest." But for the most part, I didn't attempt to answer her. All she wanted of me was to listen, and it rather amused me to hear her talk.

Then Mother would come—poor Mother, with her bewildered surprise and disappointment. "All we want is to make her happy," she would say; "but in my day, when a girl left school she came home and stayed, and learned how to keep house and sew. And if some day she got married and had a home of her own, why, after all, that was the happy and natural thing for her to do, and so her parents were willing to let her go." She hesitated and the color rose in her cheeks. In some ways Mother is as shy as a girl—shyer than most girls nowadays. Then she went on. "We are perfectly willing she should marry Freddy. Papa and I have told him that we shouldn't raise a single objection. You know he spoke to us about it, which was very nice and thoughtful of him, when so many young men hardly say 'by your leave.' But there—she doesn't care for him and that's all there is to it. But I don't blame girls for not all wanting to do the same things, and if Emily wants to go back to college and take post-graduate courses, Papa and I are perfectly willing. When you have a girl as gifted as Emily you have to do accordingly. But that she should go out and earn her own living—really, my dear, we can't bring ourselves to it."

And then naturally she would give me Papa's views. "Papa says, what does a man want with the money he has worked so hard to make, if not to take care of all the women the Lord has been good enough to give him; and that she can't make herself into a man no matter how hard she tries; and that one of the things he can't abide is to see a well-to-do woman step out into the world and take the bread out of the mouth of some other woman who hasn't a man to take care of her. I never did see Papa so stirred up."

I felt a lively curiosity to know Freddy's point of view on the subject and waylaid him one day as he was passing. He looked splendidly handsome as he stood there in his white flannels, with his cap in his hand and the sunlight bringing out the gold glints in his hair.

"What do you think about Emily's latest plan?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment, looking down at the tennis-racket as it swung idly to and fro in his hand.

"I wish she didn't have this particular plan," he said at last, "but since she has it —" he raised his head and squared his shoulders—"since it is what she wants to do, why I want her to do what she wants, every time."

"And you don't think it will be worse for your chances?"

He grinned cheerfully. "I don't mean to think so. I'm her oldest habit and she can't break herself of me. Besides," he added thoughtfully, "she may get as tired of it as I get of studying." And with that he took himself off.

In the end, the matter was compromised. Emily was asked by one of her friends to join a College Settlement, and consented to begin her career in a Work of Benevolence, while hoping yet to bring her parents to her way of thinking. This put a different aspect on the matter. Putting aside her personal disappointment, her mother once more beamed with affectionate pride and her father, as usual, opened his pocket-book generously. Emily went off with a halo about her head, a good bank account and a trunk full of new clothes—which had to be finished without trying on and therefore, as Netty mournfully remarked, wouldn't fit "worth a cent."

With the approach of the holidays came the next disappointment. The Brownlows made much of Christmas, and it was then that the family reunion always took place. But this year several things went wrong. Frances's new baby was so extremely new that she could not think of coming, and her family were to remain with her. Netty's mother had fallen into ill-health and being unable to travel, had asserted her claim on her daughter and grandchildren—a claim which no one could dispute—and John had promised to go with them. There was only Emily left.

"And we must make the most of her," said Mrs. Brownlow. "I have written her to bring as many of her friends as she can get. I hope," she added, "that we can have some kind of a Christmas gathering as long as we live."

And then, after all, Emily didn't come. "It's that confounded work of hers that she thinks so important," growled Papa, stop-

ping me in the street to tell me about it. "She says she must stay and make Christmas happy for her poor working girls. What I say is that she ought to come home and make it happy for her mother."

"It's the first Christmas since we've been married that we haven't had a child in the house," said Mrs. Brownlow, when she came to invite me to the Christmas dinner. "Even the very first year of all, Frances was a month old."

They had a few old friends in to eat their turkey and plum pudding, but there was no Christmas tree, and although we all tried to be as cheerful as possible and drank toasts to everybody, from the President of the United States down to the youngest grandchild, the gayety was somewhat forced, and I am sure Papa and Mother were glad when it was over. As for Freddy, he spent part of his vacation in New York. "It was great fun," he said when he came back. "You ought to have seen Emily bossing the whole outfit, from the old grandmothers down to the kids. We had a gorgeous tree."

"And I suppose you turned in and worked too?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm very popular down there—except with Emily. But I'll get there yet."

The family reunion took place in the summer. Freddy, who by dint of a fearful grind and much coaching had worked off his conditions and graduated with his class, made his usual proposal, to which Emily gave her usual answer. Her desire for independence had not diminished a whit, but neither had her father and mother changed their minds; and as she was now interested in the Settlement, she was willing to defer the final decision for another year. At present she had set her heart on getting her parents to spend the Christmas holidays in New York, an arrangement by which she hoped to get her own way without any tuggings of conscience.

"I tell them that it will do them good," she said to me, "and I'm sure it will, to see just what we are doing at the Settlement and to get a little out of the rut of village ideas."

I was present on one occasion when she was urging her plan on the family. No one spoke for a moment after she had said her say, and then Papa gave us a surprise.

"Don't trouble about us, Emily," he said mildly. "Mother and I are going to take a jaunt on our own account. We are going to Europe."

There was a moment's dead silence and then John burst out laughing. "Good for you, Papa!" he said. "I hope you mean it."

"I was going to talk to you about it tomorrow, John," said his father, half apologetically. "I think I can be spared."

"I think I shouldn't be good for much if you couldn't," answered John with energy. "But what I want to know is, how in the world you have got Mother to consent to go so far from home."

"She wouldn't let me go without her," said Papa with a twinkle, and you see I have set my heart on seeing foreign parts."

"I don't know but what it seems unkind to shut up the house and go away over Christmas," said Mrs. Brownlow a little anxiously, "but Frances said she couldn't come again this year and Papa said he wouldn't go to Italy in the summer."

"The house might as well have been shut last Christmas," said Mr. Brownlow.

"But oh, Papa and Mother, we wouldn't have left you this year!" cried Netty. "I told mamma we wouldn't. But I'm just as glad as can be that you're going to have such a lovely trip—and I'll see to the closing of the house and everything. You're not to get all tired out. And when are you going?"

All this time Emily had said nothing. Across the blank astonishment of her face flitted an expression of mingled disappointment and pique.

"Don't you think it's a good idea, Emily?" asked her father. "It'll get the old people out of their rut even better than going to New York,"

For once in her life Emily was unready with a reply. Her mother turned to her with a deprecating smile.

"Of course if you had cared for such things, Emily, it would have meant a great deal more to you to take this trip than to me at my age. I'm afraid things will be rather wasted on me."

"If you need me," began Emily with a little hesitation. She couldn't, with a very good grace, offer to give up the Settlement and go with them, but oh, how that girl longed to head the expedition!

"No, Emily," said her father. "We couldn't think of interrupting your work. Mother and I will just have to get along."

Emily was distinctly subdued. "I'll do what I can to help you get ready," she said, with the air of one prepared to do her duty at all costs. And in fact, she went the next day to the village library and returned with an armful of such books as she thought suited to her parents' understanding.

"These are rather light," she said doubtfully. "'Ave Roma' and 'The Makers of Florence' don't amount to much. But perhaps it will be best to begin with them. If you don't go until the middle of October you will have time to read a good deal."

Her mother put on her glasses and took up the first volume. "I'm rather old to begin to improve my mind," said she with a sigh. "I didn't really expect to go into things so thoroughly."

"And you shan't," said her husband, gathering up the books and depositing them on a table at the other end of the room. "Mother and I are going to enjoy ourselves," he continued, turning to Emily. "We're going to be like that Empress of Russia that I remember reading about once. She didn't bother to learn to play the piano herself. She had some one else learn for her and she just sat back and let the other person play. Mother and I have got you, Emily. We've put all the learning into you and we feel that we can sit back. We're going to sit back all through Europe, and when there's anything we ought to learn, we're going to think of the Empress of Russia and remember that we've got a daughter at home who knows it all. That's the benefit Mother and I will get out of your education."



Freddy Adams.

To Netty he was more encouraging. "Get Mother to buy all the things she needs," he said. "Make her throw away the old ones. I don't mind if she has a regular trousseau."

Netty entered with enthusiasm into the preparations, but Mrs. Brownlow's thrifty habits could not be reconciled to such whole-

sale extravagance. I happened in one morning in the midst of a discussion. Mother held in one hand a little old black velvet bonnet of a style of several winters back, and in the other a yard of duchesse lace. She was regarding them wistfully, while Netty, standing in front of her, endeavored to persuade her to give the bonnet to one of the numerous protégées of the family.

"But with a piece of good lace, Netty," Mother was saying plaintively, "I'm sure it would make a very nice bonnet for dressy occasions. Good lace always trims up anything so."

"Not even good lace can make that hat presentable," said Netty firmly. "Do give it away, Mother. With your nice travelling hat and one other, and your old one for the steamer, you'll have all you can possibly want. And be sure and give the steamer hat to the stewardess when you land. If you won't promise I'll tell Papa not to let you take it and you'll have to wear your new one."

"Oh, I'll promise that," said Mother. "But this was always such a pretty little bonnet, and I do like variety, Netty. However—" She folded the lace with a sigh and put the bonnet back into its box.

"Don't you want me to take it and give it to old Eliza for you?" said Netty insinuatingly.

"No, I'll see to it myself," answered Mother, and in the corners of her mouth lurked an expression which I knew well.

I was going abroad myself that year, and soon after Emily's return to New York I said good-by to them all and sailed with my friends. Netty wrote me of Papa's and Mother's departure and how they all went to see them off.

"At the last minute," she wrote, "Mother would have weakened and taken Emily and Emily would have gone. But Papa said no, that Emily would be the death of Mother with her conscience about seeing things thoroughly and getting the full educational value of the trip. He said that he and Mother were going to sit back and have a good time and not know enough when they came home to bore any one with their travels. Emily was rather cut up by it all, and you know how soft-hearted Papa is. He gave her a good big check and told her that he would send her abroad next year if she could find any of her friends who wanted to go with her; and I could see that he was forcibly restraining himself from making any more fun of her. Dear old things! How we shall miss them. The closed up house is too forlorn. But what a good time they'll have! I rather suspect, by the way, that Mother has tucked a few queer clothes in her trunk."

It was in Rome that I finally saw them. The day after my arrival I had gone into the Chapel of the Choir at St. Peter's for vespers. I was in time to get a seat and as I took my place on one of the benches, there they were, sitting in front of me. Papa is a man who fits in anywhere. In spite of a life spent in an out-of-the-way village, he has a cosmopolitan soul. He is noticeable, too, with his great height and breadth and his fine head with its beautiful gray hair. But Mother was surely the quaintest little figure in Rome. Netty's suspicions had been well founded. The old clothes had been brought and their owner's love of variety, as well as her spirit of thrift, found satisfaction in the wearing of them. She had on a costume which even old Eliza would have wished to modernize—though for that matter, it is only the mistress who can afford to be old-fashioned. Dear Mother's dress was of the finest dark-gray cloth, but the skirt was narrow where it should have been flaring, the coat was short where it should have been long, the sleeves were tight from armhole to wrist, whereas they should have displayed a generous fulness at the top. Surmounting this pinched costume was the little black velvet bonnet, trimmed, evidently by Mother's own careful hands, with the "piece of good lace." When I touched her on the shoulder she turned a beaming face to me, and she looked so dear and homelike that I felt I loved her all the better in her odd, characteristic clothes. Papa, too, seemed charmed to see me and suggested that we should all go away at once and have a good talk, but Mother said no.

"We'll have our talk after church," she said, "but I want to stay now that I've got a seat and all. Papa won't let me stay where I have to stand, you know."

All through the service she was quite rapt, but she turned to me with alacrity as soon as it was over. When we came out I found they had a double carriage with two horses waiting for them.



"I'm rather old to begin to improve my mind."—Page 81.

"What very grand people you are," said I, laughing.

"I never can get used to seeing one horse do so much work," said Papa as he put us in; "and every now and then I break loose and have two. Mother thinks we'll drive to the poorhouse yet."

I wondered, as we drove along, whether among the thousands of tourists scattered about the Continent any two were quite so happy as these; she so proud of him and so enchanted with his care of her, even while she assured us both that it was quite unnecessary, and he so pleased with her pleasure and so affectionately amused by her. Long habit had fitted them to one another until even their foibles were perfectly adjusted, each in its niche in the other's heart. Just as they were, they adored each other. She would have thrown away her old clothes had he asked her seriously to do so, but he never did. Undoubtedly he was more or less aware of their oddity, but her little ways, her gentle self-assertion in the face of the masterful young folk, her unreasoning small economies and her lavish generosity, were his endless amusement and delight.



"But with a piece of good lace, Netty."—Page 82.

I found that they had been amusing themselves very well in Rome, between sight-seeing, driving and shopping. They took me to their hotel to show me their purchases and wonderful indeed they were. When the things were spread about their sitting-room it looked like a Christmas bazaar. Evidently the couple had been an easy prey. They had paid the highest prices for everything and had bought presents for everybody.

"Mother's idea is to take the children and grandchildren something from every place we stop at," said Mr. Brownlow. "I don't know how much baggage we'll have before we get through—nor how much we'll have to spend in duties. But it's all part of the trip."

"Papa always pays what people ask," said Mrs. Brownlow; "but a lady here in the hotel said that wasn't the way at all over here. I went out with her one day and got things much cheaper," and she pointed with pride to a few articles which, in her innocence, she considered good bargains.

"Come into the bedroom," she said to me, and when I had followed her there she drew me to a sofa and sat down beside me. "I want to talk to you about Emily's present," she said. "I have a few little things for her, but not her real present. You see Emily isn't easy to get things for. She doesn't like what the others do. I wish she did. One never can be young but once and I'd so love to buy pretty things for her. But as it is—I want to take her something very nice and that she'll be sure to like. Her letters have seemed depressed lately. And I thought we'd just talk it over quietly, away from Papa's jokes."

"What have you thought of?" I asked, feeling that the choice was truly a difficult one.

"Well," said Mother, hesitating. "I don't think either Papa or I quite know how to suit her taste, but I had thought of a nice piece of statuary."

"Something small, of course," said I.

"Well—no." She looked a little shamefaced. "Of course it is much more expensive than what we are getting for the others. But it seems to me very nice."

"Then you have selected it?"

"We haven't decided, and that is why I am consulting you. It is such a sum of money to spend if it *shouldn't* be what she wants. You see we met a young girl on the steamer coming over—a Miss Boone. She reminded me a little of Emily—not her looks, but her ways and ideas—and she is a sculptress and has her studio here. She invited us there to tea and showed us her things, and, I must say, I liked them. And it seemed somehow so suitable to take Emily something that another talented girl had made. And this statue is all finished, so we could have it right away."

"What is it?" I asked, my breath rather taken away. I had heard of Miss Jennie Minerva Boone and her statues.

"It is the 'Muse of History,' and that seemed a nice subject too, for Emily. Not that it looks so very different from any other woman, but it's so nice and modest—all draped, you know. Oh, my dear, such things as we have seen in the galleries!" and Mother blushed to the eyes at the recollection. "But we haven't said we would take it," she continued. "We are only considering, and I thought I would like to talk to you about it, you know so much more than we about such things. And perhaps you would go with us to look at it."

"What does Mr. Brownlow think about it?" I asked.

"Oh, you know how Papa is. He always jokes about things, but he says he can afford it and that I may do as I like."

Poor innocent Mother! I was really dismayed, and while she talked I was racking my brain to think of some harmless and acceptable substitute for Miss Boone's "Muse of History." But I was never called upon to exercise my judgment in the matter, for the last words had hardly left Mother's lips when there was a sudden exclamation in the next room—such an exclamation as I had never heard from the deliberate and philosophical Mr. Brownlow. My heart stood still for a moment and Mrs. Brownlow flew to the door. I rushed after her and as she opened it and I looked over her head I could hardly believe my eyes. There stood Freddy and Emily! And Emily as I had never seen her before—with downcast eyes and face suffused with blushes.

"We're married!" said Freddy, looking around at us all with his usual cheerfulness. "We've come to be forgiven."

Before he had finished speaking, Mrs. Brownlow had Emily in her arms and—yes, Emily was crying. Perhaps I oughtn't to have been there, but I never thought of that until afterward.

Mr. Brownlow grasped Freddy by the hand. "My dear boy!" he exclaimed. "My dear boy!" Then with a return to his usual manner: "You had my permission long ago, Freddy, but it seems rather sudden."

"Well, you see, sir," said Freddy, "I had to do it when I got the chance. Emily got the grippe. We didn't tell you for fear of worrying you. She had it rather hard and she was a long time getting well. Netty went to her of course, and I went to Father and said, 'I want to go to New York and stay some time. Perhaps now is my chance.' And Father said, 'Go ahead. You won't be any good until you get this matter settled.



Drawn by H. G. Williamson.

She had on a costume which even old Eliza would have wished to modernize.—Page 82.

Stay as long as it takes and draw on me.' So I went. I went to see Emily every day. She was sitting up then, very wretched and wishing she was dead. Doctor said she must give up work and have change of air. While Netty was packing up to take her home I went out and got the license and engaged our passage and then went to work to persuade Emily. Perhaps I was taking a mean advantage of her when she was down, but anyway we were married next morning and sailed at noon and here we are. And I'll do my best not to let her regret it."

The two men shook hands again and we all sat down. Mrs. Brownlow was petting Emily as she had not dared to do since the girl had got out of baby clothes and Emily accepted it meekly. Poor dear, she was taking this as seriously as she always takes everything. Not but what it is a serious matter, but there are ways of looking at things. However, I caught a glance which she threw at Freddy and said to myself, "Thank Heaven, she's normal after all. Her heart is in the right place."

"But to think," said Mother mournfully, when she had recovered from her first emotion, "that Emily should have been married without a wedding, or a trousseau—or any wedding cake!"

"I didn't dare wait, Mother," said Freddy.

"I'll give her all the trousseau she wants," said Papa.

"And I can help buy it," added Freddy. "My taste in dress is almost as good as Netty's."

And Emily—the serious, the superior Emily actually looked pleased. "Only let me see Rome first," she said, "and then we'll go to Paris and buy clothes."

Judging by her transformed appearance when she came home some months later, Freddy's confidence in his own taste was not misplaced. What is more to be remarked, his wife seems glad to look pretty. She is now bent on elevating the tone of the village and presides at the meetings of all sorts of clubs and societies, attired in the most faultless Parisian costumes. She is very fond of her husband, who really won her heart by the primitive energy with which he married her in spite of herself—which goes to show that she is less advanced than she thinks herself.

Papa and Mother have also come home, laden with gifts on which Papa manfully paid the duties. Mother says it was a waste of money, for she is sure she could have smuggled a great many things in.

"I don't believe in the tariff," she says, "and I wasn't consulted about making it, and so it wouldn't have hurt my conscience at all. But Papa says the law is the law, whether you like it or not, and of course I can't do anything that he wouldn't think right."

The "Muse of History" was not among the treasures. "You didn't get the statue?" I asked.

Mother leaned forward and laid her hand on mine impressively. "My dear," she said fervently, "I'm glad to say, Emily preferred jewellery."

IN THE PLACE DE LA BASTILLE

By Richard Burton

On a clear day in Paris, walking where
A century ago red riot leapt
Torrent-like down the streets, I was aware
How, far on the horizon rim, there crept
Pale, ominous clouds; and listening, I heard
Dim, unmistakable, a muttered word:

The thunder's prelude and the tempest's threat.
The hour was bright with sun and jest and song
In the blithe capital—and yet, and yet,
The place was Paris and men's woes are long;
Sudden, for me, beneath that tranquil sky,
The tragic tumbrils, hark! go rumbling by!



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"She shorely can holler some."—Page 98.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXII

JUNE sat in the little dummy, the focus of curious eyes, while Hale was busy seeing that her baggage was got aboard. The checks that she gave him jingled in his hands like a bunch of keys, and he could hardly help grinning when he saw the huge trunks and the smart bags that were tumbled from the baggage car—all marked with her initials. There had been days when he had laid considerable emphasis on pieces like those, and when he thought of them overwhelming with opulent suggestions that debt-stricken little town, and, later, piled incongruously on the porch of the cabin on Lonesome Cove, he could have laughed aloud but for a nameless something that was gnawing savagely at his heart.

He felt almost shy when he went back into the car, and though June greeted him with a smile, her immaculate daintiness made him unconsciously sit quite far away from her. The little fairy-cross was still at her throat, but a tiny diamond gleamed from each end of it and from the centre, as from a tiny heart, pulsated the light of a little blood-red ruby. To him it meant the loss of June's simplicity and was the symbol of her new estate, but he smiled and forced himself into hearty cheerfulness of manner and asked her questions about her trip. But June answered in halting monosyllables, and talk was not easy between them. All the while he was watching her closely and not a movement of her eye, ear, mouth or hand—not an inflection of her voice—escaped him. He saw her sweep the car and its occupants with a glance, and he saw the results of that glance in her face and the down-dropping of her eyes to the dainty point of one boot. He saw her beautiful mouth close suddenly tight, and her thin nostrils quiver disdainfully, when a swirl of black smoke, heavy with cinders, came in with an entering passenger through the front door of the car. Two half-drunken men were laughing boisterously near that door and even her ears seemed trying to shut out their half-smothered rough talk. The car started with a bump that swayed her toward him, and when she caught the seat with one hand, it checked as suddenly, throwing her the other way, and then with a leap it sprang ahead again, giving a nagging snap to her head. Her whole face grew red with vexation and shrinking distaste, and all the while, when the little train steadied into its creaking, puffing, jostling way, one gloved hand on the chased silver handle of her smart little umbrella kept nervously swaying it to and fro on its steel-shod point, until she saw that the point was in a tiny pool of tobacco juice, and then she laid it across her lap with shuddering swiftness.

At first Hale thought that she had shrank from kissing him in the car because other people were around. He knew better now. At that moment he was as rough and dirty as the chain-carrier opposite him, who was just in from a surveying expedition in the mountains, as the sooty brakeman who came through to gather up the fares—as one of those good-natured, profane inebriates up in the corner. No, it was not publicity—she had shrank from him as she was shrinking now from black smoke, rough men, the shaking of the train—the little pool of tobacco juice at her feet. The truth began to glimmer through his brain. He understood, even when she leaned forward suddenly to look into the mouth of the gap, that was now dark with shadows. Through that gap lay her way and she thought him now more a part of what was beyond than she who had been born of it was, and dazed by the thought, he wondered if he might not really be. At once

he straightened in his seat, his mind made up, as he always made it up—swiftly. He had not explained why he had not met her that morning, nor had he apologized for his rough garb, because he was so glad to see her and because there were so many other things he wanted to say; and when he saw her, conscious and resentful, perhaps, that he had not done these things at once—he deliberately declined to do them now. He became silent, but he grew more courteous, more thoughtful—watchful. She was very tired, poor child; there were deep shadows under her eyes which looked weary and almost mournful. So, when with a clanging of the engine bell they stopped at the brilliantly lit hotel, he led her at once upstairs to the parlor, and from there sent her up to her room, which was ready for her.

"You must get a good sleep," he said kindly, and with his usual firmness that was wont to preclude argument. "You are worn to death. I'll have your supper sent to your room." The girl felt the subtle change in his manner and her lip quivered for a vague reason that neither knew, but, without a word, she obeyed him like a child. He did not try again to kiss her. He merely took her hand, placed his left over it, and with a gentle pressure, said:

"Good-night, little girl."

"Good-night," she faltered.

. . . . . .

Resolutely, relentlessly, first, Hale cast up his accounts, liabilities, resources, that night, to see what, under the least favorable outcome, the balance left to him would be. Nearly all was gone. His securities were already sold. His lots would not bring at public sale one half of the deferred payments yet to be made on them, and if the company brought suit, as it was threatening to do, he would be left fathoms deep in debt. The branch railroad had not come up the river toward Lonesome Cove, and now he meant to build barges and float his cannel coal down to the main line, for his sole hope was in the mine in Lonesome Cove. The means that he could command were meagre, but they would carry his purpose with June for a year at least and then —who knew?—he might, through that mine, be on his feet again.

The little town was dark and asleep when he stepped into the cool night-air and made his way past the old school-house and up Imboden Hill. He could see—all shining silver in the moonlight—the still crest of the big beech at the blessed roots of which his lips had met June's in the first kiss that had passed between them. On he went through the shadowy aisle that the path made between other beech-trunks, harnessed by the moonlight with silver armor and motionless as sentinels on watch till dawn, out past the amphitheatre of darkness from which the dead trees tossed out their crooked arms as though voicing silently now his own soul's torment, and then on to the point of the spur of foot-hills where, with the mighty mountains encircling him and the world, a dream-land lighted only by stars, he stripped his soul before the Maker of it and of him and fought his fight out alone.

His was the responsibility for all—his alone. No one else was to blame—June not at all. He had taken her from her own life—had swerved her from the way to which God pointed when she was born. He had given her everything she wanted, had allowed her to do what she pleased and had let her think that, through his miraculous handling of her resources, she was doing it all herself. And the result was natural. For the past two years he had been harassed with debt, racked with worries, writhing this way and that, concerned only with the soul-tormenting catastrophe that had overtaken him. About all else he had grown careless. He had not been to see her the last year, he had written seldom and it appalled him to look back now on his own self-absorption and to think how he must have appeared to June. And he had gone on in that self-absorption to the very end. He had got his license to marry, had asked Uncle Billy, who was magistrate as well as miller, to marry them, and, a rough mountaineer himself to the outward eye, he had appeared to lead a child like a lamb to the sacrifice and had found a woman with a mind, heart and purpose of her own. It was all his work. He had sent her away to fit her for his station in life—to make her fit to marry him. She had risen above and now *he was not fit to marry her.* That was the brutal truth—a truth that was enough to make a wise man laugh or a fool weep, and Hale did neither. He simply went on working to make out how he could

best discharge the obligations that he had voluntarily, willingly, gladly, selfishly, even, assumed. In his mind he treated conditions only as he saw and felt them and believed them at that moment true: and into the problem he went no deeper than to find his simple duty, and that, while the morning stars were sinking, he found. And it was a duty the harder to find because everything had reawakened within him, and the starting-point of that awakening was the proud glow in Uncle Billy's kind old face, when he knew the part he was to play in the happiness of Hale and June. All the way over the mountain that day his heart had gathered fuel from memories at the big Pine, and down the mountain and through the gap, to be set aflame by the yellow sunlight in the valley and the throbbing life in everything that was alive, for the month was June and the spirit of that month was on her way to him. So when he rose now, with back-thrown head, he stretched his arms suddenly out toward those far-seeing stars, and as suddenly dropped them with an angry shake of his head and one quick gritting of his teeth that such a thought should have mastered him even for one swift second—the thought of how lonesome would be the trail that would be his to follow after that day.

XXIII

June, tired though she was, tossed restlessly that night. The one look she had seen in Hale's face when she met him in the car, told her the truth as far as he was concerned. He was unchanged, she could give him no chance to withdraw from their long understanding, for it was plain to her quick instinct that he wanted none. And so she had asked him no question about his failure to meet her, for she knew now that his reason, no matter what, was good. He had startled her in the car, for her mind was heavy with memories of the poor little cabins she had passed on the train, of the mountain men and women in the wedding-party, and Hale himself was to the eye so much like one of them—had so startled her that, though she knew that his instinct, too, was at work, she could not gather herself together to combat her own feelings, for every little happening in the dummy but drew her back to her previous train of painful thought. And in that helplessness she had told Hale good-night. She remembered now how she had looked upon Lonesome Cove after she went to the Gap; how she had looked upon the Gap after her year in the Bluegrass, and how she had looked back even on the first big city she had seen there from the lofty vantage ground of New York. What was the use of it all? Why laboriously climb a hill merely to see and yearn for things that you cannot have, if you must go back and live in the hollow again? Well, she thought rebelliously, she would not go back to the hollow again—that was all. She knew what was coming and her cousin Dave's perpetual sneer sprang suddenly from the past to cut through her again and the old pride rose within her once more. She was good enough now for Hale, oh, yes, she thought bitterly, good enough *now;* and then, remembering his lifelong kindness and thinking what she might have been but for him, she burst into tears at the unworthiness of her own thought. Ah, what should she do—what should she do? Repeating that question over and over again, she fell toward morning into troubled sleep. She did not wake until nearly noon, for already she had formed the habit of sleeping late—late, at least, for that part of the world—and she was glad when the negro boy brought her word that Mr. Hale had been called up the valley and would not be back until the afternoon. She dreaded to meet him, for she knew that he had seen the trouble within her and she knew he was not the kind of man to let matters drag vaguely, if they could be cleared up and settled by open frankness of discussion, no matter how blunt he must be. She had to wait until mid-day dinner time for something to eat, so she lay abed, picked a breakfast from the menu, which was spotted, dirty and meagre in offerings, and had it brought to her room. Early in the afternoon she issued forth into the sunlight, and started toward Imboden Hill. It was very beautiful and soul-comforting—the warm air, the luxuriantly wooded hills, with their shades of green that told her where poplar and oak and beech and maple grew, the delicate haze of blue that overlay them and deepened as her eyes followed the still mountain piles north-eastward to meet the big range that shut her in from the outer world. The changes had

been many. One part of the town had been wiped out by fire and a few buildings of stone had risen up. On the street she saw strange faces, but now and then she stopped to shake hands with somebody whom she knew, and who recognized her always with surprise and spoke but few words, and then, as she thought, with some embarrassment. Half unconsciously she turned toward the old mill. There it was, dusty and gray, and the dripping old wheel creaked with its weight of shining water, and the muffled roar of the unseen dam started an answering stream of memories to surging within her. She could see the window of her room in the old brick boarding-house, and as she passed the gate, she almost stopped to go in, but the face of a strange man who stood in the door with a proprietary air deterred her. There was Hale's little frame cottage and his name, half washed out, was over the wing that was still his office. Past that she went, with a passing temptation to look within, and toward the old school-house. A massive new one was half built of gray stone to the left, but the old one, with its shingles on the outside that had once caused her such wonder, still lay warm in the sun, but closed and deserted. There was the playground where she had been caught in "Ring around the Rosy," and Hale and that girl teacher had heard her confession. She flushed again when she thought of that day, but the flush was now for another reason. Over the roof of the school-house she could see the beech-tree where she had built her playhouse, and memory led her from the path toward it. She had not climbed a hill for a long time and she was panting when she reached it. There was the scattered playhouse—it might have lain there untouched for a quarter of a century—just as her angry feet had kicked it to pieces. On a root of the beech she sat down and the broad rim of her hat scratched the trunk of it and annoyed her, so she took it off and leaned her head against the tree, looking up into the underworld of leaves through which a sunbeam filtered here and there—one striking her hair which had darkened to a duller gold—striking it eagerly, unerringly, as though it had started for just such a shining mark. Below her was outspread the little town—the straggling, wretched little town—crude, lonely, lifeless! She could not be happy in Lonesome Cove after she had known the Gap, and now her horizon had so broadened that she felt now toward the Gap and its people as she had then felt toward the mountaineers: for the standards of living in the Cove—so it seemed—were no farther below the standards in the Gap than they in turn were lower than the new standards to which she had adapted herself while away. Indeed, even that bluegrass world where she had spent a year was too narrow now for her vaulting ambition, and with that thought she looked down again on the little town, a lonely island in a sea of mountains and as far from the world for which she had been training herself as though it were in mid-ocean. Live down there? She shuddered at the thought and straightway was very miserable. The clear piping of a wood-thrush rose far away, a tear started between her half-closed lashes and she might have gone to weeping silently, had her ear not caught the sound of something moving below her. Some one was coming that way, so she brushed her eyes swiftly with her handkerchief and stood upright against the tree. And there again Hale found her, tense, upright, bareheaded again and her hands behind her; only her face was not uplifted and dreaming—it was turned toward him, unstartled and expectant. He stopped below her and leaned one shoulder against a tree.

"I saw you pass the office," he said, "and I thought I should find you here."

His eyes dropped to the scattered playhouse of long ago—and a faint smile that was full of submerged sadness passed over his face. It was his playhouse, after all, that she had kicked to pieces. But he did not mention it—nor her attitude—nor did he try, in any way, to arouse her memories of that other time at this same place.

"I want to talk with you, June—and I want to talk now."

"Yes, Jack," she said tremulously.

For a moment he stood in silence, his face half-turned, his teeth hard on his indrawn lip—thinking. There was nothing of the mountaineer about him now. He was clean-shaven and dressed with care—June saw that—but he looked quite old, his face seemed harried with worries and ravaged by suffering, and June had suddenly to swallow a quick surging of pity

for him. He spoke slowly and without looking at her:

"June, if it hadn't been for me, you would be over in Lonesome Cove and happily married by this time, or at least contented with your life, for you wouldn't have known any other."

"I don't know, Jack."

"I took you out—and it rests with you whether I shall be sorry I did—sorry wholly on your account, I mean," he added hastily.

She knew what he meant and she said nothing—she only turned her head away slightly, with her eyes upturned a little toward the leaves that were shaking like her own heart.

"I think I see it all very clearly," he went on, in a low and perfectly even voice. "You can't be happy over there now—you can't be happy over here now. You've got other wishes, ambitions, dreams, now, and I want you to realize them, and I want to help you to realize them all I can—that's all."

"Jack!—" she helplessly, protestingly spoke his name in a whisper, but that was all she could do, and he went on:

"It isn't so strange. What is strange is that I—that I didn't foresee it all. But if I had," he added firmly, "I'd have done it just the same—unless by doing it I've really done you more harm than good."

"No—no—Jack!"

"I came into your world—you went into mine. What I had grown indifferent about—you grew to care about. You grew sensitive while I was growing callous to certain—" he was about to say "surface things," but he checked himself—"certain things in life that mean more to a woman than to a man. I would not have married you as you were—I've got to be honest now—at least I thought it necessary that you should be otherwise—and now you have gone beyond me, and now you do not want to marry me as I am. And it is all very natural and very just." Very slowly her head had dropped until her chin rested hard above the little jewelled cross on her breast.

"You must tell me if I am wrong. You don't love me now—well enough to be happy with me here"—he waved one hand toward the straggling little town below them and then toward the lonely mountains—"I did not know that we would have to live here—but I know it now"—he checked himself, and afterward she recalled the tone of those last words, but then they had no especial significance.

"Am I wrong?" he repeated, and then he said hurriedly, for her face was so piteous—"No, you needn't give yourself the pain of saying it in words. I want you to know that I understand that there is nothing in the world I blame you for—nothing—nothing. If there is any blame at all, it rests on me alone." She broke toward him with a cry then.

"No—no, Jack," she said brokenly, and she caught his hand in both her own and tried to raise it to her lips, but he held her back and she put her face on his breast and sobbed heartbrokenly. He waited for the paroxysm to pass, stroking her hair gently.

"You mustn't feel that way, little girl. You can't help it—I can't help it—and these things happen all the time, everywhere. You don't have to stay here. You can go away and study, and when I can, I'll come to see you and cheer you up; and when you are a great singer, I'll send you flowers and be so proud of you and I'll say to myself, 'I helped do that.' Dry your eyes, now. You must go back to the hotel. Your father will be there by this time and you'll have to be starting home pretty soon."

Like a child she obeyed him, but she was so weak and trembling that he put his arm about her to help her down the hill. At the edge of the woods she stopped and turned full toward him.

"You are so good," she said tremulously, "so *good*. Why, you haven't even asked me if there was another——"

Hale interrupted her, shaking his head.

"If there is, I don't want to know."

"But there isn't, there isn't!" she cried, "I don't know what is the matter with me. I hate—" the tears started again, and again she was on the point of breaking down, but Hale checked her.

"Now, now," he said soothingly, "you mustn't, now—that's all right. You mustn't." Her anger at herself helped now.

"Why, I stood like a silly fool, tongue-tied, and I wanted to say so much. I——"

"You don't need to," Hale said gently, "I understand it all. I understand."

"I believe you do," she said with a sob, "better than I do."

"Well, it's all right, little girl. Come on."

They issued forth into the sunlight and Hale walked rapidly. The strain was getting too much for him and he was anxious to be alone. Without a word more they passed the old school-house, the massive new one and went on, in silence, down the street. Hitched to a post, near the hotel, were two gaunt horses with drooping heads, and on one of them was a side-saddle. Sitting on the steps of the hotel, with a pipe in his mouth, was the mighty figure of Devil Judd Tolliver. He saw them coming—at least he saw Hale coming, and that far away Hale saw his bushy eyebrows lifted in wonder at June. A moment later he rose to his great height without a word.

"Dad," said June in a trembling voice, "Don't you know me?" The old man stared at her silently and a doubtful smile played about his bearded lips.

"Hardly, but I reckon it's June."

She knew that the world to which Hale belonged would expect her to kiss him, and she made a movement as though she would, but the habit of a lifetime is not broken so easily. She held out her hand, and with the other patted him on the arm as she looked up into his face.

"Time to be goin', June, if we want to git thar afore dark!"

"All right, Dad."

The old man turned to his horse.

"Hurry up, little gal."

In a few minutes they were ready, and the girl looked long into Hale's face when he took her hand.

"You are coming over soon?"

"Just as soon as I can." Her lips trembled.

"Good-by," she faltered.

"Good-by, June," said Hale.

From the steps he watched them—the giant father slouching in his saddle and the trim figure of the now sadly misplaced girl, erect on the awkward pacing mountain beast as incongruous—the two—as a fairy on some prehistoric monster. A horseman was coming up the street behind him and a voice called:

"Who's that?" Hale turned—it was the Honorable Samuel Budd, coming home from court.

"June Tolliver."

"June Taliaferro," corrected the Hon. Sam with emphasis.

"The same." The Hon. Sam silently followed the pair for a moment through his big goggles.

"What do you think of my theory of the latent possibilities of the mountaineer—now?"

"I think I know how true it is better than you do," said Hale calmly, and with a grunt the Hon. Sam rode on. Hale watched them as they rode across the plateau—watched them until the Gap swallowed them up and his heart ached for June. Then he went to his room and there, stretched out on his bed and with his hands clenched behind his head, he lay staring upward.

. . . . . .

Devil Judd Tolliver had lost none of his taciturnity. Stolidly, silently, he went ahead, as is the custom of lordly man in the mountains—horseback or afoot—asking no questions, answering June's in the fewest words possible. Uncle Billy, the miller, had been complaining a good deal that Spring, and Old Hon had rheumatism. Uncle Billy's old maid sister, who lived on Devil's Fork, had been cooking at home since the last taking to bed of June's stepmother. Bub had "growed up" like a hickory sapling. Her cousin Loretta hadn't married, and some folks allowed she'd run away some day yet with young Buck Falin. Her cousin Dave had gone off to school that year, had come back a month before, and been shot through the shoulder. He was in Lonesome Cove now.

This fact was mentioned in the same matter-of-fact way as the other happenings. Hale had been raising Cain in Lonesome Cove—"A-cuttin' things down an' tearin' 'em up an' playin' hell generally."

The feud had broken out again and maybe June couldn't stay at home long. He didn't want her there with the fighting going on—whereat June's heart gave a start of gladness that the way would be easy for her to leave when she wished to leave. Things over at the Gap "was agoin' to perdition," the old man had been told, while he was waiting for June and Hale that day, and Hale had not only lost a lot of money, but if things didn't take a rise, he would be left head over heels in debt, if that mine over in Lonesome Cove didn't pull him out.

They were approaching the big Pine now, and June was beginning to ache and get

sore from the climb. So Hale was in trouble—that was what he meant when he said that, though she could leave the mountains when she pleased, he must stay there, perhaps for good.

"I'm mighty glad you come home, gal," said the old man, "an' that ye air goin' to put an end to all this spendin' o' so much money. Jack says you got some money left, but I don't understand it. He says he made a 'investment' fer ye and tribbled the money. I haint never axed him no questions. Hit was betwixt you an' him, an' 'twant none o' my business long as you an' him air goin' to marry. He said you was goin' to marry this summer an' I wish you'd git tied up right away whilst I'm livin', fer I don't know when a Winchester might take me off an' I'd die a sight easier if I knew you was tied up with a good man like him."

"Yes, Dad," was all she said, for she had not the heart to tell him the truth, and she knew that Hale never would until the last moment he must, when he learned that she had failed.

Half an hour later, she could see the stone chimney of the little cabin in Lonesome Cove. A little farther down several spirals of smoke were visible—rising from unseen houses which were more miners' shacks, her father said, that Hale had put up while she was gone. The water of the creek was jet black now. A row of rough wooden houses ran along its edge. The geese cackled a doubtful welcome. A new dog leaped barking from the porch and a tall boy sprang after him—both running for the gate.

"Why, Bub," cried June, sliding from her horse and kissing him, and then holding him off at arms' length to look into his steady gray eyes and his blushing face.

"Take the horses, Bub," said old Judd, and June entered the gate while Bub stood with the reins in his hand, still speechlessly staring her over from head to foot. There was her garden, thank God—with all her flowers planted, a new bed of pansies and one of violets and the border of laurel in bloom—unchanged and weedless.

"One o' Jack Hale's men takes keer of it," explained old Judd, and again, with shame, June felt the hurt of her lover's thoughtfulness. When she entered the cabin, the same old rasping petulant voice called her from a bed in one corner, and when June took the shrivelled old hand that was limply thrust from the bed-clothes, the old hag's keen eyes swept her from head to foot with disapproval.

"My, but you air wearin' mighty fine clothes," she croaked enviously. "I ain't had a new dress fer more'n five year;" and that was the welcome she got.

"No?" said June appeasingly, "Well, I'll get one for you myself."

"I'm much obleeged," she whined, "but I reckon I can git along."

A cough came from the bed in the other corner of the room.

"That's Dave," said the old woman, and June walked over where her cousin's black eyes shone hostile at her from the dark.

"I'm sorry, Dave," she said, but Dave answered nothing but a sullen "how-dy" and did not put out a hand—he only stared at her in sulky bewilderment, and June went back to listen to the torrent of the old woman's plaints until Bub came in. Then as she turned, she noticed for the first time that a new door had been cut in one side of the cabin, and Bub was following the direction of her eyes.

"Why, haint nobody told ye?" he said delightedly.

"Told me what, Bub?"

With a whoop Bud leaped for the side of the door and, reaching up, pulled a shining key from between the logs and thrust it into her hands.

"Go ahead," he said. "Hit's yourn."

"Some more o' Jack Hale's fool doings," said the old woman. "Go on, gal, and see whut he's done."

With eager hands she put the key in the lock and when she pushed open the door, she gasped. Another room had been added to the cabin—and the fragrant smell of cedar made her nostrils dilate. Bub pushed by her and threw open the shutters of a window to the low sunlight, and June stood with both hands to her head. It was a room for her—with a dresser, a long mirror, a modern bed in one corner, a work-table with a student's lamp on it, a wash-stand and a chest of drawers and a piano! On the walls were pictures and over the mantel stood the one she had first learned to love—two lovers clasped in each other's arms and under them the words "*Enfin Seul.*"

"Oh-oh," was all she could say, and choking, she motioned Bub from the room.

When the door closed, she threw herself sobbing across the bed.

Over at the Gap that night Hale sat in his office with a piece of white paper and a lump of black coal on the table in front of him. His foreman had brought the coal to him that day at dusk. He lifted the lump to the light of his lamp and from the centre of it a mocking evil eye leered back at him. The eye was a piece of shining black flint and told him that his mine in Lonesome Cove was but a pocket of cannel coal and worth no more than the smoldering lumps in his grate. Then he lifted the piece of white paper—it was his license to marry June.

XXIV

VERY slowly June walked up the little creek to the old log where she had lain so many happy hours. There was no change in leaf, shrub or tree, and not a stone in the brook had been disturbed. The sun dropped the same arrows down through the leaves—blunting their shining points into tremulous circles on the ground, the water sang the same happy tune under her dangling feet and a wood-thrush piped the old lay overhead.

Wood-thrush! June smiled as she suddenly re-christened the bird for herself now. That bird henceforth would be the Magic Flute to musical June—and she leaned back with ears, eyes and soul awake and her brain busy.

All the way over the mountain on that second home-going she had thought of the first, and even memories of the memories aroused by that first home-going came back to her—the place where Hale had put his horse into a dead run and had given her that never-to-be-forgotten thrill, and where she had slid from behind him to the ground and stormed with tears. When they dropped down into the green gloom of shadow and green leaves toward Lonesome Cove, she had the same feeling that her heart was being clutched by a human hand and that black night had suddenly fallen about her, but this time she knew what it meant. She thought then of the crowded sleeping-room, the rough beds and coarse blankets at home; the oil-cloth, spotted with drippings from a candle, that covered the table; the thick plates and cups; the soggy bread and the thick bacon floating in grease; the absence of napkins, the eating with knives and fingers and the noise Bub and her father made drinking their coffee. But then she knew all these things in advance, and the memories of them on her way over had prepared her for Lonesome Cove. The conditions were definite there; she knew what it would be to face them again—she was facing them all the way, and to her surprise the realities had hurt her less even than they had before. Then had come the same thrill over the garden, and now with that garden and her new room and her piano and her books, with Uncle Billy's sister to help do the work, and with the little changes that June was daily making in the household, she could live her own life even over there as long as she pleased, and then she would go out into the world again.

But all the way over from the Gap the way had bristled with accusing memories of Hale—even from the chattering creeks, the turns in the road, the sun-dappled bushes and trees and flowers; and when she passed the big Pine that rose with such friendly solemnity above her, the pang of it all hurt her heart and kept on hurting her. When she walked in the garden, the flowers seemed not to have the same spirit of gladness. It had been a dry season and they drooped for that reason, but the melancholy of them had a sympathetic human quality that depressed her. If she saw a bass shoot arrow-like into deep water; if she heard a bird or saw a tree or a flower whose name she had to recall, she thought of Hale. Do what she would, she could not escape the ghost that stalked at her side everywhere, so like a human presence that she felt sometimes a strange desire to turn and speak to it. And in her room that presence was all-pervasive. The piano, the furniture, the bits of bric-a-brac, the pictures and books—all were eloquent with his thought of her—and every night before she turned out her light she could not help lifting her eyes to her once-favorite picture—even that Hale had remembered—the lovers clasped in each other's arms—"at last alone"—only to see it now as a mocking symbol of his beaten hopes. She had written to thank him for it all, and not yet had he answered her letter. He had said that he was coming over to Lonesome

Cove and he had not come—why should he, on her account? Between them all was over—why should he? The question was absurd in her mind, and yet the fact that she had expected him, that she so *wanted* him, was so illogical and incongruous and vividly true that it raised her to a sitting posture on the log, and she ran her fingers over her forehead and down her dazed face until her chin was in the hollow of her hand, and her startled eyes were fixed unwaveringly on the running water and yet not seeing it at all. A call—her stepmother's cry—rang up the ravine and she did not hear it. She did not hear even Bub coming through the underbrush a few minutes later, and when he half angrily shouted her name at the end of the vista down-stream whence he could see her, she lifted her head from a dream so deep that in it all her senses had for the moment been wholly lost.

"Come on," he shouted.

She had forgotten—there was a "bean-stringing" at the house that day—and she slipped slowly off the log and went down the path, gathering herself together as she went, and making no answer to the indignant Bub who turned and stalked ahead of her back to the house. At the barn-yard gate her father stopped her—he looked worried.

"Jack Hale's jus' been over hyeh." June caught her breath sharply.

"Has he gone?" The old man was watching her and she felt it.

"Yes, he was in a hurry an' nobody knowed whar you was. He jus' come over, he said, to tell me to tell you that you could go back to New York and keep on with yo' singin' doin's whenever you please. He knowed I didn't want you hyeh when this war starts fer a finish as hit's goin' to, mighty soon now. He says he ain't quite ready to git married yit. I'm afeerd he's in trouble."

"Trouble?"

"I tol' you t'other day—he's lost all his money; but he says you've got enough to keep you goin' fer some time. I don't see why you don't git married right now and live over at the Gap."

June colored and was silent.

"Oh," said the old man quickly, "you ain't ready nuther,"—he studied her with narrowing eyes and through a puzzled frown—"but I reckon hit's all right, if you air goin' to git married some time."

"What's all right, Dad?" The old man checked himself:

"Ever' thing," he said shortly, "but don't you make a fool of yo'self with a good man like Jack Hale." And, wondering, June was silent. The truth was that the old man had wormed out of Hale an admission of the kindly duplicity the latter had practiced on him and on June, and he had given his word to Hale that he would not tell June. He did not understand why Hale should have so insisted on that promise, for it was all right that Hale should openly do what he pleased for the girl he was going to marry—but he had given his word: so he turned away, but his frown stayed where it was.

June went on, puzzled, for she knew that her father was withholding something, and she knew too that he would tell her only in his own good time. But she could go away when she pleased—that was the comfort—and with the thought she stopped suddenly at the corner of the garden. She could see Hale on his big black horse climbing the spur. Once it had always been his custom to stop on top of it to rest his horse and turn to look back at her, and she always waited to wave him good-by. She wondered if he would do it now, and while she looked and waited, the beating of her heart quickened nervously; but he rode straight on, without stopping or turning his head and June felt strangely bereft and resentful, and the comfort of the moment before was suddenly gone. She could hear the voices of the guests in the porch around the corner of the house—there was an ordeal for her around there and she went on. Loretta and Loretta's mother were there, and old Hon and several wives and daughters of Tolliver adherents from up Deadwood creek and below Uncle Billy's mill. June knew that the "bean-stringing" was simply an excuse for them to be there, for she could not remember that so many had ever gathered there before—at that function in the Spring, at corn-cutting in the Autumn, or sorghum-making time or at log-raisings or quilting parties, and she well knew the motive of these many and the curiosity of all save perhaps, Loretta, and the old miller's wife: and June was prepared for them. She had borrowed a gown from her stepmother—a purple creation of homespun—she had shaken down her beautiful hair and drawn

it low over her brows, and arranged it behind after the fashion of mountain women, and when she went up the steps of the porch she was outwardly to the eye one of them except for the leathern belt about her slenderly full waist, her black silk stockings and the little "furrin" shoes on her dainty feet. She smiled inwardly when she saw the same old wave of disappointment sweep across the faces of them all. It was not necessary to shake hands, but unthoughtedly she did, and the women sat in their chairs as she went from one to the other and each gave her a limp hand and a grave "howdy," though each paid an unconscious tribute to a vague something about her, by wiping that hand on an apron first. Very quietly and naturally she took a low chair, piled beans in her lap and, as one of them, went to work. Nobody looked at her at first until Ol' Hon broke the silence.

"You haint lost a spec o' yo' good looks, Juny."

June laughed without a flush—she would have reddened to the roots of her hair two years before.

"I'm feelin' right peart, thank ye," she said, dropping consciously into the vernacular; but there was a something in her voice that was vaguely felt by all as a part of the universal strangeness that was in her erect bearing, her proud head, her deep eyes that looked so straight into their own—a strangeness that was in that belt and those stockings and those shoes, inconspicuous as they were, to which she saw every eye in time covertly wandering as to tangible symbols of a mystery that was beyond their ken. Ol' Hon and the stepmother alone talked at first, and the others, even Loretta, said never a word.

"Jack Hale must have been in a mighty big hurry," quavered the old stepmother. "June ain't goin' to be with us long, I'm afeerd": and, without looking up, June knew the wireless significance of the speech was going around from eye to eye, but calmly she pulled her thread through a green pod and said calmly, with a little enigmatical shake of her head:

"I—don't know—I don't know."

Young Dave's mother was encouraged and all her effort at good-humor could not quite draw the sting of a spiteful plaint from her voice.

"I reckon she'd never git away, if my boy Dave had the sayin' of it." There was a subdued titter at this, but Bub had come in from the stable and had dropped on the edge of the porch. He broke in hotly.

"You jest let June alone, Aunt Tilly, you'll have yo' hands full if you keep yo' eye on Loretty thar."

Already when somebody was saying something about the feud, as June came around the corner, her quick eye had seen Loretta bend her head swiftly over her work to hide the flush of her face. Now Loretta turned scarlet as the step-mother spoke severely:

"You hush, Bub," and Bub rose and stalked into the house. Aunt Tilly was leaning back in her chair—gasping—and consternation smote the group. June rose suddenly with her string of dangling beans.

"I haven't shown you my room, Loretty. Don't you want to see it? Come on, all of you," she added to the girls, and they and Loretta with one swift look of gratitude rose shyly and trooped shyly within where they looked in wide-mouthed wonder at the marvellous things that room contained. The older women followed to share sight of the miracle, and all stood looking from one thing to another, some with their hands behind them as though to thwart the temptation to touch, and all saying merely:

"My! My!"

None of them had ever seen a piano before and June must play the "shiny contraption" and sing a song. It was only curiosity and astonishment that she evoked when her swift fingers began running over the keys from one end of the board to the other, astonishment at the gymnastic quality of the performance, and only astonishment when her lovely voice set the very walls of the little room to vibrating with a dramatic love-song that was about as intelligible to them as a problem in calculus, and June flushed and then smiled with quick understanding at the dry comment that rose from Aunt Tilly behind:

"She shorely can holler some!"

She couldn't play "Sourwood Mountain" on the piano—nor "Jinny git aroun'," nor "Soapsuds over the Fence," but with a sudden inspiration she went back to an old hymn that they all knew, and at the end she won the tribute of an awed silence that made them file back to the beans on the porch. Loretta lingered a

moment and when June closed the piano and the two girls went into the main room, a tall figure, entering, stopped in the door and stared at June without speaking:

"Why, how-dy, Uncle Rufe," said Loretta. "This is June. You didn't know her, did ye?" The man laughed. Something in June's bearing made him take off his hat; he came forward to shake hands, and June looked up into a pair of bold black eyes that stirred within her again the vague fears of her childhood. She had been afraid of him when she was a child, and it was the old fear aroused that made her recall him by his eyes now. His beard was gone and he was much changed. She trembled when she shook hands with him and she did not call him by his name. Old Judd came in, and a moment later the two men and Bub sat on the porch while the women worked, and when June rose again to go indoors, she felt the newcomer's bold eyes take her slowly in from head to foot and she turned crimson. This was the terror among the Tollivers—Bad Rufe, come back from the West to take part in the feud. *He* saw the belt and the stockings and the shoes, the white column of her throat and the proud set of her gold-crowned head; *he* knew what they meant, he made her feel that he knew, and later he managed to catch her eyes once with an amused, half-contemptuous glance at the simple untravelled folk about them, that said plainly how well he knew they two were set apart from them, and she shrank fearfully from the comradeship that the glance implied and would look at him no more. He knew everything that was going on in the mountains. He had come back "ready for business," he said. When he made ready to go, June went to her room and stayed there, but she heard him say to her father that he was going over to the Gap and with a laugh that chilled her soul:

"I'm goin' over to kill me a policeman." And her father warned gruffly:

"You better keep away from thar. You don't understand them fellers." And she heard Rufe's brutal laugh again, and, as he rode into the creek, his horse stumbled and she saw him cut cruelly at the poor beast's ears with the rawhide quirt that he carried. She was glad when all went home, and the only ray of sunlight in the day for her radiated from Uncle Billy's face when, at sunset, he came to take Ol' Hon home. The old miller was the one unchanged soul to her in that he was the one soul that could see no change in June. He called her "baby" in the old way, and he talked to her now as he had talked to her as a child. He took her aside to ask her if she knew that Hale had got his license to marry, and when she shook her head, his round, red face lighted up with the benediction of a rising sun:

"Well, that's what he's done, baby, an' he's axed me to marry ye," he added, with boyish pride, "he's axed *me*."

And June choked, her eyes filled, and she was dumb, but Uncle Billy could not see that it meant distress and not joy. He just put his arm around her and whispered:

"I ain't told a soul, baby—not a soul."

She went to bed and to sleep with Hale's face in the dream-mist of her brain, and Uncle Billy's, and the bold, black eyes of bad Rufe Tolliver—all fused, blurred, indistinguishable. Then suddenly Rufe's words struck that brain, word by word, like the clanging terror of a frightened bell.

"I'm goin' to kill me a policeman." And with the last word, it seemed, she sprang upright in bed, clutching the coverlid convulsively. Daylight was showing gray through her window. She heard a swift step up the steps, across the porch, the rattle of the door-chain, her father's quick call, then the rumble of two men's voices, and she knew as well what had happened as though she had heard every word they uttered. Rufe had killed him a policeman—perhaps John Hale—and with terror clutching her heart she sprang to the floor, and as she dropped the old purple gown over her shoulders, she heard the scurry of feet across the back porch—feet that ran swiftly but cautiously, and left the sound of them at the edge of the woods. She heard the back door close softly, the creaking of the bed as her father lay down again, and then a sudden splashing in the creek. Kneeling at the window, she saw strange horsemen pushing toward the gate where one threw himself from his saddle, strode swiftly toward the steps, and her lips unconsciously made soft, little, inarticulate cries of joy—for the stern, gray face under the hat of the man was the face of John Hale. After him pushed other men—fully armed—whom he motioned to either side of the cabin to the rear. By his side was Bob Berkley, and be-

hind him was a red-headed Falin whom she well remembered. Within twenty feet, she was looking into that gray face, when the set lips of it opened in a loud command:

"Hello!" She heard her father's bed creak again, again the rattle of the door-chain, and then old Judd stepped on the porch with a revolver in each hand.

"Hello!" he answered sternly.

"Judd," said Hale sharply—and June had never heard that tone from him before —"a man with a black moustache killed one of our men over in the Gap yesterday and we've tracked him over here. There's his horse—and we saw him go into that door. We want him."

"Do you know who the feller is?" asked old Judd calmly.

"No," said Hale quickly. And then, with equal calm:

"Hit was my brother," and the old man's mouth closed like a vise. Had the last word been a stone striking his ear—Hale could hardly have been more stunned. Again he called and almost gently:

"Watch the rear there," and then gently he turned to Devil Judd.

"Judd, your brother shot a man at the Gap—without excuse or warning. He was an officer and a friend of mine, but if he were a stranger—we want him just the same. Is he here?"

Judd looked at the red-headed man behind Hale.

"So, you're turned on the Falin side now, have ye?" he said contemptuously.

"Is he here?" repeated Hale.

"Yes, an' you can't have him." Without a move toward his pistol Hale stepped forward, and June saw her father's big right hand tighten on his huge pistol, and with a low cry she sprang to her feet.

"I'm an officer of the law," Hale said, "stand aside, Judd!" Bub leaped to the door with a Winchester—his eyes wild and his face white.

"Watch out, men!" Hale called, and as the men raised their guns there was a shriek inside the cabin and June stood at Bub's side barefooted, her hair tumbled about her shoulders, and her hand clutching the little cross at her throat.

"Stop!" she shrieked. "He isn't here. He's—he's gone!" For a moment a sudden sickness smote Hale's face, then Devil Judd's ruse flashed to him and, wheeling, he sprang to the ground.

"Quick!" he shouted, with a sweep of his hand right and left. "Up those hollows! Lead those horses up to the Pine and wait. Quick!"

Already the men were running as he directed and Hale, followed by Bob and the Falin, rushed around the corner of the house. Old Judd's nostrils were quivering, and with his pistols dangling in his hands he walked to the gate, listening to the sounds of the pursuit.

"They'll never ketch him," he said coming back, and then he dropped into a chair and sat in silence a long time. June reappeared, her face still white and her temples throbbing, for the sun was rising on days of darkness for her. Devil Judd did not even look at her.

"I reckon you ain't goin' to marry John Hale."

"No, Dad," said June.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER RAIN

By Christian Gauss

To-day it seemed the summer rain
Was comforting the world's old pain;
So soft it fell between the trees,
So gently did it cease.

It touched the dusty way with green,
It cheered me who had lonely been;
So fair the world, I could not be
Uncomforted of thee.

GUARANTY OF BANK DEPOSITS

By J. Laurence Laughlin

SOMETIMES our legislation falls into the hands of those politicians who confessedly pay no attention to the work of experts. The existence of complicated monetary and banking problems, understood by only a few, furnishes the opportunity for professional politicians to bring forward measures which may appeal to the private interests of one class as against another, but which show utter want of analysis and an ignorance of fundamental principles. For this reason legislation goes by jerks, now bad, now good, according as supposed public opinion favors the one or the other. Although we have many serious-minded statesmen, still a measure is not infrequently judged by its power to gain votes for the party in power in the next election. Consequently, the candidate for office is eagerly searching the field for schemes which can be regarded as personal belongings, and which will appeal to uninformed masses quite independent of their true ethical or monetary quality.

Of such a character was the "rag baby" of greenback days, or the free coinage of silver of more recent memory; and the last member to be added to this motley collection is the guaranty of bank deposits. Its appearance at this moment, soon after a financial crisis, follows the usual sequence of freak schemes in the wake of a business disturbance. It finds honest supporters not only from those who were injured by the inability to withdraw deposits in the days of recent panic, but also from those who believe they have found in it a means of preventing panics. Superficial thinking as to panics, and little understanding of the actual operations of banks, have provided a soil in which the proposal for a guaranty of bank deposits may take quick root. In the interests of a sound basis for our monetary and banking institutions, it is well worth the while to give a searching examination to a scheme which is quite certain to become an issue in the coming campaign.

The purpose of the scheme is to distribute the losses to depositors arising from bank failures among a large number of banks, instead of allowing them to fall on the innocent depositors who were not responsible for them. To this end it is proposed to levy a tax on the bankers to create a fund which, in charge of the National Treasury, shall be used to pay off at once the claims of depositors in insolvent banks. Some advocate the guaranty of the Government, others lay the whole burden on the banks, aided, perhaps, by an initial grant from the Government. There is, moreover, no agreement as to the actual working of the plan: (1) Some insist that its essential value lies in saving the depositor from waiting for his funds until the liquidation of the bank's assets; while (2) others think it is only to assure the depositor against ultimate loss, in case the assets are insufficient in the last resort. There is a difference between these two objects: the former provides for immediate, the latter for ultimate, redemption of deposits. Arguments for the one would not apply to the other. At first, the benefit was supposed to centre about the ability of the depositor in the failed bank to cash his claim at the very time when emergency conditions were pressing upon him dangerously. Hence, he would not be crippled by loss of his means in a time when he must meet maturing obligations. This view, however, seems to have been abandoned as untenable; because it was quickly pointed out that in the recent panic, deposits of more than $100,000,000 were tied up; and to pay off this sum on demand would require an accumulated guaranty fund much larger than that mentioned by any of its advocates. The Fowler bill evidently assumes that $25,000,000 is enough, while elsewhere $50,000,000 is thought sufficient. Therefore, if the fund is intended only for the ultimate redemption of depositors' claims, it will not prove of much advantage to the man in the hour of panic. The panic and the vital need will be long gone by before the claim is realized upon.

In proposing to guarantee depositors in general, there is an obvious lack of discrimination in failing to distinguish between depositors in savings banks, whose assets must necessarily be of an investment character, and depositors engaged in active business, who keep checking accounts at commercial banks, which must always keep assets in cash sufficient to meet normal demand requirements. For this first class, savings banks under the laws of the various states are created; and, of course, not all states have been careful in providing safety for such depositors. These small depositors are the ones usually referred to when pictures are drawn of the misery entailed upon persons who could have had no means of deciding whether one bank was safer than another. The protection for depositors in savings banks (or small private banks) is a wholly different problem from one dealing with commercial banks.

It is for this first class that Government postal banks are suggested as offering absolute safety. Apart from the inevitable difficulties arising from the investment of hundreds of millions of dollars by Government officials, and the selection of securities—very grave difficulties—there can be no doubt as to the safety provided for all who would be thought incapable of intelligent choice of a bank in which to make time deposits. Therefore, a Government system, if adopted, would remove much of the sentiment manufactured for consumption among the small depositors of the country in favor of the insurance of bank deposits. Moreover, by caring for this class of persons, who might be victimized by unprincipled bankers, the case for the guaranty of deposits in commercial banks left there by active and keen business men —who, moreover, usually deposit where they can also get loans—can be better treated by itself. Nor would the establishment of a Government savings system have any appreciable effect on the sums left with the commercial banks.

The real question, therefore, has to do with commercial banks, such as our national banks, and some of those created by the states; for the trust companies and state banks, while carrying on savings departments, actively strive for the business of commercial banks, and cannot by any means be ignored. Yet, in the main, the national banks must receive our greatest attention. In fact, because the national banks issue notes, the insurance of these notes by a guaranty fund, providing for their immediate redemption, has been generally admitted as desirable and feasible; although their ultimate redemption is secured by a first lien on assets or by the deposit of bonds. If, then, the insurance of the note-holder is regarded as necessary, why not extend the same idea to the depositor?

There is, however, a wide difference in the position of the note-holder and the depositor. When a demand liability of a bank, in the form of a note, comes to be used as money, and is passed from hand to hand by buyers and sellers who have no knowledge whatever of the standing of the issuing bank, it must have universal acceptability. It should be no more necessary for each receiver of the note to stop and ascertain the solvency of the issuer, than it should be necessary for the receiver of a gold coin to stop to test and weigh the fineness of the metal contained in it. It is not in the interest of the bank, but in the interest of the busy public, that protection is thrown around the issue of notes. In its work as a medium of exchange the note often goes forth to a great distance from its place of issue, and often remains in circulation for a long period before being returned for redemption. It is quite otherwise with the deposit. While the note performs a general and social function, the deposit arises solely from a personal and voluntary act. Deposits can never possess such a universal and general currency, because each particular check must always submit to proof of the existence of funds sufficient to meet the order. The note-holder is usually an involuntary, and the depositor a voluntary, creditor of the bank. The use of a deposit always implies recourse to a bank in order to give it effect in payment; while a note requires no proof, no indorsement, no identification, in establishing its right to move in the world of exchange. The depositor selects his own bank and takes the risks implied in a voluntary choice, thus becoming responsible for his act, just as any one does when he gives credit to a buyer or lets a house. Consequently, the reasons for a guaranty

of the notes are obvious; while they would have no application to the guaranty of deposits. If it be said that depositors are often ignorant of the soundness of one bank as compared with another, it may be answered that such an excuse might be admitted for the class of small savings-bank depositors, but not for the ordinary man of business who deals with a commercial bank. There are abundant means of finding out the standing of banks in any city. Or, if it be said that no depositor, not a director, knows what is going on on the inside of a bank, so it might be said that a seller of goods on credit does not know what the distant buyer is doing with his purchased goods, for which he has not yet paid.

A depositor is, of course, a creditor of a bank; that is, the relation of a depositor to a bank is only one of many other relations existing between creditor and debtor. Is there anything peculiar in the case of the depositor which sets him apart from all other creditors, who have voluntarily entered into a creditor relation, and which entitles him alone to protection against the consequences of his own acts? If one sort of creditor should be insured against the usual mischances of business, why should we not insure all? Why discriminate in favor of him who is rich enough to have a bank deposit? A humble washerwoman who often has outstanding debts which she cannot collect ought to be insured against loss as well as a depositor; she has little means of knowing, except by bitter experience, whom to trust. And the same might be said of the cobbler, the milkman, the grocer, the doctor, the merchant, or the large wholesale seller of dry-goods, or of any other article; for they have accounts against others for which they need the collections as well as the depositor in a bank—perhaps more. Why this sudden access of interest in the creditors, when in the silver agitation every true patriot's heart was burning with zeal to help out the poor debtor? Has the politician exhausted the possibilities of sympathy in the debtor, and wishes to try new pastures? Obviously, the proposal to insure depositors as an application of a general principle of insuring all creditors is childish; and has been born in the mind of a man who does not think of things beyond his own nose.

Pathetic pictures have been drawn of the misery created by the failure of a private state bank in Chicago, the Milwaukee Avenue Bank: how innocent men and women lost a life's savings; how foreigners saw their fortunes disappear before they had got settled in the new land; how small dealers were ruined; how some became insane, and others committed suicide. Then, it was added, almost the whole of the deposits were in the end paid out of the assets by the receiver. Hence, if the deposits had been guaranteed, all this misery would have been saved. Now no one would depreciate the frightful results of this unpardonable wrong-doing; but is this the only kind of misery to be cared for? And shall the state consciously engage to care for all such cases arising from accident or fraud? Let us turn from the picture just given to another. An honest and successful dealer was selling goods to Southern buyers before the Civil War. On the breaking out of the conflict he found all his outstanding debts uncollectible; he was ruined; his children had even to be withdrawn from school and set to work for bread; and this man, broken down, ended his life in the poor-house. He lost everything; while depositors who waited recovered most of their deposits. If depositors suffer from no error of their own, so also did our merchant suffer from no error which he could have repaired. In both cases, the persons had acted voluntarily, and both had to take the chances going with acts of their own choice. When all evil and possibility of misjudgment have gone from our world, then, and only then, may we think of insuring depositors and all other creditors.

There is no more justice in laying the depositor's losses, for which he is not responsible, upon others who, also, are not responsible for the losses, than it would be for A, who has been robbed by B, to ask that his honest neighbor C should be robbed to make up for his loss. No matter how confidingly A had trusted B, C is not responsible for A's voluntary acts. Similarly, the honest and efficient banks cannot in justice be asked to make up to a depositor in a failed bank, losses for which the honest and efficient banks had no responsibility whatever. It would be clearly unfair to hold a small, conservatively man-

aged country bank responsible for the "frenzied finance" of some large bank in a great city. All reason, all justice, demand that the punishment be inflicted on the doer of the wrong and not on the innocent neighbor. In fact, the ethical justification for taxing sound banks to cover the lapses of unsound banks has no existence whatever. It is unmoral. Moreover, it is a question whether the courts would enforce such a law against the rights of property.

More than that, it is not supported by any theory of political expediency but the socialistic. The advocates of insurance deplore the suggestion that it is socialistic, and are as much horrified by the mention of socialism as the devil is by the sight of the cross; and yet what does the analysis show? It is not necessary to explain to intelligent readers that socialism is not opposed to individualism; socialists look to the state to do for them what they admit that they cannot do for themselves under a system of free competition. They charge against the forms of society what is due to the deficiencies of human nature, assuming that a change in the forms of society will change elemental human nature. The failure to hold their own in the struggle of life is the incentive to socialistic thinking. Disagreeable as it may sound, in reality socialism is the philosophy of failure. To be asked to be relieved from the ill success, or risk, of one's own business ventures is of the very essence of socialism. When human nature has changed its spots, and can be trusted to go straight without existing incentives, then we may begin to remove the dread of loss from those who make mistakes without expecting a depreciation of human fibre. It is only because men must look out for themselves that they differ in business fibre from women and children who are separated from the world of competitive effort. One may admit all the distress arising from the inability of the depositor to draw his deposits in cash; and yet one would not, as a consequence, need to demand insurance against every emergency in which misery may arise from the hazards of business. The essential idea in the scheme for guaranteeing deposits in commercial banks—quite apart from the humble savings-bank depositor—is to relieve a man from the responsibility for using bad business judgment; and it is based on the principle of freeing men from the results of all business engagements in which there may be a risk of loss. If we once begin on this principle, we must care for all those who have entered into the relation of creditor to another. The scheme is the product of a narrowness which has seen only one superficial phase of the problem, and which has hurried to a general conclusion without having studied the wide-reaching effects of an enervating and impractical policy.

In some of the pleas for insurance, deposits are supposed to be "all the money people possess," "the people's cash," a "huge volume of money." Since this sum, fabulously large, is in the banks, the whole business fabric rests upon the banks. The only thing which sustains this critical situation is the confidence of the depositors in the bank; when time of stress comes this confidence gives way to distrust, followed by a scramble for cash. Then, says the insurance advocate, do that which will establish perpetual confidence by the depositor in the bank, and we shall never more have panics. The plan is so compact, so easy, that it recalls at once the naïve method by which the Chinaman got his supply of roast pig.

Probably it has never occurred to such theorists to examine the payments to a bank by depositors in any one day. If they had, they would find that in large cities the cash paid in was insignificant compared with the overwhelming part in checks drawn on deposit accounts. Moreover, the deposit item in the national banks now moves in close correspondence, in amount and in changes, with the loan item. In fact, a loan is immediately followed by the granting of a deposit in favor of the borrower. That is, the large mass of deposits in commercial banks are the result of loans; and the creation of a demand deposit is always accompanied by leaving an equivalent value, as the security for the deposit, in the assets. The loan given for carrying wheat, or cotton, creates a demand deposit, which can be drawn on on demand by the borrower; but the assets have gained a right over the wheat, or cotton, or its equivalent value, which will issue in some means of payment in thirty

or ninety days. If the goods are salable, the deposits are safe. In short, the deposits are as safe as the assets on which they are based; provided loans are based on commercial paper, the deposits are as safe as the quick goods passing between buyer and seller. The deposits, therefore, depend for their safety on the kind of assets taken by a bank for a loan; they do not depend on an abstraction like "confidence." To secure safety to the depositor, all attention should converge on the quality and liquid nature of the assets in the loan account. In order to have confidence, we must primarily see to it that loans are made with good judgment. The whole matter pivots on this consideration. The only way to avoid a crisis is to avoid expansion; which is only another way of saying, avoid taking assets which will not certainly protect the deposits when liquidation is enforced.

When, therefore, insurance of deposits is proposed as a means of preventing panics, because it will secure confidence, we are confronted with a singularly crude understanding of what causes panics, and what the operations of a bank really are. Confidence, of course, has its place in these matters; but we can have confidence only if there is a basis for confidence. In case one sends freight on a railway, one cannot avoid accidents by serenely leaning back and assuming—after Christian Science methods—confidence. If the railway is carelessly managed and poorly equipped, there will be wrecks and destruction of freight, no matter what the mental attitude of the shipper is. But then, says the insurance advocate, tax all the railways for an insurance fund to pay for the losses; and, then, notice how all the good railways will report upon the bad ones, with the result that there will be no more accidents. This illustration brings forth the nub of the whole question. You can prevent accidents and losses only by directing your discipline to men and equipment; you can secure safety by correct railway methods, not merely by requesting confidence. No, say the insurance advocates, establish a guaranty against all losses, and you will have confidence, no matter how badly a railway conducts its service; and, if good railways must contribute, they will see that the bad railways have no more wrecks. Imagine, in practice, the outcome if the Pennsylvania Railway were to be called upon to pay for damages due to accidents on the Erie or on the Baltimore and Ohio. The Pennsylvania, if well and safely conducted, has enough to do to watch its own road, to say nothing of a road over which it has no daily and direct control. If the poor road were free from all responsibility for damages due to its own management, what incentive would there be to improve its methods? Insuring the goods may reimburse the shipper, but it does not touch the internal conduct of the road. And, if a good road gets no advantage from its fine roadbed, its solid bridges, its well-trained force, why should it keep up its superior condition? If it does not gain traffic by its superior condition over an inferior road, there is no reason for expenditure of mind and money in safeguards.

The parallel between the railways and the banks is practically complete. Confidence in banks can be due, not to external forces, like insurance of any losses which may occur, but to internal forces directed upon the methods of business management, and the quality of the assets which serve as the security for the deposits. If the internal management is careful and judicious, the deposits are safe, and we can have confidence in their safety. Moreover, if a good bank gets no advantage from its sound business methods, its conservative loans, its skill in avoiding losses, and its experienced staff, why should it try to keep a superior standard? The insurance idea seems to be that we can have confidence in banks, if only some one will pay the losses. This is as much as to say, we are not afraid of fire, even if incendiaries are about, because we are insured; when, in truth, the only permanent confidence is due to measures which will eliminate the incendiaries. So, in banking, everything is secondary to the character of the assets in the loan item.

It cannot be insisted upon too strongly that the effort to create confidence and prevent panics by insurance of deposits is going to the wrong end of the problem. The deposits can never be any safer than the assets. Therefore, if we wish to create confidence and prevent panics, every effort should be directed to securing only the safest kind of assets. This is the crux of

the whole matter. To talk only of insurance, and to minimize the importance of the quality of the assets, is only to act after the damage is done; to close the stable door after the horse is gone. Of course, the insurance advocate will say that insurance will bring about safer banking methods; but of that more later on.

The insurance theorists probably mean that their scheme would prevent a panic, because it would prevent a run on any bank in the system. One would be curious to know upon what analysis of credit operations a crisis could be regarded as due merely to the state of mind which leads to a run for cash. In truth a run, a lack of confidence, is a consequence, not a cause, of panic conditions. It is a consequence of doubt as to the kind of business the banks have been doing; it is a consequence as has already been insisted upon—of the poor quality of the assets. Every experienced man of affairs knows that the material for a financial catastrophe is collected by previous years of extravagance, over-trading, and expansion of credit; and that it is only an accident whether it is this or that event which touches off the powder magazine. The actual liquidation of the past months shows upon what mistaken calculations many of our loans were based, and how rotten much of our credit fabric was. The Heinze-Morse affairs of October, 1907, were only one set of incidents in a series of existing weaknesses, which had shown their appearance as early as the previous March. Now, when the assets in the loan item of the banks have only a fictitious value, when they lose their liquid quality, it is childish to talk about creating "confidence" by legislation, or by such a scheme as guaranty of deposits. It would not change the previous expansion of credit. A run is merely the logical sequence of what has gone before; and the evils of the past need time to be worked out. You may put salve on the spot kicked by a mule, but the salve cannot be said to have prevented the kick.

If the advocates of deposit-insurance are really in earnest in wishing to mitigate the effects of an unreasoning run by depositors —after previous conditions have produced a crisis—let them carefully consider the reforms needed in our system of bank-note issues. When unfavorable developments, like the Heinze and Morse revelations, create a supicion as to banking soundness, then suddenly psychological conditions appear arising from alarm as to the safety of deposits. Could a guaranty of deposits be a rational cure for this fear? Let me explain briefly the situation which makes a run dangerous. In order to serve the public, the bank gives a borrower present means of payment in return for which the bank gets repayment by waiting a short time. In reality, when the bank gives him a right to draw on demand, the whole risk as to the transaction turning out right falls on the bank; that is, the bank veritably insures the soundness of the business transaction on which the loan was based. Quite effectively, the banks express the value of salable goods in a means of payment, and enable a borrower, by checks on a deposit account, to exchange the value of his goods for other goods which he wishes to buy. Obviously, no one wishes cash, because he loses interest on it so long as it is in his possession. Hence, when affairs are normal, men do not ask for cash—not even for the percentage required in the legal reserves. This explains why a bank may legitimately have $70,000,000 of demand deposits, and yet perhaps keep only $18,000,000 of cash reserves. Now, under such conditions, what happens if the customers lose their heads, and all ask for cash? Of course, they could not all get it; and these customers, under an unwritten law, became depositors, knowing they could not get it. In spite of the superficial impression that a deposit in a bank is cash, it is not so in reality; and it could never have been so "nominated in the bond," if wanted all at once. Nor could any conceivable guaranty fund be enough to provide the cash. It is an utter impossibility.

But, on the other hand, observe that the whole object intended by a guaranty of deposits could be gained by a safe and properly elastic note-issue—such as is proposed in the Fowler and other bills. It would enable the immediate exchange of a deposit liability into a note liability, without altering the relation of reserves to demand liabilities, and yet retaining for the notes the same assets as security which previously were regarded as safe for the deposits. Not only would this plan not

diminish the power of the bank to lend, but it would save its reserves of lawful money from being drawn upon, and thus even increase the ability to lend to needy borrowers. But it would do another very important thing: it would quiet the psychological conditions leading to runs, by enabling the bank to pay out its own obligations in the form of "money" which would satisfy the demand to hoard, and enable trust companies, and other institutions, to be supplied with cash. If national banks, in the recent crisis, had been able to reduce demand deposits by increasing demand notes, in the same proportion, they would have been able to meet the request for pay-rolls, and for the cash needed in ordinary retail trade, without having had practically to suspend payment from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By providing notes, the banks would not have obliged business houses, as they did, because of the suspension in the recent crisis, to withhold their daily cash receipts and not deposit them in the banks. Moreover, if depositors could have obtained notes *pro tanto*, the newly born agitation for the guaranty of deposits would, in all probability, have never made any headway. In fact, the demand for a guaranty of deposits ought to be directed into a thoughtful demand for a system of note-issues which would effectively remove the difficulties under which depositors labor in the hours of a panic.

Still further, it should be mentioned that these new note-issues should in no respect differ in color, design, security, or wording, from notes previously issued in normal times. In a crisis, or in the critical conditions preceeding one, or in any emergency of the money market, it should not be necessary to go out with a brass band to inform the public that it was quite time to get into a panic because special emergency notes were about to be issued.

In times of stress, however, the depositor's need is not the most important; for if he has a deposit he can pay a debt by a check. We must consider, in this matter, not the banks, but the great business public who need help. The fundamental need is the grant of a loan, or the continuation of an old one, which gives the right to draw on a deposit. Men are driven to liquidate, to throw over securities to meet maturing obligations. A loan is the protection from ruin. If legitimate borrowers can get loans, the worst is over. Now, it is needless to say that a guaranty of deposits does not in any way affect the ability of a bank to lend in a time of panic; therefore, it will have no appreciable influence in relieving the conditions brought on by a collapse of credit. The only thing that it can do, at the best, is to save the depositor from waiting for his funds during the time of liquidation; and even this purpose is now abandoned by insurance advocates as impossible. The real alarm—and the one which needs to be quieted—is that based on questions as to the value and character of the assets of the bank; and that depends upon the whole management in a time reaching back into the past.

The plan for insurance of deposits is urged by its advocates as one which will induce more careful banking, because contributors to the fund will be more vigilant in acting as policemen over other bankers, and stop illegitimate methods in their inception. On the other hand, its opponents claim that it will reduce the best managed to the level of the worst managed bank, and remove all premium on skill, honesty and ability.

Obviously, the deposits of a bank are as safe as the value of the assets in the loan item, no more, no less. Apart from fraud and stealing, what is bad banking? Clearly, it is the lending of too much to favored, or inside, parties; and the inability to know good from bad paper, and "quick" from tied-up investments. Every conceivable reward should exist to bring pressure on a banker to have courage in declining questionable loans. The moment such pressure is removed, the opportunity is enlarged for taking on assets, which, at the first real emergency, will crumble in value, and leave the depositors unsecured even by long and difficult liquidation. Therefore, to relieve the banker from the logical consequences of his own mistakes, of his own weaknesses, is to take away practically the only real safeguard effective on human nature in a business touching the trusts of countless financial interests. The result of such a guaranty would, in my opinion, tend to put a premium on the "popular" and "obliging"

banker, as against the careful and judicious banker; to spread throughout the country the influence of men who care more for bigness than safety in their accounts; to build up credit unsupported by legitimate trade; and in the end would bring on financial convulsions proportional in disaster to the extent of the doubtful banking. Not only would it be unjust to ask the efficient to meet the losses of the inefficient, but it is poor policy to stimulate the inefficient to try to do that for which they are unfit.

An essential difference between banks in management, stability, conservatism, and success cannot wisely or justly be wiped out, without losing the very elements of safety and permanence in our business relations. A great bank with a large capital and surplus affords a wider margin of safety to deposits than can be afforded by a small bank; and the large bank will draw deposits for these very reasons. Moreover, depositors in practice keep their deposits where they are likely to be able to get loans from time to time; and an examination of figures in any commercial bank would probably show that, during any given season, some large depositors had been owing the bank about as much in the form of loans as the bank was owing the depositors. In that case, in order to treat both sides fairly, would it not be just to ask the depositors also to insure the banks against loss from loans? In fact, if the argument for insurance of deposits has any validity, then the same system, in order to treat both interests in question with equal justice, should be extended by a tax on all borrowers to insure the bank from loss from unfortunate loans. If this were done there would be no need of guaranteeing deposits; for if assets are safe, deposits are safe. Indeed, too much is claimed for this guaranty of deposits. All the gains of society are credited to it, until one is inclined to think its advocates see in the term only the initials of the words, and have made it into a G. O. D.

Since the guaranty of deposits will not prevent the materials for a crisis gathering; since it will not advance sound banking methods; since it is unjust to legitimate bankers; and since all the benefits to be gained by it can be secured by a proper note issue (which would mitigate runs), or by better methods of banking, there is no great reason for going into a scheme which is as distinctly socialistic as this one. Moreover, among the means of securing better banking is the improvement of national bank inspections. At present appointments as inspectors are made for political, and not for expert, qualifications; nor are the fees, assignments, and frequency of examinations what they should be. The Clearing House Associations, in default of proper national inspections, and also to aid in legitimate banking by state banks, and the trust companies clearing through their associations, have established inspection agencies of their own, which have proved remarkably efficient in securing safety to the community from failures. Such action is worth all the guaranty schemes ever born in giving protection to depositors, and it is done in the only business-like way practicable. The example set by the Clearing House Association of Chicago, after the Walsh failure, is being followed in other cities.

When examined from the point of view of technical insurance principles, the guaranty method is not impossible of treatment for the hazard incurred. Any uncertainty can be insured, provided the premium is large enough. It is said that companies already exist ready to insure deposits at one-fourth of one per cent.; but they evidently expect to choose the banks. And just here arises the central difficulty. In ordinary fire insurance, one enters it voluntarily; and one gets a different rate according to differences in the moral and physical hazard. Yet in the guaranty of deposits all banks are forced to enter the scheme. If a group of banks of high standing voluntarily chose to insure each other's deposits, because they had confidence in each other's management, that would be a different thing from the plan generally proposed. Moreover, the parallel with fire insurance, in which the owners of the property risked pay the premium, and the insurance of deposits, in which the depositor does not pay the premium, does not hold. As a strictly insurance question, it should be left to the insurance companies and the depositors. This was practically the outcome reached by the Kansas legislature, when asked to follow

the radical action of Oklahoma, which has a guaranty of deposits established by state law.

If the guaranty is desired for the immediate redemption of all deposits in failed banks in any crisis, a very large fund in cash would be required. For deposits in national banks alone, a five-per-cent. fund would be about $216,000,000—a sum too large to be allowed to lie idle in cash. If invested in bonds, it can no longer be regarded as available for immediate redemption. In fact, the aim of immediate redemption, as already said, seems to have been dropped. If, on the other hand, the guaranty is intended only for ultimate redemption, after the bank's assets have been liquidated, it will not materially change existing conditions, and will not give ardent advocates of deposit-insurance what they are clamoring for—the immediate control of their funds in failed banks. Of course, it might be said that, if ultimate redemption were assured, deposit accounts in failed banks would become negotiable, like any other delayed payments. But the same is true now: the accounts in the suspended Knickerbocker Trust Company were bought and sold; and the price should properly vary with the time of discount, and the risks involved. The average annual losses to depositors in national banks, after complete liquidation, have been remarkably small, or only one-twentieth of one per cent. for forty-three years. This fact has been used to prove how small the guaranty fund need be. But if ultimate redemption is accomplished with such little loss, there is not so great a need for a fund as supposed. The error of the insurance theorists is in confusing ultimate with immediate redemption, and arguing that if a small fund is needed for the former, the latter can be as easily provided for. The mistake is patent.

Finally, the appeal to history gives the plan no authority. We have had experience with a guaranty of deposits in New York under the Safety Fund Act, April 2, 1829. The conditions of the country and the understanding of banking were such at that time that the lessons from that experiment cannot have very much value. Then, there was held only one reserve for both notes and deposits. Expansion of loans in those days meant, in the main, an expansion of notes. The safety fund was, therefore, a protection to both notes and deposits; but as business was then largely done by notes, its service was much as would be rendered to-day by a guaranty of deposits. What then was the outcome? The fund was established by levying a tax of one-half of one per cent. on the capital stock, until a fund of three per cent. was reached. After eight years, the fund was tested by the crisis of 1837, when there were ninety banks in operation with a capital of $32,200,000. All the banks suspended, and the act itself was suspended for a year. Again, in 1840-1842, the system was put to test by eleven serious bank failures. Thereupon, in 1842, it was decreed that the fund should hereafter be used only for the redemption of the notes of failed banks. The experience of Vermont and Michigan is still less satisfactory. In brief, as a guaranty of deposits it proved a signal failure—although the experiment, as I have said, is not conclusive for present conditions.

TWO FOOLS AND A FARM

By Bradley Gilman

THE two fools were my wife and myself. I hesitate, as I write out this chapter of our family history, which of our names to put first. Martha and I have never been able to agree which was the greater fool. In my desire for harmony, I have sometimes stated the matter thus: that I began as the greater fool, and ended as the less; and that she began as the less and ended as the greater. But this form of statement has never received a majority-vote in our family councils. I once put the case in the reverse form; that I began as the less and ended as the greater, and that she began as the greater and ended as the less; this statement also was received coldly; and thus the matter rests. Martha is willing to admit that there was foolishness, but she refuses to take any part of the responsibility for it; she grants the existence of foolishness in the abstract, but she will not descend to personalities.

Our desire to buy a farm grew out of the cares and trials involved in our parish work in a little New Hampshire village. A deep feeling of unrest came to us, one spring, at the season when the birds feel the migratory instinct; and when the merest chance threw in our way a copy of a farm-pamphlet just issued by the New Hampshire Agricultural Society we hailed it as "providential leading" toward a happier future.

That pamphlet contained a detailed list, with descriptions, of all the old and abandoned farms in the State. On the cover was a picture of a farm-house shaded by large trees, a barn, with great mows of hay pressing out through the open doorway, and cows and hens scattered freely about in the foreground. Above this fascinating picture was printed, in full-faced type, "Why not have a home?"

"Ah, why not?" sighed Martha, and relapsed into a sad reverie. The question aroused painful consciousness of our limited exchequer, and was of the rhetorical kind often used in sermons—it required no verbal answer. But as our eyes passed together down over the first page of the list, and noted the prices attached to each of the farms described, we simultaneously felt a thrill of hope. The prices were much lower than we had anticipated; and with quickened pulse we read them aloud: "$800, half down. $600, payable in five years. $300, cash."

Thus we turned over the pages hastily, searching, as a general searches, for the weakest spot in the enemy's defences; and Martha's timid tones grew stronger and firmer as she read aloud the surprisingly low prices at which these "Homes" were offered. When she found one marked $200, she laughed in joy; and I, for my part, felt emboldened to draw myself up to a very erect position and to say, in a tone of masculine confidence, "Martha, we may yet pick fruit from our own orchard, and eat vegetables under our own roof, after growing them in our own garden." Then we fell to reading the descriptions in detail. All of them began by stating the number of acres on the farm; and followed with accounts of "orchards," "grass-land," "wood-lots," "southerly exposure," "buildings in good repair," "distance from railroad," and so on, through an enticing list of attractions.

From that time on, through the remainder of March and the whole of April, the subject was much in our minds. We enjoyed discussing the merits of the various descriptions. We went through the entire list, and marked, with a pencil, those whose prices came inside $250, which we decided was our limit. We read and re-read the pamphlet so many times that it grew dilapidated, "like the farms themselves," Martha suggested, with a gay laugh which did my heart good; and we let that copy become an "abandoned" copy, and straightway sent for another one.

It was settled, by a unanimous vote, that when the April mud had dried sufficiently to put the roads in good condition, we would accept Deacon Eastman's standing offer of his "team"—a rickety old country-wagon and a frowzy old "ma'ar"—and

take drives out into the country to inspect such of the farms as lay within driving distance.

Unconsciously we both fell into the way of talking about the joys of farm-life ; although—as we were both city-born—our knowledge of such matters was drawn chiefly from books and from brief vacations in the country.

I borrowed some back numbers of *The Cultivator* from an aged neighbor, who showed surprise at my new interest in farming, and came over the next day to discuss the relative merits of ensilage and corn-feed for "beef-critters." He was obliged, however, to take both sides of the discussion, for I was not yet master of even the vocabulary ; but I presently got him switched off on to the subject of poultry, and he brought forth many ideas, both new and old, which Martha afterward thought useful.

So Martha and I read *The Cultivator*, and gradually the household took on a rural quality which was gratifying, and in no way expensive. We questioned the grocer about the prices of eggs and butter, and my wife felt sure that a small fortune awaited us if we kept hens and cows, while I inclined to the raising of early vegetables, and berries, and fruit.

We were impatient about the rains in April, but in due time the roads dried, and our search for our farm began. Our way was to arrange an afternoon's drive so that we could visit two or three of the farms selected by us for examination. To confess the hard truth, we were a little depressed by our first day's experience. The farm first visited by us was described as a "river-farm of one hundred acres, with good soil, buildings in fair condition, good fishing and boating."

Well, we found it to be, indeed, a "river-farm" ; for the river on which it was placed was swollen by the spring rains, and about sixty of the one hundred acres mentioned were under water. The whole place fairly dripped with moisture ; and the luxuriant growth of green moss that covered the roof of the ell, augured badly for my rheumatism. We drove down the lane that led to the place, but did not alight from our vehicle. Fishing and boating! Why you could have fished out of the kitchen windows, and launched a boat from the roof of the shed. We could see enough to satisfy us, without minute examination. Then we looked at each other, and Martha, without any words, drew out our pamphlet and began to look for the next farm on our list.

In silence I turned the horse, and we started for that. It was described as a "hill-farm, with pasturage for forty head of cattle, grass-land cutting ten tons of hay, and very *sightly*."

After an hour's drive across the hills we reached the place. We were pleased with the surroundings, and Martha brightened up considerably. The elevation and the extensive view from the place seemed very attractive, after our other experience ; and, as we came nearer, climbing up a steep hill, the barn first appeared, and was indeed in excellent condition. But what of the house ! Where was that ?

We peered about, with a feeling of chagrin and even of outrage rising in our hearts. Then we timidly glanced at each other, and I saw that Martha's pleased smile had faded. There was, indeed, no house to be seen ; and a careful reading of the entire description made evident the fact which we, in our delight and haste, had overlooked, that all reference to a house had been skilfully avoided. We had actually climbed up that long, steep hill to look at a farm which had no house ; it never had one. It was owned by a man who lived miles away, who had used the great barn for storage of hay, and expected the purchaser to do likewise.

With our spirits somewhat dampened, despite the dry air of this elevated "hill-farm," yet in no wise discouraged, we again had recourse to our pamphlet, our *vade mecum*, and again set out for the next farm checked off on the list.

This farm was described as "a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, equally divided into grass-land, pasture, and wood-lots, with farm-house and outbuildings, and small barn capable of holding three tons of hay; one and a half miles from railroad station, and two miles from church."

"There!" exclaimed Martha, as she settled herself resolutely in the wagon, "I am glad the barn is small ; I've had enough of barns. More house and less barn will suit us better. I only hope the buildings are in good repair. That isn't said, in the

description, but I think that what is mentioned sounds very promising."

Alas, we were again to meet disappointment; as we came nearer the place, I caught sight of the house; and the ridge-pole, outlined against the sky, had a despondent concave curve in it, which at that moment lacked, to my eye, all that beauty which curves are said to contain. A nearer approach showed the roof extremely deficient in shingles, and the front-door hanging by one rusty hinge. The barn was in better repair, and we thought we would examine that first. So we left the "old ma'ar" nibbling grass at the roadside, and walked to the barn. It was plainly of later date than the house, and the "tie-up" could have been hardly more than three or four years old. The floor was firm, and there were but few chinks in the roof. Martha remarked, as we came out, that if the house proved uninhabitable, we might build over the barn a little, and thus get some very comfortable rooms.

I was about to reply, in a corroborative way, when my glance happened to rest on the side of the hill, a half-mile away, where the road led over a sharp ascent, and I saw a horse and wagon with no driver visible; the horse was walking rapidly up the hill, away from us; and we wondered, with a passing curiosity, where the driver was. "Perhaps he is picking berries, beside the road, as he walks up the hill to rest the horse."

This from the partner of my joys: but I replied from the depths of my superior wisdom. "Berries, Martha? Berries in May?" And I laughed softly. But my laugh became softer still as I looked over toward the place where we had left our "old ma'ar." She was not there; and a very large idea came to me, quite filling my mind. "Martha," I exclaimed, stopping short, "Do you know why that horse and wagon have just gone over that hill alone? It is because the two fools who ought to be sitting on that seat are standing here."

Martha was always hard to surprise; she disliked to confess such weakness of mind. She gave one little characteristic nervous cough and said, dryly, "Not two fools, Hiram; better say one. You ought to have hitched that animal."

There we were; four miles from home. "'One and a half miles from the railroad station,'" quoted Martha, with a slight tone of derision; but that was in the opposite direction; and, after a glance at the lengthening shadows of the late afternoon, and without enough interest in the tumble-down house to take us inside its yawning door-way, we set our faces resolutely toward town, walked the four miles in one hour and twenty minutes, and found that the irresponsible quadruped had anticipated our arrival by nearly an hour.

Thus ended our first day's search among the "abandoned farms" of New Hampshire; and we seemed farther from having a home than in the morning. Martha went to bed at once with a headache; and I, with something of a heartache, relieved my feelings by throwing the yellow pamphlet across my study, with little regard for its preservation.

After a day or two of strained silence the subject of farms came up again. I looked for the pamphlet, was vexed at not finding it, and felt relief when my good wife produced it from her work-basket, where she had surreptitiously buried it beyond the reach of my possible wrath.

After that the subject crept more boldly into the family councils; and from time to time other journeys were taken, and many other farms examined. We learned to enjoy the drives, and not to expect too much from the enthusiastic descriptions in the pamphlet. Little by little our individual preferences classified themselves. Martha was always disposed to think favorably of a house that had an old-fashioned well in the door yard, with skeleton-like well-sweep lifted high in the air. If to this were only added two or three great yawning fire-places, that good woman felt that all requirements were met, and was quite oblivious of leaky roofs and shaky foundation-walls. At one ramshackle old house she had the good fortune to find, in the garret, a rickety spinning-wheel, and a rusty old bear-trap; and although there was not a pane of glass left whole in the house, and the floor-timbers were crumbling in decay, yet the romance of those old-time articles blinded her to the obvious decrepitude of the building itself.

For my own part, I learned to always look knowingly at the ridge-pole, to see how straight it was. A carpenter had

confided to me that a house, like a man, revealed its age fairly well by the increased curvature of its backbone. Then, too, I had set my heart on having a homestead near some body of water; I had a fancy for rowing and fishing; or thought that I did. But this preference of mine was directly against Martha's earnest wish to have a home with a wide view. She objected, when I urged the merits of some place near a river, that there was no view; and I in turn urged, when she praised some farm perched high on a windy hill, that it was too far from any river. So we decided that we must both consent to compromise, unless we somewhere found a farm on a high hill, with a river running over the top of the hill, near the house.

There was no lack of "hill farms;" and we were struck by the almost universal merit which they had of giving "a fine view of Mount Washington." In nearly every case, after the most careful scrutiny, we failed to make out that monarch of the White Hills, and often the enterprising owner of the farm was in some doubt as to the exact direction in which one ought to look; often, too, he amended his statement, under our cross-questioning, and said that it could best be seen "on a very clear day." But, after this weak concession, he always reiterated, firmly, his first declaration; he seemed to have purchased or inherited that statement with the property.

But did we ever find a house that we liked? And did we actually buy it? Yes, we did; but first let me speak about one which we *almost* bought.

We happened upon it by accident; it was not named in our pamphlet; we had become discouraged by a day of driving over the hills, inspecting ruin after ruin. Our minds were themselves growing as chaotic as the farms. How anyone could hopefully offer some of those tumble-down places for sale was past comprehension. In our acquired knowledge of the "points" of a farm we had learned to look at once for the things which were *not* mentioned in the advertisement. If emphasis was laid on the "good condition of the barn," we gave attention at once to the house; if the roof was spoken of as tight, we looked at the under-pinning. If mention was made of a "boiling spring" near the house, we looked for the well, and usually found it filled up, or that it never existed.

Thus we had become connoisseurs, or thought we had; though really, I must admit, we remained fools to the end. However, our experience had made us able to see many defects, instantly, which at first we overlooked: and on this afternoon when we found the house which we almost bought, we had become a little hopeless of attaining the ideal homestead which our fancy had painted. During our earlier journeys I had been secretly half-afraid, in the emptiness of my purse, lest we *might* find a suitable place, for I was not sure that I could really risk the investment; but more recently an increase in salary had been voted to us, and a child's story-book of mine, published a year before, had brought me in a hundred dollars; and we saw our way more clearly.

So, on this afternoon, when we stumbled upon a charming old "two-and-a-half-story" house, hidden away a hundred yards from the main road, about six miles out of the village, our hopes revived, and we examined the property with growing confidence. Both barn and house were in good condition; a few shingles would make the roof all right, and most of the window-panes were unbroken. Four huge elms towered aloft in front, and some hooks, set into their trunks, showed where hammocks had once been swung, and could be swung again.

Altogether the place greatly pleased us; and, after prolonged inspection and much enjoyment of the extended view over the valley below, we drove to the nearest neighbor's and found that he was the owner of the property. We talked over the price, "lowest figure," and got a "refusal" (strange perversion of words) of the place at two hundred and fifty dollars. Then we drove comfortably back to town, and felt already the superiority which is said to come inevitably to landed proprietors.

There was so much to be planned with regard to our new property that my sermon suffered; my thoughts would not stay in the usual homiletical channels, but glided off incessantly to shingles, clapboards, wall-paper, the price of oats and "shorts," and the comparative merits of "timothy" and herd's grass. So I was obliged

to preach over an old sermon that Sunday; but something got into it which was not there in its previous delivery, so that the people said it was the best I had ever preached, and wished me to print it; but, as they forgot to say anything about paying for the printing, I never went farther with it.

We said nothing about our intended purchase, and revolved our plans in delightful secrecy. That week we went out again, and the place grew in our approval. We carried a lunch and some hammocks, and spent the day. With some difficulty I unharnessed the old ma'ar; unbuckling every buckle that I could see, and making such prolonged clumsy work of it that the wise old creature looked around at me several times with an expression of what I feared was mild surprise and restrained contempt.

However, we did have a glorious day of it; that is to say, up to about three o'clock. We enjoyed the carols of the song-sparrows and warblers, and the graceful flight of the swallows, and made friends with the red squirrels, who were extremely tame. "How delightful it all is!" I said, a dozen times.

And Martha responded, in a soft, comfortable way that did my heart good, "Ah, yes, yes. So quiet and secluded." Those two ideas served us longer than they would have served in a sermon. They seemed fresh at each repetition; but they were more expressive of our feelings than of our thoughts; so they were renewed with use, like the widow's cruse of oil.

We were profoundly happy until three o'clock. I had just glanced at my watch, reluctant to have the time pass so quickly, when we heard the sound of a carriage coming up the hill; and, hidden away in our snug covert, we listened indolently to the creaking of the wheels, and waited for it to pass the head of the lane which led up to our retreat. But, alas, it did not pass; it entered the lane; the wheels grew less noisy as they rolled along the grassy path, and, a moment later, Martha ceased the song she was contentedly humming, and I muttered an undignified expletive, as the raw-boned roan horse of Gid' Avery—one of my parishioners—pushed out into the closed space, and behind him a wagon, and seated thereon Mr. and Mrs. Gid' Avery, and a sister of Gid' Avery, and several little Gid' Averys.

Yes, there was the worthy man himself on the front seat, boisterous, good-natured, expansive, obtrusive; beside him sat his meek, silent, simpering wife; behind sat Gid's sister, the sharp-nosed, thin-lipped gossip of the town, and three children; little wonder that "Mrs. Gid'" was always silent and repressed. Gid' and his sister were like the upper and nether millstones; they had long since ground her to pulp, if not to powder.

A good many things shot through my mind, in a brief space of time; several of them I candidly admit, could not have been worked into a Christian sermon. I resented any such invasion, and especially one by Gideon Avery; there was a beefy, jovial quality about the man which sometimes had banished my despondency, but oftener had roused my ire, as at a social highwayman who seemed to demand of me my personality or my life.

Gid's loud salutation was like the crack of doom. "Wall, I swan! Who'd a thought ter see you here!" And he fetched a huge horse-laugh out of his capacious interior, as if he had achieved an excellent joke.

How I loathed him, at that moment! Him and his, even to the muddy old wagon and the raw-boned horse; but I extorted a feeble smile from my sad heart, and spread it as far as it would go, over my reluctant face, and received them all, with the best grace I could, even to the fluid-nosed, sticky-fingered children. I fear that our countenances betrayed our real feelings; for Gid', whose faculty for "getting on" in the world had made him keen to detect certain fundamental emotions in the human face divine, chuckled and laughed and remarked, with overpowering good-nature, "You don't seem 'xactly glad to see us, but I guess we'll unhitch and stay a little while."

So he ordered down his family, but left them to their own devices as to alighting, and gave his chief attention to his horse. He was a kind of human locomotive—that man, abounding in force, puffing and wheezing, and emitting expletives, at intervals, like bursts of steam under great pressure. "Fine place, this! Grand view! Stan' still, thar, will ye! (This to

the horse, nosing among the fresh grass.) How'd ye happen to hit on it? Me'n' the folks use'ter come up here last year for picnics. Stan' still, thar, drat ye! Whoa!" And so on, for several minutes.

The rest of the family were now on the ground, and we were going through a perfunctory hand-shaking, which was a little like pumping at a dry well. "Ever ser glad to see yer!" piped the sister, with a wicked twinkle in her sharp eyes. And the wife smiled fatuously, and in her embarrassment so far forgot herself as to wipe the children's noses.

There was no escape for us, and we were adapting ourselves, as rapidly as possible, to the situation. That was something which I always could do more quickly than could Martha; I had often told her that my mind was simple, and was rigged like a sloop, with only one sail, which, when the wind changed, could easily be set on the other tack; but her mind was more complex, and was like a full-rigged ship; and needed a good deal of pulling of sheets and bracing of yards, before all the separate sails could be properly adjusted to the new breeze.

I saw clearly that the peace and quiet of the scene was gone. There was no possibility of getting back to it; the children were as restless as weasels, and their mother spent all her time chasing them, and entreating them to keep away from the horse's heels, and not to go near the well. Gid's sister got more real pleasure out of the situation than did anyone else. She saw perfectly well that her "dear pastor" and his wife were disconcerted, and she rolled the thought like a sweet morsel under her tongue. As for Gid', he was a man who never was still unless asleep. His unceasing activity made it impossible to talk with him; the lingual and visual centres in his brain were in very close connection; no object of conversation could be so engaging that his gaze would not wander off and critically survey trees, road, wall, and other objects at a distance; and then, in most cases, a sentence would be broken in the middle, as he rushed away like a great, red-faced human bumble-bee, to inspect more closely some newly discovered feature of the landscape.

Just how the time went I have little idea, except that it went very slowly. My hopes of peace were shattered; and the worst of this invasion of the Goths was not in the spoiling of one afternoon's quiet, but Martha and I both looked into the future, and saw that one fatal flaw in our plans we had overlooked. This charming little retreat, which we both had already begun to weave into certain agreeable fancies, must be given up; for, alas, it was just the right distance for an easy drive from the village; and nothing was surer than that an acquisition of the place would be hailed with delight by our whole parish, who would come forth in swarms and hordes like the palmer-worm and the locust, and turn our garden of Eden into a desert.

So we endured Gid's boisterous sallies tamely, and patted the frowzy-haired children on the head, and waited for the shadows upon the hillside to attain a size somewhat commensurate to the shadows already cast over our hopes; and when Gid's sister, with beady eyes half shut, mockingly suggested that her pastor and wife would do well to buy the place, Martha roused herself and remarked in a final way that we had not the slightest intention of doing so. And Martha spoke true words. Our hopes were dead and our plans were blotted out.

Slowly the afternoon dragged along, and never did Gid' Avery's harsh voice sound so attractive as when he came puffing up from behind the house, bearing an armful of catnip, and shouting, like a train-announcer in a noisy railroad station, that it was "time to git hitched up." The wholesome kindliness of the man came out when he set about getting my equipage in moving order as naturally as though it were his own; then he began harnessing the "old ma'ar," and his practised eye needed only one glance over the disjointed and dismembered harness to discover my 'prentice work. After one brief, puzzled look, a vast grin overspread his red face, and he smote his thigh a mighty blow. "By gosh ter thunder! I dew b'lieve this old critter was onharnessed by a streak er lightnin'."

There was no escape, and I bowed my head to his volley of raillery, and meekly helped rebuckle the straps; even at the cost of this depressing exposure I was glad to have the visit terminate; and when Martha and I passed out from the lane into the highway we bore no resemblance to

our first parents regretfully leaving Eden. No, the place was hateful to us now, and we wished never to see it again.

Our two vehicles filed slowly over the hill, like an abbreviated funeral procession. All the facetious remarks that Gid' Avery tossed back at us, as we followed along, could not relieve the despondency into which we had fallen. When we reached home there was an unusual dearth of conversation. Our ideal little farm in the country seemed farther off than ever.

It took several days for us to get over our disappointment; but one morning, early in June, the sun came up, warm and radiant, and nature seemed to awaken with fresh zeal and purpose, and Martha, cleaning away the breakfast dishes, broke out into a little air from "La Traviata," humming softly. I was glad to hear that air, because it always indicated, as nothing else did, genuine peace of mind on my wife's part, and I was not surprised when she said archly, without looking at me, "How about farming, Hiram?"

That remark meant a great deal, coming from her. It meant that she had not yet given up hope, and she had decided that the day was favorable for another tour of investigation; and when I went to the shelf and took down the farm-pamphlet, I found leaves turned down at three places, which my good wife had surreptitiously marked, as the most promising ones remaining.

So the "old ma'ar" was engaged, the house work was pushed along, and at ten o'clock we were off on the usual quest. The open air was invigorating, and the joyousness of nature was contagious; we talked freely of our recent disappointment. I was inclined to picture the delights of that secluded little retreat even more highly than ever, now that they were not to be ours; whereat Martha expressed greater and greater doubt of the desirability of it, and recalled a number of defects in the place which she certainly had never mentioned when we were there.

The nearest of the farms selected by my wife was twelve miles away. Like a parish selecting a new minister, she was bent upon avoiding the faults of the last choice, whatever new ones might appear later; therefore, distance seemed to her the great desideratum. So we halted not until twelve long miles had been put between us and the village—and Gid' Avery. The first farm, as we suspected, was not very inviting; the price was suspiciously low—$50, the house was in a dilapidated condition, and had evidently not been lived in for many years. The whole place had run to waste, and, with fences and stone walls tumbled down, cattle and sheep were free to wander at will about the premises, and even into the house itself.

The second farm on the list was the farm which we actually bought. As soon as we saw it we were much attracted to it. On the side of a hill it lay, with elms and poplars shading it, buildings in good condition, and fireplaces in nearly every room. Martha was pleased with the general appearance of things, and I was pleased at the price, which was set down as "$200, half down."

We spent the day there. I took the horse to the barn, and managed better than usual with the harness. About noon a barefooted urchin came idling along, and, under the civilizing influence of a piece of cake, informed us that he lived "over yender, 'cross the valley, and his dad owned the place."

We thoroughly enjoyed the day; Martha planned many ways of beautifying the house, and I estimated the cost of necessary repairs at $20. When the afternoon had slipped away, and my watch said "five o'clock," we made ready to depart, and the freckle-faced urchin agreed to show us the road over to his father's house, for we were resolved to make terms regarding the farm before the sun went down.

When I went to the barn to harness the horse, that wily creature was found to have loosened her halter, and had taken up her abode in a box-stall. Most of my experience had been with horses harnessed, or when they at least had a halter on, and now, even this last article being absent, the creature was like a pump with no handle, and seemed, somehow, to belong to a much wilder species than when attached to a wagon.

My uncertain state of mind was evident to the horse, and she was very comfortable in her chosen quarters; so that when I approached her cautiously, and even timidly, she turned away from me, shook

her ears, whisked her tail, and lifted her hind legs in what seemed to me a threatening manner. I made several attempts to get in front of her, but each time she wheeled and repeated her threatening gestures. I was the more disconcerted because the boy, not over twelve, had accompanied me to the barn, and was looking on.

For several minutes he did not appreciate my baffled efforts ; but presently he grasped the situation. Up to this moment he evidently had accredited me with some obscure and profound plan ; but now he grinned a great, horrid, derisive grin, which made me wish to lay him a mangled corpse at my feet, and the next moment marched into the box-stall, and with a sharp command, "Whoa thar!" he had the animal by the fore-top before she could wink twice, and pulled her out of the place without hesitation, she following meekly, as recognizing and respecting a person of real power of command.

When we reached the boy's house, a mile and more away, we found his father at home — a taciturn, "lantern-jawed" man—and in a half-hour I had bargained for the farm. It was a little hasty, I admit; but we had suffered so many delays, and come against so many obstacles in our search, that we were resolved to stake all on this choice. So I made a promissory note for the amount, agreed to come up in two days and bring $50 cash, and gave the man a $1 bill to bind the bargain. He, on his part, signed a statement that he had sold the house to me ; and, with this accomplished, I felt that we could rest easy in mind, and have the legal papers drawn later.

Oddly enough the farmer seemed but little inclined to talk about the farm. Usually, as we had discussed farms with owners, there had been no disinclination in this direction; they generally were very voluble over the merits of their places, and often grew enthusiastic over details which seemed hardly to justify such excitement. In one case, however, as I at this moment recollect, there was evinced the usual eagerness to sell, but a surprising reluctance to talk, which somewhat puzzled us; until it transpired, by a chance inquiry which we made of a neighbor, that the would-be seller did not own the farm ; though nobody knew just where the rightful owner had gone ; he had migrated to Boston many years before.

So we completed, as far as possible, the bargain for this pretty little farm, wondering a little at the man's taciturnity. As we turned to leave, Martha dropped a remark of commendation about the sturdy boy, our visitor of that day ; whereupon the mother of the family, standing arms a-kimbo in the doorway, amiably responded, "Bill's a fust-rate boy ; I knowed he wouldn't trouble yer. I took a look at him, once in awhile, an' I see he was purty stiddy."

Martha and I both felt a little mystified at this remark ; the woman noticed it, and continued, "Ya'as, we hev a powerful good spy-glass ; my son down ter Boston sent it to us ; et brought yer all out 'z clear 'z day, a settin' there front er the haouse."

Martha glanced at me in dismay. So this was the privacy that we thought we had secured. The woman saw the look, but mistook its meaning ; and thinking to correct my wife's supposed anxiety, she went on with volubility, "Oh, you needn't be afeared of the children's tagging around the place an' botherin' of ye ; all 'cept Bill, they're thet skeered of going anywhere near, that——"

Just what was coming next, I knew not ; but the farmer himself now roused to unusual activity ; he broke in upon his wife's remark, saying loudly, "Sary, thet ar' kittle'z a-bilin' over, in the kitchin ; jest take a look at it!" And he joined to his words a meaning glance which had an instant effect on the woman, and she retreated at once within doors.

Somewhat puzzled by this scene, Martha and I presently took our leave, and soon forgot the matter in our joy at really owning a farm ; we did our best to ignore the spy-glass, but agreed that if it were broken or purchased, the value of our secluded little farm would be materially increased.

That was our first visit to the farm, which we really bought. A second visit was made several days later, and the bargain was legally completed. We carried out a large wagon-load of chairs, tables, bedding, and cooking utensils. Our friends, in the village, learning about our purchase, expressed deep regret that the place was so far away ; a regret which we did not share as fully as perhaps we ought.

The farm seemed to be a most satisfactory purchase. On the second visit Martha and I joined forces and brought the house into fair condition; there was a bountiful collection of dust and dirt (the two are different) in the rooms, and the floor of the sitting-room was much discolored; but Martha cheerfully remarked that the old carpet from our guest-room, at home, could be put down so as to conceal the discoloration.

A week later came the third (and I may add, the *last*) visit to our dear little farm. The day was cloudy, and rather raw; but we read the signs of the weather in the light of our own high hopes, and would not postpone our journey. When we reached the farm a slight sprinkling of rain had already set in, and we knew that we were to have an "indoors" day; but there were so many things to be done, in "setting the house to rights," that we told each other how little we cared about the weather, and Martha sang, and I whistled, as we dusted and swept, and arranged the various articles of furniture. Martha scoured the "dresser;" and I hammered at broken tables and hingeless doors; and then we "corded" some old bedsteads which were left in the upper rooms; and after they were firmly set up, I made sundry swift excursions to the barn and back, bringing great armfuls of hay to fill some bed-tickings and bolsters, which Martha had "run up" on the sewing-machine the day before.

Taken as a whole, the house was in remarkably good condition; and we grew the more pleased, the more we inspected it in detail. At noon we spread our lunch on a table in the sitting-room, and ate it like merry school-children. The table had only three legs, but I sawed off an old broom-handle and propped up the weak corner; and a clean white table-cloth covered all deficiencies.

We had been so busy in our tasks, through the forenoon, that we had kept ourselves comfortably warm; and the little cracked kitchen stove had served all our needs; but as I leaned back, after dinner, in a very complacent state of mind, the open fireplace was very suggestive, and I exclaimed, "Why, my dear, we must have a good rousing fire, and get the full benefit of our farm-life. What is a farm without an open fire!" And I went, at once, in search of kindling materials; but they were extremely scarce. I could find only a few splinters scattered around the chopping-block in the shed. These I carefully gathered up; and I added to them a few longer pieces which I picked up at the back of the house, bringing them in out of the rain, and laying them on the kitchen-stove to dry.

Taken altogether, the prospect was not good for a lasting fire; but Martha suggested that there might be some kind of waste material at the barn; so I ran across, through the pelting rain, and found a few bits of broken boards and also a small heap of old shingles. A few hasty trips back and forth added materially to our store of combustibles, and gave me a pair of wet feet, from plunging through the long, dripping grass.

Still, we enjoyed all our doings, even our mishaps; and soon we had a roaring fire in the fire-place, and I sat smoking at one side, and Martha, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, sat knitting at the other side. "A farmer's wife should know how to knit," she remarked, demurely; and then broke into a hearty laugh, a rare indulgence with her, dear heart, which did my soul good to hear.

Surely, there were no people in the whole township happier than ourselves. We felt great delight in our new property; I had always believed, though I could not make Martha see the matter as I did, that I might have made a good business man if I had given my life to mercantile pursuits; and I felt somewhat elated at our purchase of this snug little homestead. Martha admitted that the purchase seemed a very wise one, but she failed to see the diplomacy which I tried to point out to her in my negotiations. She evidently had formed her estimate of my powers many years before, and no facts, however plain, could now alter that theory. So I made the best of it, and piled on the shingles with a lavish hand, and the great blaze went singing and roaring up the huge chimney in a way most comforting for the body and inspiring to the soul.

We differed considerably in our theories of farm-work. Martha thought we would be safest in not keeping any cow or hens, the first year, and giving our attention wholly to repairs of the house and barn and fences and walls; there would be a



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

I turned with an anxious look toward my good wife.—Page 119.

fair crop of hay to cut in July, and the orchard and garden would need considerable attention. For my part I desired greatly to raise chickens; and that, too, not by old-fashioned ways, but by using a patent incubator, which I had seen highly extolled in an agricultural paper. I explained the matter very clearly to Martha, and proved to her, proved it by figures which she could not deny, that we could easily clear a hundred dollars before the year was out. But that good woman could not be made to believe, even with my convincing figures plain before her. I will admit that her doubt seemed to be centred more in me than in the figures; and I could not get her to go one step beyond the stubborn assertion of her disbelief in my success, based on my lack of experience.

"Anyhow," I remarked, "we both enjoy our present comforts, and we will take the future as it comes." And I smiled fondly on my wife, and stretched my feet lazily out toward the cheerful blaze, now dying down to glowing embers.

"What a home-like feeling there is in an open fire! a good, roaring, open fire!" I remarked, and then an idea struck me. There was, indeed, a good deal of "roar" about the fire, but the sound seemed to come more from the chimney than from the fire-place. I listened a moment, and glanced at Martha. She had stopped knitting and was also listening. The roaring sound grew no less, but greater, although the fire on the hearth now sent up only a few flames.

I sprang from my seat and put my head hastily into the fireplace. The roar was there much more audible; and I turned, with an anxious look toward my good wife. But she had nothing to offer in explanation. Then a new idea struck me, and I regained my equipoise, or rather, made a show of regaining it. "Martha," said I, oracularly, "the chimney is on fire; and I have read that if salt is thrown on a fire, its fumes, going up the chimney, will extinguish the burning soot. Martha, get the salt, please!"

At that moment the outer door was pushed violently open. I turned my head, with a stern look of disapproval at this rude way of entering a man's house. As I expected, the visitor was the small boy who belonged at the neighboring house, across the valley. I was on the point of offering him some advice about knocking upon entering any house not his own, but the evident excitement in his face made me pause.

"I— I— say—mister!" he blurted out, and then gasped, and I saw that he was immensely stirred by something.

"Yes," I replied, curtly, for I was impatient to throw on the salt and extinguish the chimney.

"I—say—er—er—*fire!* FIRE!" And the boy seemed to be in a fit.

"Certainly," I said, with disgust, "the chimney has taken fire, and I am about to extinguish it."

That was enough to change the boy's line of thought, and free his tongue; for he screamed out, "O gosh! 'taint your chimbley, but your whole roof's a-fire." Then he stood, after shooting this astounding news at us, opening and shutting his parched lips like a captured trout on a river-bank.

Instantly I pushed by him, out through the door, and, in a moment, his direful message was verified to my bewildered senses. The whole roof was, indeed, in a blaze; great, leaping flames were licking up boards and timbers; burning bits of shingles were wafted off into the air; a huge volume of smoke was rolling away across the field at the back of the house; and the rain made not the slightest impression upon the destructive element.

"Martha! Martha!" I exclaimed, and sprang back into the house. My wife was on the point of opening the door which led up-stairs; but I seized her, and, in breathless haste, hurried her out of the house; as we passed through the outer door she seized an umbrella from the corner, and spread it over both our heads, and we ran out and took refuge under the thick foliage of a maple-tree.

I was at first bent upon returning into the blazing dwelling to save what I could; but at that moment, luckily for me, the roof fell in; and, through the sitting-room window, we saw a shower of sparks, which told us that the ceiling had fallen. "Martha," said I, solemnly, "there is nothing to do but to do nothing."

The farmer's boy, under the temptation of a promised dime, had darted into the kitchen and brought out our wraps; and,

arrayed in these, we stood dismally in the rain and saw our dear little home ascend to heaven like Elijah in a chariot of fire.

We conversed in short sentences with each other, and could not share the boy's enthusiasm, as the savage tongues of flame shot up in the air. "I wish 'twas night, by gosh!" he said, with animation. "'Twould make a grand fire-work."

And then catching our depressed feeling he tried to comfort us. "Wall, by gosh, you've got the barn, anyhaow;" and that was true; the wind took the smoke and sparks directly away from the other buildings, and we felt no alarm for them.

"Ya'as, you'll save the barn," he added, reflectively. "And, ef I wuz you, I'd ruther hev the barn than the house."

His enigmatical saying aroused my curiosity. "Why do you say that?" I asked, turning sharply upon him.

"Wa'al, 'cos I don't set no gret store by ha'anted houses;" was the reply.

"Haunted houses?" I cried, "what do you mean?"

"'Cos *'tis* ha'anted;" he returned, with an air of surprise, yet with dogged fixity. "It's ben ha'anted ever sence the murder."

I felt Martha start, as she stood leaning against me; and, for a moment, I was a little staggered by the evil suggestion. "Ask him all!" whispered my wife, faintly; "I suspected something of the sort."

"Young man, tell me," said I, in my most official, clerical tone, "what you mean by your remark!"

"Wa'al, nothin' 'cept wot's honest injun," drawled the lad. "In thet ar' room (pointing to what had been the sitting-room) Jake Drew killed his wife and chopped——"

A faint scream from my poor wife made him stop; and I heard her murmur. "That dreadful stain on the floor! O, that awful stain! I knew it from the first."

By this time I felt that we had heard enough; and I led my drooping wife gently down across the slope to the barn; where, with the assistance of the boy, I harnessed the horse; and, with my wife beside me on the seat, we drove away from our farm, and made the best speed possible back through the rain to our comfortable home in the village.

That was the end of our farm experience. A week later I drove out again, and sold the place back to the farmer for one hundred dollars; and the two fools and their farm were parted.

FROM LIFE

By Brian Hooker

Her thoughts are like a flock of butterflies.
    She has a merry love of little things,
    And a bright flutter of speech, whereto she brings
A threefold eloquence—voice, hands and eyes.
Yet under all a subtle silence lies
    As a bird's heart is hidden by its wings;
    And you shall seek through many wanderings
The fairyland of her realities.

She hides herself behind a busy brain—
    A woman, with a child's laugh in her blood;
    A maid, wearing the shadow of motherhood—
Wise with the quiet memory of old pain,
As the soft glamour of remembered rain
    Hallows the gladness of a sunlit wood.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT was by a rather unkind stroke of fate that a blast of the trumpet against the monstrous regiment of the "avocationist" in literature synchronized in its appearance with the death of a writer who had attained the melancholy distinction, in his own walk, of the deanery of American letters. Mr. Stedman was a "banker poet," like Samuel Rogers before him, though nothing irritated the American more than to be called so. Stedman began, as we have been freshly reminded, as a journalist, even as a "war correspondent." Journalism offered then a much more commodious entry into what may fairly be called literature than it offers now. But nevertheless he would have none of it. He took the ground of Spinoza, when that philosopher ground lenses for a living, and wrote philosophy for a life work: "I will work with my hands and keep my brains for myself." The instance is crucial. "We must all sacrifice more or less of life for a living," says Lowell somewhere. But perhaps as little as any, the man who keeps his life and his living so separate. Stedman, at any rate, by the deliberate way of working which his diurnal employment gave to his nocturnal studies, was enabled to give himself much more to the study of perfection than if he had been writing for a living. A fairly conclusive proof of the wisdom, in one case, of Coleridge's advice to every literary man to "have a profession."

"Avocation" in Literature

But, really, is any proof needed? Consider how young the profession of authorship is, and consequently how absurd to bar out all the writers who wrote before it began to be. "Baretti," observed Sam Johnson, in 1777, "says he is the first man that ever received copy-money in Italy." In Elizabethan times the only "public" in England was the playgoing public, wherefore the aim of the sensible Shakespeare was to keep his plays dark for the benefit of his own theatre, instead of reading his proofs for the benefit of posterity. With the sonnets it was another matter. He wrote them for glory and had to pay his court to a Mæcenas, like Horace and Virgil before him, and like all his successors after him, until the many headed had come in to supersede the single patron. Consider Dryden's dedications. Consider the condition of Grub Street, and the lot of the Briton who had to earn his bread by writing, even after the arrival of the "public," but before the opening of the refuge of journalism, as set forth in Goldsmith's epigram:

> Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
> Who long was a bookseller's hack;
> He led such a damnable life in this world
> I don't think he'll wish to come back.

How comparatively happy was Charles Lamb, working moderate hours at the India House, and furbishing his quips in the evening!

But there is more in it than that. The reason why there are so few good books, says Walter Bagehot, the highly respectable banker of Langport, Somersetshire—philosopher and wit "after business hours"—is that so few men who can write know anything. That is a hypothesis that seems to cover the phenomena. And you are to remark that you cannot get your subject, or, in Bagehot's phrase, "know anything," by sitting at your desk practising phrases. You must have got it before, and elsewhere. It is true that there are writers who maintain, practically if not in theory, that if you practise your phrases assiduously and successfully enough, you are independent of subject. But the mass of writers, the mob of gentlemen who write with more or less ease and more or less acceptance, cannot be of this order of the Preciosi Literatissimi. They really need something to write about. A man of the world who deplored to another man of the world his hopeless incapacity to public, even post-prandially public speaking, received the unsympathetic rejoinder "But are you quite sure you have something to say?" Preciosus Lit-

erarissimus might assure the discomfited mute that it did not in the least matter. But the discomfited mute would do well to disbelieve him. According to the vocationists and anti-avocationists, you must not have been so preoccupied with your subject as to have neglected your "treatment," so sure of having something to say as to have postponed learning how to say it. This is a restriction which would of itself abolish a large body of "avocational" literature, from Xenophon's "Anabasis" and Cæsar's "Commentaries" down. And there are so many very modern instances of the value of the literary avocation. There is the author of "Rab and His Friends," whose letters were published only the other day, and whose "Horæ Subsecivæ" were so distinctly his most valuable and fruitful hours. Still more lately, there is the author of the "Confessio Medici," who has come so near to producing a little classic, "after business hours."

The good Johnson, to recur to him, imputed to some author as a fault that "this man sat down to write a book to tell the world what the world had all his life been telling him," whereas he was describing the primary condition of a great public interest. Get your experience, your "something to say" in sufficient volume and intensity, and how to say it will be added unto you. Nay, it is hardly fantastic to assert that you will say it all the better, all the more racily, at least, for not having studied too much to say it in the regular way. Literarissimus would, of course, had he been consulted, have dissuaded the Du Mauriers and De Morgans from attempting, late in life, an art which they had not "proved." But he would have advised them very ill. Neither of these avocationists writes, it is true, "in the regular way." All the better for them, one is tempted to exclaim. Such a style as that of "Trilby," a style so laughed and chuckled and whistled and sung, as Mr. James says, none of us had encountered before. Clearly it is not taught anywhere. But does the fascinated reader find it any the worse for that? And, when the author of "Joseph Vance" describes that work, on its title page, as "An Ill-written Autobiography," professional writers, "vocationists," at least know what he means, and that he would not have written it thus if he had been writing all his life. But they must be professionalized to the point of preciosity if they disparage the results of his avocation on that account.

IT has lately fallen to my lot to examine much of the critical literature that has sprung up about the Play of *Hamlet*, and the conclusion has been forced upon me that all the critics are wrong in their explanations of the mystery. Like Polonius I am convinced—"Ay, madam, it is common"—that I know the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy, though I am obliged to differ from this earliest and most sententious of the critics. Among the numberless expositions of the reasons for the trouble—that Hamlet is mad; that he is not mad; that he is too fat; that he is too much of a man of thought; that he is a man of action baffled by circumstances; that he is too religious; that he is not religious enough—it is strange that no one suggests the real reason for Hamlet's failure to meet the crisis. The simple truth of the matter is that Hamlet had been too long at the university. We find him at thirty still a student at Wittenberg, prolonging his college life nearly ten years beyond the legitimate time, whether from difficulty with the curriculum, or from desire to participate longer in collegiate amusements, or from sheer lust for scholarship, we do not know. Most of the problems that have puzzled the critics can be explained in the light of this simple fact, and the evidence in favor of this supposition is overwhelming when the text is examined.

The Very Cause of Hamlet's Lunacy

First of all, when the terrible revelation of a father's murder, a mother's shame, an uncle's guilt, is made to Hamlet by the ghost, what does he do? *He hunts for his note book.*

> My tables! meet it as I set it down
> That one may smile and smile and be a villían.

The undergraduate habit of mind! That which should have burned itself into the memory forever written down to save the trouble of remembering it; moreover, the damning, concrete fact turned into a generalization! Here two phases of the training of the schools are clearly set forth by Shakespeare, who had escaped the university himself, but whose association with the scholar playwrights of the time made him aware of its evil effects.

Again, the attitude of Hamlet is precisely that of many another student who comes home on a vacation to find things not wholly to his liking, and who concludes, with overweening confidence in himself, that he is the person to take matters in hand. In reality affairs were not going on so badly at Elsinore. The sentinels were at their posts; the King was on the

throne; the negotiations with Norway were proceeding with businesslike dispatch. All the decencies had been observed in regard to the late national calamity; the Queen, in new shoes, had obsequiously followed her husband's body to the grave, and there had been more than enough meat and drink at his funeral. Why disturb the settled and decorous habits of life? To have this absentee member of the family come home and assume a collegiate superiority:

> The time is out of joint; O curséd spite
> That ever I was born to set it right!

was most exasperating, and there is small wonder that it precipitated a crisis.

Moreover, the much-discussed trouble in Hamlet's mental processes is directly attributable to over-prolonged university work. No one but the scholar is prone to indulge in that lax way of thinking which means seeing both sides of a question. "To be or not to be"; to do something or not to do something; moreover, to formulate reasons for and against—all this marks the man who has studied too long, and this fatal way of investigating all aspects of a question means always a losing game.

Poison of doubt is the result: doubt of his mother, of his uncle, of life itself. He doubted even the ghost, one of the best authenticated ghosts of history, proved by its sepulchral voice, its armor, its nightgown of the first folio, its description of the place of torment, its vanishing at cock-crow. What did Hamlet want, forsooth, by way of proof?

Hamlet's mental characteristics are thus accounted for; that his failure in action was due to academic life further proof remains. *The habit of dramatics overtook him just at the moment when he should have made himself useful.* Then, as now, college plays were the fashion; doubtless then, as now, the best energy of student life was swallowed up in giving them. For him as for our undergraduates, "the play's the thing." Mark the many ways in which life appears to him as a stage, and his laments that he cannot play his part to satisfaction. Note his envy of the leading man in the travelling troupe. What could he not do, asks our hero,

> Had he the motive and the cue for passion
> That I have?

Recall his unsurpassed dramatic criticism. Even when no piece is set Hamlet falls to acting; he plays the madman, a part which was a crowning proof of skill in an age when madness on the stage was greatly relished, but in so doing he discredits all the evidence that he might bring forth later in exposing his uncle's guilt. After this would not the most cogent proofs from him seem but insane vagaries? Clearly —let academic institutions take warning— Hamlet, through much play-acting has disqualified himself for anything else. Besides taking a part himself there is one thing and one only that he can do, act as stage manager. This he proceeds to do with great ability, revising the text, training the actors, entertaining the court —with what result? Hamlet has convinced himself and Horatio of the King's guilt, which both had known all along, but he has left himself no chance of convincing anybody else. The achievement of his life, like that of many a modern student, could be summed up in the words: He successfully staged a play.

On Ignoring the Past

IS the "storehouse of history" exhausted? Has the past, the remote past, nothing more to teach us? These are questions suggested when in current reading, as occasionally happens, one is surprised to encounter "a moral" drawn from ancient experience. Those who affect the more serious press may, for example, recall a widely copied editorial from a leading metropolitan journal which justified all possible effort to prevent the concentration of wealth in a few hands because to this cause must be attributed "the downfall of all preceding civilizations." One almost feels that the sentence was "cribbed" from the argument of some forgotten worthy, the use of "downfall" being of itself a clear case of survival. Similarly, those who followed Mr. Mallock's lectures on socialism could not have missed his constant appeal to "the lessons of history," as the familiar phrase once ran. An instance in point is his attack on the possibility of eliminating the wage system while preserving efficiency which depends on "industrial conformity to an organizing authority," or, in other words, on industrial discipline. Mr. Mallock's attack is based on the contention that if we look back into the past history of mankind we shall find that there actually are two alternative systems [to the wage system] by which such conformity may be, and has been, secured. One of these is the corvee system prevalent in "the Middle Ages"; the other

system is that of slavery. "The past history of mankind," "the Middle Ages," "slavery," have evidently in Mr. Mallock's view a possible present value as precedents, despite the commonly accepted theory that the latter half of the nineteenth century marks a distinct epoch in man's development. One can even imagine Mr. Mallock basing a discussion of the permanency of American institutions on the classical warnings valued of our fathers, the failures of Greece and Rome in experimenting with republics.

The reason why remote history is now so generally regarded as having an academic rather than a vital interest for the world of to-day is not far to seek. This reason is found first of all in obsession by the scientific spirit. It is tacitly held, if not actually claimed, that the discovery of a clue to method in the universe, by which the working of natural law is understood within a limited range of phenomena, has wrought a revolutionary no less than an evolutionary change in the status of humanity. The scientifically equipped man is thus differentiated from his progenitors and stands apart by himself. The world has begun but now to make progress because the world has begun but now to appreciate the meaning of science. The idea of progress is itself born of science. Is this an exaggerated statement of the representative modern attitude? The ancients, says Bagehot, the most modern of practical philosophers, "had no conception of progress; they did not so much as reject the idea; they did not even entertain it." To which Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock), a distinguished student of primitive peoples, adds the comment: "It is not, I think, going too far to say that the true test of the civilization of any nation must be measured by its progress in science."

Of course such a view of relative values in the past and present counts as curious rather than important those contacts which come through likeness in intellectual outlook. It leaves out of the reckoning, for example, the familiar case of Lucretius, who, in a sense, anticipated Darwin. It makes nothing of the significance of a statement like that of Professor Mahaffy, that an Athenian contemporary of Aristotle, called back to life from the grave in which he has lain for centuries, would soon find himself comparatively at home in a modern scientific environment. It thus emphasizes the distance we have drifted from a once accepted conclusion as to the office of history. What that office was has been characteristically described by Macaulay, whose point of view was that of a pioneer in the art of popularizing the past. It would be the aim of the ideal historian, says Macaulay in the essay on Hallam, not only "to make the past present, to bring the distant near, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities," but no less "to extract the philosophy of history, to direct our judgment of events and men, and to draw from the occurrences of former times general lessons of moral and political wisdom." The rhetoric of Macaulay points the contrast with the strictly scientific view which reduces history to a clearly written chronicle of accurately ascertained facts. History, held the late Professor Elton, of Oxford, a distinguished representative of the scientific school, should be regarded as "an accumulation or assemblage of facts respecting humanity *en masse*. A history may of course be a model of exposition, but that is not its true *raison d'être*." To make literary art and philosophy — "exposition" — incidental to history writing, to rob history of its human element by eliminating what is merely personal or individual, the fatal omission which once gave to political economy the name of "the dismal science," seems an anomaly in a scientific age. Science seeks to ascertain facts for the purpose of so putting them together as to read their meaning. Does this purpose alone fail in application to ascertain facts that concern what men have been and have done? Theoretically such an attitude toward the past, if carried to its logical conclusion, disregards the significance of evolution. Practically it ignores a once potent influence in shaping a more rational development, the appeal to experience. Far more convincing to the lay mind, lacking, indeed, the trained judgment of the specialist, but at the same time free from his professional bias, is the all-inclusive epigram of Lord Acton, than whom there could be no saner authority: "History is the conscience of mankind."

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

MR. BLASHFIELD'S MURAL PAINTING IN THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

THE very extensive new buildings of the College of the City of New York, crowning the heights of St. Nicholas Terrace, are built in that variation of the Gothic known to the architects as Collegiate. Mr. Blashfield's large decorative painting in the western end of the Great Hall [see reproduction on page 68] was, therefore, in a general way, required to conform to this style. The impression produced by this august scene is caused partly by his choice of a colossal figure for the central focus of the composition, but more by the very effective lighting, with its central illumination and the strong contrasts of light and darkness and of the luminous reddish high lights in a scheme of grays and darks. In this last respect he has departed from that theory which prefers these abstract personifications in decorative painting to appear always in a tempered and diffused illumination—in that of a Limbo, as it were, suitable for these guiltless human figures entitled neither to the full sunshine and shadow of living and breathing mortals nor to the gloom of the under world peopled by the ghosts. It is also held, and justly, that the temperature should be evidently genial—certainly not too cold. This has sometimes been departed from; even before some of the frescoes of M. Puvis de Chavannes we are not conscious of the summer warmth of Arcadie. So hard is it to lead unimaginative and literal man into the world of unrealities that his physical sensations must always be consulted. Of course, in painting, temperature is very largely a matter of color, and as Mr. Blashfield's color is never cold his allegories are never called upon to shiver.

As the painting is placed at the back of the platform from which the speaker addresses his audience in this long and lofty hall, and so low on the wall that the lowermost figures in the composition will appear but little above him, they are all represented as larger than life. This gives them sufficient importance when seen from the far end of the hall. The colossal gray statue in the centre, with its unusual lighting from below, dominates the situation. The abundance of actual light from the side windows—two of them, even, one on each side of the platform, flanking the picture—made advisable the lighting of the painting by a central illumination, sufficiently vivid to hold its own against the daylight. And, as daylight constantly varies with the march of the sun, and it is necessary to select a certain hour in which your picture will look its best, this one was calculated for the later hours of the afternoon, when the audiences usually gather in this hall. It had also, like others, to be so contrived that it would also look well at unfavorable hours, and even by artificial light.

The lines of the composition which presented themselves for this lunette were those sanctioned by the great exemplars of the art in similar cases—a central point of interest and long curving lines to right and left, the higher ones curving upward somewhat more strongly. In deciding upon the large central figure it was at first thought to make it triple, and when this was abandoned it was also concluded that it would be more in consonance with modern prejudices not to have this personification (of Wisdom) represented as living, and therefore out of scale with the other figures—as in, *e. g.*, Ambrogio Lorenzetti's fresco of "Good Government" in the Palazzo Publico, Sienna. As the interest should centre in the active personages, it was considered better not to have her too supernal—no Olympian Pallas Athéné towering in the gloom, with the Gorgon's head on her breast, terrible and beautiful under "the four-coned helmet formed of gold." Wisdom is therefore presented in her more human, benignant mood, protecting and presiding. Her placid head, covered with a fold of her mantle, rising high in the air, is lit from below by the flame on the square altar at her feet, directly in front of her, and this light strongly illuminates also the globe which she holds on her knees. That we may know where we are, she presents the Western Hemisphere. The ruddy light from her altar, radiat-

ing in every direction, dies away on the more distant figures to right and left, and is faintly reflected on the tall groves of the Academy rising in the background against the dark sky. The altar itself, the marble steps immediately in front of it, the robes of the nearest seated figures, and the curving clouds which rise to right and left, repeat the luminous grays, while the figures between the spectator and the altar, silhouetting dark against these lights, contribute to the striking effect. On either side of the pedestal of the statue, in a long curved row, sit the great centres of learning, the Universities, personified under graceful and characteristic female forms; almost directly in front of the altar, Alma Mater, handsome and dignified, in a great-figured Venetian mantle and with a shield bearing the seal of the college, holds the scroll and bids the Graduate go forth in the world, carrying the torch which he has just lit at the altar. These two dark figures, strongly relieved against the gray light, in the centre of the scene, strike the keynote of the whole composition and at once attract the eye. To the right of them, and somewhat lower, Discipline, Self-Control, a slender, upright figure in reds, holding a sword and a scourge, for others and for himself, stands looking at the young man whom she is to accompany henceforth in all his wanderings.



A study for the figure of Discipline.

This very effective centring is supported on either side and below by a large number of figures in which the symbolical gradually gives way to the more nearly literal. In the middle distance, below the Universities on each side, sit the most illustrious representatives of the arts and sciences, grave, dignified figures, somewhat ghostly, some of them but recently welcomed among the immortals, returned to be present at this ceremonial; lower still and in the immediate foreground, darker and more palpable, are the young men, the students on the right and the aspirants on the left. These strongly defined forms are modified by the growth of laurel in which some of the nearest figures partly disappear. The larger scale of these figures and their greater darkness as farthest from the light give, both in design and color, the requisite solidity to the base of the great decorative composition. The massed sombreness of the conventional garments is broken here and there by some of the few variations which modern costume offers—to the left, a mechanic with his cap and hammer, on the right, nearest to Discipline, and contrasting well with her reddish robes, the yellow and black of the football player. The long white marble steps leading up to the altar rise from stretches of gray rock which furnish a suitable basis for the whole—the rock of the Acropolis, perhaps, even, the obdurate foundations of the island of Manhattan. Finally, on the luminous gray swirls of the clouds above, to right and left of Wisdom's head—these curved lines repeating and enforcing those of the three rows of figures below—are seated, in the fine old fashion of allegorical decoration, little naked boys, symbolizing, with their books on one side and their retorts on the other, instruction by the printed page and instruction by experiment.

In all this imagery the decorative interest centres in the long curved exedra line of the seated Universities, in the selection and the representation of these somewhat unusual themes for the painter's prosopopœia. The institutions represented, from left to right, are those of Alexandria, Rome, Cordova, Bologna, and Athens, and on the other side of Wisdom, Upsala, Leyden, Paris, Heidelberg, and Oxford on the extreme right. Alexandria is a handsome, Cleopatra-like figure seen in profile; Rome, stately and upright, in red and white, holding a statuette of Victory; in strong contrast with these, Cordova, in brilliant reds and with a suggestion of Moorish fierceness in her indolent pose, while Bologna, as one of the earliest, leans eagerly forward, the light glint-

ing on the gold band in her hair. Last on this side, nearest the altar, sits Athens, a beautiful Greek Muse whose high diadem shines like silver against the dark behind. On the other side, Upsala, somewhat in the shadow of the pedestal; Leyden, with elbow on knee and chin on hand and a suspicion of Dutch firmness; Paris, with her liberty cap and shield bearing the arms of the city; Heidelberg, very upright, German and blonde, displaying her heraldic black eagle, and finally Oxford, a graceful, contemplative, crowned figure in white. In the necessary placing of the high lights of the reds in this color arrangement, the brightest falls on the Moorish robe of Cordova, and somewhat tempered ones on Rome at her right and the third and fourth figures on the other side, Paris and Heidelberg. In the seated figures below, Galileo receives this illumination, and, opposite him, the Greek philosopher with a book in his lap.

These immortals below were selected with equal care; just below Alexandria they begin, ancients and moderns, Lavoisier, Democritus of Abdera, Harvey, Augustus Cæsar, Sir Isaac Newton, and on the other side, nearest Discipline, Shakespeare, then Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Petrarch, Galileo, and Lord Kelvin standing modestly behind. Each of these typifies some great branch of human knowledge—Lavoisier, chemistry; Democritus, philosophy; Harvey, science; Cæsar, law; Newton, mathematics; Shakespeare, literature and the drama; Beethoven, music; Michael Angelo, art; Petrarch, human letters; Galileo, physics; and Lord Kelvin, modern forces. The attributes are not very obvious, nor are they very important; it is the effect produced on the spectator by his sudden introduction into this



A study for the figure of Paris

Parnassus that gives him pause. Mr. Blashfield has long been known as one of the most scholarly of our living artists; but as a painter, in the conception and the presentation of this great tribunal, "where the light is silent all," he has risen to heights which he has not before attained.

This painting fills the whole of the great semicircular cove, the depth of which in the centre is some seven feet, and is enclosed in a

heavy framing of oak with bold cusps, partly broken by color and gilding, above which rise the tall upright panels of the railed ambulatory, broken into sections and rising gradually to the little carved and panelled pulpit in the centre, which takes the place of the keystone of the arch. Behind and above appear the tops of the Gothic panels of the end wall of the hall, beyond which are three stories of rooms. The painting was executed on the canvas fastened to the curved wall, by Mr. Blashfield and his two assistants, Vincent Aderente and Alonzo E. Foringer, whose names duly appear with his own in the signature on the work.

It would be difficult to compare, in conception and execution, this mural decoration, the most important on the walls of an educational institution in this country, with the great painting in the hemicycle of the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne* of twenty years ago, the commanding authority of which has not yet been seriously disputed. Though between the technical methods of Puvis and Mr. Blashfield but little similarity can be discovered, yet the general principles of his æsthetic creed, as laid down by the French master in his recorded conversations, would seem to be much like those on which the later painter has worked: "I am convinced that the best ordered conception, that is to say, the simplest and the clearest, will be found to be at the same time the most decorative and the most beautiful. I love order because I passionately love clearness. In all cases, clearness, clearness before everything! I hate nothing so much as the vague and the nebulous. Obscurity is good only to conceal deformity. For all clear and well-defined ideas, there exists a plastic formula which translates them. But most frequently our ideas come to us confused and intermingled. It is then necessary to disengage them at first, in order to be able to consider them, pure, in the inward light.

"A work is born of a species of confused emotion in the midst of which it is contained, like an animal in the egg. The thought which lies at the heart of this emotion, I turn it about, I turn it about until it is elucidated in my eyes and until it appears with the greatest possible clearness. Then I ask for a spectacle which will translate it with exactitude, *but which shall be at the same time, or which at least could be, a real spectacle.* There is symbolism, if you like, but as little arbitrary as possible.

"Art is not an imitation of the reality: it is a parallelism with Nature!"

Neither the circumstances nor the space at his disposal permitted Mr. Blashfield to essay any such all-embracing theme as that in the Sorbonne. The particular presentation of the familiar concepts in pictorial form is largely a purely artistic affair. Certain matters are prescribed by unwritten law—the central, unifying, figure is generally to be seated, always dignified and therefore quiescent; in both these cases, the matron signifying the Sorbonne and the statue of Wisdom, she is presented with the simplest of attributes. Eloquence is a standing figure *quelconque* declaiming; Poesy, a seated one, with an antique lyre or harp; the torch of Enlightenment can be carried only in a very few natural attitudes. History naturally has a tablet, and Discipline, a weapon of offence; in no better way can Meditation or Philosophy be personified than by a seated draped woman or man contemplating a skull. Puvis represents Science as a statue to which the youths pay homage, as is Wisdom in the New York decoration. The pictorial genius is displayed in the choice of style, in the preservation of a scholarly tone, atmosphere, restraint, in the selection and the grouping of these symbolical figures, in their individuality —sometimes in the guarded use of novel details, as the fossil ammonite in the panel of Science in the Sorbonne. With the exception of Mr. Blashfield's youths in the clouds, both of these spectacles "could be represented the most easily in the world," as Puvis said. It may be noted that the later painter does not think himself entitled to take some of the small liberties that the elder did, even in these practicable allegories—such details in the Sorbonne as the heavy mantle of Eloquence standing out at right angles in the breathless air, and the toes of the youth in the stream from which he gives the old man to drink, are reminiscences of that greater freedom enjoyed by the painters of other days which has been commented upon in these pages. In his chiaroscuro, however, Mr. Blashfield has apparently departed from one of the cardinal principles of the older man.

WILLIAM WALTON.

*See The Field of Art, October, 1905.



Drawn by W. H. Everett.

DANCERS POUR DOWN THE STEPS.—Page 133.

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THE HOUSE OF RIMMON*

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

SCENE: *Damascus and the Mountains of Samaria.* TIME: 850 *B. C.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BENHADAD: King of Damascus.
REZON: High Priest of the House of Rimmon.
SABALLIDIN: A noble of Damascus.
HAZAEL, IZDHUBAR, RAKHAZ } Courtiers of Damascus.
SHUMAKIM: The King's Fool.
ELISHA: Prophet of Israel.
NAAMAN: Captain of the Armies of Damascus.
RUAHMAH: A Captive Maid of Israel.
TSARPI: Wife to Naaman.
KHAMMA, NUBTA: } Attendants of Tsarpi.
Soldiers, Servants, Courtiers, etc., etc.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Night, in the garden of Naaman at Damascus. At the left, on a slightly raised terrace, the palace, with softly gleaming lights and music coming from the open latticed windows. The garden is full of oleanders, roses, pomegranates, abundance of crimson flowers; the air is heavy with their fragrance; a fountain at the right is plashing gently: behind it is an arbor covered with vines. Near the centre of the garden stands a small, hideous idol of the god Rimmon. Back of the arbor rises the lofty square tower of the House of Rimmon, which casts a shadow from the moon across the garden. The background is a wide, hilly landscape, with a highroad passing over the mountains toward the snow-clad summits of Mount Hermon in the distance. Enter by the palace door, the lady Tsarpi, robed in red and gold, and followed by her maids, Khamma and Nubta.*

(Tsarpi remains on the terrace: Khamma and Nubta go down into the garden, looking about, and returning to her.)

KHAMMA:

There's no one here; the garden is asleep.

NUBTA:

The flowers are nodding, all the birds abed,
And nothing wakes except the watchful stars!

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KHAMMA:

The stars are sentinels discreet and mute:
How many things they know and never tell!

TSARPI:

(Impatiently.)

Unlike the stars, how many things you tell
And do not know! When comes your master home?

NUBTA:

Lady, his armor-bearer brought us word
An hour ago, the master will be here
At moonset, not before.

TSARPI:

(Smiling.)

He haunts the camp
And leaves me much alone; yet I can pass
The time of absence not unhappily,
If I but know the time of his return.
An hour of moonlight yet! Khamma, my mirror!

(Khamma gives her the hand-glass.)

These curls are ill arranged, this veil too low,—
So,—that is better, careless maids! Withdraw,—
But warn me if your master should appear.

KHAMMA:

Mistress, have no concern; for when we hear
The clatter of his horse along the street,
We'll run this way and lead your dancers down
With song and laughter,—you shall know in time.

TSARPI:

(Exeunt, Khamma and Nubta, laughing. Tsarpi descends the steps.)

My guest is late; but he will surely come!
Hunger and thirst will bring him to my feet.
The man who burns to drain the cup of love,—
The priest whose greed of glory never fails,—
Both, both have need of me, and he will come.
And I,—what do I need? Why everything
That helps my beauty to a higher throne;
All that a priest can promise, all a man
Can give, and all a god bestow, I need:
This may a woman win, and this will I.

(Enter Rezon quietly from the shadow of the trees. He stands behind Tsarpi and listens, smiling, to her last words. Then he drops his mantle of leopard-skin, and lifts his high-priest's rod of bronze, shaped at one end like a star, at the other like a thunderbolt.)

REZON:

Tsarpi!

TSARPI:

(She bows low before him.)

The mistress of the house of Naaman
Salutes the keeper of the House of Rimmon.

REZON:

(He lowers the star-point of the rod, which glows for a moment with rosy light above her head: then he kneels.)

Rimmon receives you with his star of peace;
And I, his chosen minister, kneel down
Before your regal beauty, and implore
The welcome of the woman for the man.

TSARPI:

(Giving him her hand, but holding off his embrace.)

Thus Tsarpi welcomes Rezon! Nay, no more!
Till I have heard what errand brings you here
By night, within the garden of the man
Who hates you most, and fears you least, in all
Damascus.

REZON:

(Rising, and speaking angrily.)

Believe me, I repay his scorn
With double hatred,—Naaman, the man
Whom the King honors and the people love,
Who stands against the nobles and the priests,
Against the oracles of Rimmon's House,
And cries, "We'll fight to keep Damascus free!"
This powerful fool, this impious devotee
Of liberty, who loves the city more
Than he reveres the city's ancient god:
This frigid husband who sets you below
His dream of duty to a horde of slaves:
This man I hate, and I will humble him.

TSARPI:

(Slowly, and thoughtfully.)

I think I hate him too. He stands apart
From me, ev'n while he holds me in his arms,
By something that I cannot understand,
Nor supple to my will, nor melt with tears,
Nor quite dissolve with blandishments, although
He swears he loves his wife next to his honor!
Next? That's too low! I will be first or nothing.

REZON:

With me you are the first, the absolute!
When you and I have triumphed you shall reign;
And you and I will bring this hero down.

TSARPI:

(Doubtfully.)

But how? For he is strong.

REZON:

By these, the eyes
Of Tsarpi; and by this, the rod of Rimmon.

TSARPI:

Speak clearly; tell your plan.

REZON:

(Confidentially.)

You know the host
Of the Assyrian king has broken forth
Again to conquer us. Envoys have come
From Shalmaneser to demand surrender.
Our king Benhadad wavers, for he knows
His weakness. All the nobles, all the rich,
Would purchase peace that they may grow more rich:
Only the people and the soldiers, led
By Naaman, would fight for liberty.
Blind fools! To-day the envoys came to pay
Their worship to our god, whom they adore
In Nineveh as Asshur's brother-god.
They talked with me in secret. Promises,
Great promises! For every noble house
That urges peace, a noble recompense:
The king, submissive, kept in royal state
And splendor: most of all, honor and wealth
Shall crown the House of Rimmon, and his priest,—
Yea, and his priestess. For we two will rise
Upon the city's fall. The common folk
Shall suffer; Naaman shall sink with them
In wreck; but I shall rise, and you shall rise

Above me! You shall climb, through incense-smoke,
And days of pomp, and nights of revelry,
Glorious rites and ecstasies of love,
Unto the topmost room in Rimmon's tower,
The secret, lofty room, the couch of bliss,
And the divine embraces of the god.

TSARPI:

(Throwing out her arms in exultation.)

All, all I wish! What must I do for this?

REZON:

(Coming close to her and laying his hand on her arm.)

Turn Naaman away from thoughts of war;
Or purchase him with love's delights to yield
This point,—I care not how,—and afterwards
The future shall be ours.

TSARPI:

(Drawing back.)

And if I fail?

REZON:

(Following her.)

I have another shaft. The last appeal,
Before the king decides, is to the oracle
Of Rimmon. You shall read the signs!
A former priestess of his temple, you
Shall be the interpreter of heaven, and speak
A word to melt this brazen soldier's heart
Within his breast.

TSARPI:

(Still doubting.)

But if it flame instead?

REZON:

(Secretly.)

I know the way to quench that flame. The cup,
The parting cup your hand shall give to him!
What if the curse of Rimmon should infect
That wine with sacred venom, secretly
To work within his veins, week after week
Corrupting all the currents of his blood,
Dimming his eyes, wasting his flesh? What then?
Would he prevail in war? Would he come back
To glory, or to shame? What think you?

TSARPI:

(Startled.)

I?
I do not think; I only do my part.
But can the gods bless this?

REZON:

(With confidence.)

The gods can bless
Whatever they decree; their will makes right;
And this is for the glory of the house
Of Rimmon,—and for thee, my queen. Come, come!
The night grows dark; we'll perfect our alliance.

(Rezon draws her with him, embracing her, through the shadows of the garden. Ruahmah, who has been sleeping in the arbor, has been awakened during the dialogue, and has been dimly visible in her white dress, behind the vines. She parts them and comes out, pushing back her long dark hair from her temples.)

RUAHMAH:

(Bewildered and distressed.)

What have I heard? O God, what shame is this
Plotted beneath Thy pure and silent stars!
Was it for this that I was brought away
Captive from Israel's blessed hills to serve
A heathen mistress in a land of lies?

Ah, treacherous, shameful priest! Ah, shameless wife
Of one too noble to suspect thy guilt!
The very greatness of his generous heart
Betrays him to their hands. What can I do?
Nothing,—a slave,—hated and mocked by all
My fellow-slaves! O bitter prison-life!
I smother in this black, betraying air
Of lust and luxury; I faint beneath
The shadow of this House of Rimmon. God
Have mercy! Lead me out to Israel.
To Israel!

(Music and laughter heard within the palace. The doors fly open and a flood of men and women, dancers, players, flushed with wine, dishevelled, pour down the steps, Khamma and Nubta with them. They crown the image with roses and dance around it. Ruahmah is discovered crouching beside the arbor. They drag her out before the image.)

NUBTA:

Look! Here's the Hebrew maid,—
She's homesick; let us comfort her!

KHAMMA:

(They put their arms around her.)

Yes, dancing is the cure for homesickness.
We'll make her dance.

RUAHMAH:

(She slips away.)

I pray you, let me go!
I cannot dance, I do not know your measures.

KHAMMA:

Then sing for us,—a song of Israel!

RUAHMAH:

How can I sing the songs of Israel
In this strange country? O my heart would break
With grief in every note of that dear music.

A SERVANT:

(They circle around her, striking her with rose-branches; she sinks to her knees, covering her face with her bare arms, which bleed.)

A stubborn and unfriendly maid! We'll whip her.

NUBTA:

(Clapping her hands.)

Look, look! She kneels to Rimmon, she is tamed.

RUAHMAH:

(Springing up and lifting her arms to the sky.)

Nay, not to this dumb idol, but to Him
Who made Orion and the seven stars!

ALL:

(They push her toward the fountain, laughing and shouting.)

She raves,—she mocks at Rimmon! Punish her!
The fountain! Wash her blasphemy away!

(In the open door of the palace Naaman appears, dressed in blue and silver, bareheaded and unarmed. He comes to the top of the steps and stands for a moment, astonished and angry.)

NAAMAN:

(Exeunt all except Ruahmah, who stands with her face covered by her hands. Naaman comes to her, laying his hand on her shoulder.)

Silence! What drunken rout is this? Begone,
Ye barking dogs and mewing cats! Out, all!
Poor child, what have they done to thee?

RUAHMAH:

(Turning and looking up in his face.)

Nothing,
My lord and master! They have harmed me not.

NAAMAN:

(Touching her arm.)

Dost call this nothing?

RUAHMAH:

(*Looking down.*) Since my lord is come.

NAAMAN:

I do not know thy face,—who art thou, child?

RUAHMAH:

The handmaid of thy wife. These three years past
I have attended her.

NAAMAN:

Whence comest thou?
Thy voice is like thy mistress, but thy looks
Have something foreign. Tell thy name, thy land.

RUAHMAH:

(*Lifting her head.*) Ruahmah is my name, a captive maid,
The daughter of a prince in Israel,—
Where once, in olden days, I saw my lord
Ride through our highlands, when Samaria
Was allied with Damascus to defeat
Asshur, our common foe.

NAAMAN:

O glorious days,
Crowded with life! And thou rememberest them?

RUAHMAH:

(*With animation.*) As clear as yesterday! Master, I saw
Thee riding on a snow-white horse beside
Our king; and all we joyful little maids
Strewed boughs of palm along the victors' way;
For you had driven out the enemy,
Broken; and both our lands were friends and free.

NAAMAN:

(*Sadly.*) Well, they are past, those noble days! The friends
That fought for freedom stand apart, rivals
For Asshur's favor, like two jealous dogs
That snarl and bite each other, while they wait
The master's whip, enforcing peace. The days
When nations would imperil all to keep
Their liberties, are only memories now.
The common cause is lost,—and thou art brought,
The captive of some mercenary raid,
Some profitable, honorless foray,
To serve within my house. Dost thou fare well?

RUAHMAH:

Master, thou seest.

NAAMAN:

Yes, I see! My child,
Why do they hate thee so?

RUAHMAH:

I do not know,
Unless because I will not bow to Rimmon.

NAAMAN:

Thou needest not. I fear he is a god
Who pities not his people, will not save.
My heart is sick with doubt of him. But thou
Shalt hold thy faith,—I care not what it is,—
Worship thy god; but keep thy spirit free.

(*He takes his chain and signet from his neck, giving them to her.*)

Here, take this chain and wear it with my seal,
None shall molest the maid who carries this.
Thou hast found favor in thy master's eyes;
Hast thou no other gift to ask of me?

RUAHMAH:

(*Earnestly.*)

My lord, I do entreat thee not to go
To-morrow to the council. Seek the King
And speak with him in secret; but avoid
The audience-hall.

NAAMAN:

(*With surprise.*)

Why, what is this? Thy wits
Are wandering. Why dost thou ask this thing
Impossible! My honor is engaged
To speak for war, to lead in war against
The Assyrian Bull and save Damascus.

RUAHMAH:

(*With confused earnestness.*)

Then, lord, if thou must go, I pray thee speak,—
I know not how,—but so that all must hear.
With magic of unanswerable words
Persuade thy foes. Yet watch,—beware,—

NAAMAN:

Of what?

RUAHMAH:

(*Walking away and wringing her hands.*)

I am entangled in my speech,—no light,—
How shall I tell him? He will not believe.

(*Returning to Naaman.*)

O my dear lord, thine enemies are they
Of thine own house. I pray thee to beware,—
Beware,—of Rimmon!

NAAMAN:

(*Looking at her with astonishment and pity, and laying his hand on her shoulder.*)

Child, thy words are wild;
Thy troubles have bewildered all thy brain.
Go, now, and fret no more; but sleep, and dream
Of Israel! For thou shalt see thy home
Among the hills again.

RUAHMAH:

(*She ascends the terrace slowly, Naaman watching her; then she turns and speaks to him, lifting her hand toward Mount Hermon in the distance.*)

Master, good-night.
And may thy slumber be as sweet and deep
As if thou camped at snowy Hermon's foot,
Amid the music of his waterfalls
And watched by winged sentries of the sky.
There friendly oaks enlace their boughs above
The weary head, pillowed on earth's kind breast,
And unpolluted breezes softly breathe
A song of sleep among the murmuring leaves.
There the big stars seem nearer, and the sun
Looks forth serene, undimmed by city's mirk
Or smoke of idol-temples, to behold
The waking wonder of the wide-spread world,
And life renews itself with every morn
In purest joy of living. May the Lord
Deliver thee, dear master, from the nets
Laid for thy feet, and lead thee out along
The open path, beneath the open sky!
Thou shalt be followed always by the heart
Of one poor captive maid who prays for thee.

(*Exit Ruahmah: Naaman stands looking after her.*)

SCENE II.—*The audience-hall in Benhadad's palace. The sides of the hall are lined with lofty columns: the back opens toward the city, with descending steps; the House of Rimmon with its high tower is seen in the background. The throne is at the right in front; opposite is the royal door of entrance, guarded by four tall sentinels. When the curtain rises, they are the only persons in the hall. Enter at the rear between the columns, Rakhaz, Saballidin, Hazael, Izdubhar.*

IZDUBHAR:

(*An excited old man.*) The city is all in a turmoil. It boils like a pot of lentils. The people are foaming and bubbling round and round like beans in the pottage.

HAZAEL:

(*A lean, crafty man.*) Fear is a hot fire.

RAKHAZ:

(*A fat, pompous man, puffing and blowing.*) Well may they fear, for the Assyrians are not three days distant. They are blazing along like a waterspout to chop Damascus down like a handful of chaff.

SABALLIDIN:

(*Young and frank.*) Cannot Naaman drive them back?

RAKHAZ:

(*Loudly.*) Ho! Naaman? Where have you been living? Naaman is a broken reed whose claws have been cut. Build no hopes on that foundation, for it will upset in the midst of the sea and leave you hanging in the air.

SABALLIDIN:

(*Quietly.*) He clatters like a windmill. What would he say, Hazael?

HAZAEL:

(*Coldly.*) Naaman can do nothing without the command of the King; and the King fears to order the army to march without the approval of the gods. The High Priest is against it. The House of Rimmon is for peace with Asshur.

RAKHAZ:

(*Patronizingly.*) Yes, and all the nobles are for peace. We are the men whose wisdom lights the rudder that upholds the chariot of state. Would we be rich if we were not wise? Do we not know better than the rabble what medicine will silence this fire that threatens to drown us?

IZDUBHAR:

(*With fear.*) But if the Assyrians come, we shall all perish; they will despoil us all.

HAZAEL:

(*Smiling.*) Not us, my lord, only the common people. The envoys have offered favorable terms to the priests, and the nobles, and the King. No palace, no temple, shall be plundered. Only the shops, and the markets, and the houses of the multitude shall be given up to the Bull. He will eat his supper from the pot of lentils, not from our golden plate.

RAKHAZ:

(*With great importance.*) Yes, and all who speak for peace in the council shall be enriched; our heads shall be crowned with seats of honor in the processions of the Assyrian king. He needs wise counsellors to help him guide the ship of empire onto the solid rock of prosperity. You must be with us, my lords Izdubhar and Saballidin, and let the stars of your wisdom roar loudly for peace.

IZDUBHAR:

(With a bewildered air.)

He talks like a tablet read upside down,—a wild ass braying in the wilderness. Yet there is policy in his words.

SABALLIDIN:

I know not. Can a kingdom live without a people or an army? If we let the Bull in to sup on the lentils, will he not make his breakfast in our vineyards?

(Enter other courtiers following Shumakim, a crooked little jester, in blue, green and red, a wreath of poppies around his neck and a flagon in his hand. He walks unsteadily, and stutters in his speech.)

HAZAEL:

(Contemptuously.)

Here is Shumakim, the King's fool, with his legs full of last night's wine.

SHUMAKIM:

(Balancing himself in front of them, and chuckling.)

(He points in turn at Rakhaz, Hazael and Izdubhar.)

Wrong, my lords, very wrong! This is not last night's wine, but a draught the King's physician gave me this morning for a cure. It sobers me amazingly! I know you all, my lords: any fool would know you. You, master, are a statesman; and you are a politician; and you are a patriot.

RAKHAZ:

(Stroking his chin.)

Am I a statesman? I felt something of the kind about me. But what is a statesman?

SHUMAKIM:

(Clapping him on the back.)

A politician that is stuffed with big words; a fat man in a mask; one that plays a solemn tune on a sackbut full o' wind.

HAZAEL:

(Sourly.)

And what is a politician?

SHUMAKIM:

(Grinning in his face.)

A statesman that has dropped his mask and cracked his sackbut. Men trust him for what he is, and he never deceives them, because he always lies.

IZDUBHAR:

(Indignantly.)

Why do you call me a patriot?

SHUMAKIM:

(Bowing in mock reverence.)

Because you know what is good for you; you love your country as you love your pelf. You feel for the common people,—as the wolf feels for the sheep.

SABALLIDIN:

(With friendly good-humor.)

And what am I?

SHUMAKIM:

(Throwing his arm over Saballidin's shoulder, and walking with him.)

A fool, master, just a plain fool; and there is hope of thee for that reason. Embrace me, brother, and taste this; but not too much, —it will intoxicate thee with sobriety.

(The hall has been slowly filling with courtiers and soldiers; a crowd of people begin to come up the steps at the rear, where they are halted by a chain guarded by servants of the palace. A bell tolls; the royal door is thrown open; the aged King crosses the hall slowly and takes his seat on the throne with the four tall sentinels standing behind him. All bow down shading their eyes with their hands.)

BENHADAD:

(With dignity.)

The hour of royal audience is come.
I'll hear the envoys of my brother king,
The son of Asshur. Are my counsellors
At hand? Where are the priests of Rimmon's House?

(Gongs sound. Rezon comes in from the rear, followed by a procession of priests in black and yellow. The courtiers bow; the King rises; Rezon takes his stand on the steps of the throne at the left of the King.)

BENHADAD:

(*More anxiously.*)

Where is my faithful servant Naaman,
The captain of my host?

(*Trumpet sounds from the city. The crowd on the steps divide; the chain is lowered; Naaman enters, followed by six soldiers. He is dressed in chain-mail, with a silver helmet and a cloak of blue. He uncovers, and kneels on the steps of the throne at the King's right.*)

NAAMAN:

My lord the King,
The bearer of thy sword is here.

BENHADAD:

(*Giving Naaman his hand, and sitting down.*)

Welcome,
My strong right arm that never failed me yet!
I am in doubt,—but stay thou close to me
While I decide this cause. Where are the envoys?
Let them appear and give their message.

(*Enter the Assyrian envoys; one in white and the other in red; both with the golden Bull's head embroidered on their robes. They come from the right, rear, bow slightly before the throne, and take the centre of the hall.*)

WHITE ENVOY:

(*Stepping forward to the throne.*)

Greeting from Shalmaneser, Asshur's son,
The king who reigns at Nineveh
And takes his tribute from a thousand cities,
Unto Benhadad, monarch in Damascus!
The conquering Bull has come out of the north;
The south has fallen before him, and the west
His feet have trodden; Hamath is laid waste;
He pauses at your gate, invincible,—
To offer peace. The princes of your court,
The priests of Rimmon's house, and you, the King,
If you pay homage to your overlord,
Shall rest secure, and flourish as our friends.

(*He lays a yoke on the steps of the throne.*)

Assyria sends to you this gilded yoke;
Receive it as the sign of proffered peace.

BENHADAD:

(*Doubtfully.*)

What of the city? Said your king no word
Of our Damascus, and the many folk
That do inhabit her and make her great?
What of the soldiers who have fought for us?
The people who have sheltered 'neath our shield?

WHITE ENVOY:

Of these my royal master did not speak.

BENHADAD:

(*With perturbation.*)

Strange silence: Must we give them up to him?
Is this the price at which he offers us
The yoke of peace? What if we do refuse?

RED ENVOY:

(*Stepping forward.*)

Then ruthless war! War to the uttermost.
No quarter, no compassion, no escape!
The Bull will gore and trample in his fury
Nobles and priests and king,—none shall be spared!

(*He lays a long bull's horn, stained with blood, on the steps of the throne.*)

Before the throne we lay our second gift;
This bloody horn, the symbol of red war.

WHITE ENVOY:

Our message is delivered. Grant us leave
And safe conveyance, that we may return

Unto our master. He will wait three days
To know your royal choice between his gifts.
Keep which you will and send the other back;
The red bull's horn your youngest page may bring;
But with the yoke, best send your mightiest army!

(*The Envoys retire, amid confused murmurs of the people, the King silent, his head sunken on his breast.*)

BENHADAD:

Proud words, a bitter message, hard to endure!
We are not now that force which feared no foe:
Our host is weakened, and our old allies
Have left us. Can we face this raging Bull
(*Many speak at once, confusedly.*) Alone, and beat him back? Give me your counsel.
What babblement is this? Were ye born at Babel?
Give me clear words and reasonable speech.

RAKHAZ:

(*Pompously.*) O King, I am a reasonable man;
And there be some who call me very wise
And prudent; but of this I will not speak,
For I am also modest. Let me plead,
Persuade, and reason you to choose for peace.
This golden yoke may be a bitter draught,
But better far to fold it in our arms,
Than risk our cargoes in the savage horn
Of war. Shall we imperil all our wealth,
Our valuable lives? Nobles are few,
Rich men are rare, and wise men rarer still;
The precious jewels on the tree of life,
Wherein the common people are but bricks
And clay and rubble. Let the city go,
But save the corner-stones that float the ship!
Have I not spoken well?

BENHADAD:

(*Shaking his head.*) Excellent well!
Most eloquent! But misty in the meaning.

HAZAEL:

(*With cold decision.*) Then let me speak, O King, in plainer words!
The days of independent states are past:
The tide of empire sweeps across the earth;
Assyria rides it with resistless power
And thunders on to subjugate the world.
Oppose her, and we fight with Destiny;
Submit to her demands, and we shall ride
With her to victory. Therefore return
This bloody horn, the symbol of wild war,
With words of soft refusal, and accept
The golden yoke, Assyria's gift of peace.

NAAMAN:

(*Starting forward eagerly.*) There is no peace beneath a conqueror's yoke,
My King, but shame and heaviness of heart!
For every state that barters liberty
To win imperial favor, shall be drained
Of her best blood, henceforth, in endless wars
To make the empire greater. Here's the choice:

We fight to-day to keep our country free,
Or else we fight forevermore to help
Assyria bind the world as we are bound.
I am a soldier, and I know the hell
Of war! But I will gladly ride through hell
To save Damascus. Master, bid me ride!
Ten thousand chariots wait for your command;
And twenty thousand horsemen strain the leash
Of patience till you let them go; a throng
Of spearmen, archers, swordsmen, like the sea
Chafing against a dike, roar for the onset!
O master, let me launch your mighty host
Against the Bull,—we'll bring him to his knees!

(Cries of "War!" from the soldiers and the people; "peace!" from the courtiers and the priests. The King rises, turning toward Naaman, and seems about to speak. Rezon lifts his rod.)

REZON:

(With authority.)

Shall not the gods decide when mortals strive?
Rimmon is master of the city's fate;
He reigns in secret and his will is law;
We read his will, by our most ancient faith,
In omens and in signs of mystery.
Must we not hearken to his high commands?

BENHADAD:

(Sinking back on the throne, submissively.)

I am the faithful son of Rimmon's House.
Consult the oracle. But who shall read?

REZON:

(Naaman, standing on the steps of the throne, is startled, but controls himself.)

Tsarpi, the wife of Naaman, who served
Within the temple in her maiden years,
Shall be the mouthpiece of the mighty god,
To-day's high-priestess. Bring the sacrifice!

(Gongs and cymbals sound; enter priests carrying an altar on which a lamb is bound. The altar is placed in the centre of the hall. Tsarpi follows the priests, covered with a long transparent veil of black, sewn with gold stars; Ruahmah, in white, bears her train. Tsarpi stands before the altar, facing it, and lifts her right hand holding a knife. Ruahmah steps back, near the throne, her hands crossed on her breast, her head bowed. The priests close in around Tsarpi and the altar. The knife is seen to strike downward. Gongs and cymbals sound; cries of "Rimmon, hear us!" The circle of priests opens, and Tsarpi turns slowly to face the King.)

TSARPI:

(Monotonously.)

Black is the blood of the victim;
Rimmon is unfavorable,
Asratu is unfavorable;
They will not war against Asshur,
They will make a league with the God of Nineveh.
Evil is in store for Damascus,
A strong enemy will lay waste the land.
Therefore make peace with the Bull;
Hearken to the voice of Rimmon.

(She turns again to the altar, and the priests close in around her. Rezon lifts his rod toward the tower of the temple. A flash of lightning followed by thunder; smoke rises from the altar; all except Naaman and Ruahmah cover their faces. The circle of priests opens again, and Tsarpi comes forward slowly, chanting.)

Chant:

Hear the words of Rimmon! Thus your Maker speaketh:
I, the god of thunder, riding on the whirlwind,
I, the god of lightning, leaping from the storm-cloud,

(All are terrified and look toward Naaman, shuddering. Ruahmah alone seems not to heed the curse, but stands with her eyes fixed on Naaman.)

I will smite with vengeance him who dares defy me!
He who leads Damascus into war with Asshur,
Conquering or conquered, bears my curse upon him.
Surely shall my arrow strike his heart in secret,
Burn his flesh with fever, turn his blood to poison,
Brand him with corruption, drive him into darkness;
He alone shall perish, by the doom of Rimmon.

RUAHMAH:

(Quietly to Naaman.)

Be not afraid! There is a greater God
Shall cover thee with His almighty wings:
Beneath his shield and buckler shalt thou trust.

BENHADAD:

(Tremulously.)

Repent, my son, thou must not brave this curse.

NAAMAN:

(Firmly.)

My King, there is no curse so terrible
As that which lights a bosom-fire for him
Who gives away his honor, to prolong
A craven life whose every breath is shame!
If I betray the men who follow me,
The city that has put her trust in me,
The country to whose service I am bound,
What king can shield me from my own deep scorn,
What god release me from that self-made hell?
The tender mercies of Assyria
I know; and they are cruel as creeping tigers.
Give up Damascus, and her streets will run
Rivers of innocent blood; the city's heart
That mighty, laboring heart, wounded and crushed
Beneath the brutal hooves of the wild Bull,
Will cry against her captain, sitting safe
Among the nobles, in some pleasant place.
I shall be safe,—safe from the threatened wrath
Of unknown gods, but damned forever by
The men I know,—that is the curse I fear.

BENHADAD:

(In a tone of awe.)

Speak not so high, my son. Must we not bow
Our heads before the sovereignties of heaven?
The unseen rulers are Divine.

NAAMAN:

(With quiet intensity.)

O King,
I am unlearned in the lore of priests;
Yet well I know that there are hidden powers
About us, working mortal weal and woe
Beyond the force of mortals to control.
And if these powers appear in love and truth,
I think they must be gods, and worship them.
But if their secret will is manifest
In blind decrees of sheer omnipotence,
That punish where no fault is found, and smite
The poor with undeserved calamity,
And pierce the undefended in the dark
With arrows of injustice, and foredoom
Offenceless souls to burn in endless pain,
I will not call this fierce almightiness
Divine. Though I must bear, with every man,

The burden of my life ordained, I'll keep
My soul unterrified, and tread the path
Of truth and honor with a steady heart!
(Resolutely.) But if I err in this; and if there be
Divinities whose will is cruel, unjust,
Capricious and supreme, I will forswear
The favor of these gods, and take my part
With man to suffer and for man to die.
(To the courtiers.) Have ye not heard, my lords? The oracle
Proclaims to me, to me alone, the doom
Of vengeance if I lead the army out.
"Conquered or conquering!" I grip that chance!
Damascus free, her foes all beaten back,
The people saved from slavery, the King
Upheld in honor on his ancient throne,—
O what's the cost of this? I'll gladly pay
Whatever gods there be, whatever price
(Pointing to the yoke and speaking eagerly to the King.) They ask for this one victory. Give me
This gilded sign of shame to carry back;
I'll shake it in the face of Asshur's king,
And break it on his teeth.

BENHADAD:

(Rising, with a solemn gesture.) Then go, my never-beaten captain, go!
And may the powers that hear thy solemn vow
Forgive thy rashness for Damascus' sake,
Prosper thy fighting, and remit thy pledge.

REZON:

(Standing besiae the altar.) The pledge, O King, this man must seal his pledge
At Rimmon's altar. He must take the cup
Of soldier-sacrament, and bind himself
By thrice-performed libation to abide
The fate he has invoked.

NAAMAN:

(Slowly.) And so I will.

(He comes down the steps, toward the altar, where Rezon is filling the cup which Tsarpi holds. Ruahmah throws herself before Naaman, clasping his knees.)

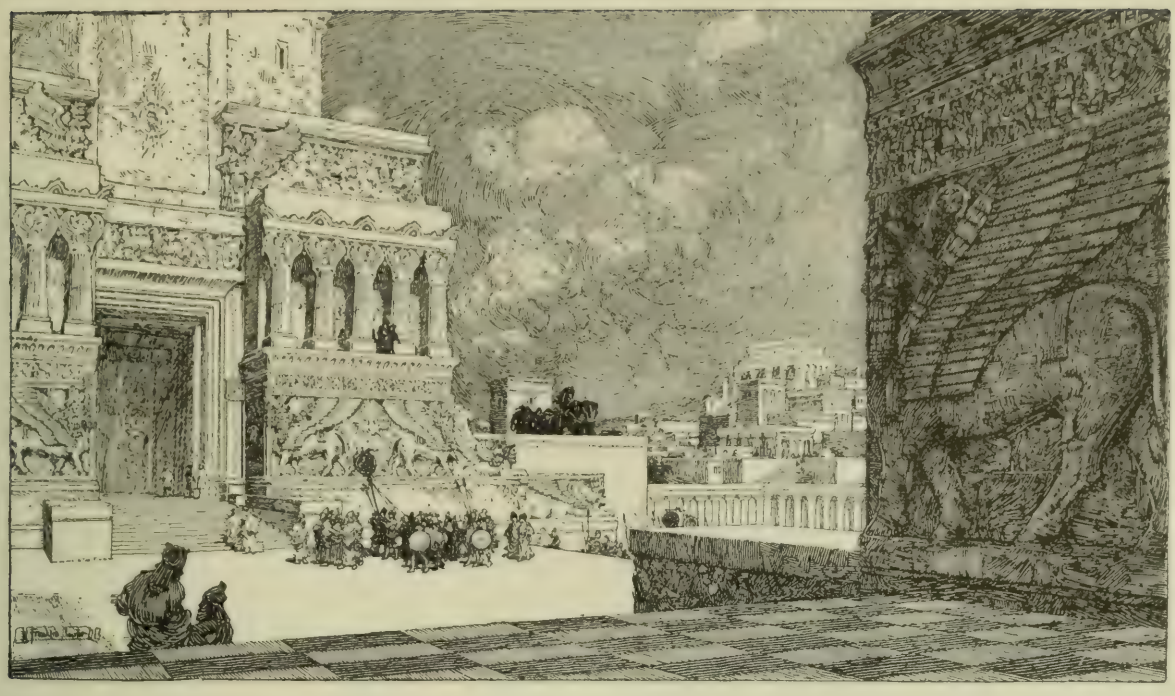
RUAHMAH:

(Passionately.) My lord, I do beseech you, stay! There's death
Within that cup. It is an offering
To devils. See, the wine blazes like fire,
It flows like blood, it is a cursed cup,
Fulfilled of treachery and hate.
Dear master, noble master, touch it not!

NAAMAN:

(Gives her into the hands of Saballidin.) Poor maid, thy brain is still distraught. Fear not
(Takes the cup from Tsarpi's hand.) But let me go! Here, treat her tenderly!
(Pours libation.) Can harm befall me from the wife who bears
My name? I take the cup of fate from her.
(Again.) I greet the unknown powers;
(Again.) I will perform my vow;
I will abide my fate;
(He drains the cup, and lets it fall.) I pledge my life to keep Damascus free.

CURTAIN.



ACT II

SCENE.—*The court of the House of Rimmon. At the back the broad steps and double doors of the shrine: Above them the tower of the god, its summit invisible. Enter various groups of citizens, talking, laughing, shouting: Rakhaz, Hazael, Shumakim and others.*

FIRST CITIZEN:

(*With excitement.*) Great news, glorious news, the Assyrians are beaten!

SECOND CITIZEN:

Naaman is returning, crowned with victory. Glory to our noble captain!

THIRD CITIZEN:

No, he is killed. I had it from one of the camp-followers who saw him fall at the head of the battle. They are bringing his body to bury it with honor. O sorrowful victory!

RAKHAZ:

(*Condescendingly.*) Peace, my good fellows, you are ignorant, you have not been rightly informed, I will misinform you. The accounts of Naaman's death are overdrawn. He was killed, but his life has been preserved. One of his wounds was mortal, but the other three were curable, and by these the physicians have saved him.

SHUMAKIM:

(*Balancing himself before Rakhaz in pretended admiration.*) O wonderful! Most admirable logic! One mortal, and three curable, therefore he must recover as it were, by three to one. Rakhaz, do you know that you are a marvelous man?

RAKHAZ:

Yes, I know it, but I make no boast of my knowledge.

SHUMAKIM:

Too modest, for in knowing this you know what is unknown to any other in Damascus!

(*Enter, from the right, Saballidin in armor; from the left, Tsarpi with her attendants, among whom is Ruahmah.*)

HAZAEL:

Here is Saballidin, we'll question him;
He was enflamed by Naaman's fiery words,
And rode with him to battle. Good, my lord,
We hail you as a herald of the fight
You helped to win. Give us authentic news
Of your great general! Is he safe and well?
When will he come? Or will he come at all?

SABALLIDIN:

(All gather around him, listening eagerly.)

He comes but now, returning from the field
Where he hath gained a crown of deathless fame!
Three times he led the charge; three times he fell
Wounded, and the Assyrians beat us back.
Yet every wound was but a spur to urge
His valor onward. In the last attack
He rode before us as the crested wave
That heads the flood; and lo, our enemies
Were broken like a dam of river-reeds,
Burst by the torrent, scattered, swept away!
But look! the Assyrian king in wavering flight
Is lodged like driftwood on a little hill,
Encircled by his guard, and stands at bay.
Then Naaman, followed hotly by a score
Of whirlwind riders, hammers through the hedge
Of spearmen, brandishing the golden yoke:
"Take back this gift," he cries; and shatters it
On Shalmaneser's helmet. So the fight
Dissolves in universal rout: the king,
His chariots and his horsemen melt away:
Our captain stands the master of the field,
(Shouts of joy and applause.) And saviour of Damascus! Now he brings,
First to the king, report of this great triumph.

RUAHMAH:

(Coming close to Saballidin.)

But what of him who won it? Fares he well?
My mistress would receive some word of him.

SABALLIDIN:

Hath she not heard?

RUAHMAH:

But one brief message came:
A tablet saying, "We have fought and conquered,"
No word of his own person. Fares he well?

SABALLIDIN:

(Sadly.)

Alas, most ill! For he is like a man
Consumed by some strange sickness: wasted, wan,—
His eyes are dimmed so that scarce can see;
His ears are dulled; his fearless face is pale
As one who walks to meet a certain doom
Yet will not flinch. It is most pitiful,—
But you shall see.

RUAHMAH:

(Proudly.)

Yea, we shall see a man
Who took upon himself his country's burden, dared
To hazard all to save the poor and helpless;
A man who bears the wrath of evil powers
Unknown, and pays the hero's sacrifice.



Drawn by W. H. Everett.

The standards of his host are thine!—Page 145.

(Enter Benhadad with courtiers.)

BENHADAD:

Where is my faithful servant Naaman,
The captain of my host?

SABALLIDIN:

My lord, he comes.

(Trumpet sounds. Enter company of soldiers in armor. Then four soldiers bearing captured standards of Asshur. Naaman follows, very pale, his armor dinted and stained; he is blind, and guides himself by cords from the standards on each side, but walks firmly. The doors of the temple open slightly, and Rezon appears at the top of the steps. Naaman lets the cords fall, and gropes his way for a few paces.)

NAAMAN:

(He sinks on one knee.)

Where is my King?
Master, the bearer of thy sword returns.
The golden yoke thou gavest me I broke
On him who sent it. Asshur's Bull hath fled
Dis-horned. The standards of his host are thine!
Damascus is all thine, at peace, and free!

BENHADAD:

(Holding out his arms.)

Thou art a mighty man of valor! Come,
And let me fold thy courage to my heart.

REZON:

(Lifting his rod and speaking with harsh triumph.)

Forbear, O King! Stand back from him, all men!
By the great name of Rimmon I proclaim
This man a leper! On his brow I see
The death-white seal, the finger-print of doom!
That tiny spot will spread, eating his flesh,
Gnawing his fingers bone from bone, until
The impious heart that dared defy the gods
Dissolves in the slow death which now begins.
Unclean! unclean! Henceforward he is dead:
No human hand shall touch him, and no home
Of men shall give him shelter. He shall walk
Only with corpses of the selfsame death
Down the long path to a forgotten tomb.
Avoid, depart, I do adjure you all,
Leave him to god,—the leper Naaman!

(All shrink back horrified. Rezon retires into the temple; the crowd melts away, wailing: Tsarpi is among the first to go, followed by her attendants, except Ruahmah, who crouches, with her face covered, not far from Naaman.)

BENHADAD:

(Lingering and turning back.)

Alas, my son! O Naaman, my son!
Why did I let thee go? Thou art cast out
Irrevocably from the city's life
Which thou hast saved. Who can resist the gods?
I must obey the law, and touch thy hand
Never again. Yet none shall take from thee
Thy glorious title, captain of my host!
I will provide for thee, and thou shalt dwell
With guards of honor in a house of mine
Always. Damascus never shall forget
What thou hast done! O miserable words
Of crowned impotence! O mockery of power
Given to kings, who cannot even defend
Their dearest from the secret wrath of heaven!
Naaman, my son, my son!

(Exit.)

NAAMAN:

(Slowly, passing his hand over his eyes, and looking up.)

Am I alone
With thee, inexorable one, whose pride
Offended takes this horrible revenge?
I must submit my mortal flesh to thee,
Almighty, but I will not call thee god!
Yet thou hast found the way to wound my soul
Most deeply through the flesh; and I must find
The way to let my wounded soul escape!
Come, my last friend, thou art more merciful
Than Rimmon. Why should I endure the doom
He sends me? Irretrievably cut off
From all dear intercourse of human love,
From all the tender touch of human hands,
From all brave comradeship with brother-men,
With eyes that see no faces through this dark,
With ears that hear all voices far away,
Why should I cling to misery, and grope
My long, long way from pain to pain, alone?

(Drawing his sword.)

RUAHMAH:

(At his feet.)

Nay, not alone, dear lord, for I am here;
And I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!

NAAMAN:

(Astonished.)

What voice is that? The silence of my tomb
Is broken by a ray of music,—whose?

RUAHMAH:

(Rising.)

The one who loves thee best in all the world.

NAAMAN:

(At first doubtfully, then with joy.)

Why that should be,—O dare I dream it true?
Tsarpi, my wife? Have I misjudged thy heart
As cold and proud? How nobly thou forgivest!
Thou com'st to hold me from the last disgrace,—
The coward's flight into the dark. Go back
Unstained, my sword! Life is endurable
While there is one alive on earth who loves us.

RUAHMAH:

(Agitated.)

My lord,—my lord,—O listen! You have erred,—
You do mistake me now,—this dream—

NAAMAN:

(Earnestly, and with pleading.)

Ah, wake me not! For I can conquer death
Dreaming this dream. Let me at last believe,
Though gods are cruel, a woman can be kind.
Grant me but this! For see,—I ask so little,—
Only to know that thou art faithful,—
Only to lean upon the thought that thou,
My wife, art near me, though I touch thee not,—
O this will hold me up, though it be given
From pity more than love.

RUAHMAH:

(Trembling, and speaking slowly.)

Not so, my lord!
My pity is a stream; my pride of thee
Is like the sea that doth engulf the stream;
My love for thee is like the sovran moon

That rules the sea. The tides that fill my soul
Flow unto thee and follow after thee;
And where thou goest I will go; and where
Thou diest I will die,—in the same hour.

(She lays her hand on his arm. He draws back.)

NAAMAN:

O touch me not! Thou shalt not share my doom.

RUAHMAH:

(With increasing strength.)

Entreat me not to go. I will obey
In all but this; but rob me not of this
The only boon that makes life worth the living,—
To walk beside thee day by day, and keep
Thy foot from stumbling; to prepare thy food
When thou art hungry, music for thy rest,
And cheerful words to comfort thy black hour;
And so to lead thee ever on, and on,
Through darkness, till we find the door of hope.

NAAMAN:

What word is that? The leper has no hope.

RUAHMAH:

(Confidently and with tenderness.)

Dear lord, the mark upon thy brow is yet
No broader than my little finger-nail.
Thy force is not abated, and thy step
Is firm. Wilt thou surrender to the enemy
Before thy strength is touched? Why, let me put
A drop of courage from my breast in thine.
There is a hope for thee. The captive maid
Of Israel who dwelt within thy house
Knew of a god very compassionate,
Long-suffering, slow to anger, one who heals
The sick, hath pity on the fatherless,
And saves the poor and him who has no helper.
His prophet dwells nigh to Samaria;
And I have heard that he hath brought the dead
To life again. We'll go to him. The King,
If I beseech him, will appoint a guard
Of thine own soldiers and Saballidin,
Thy friend, to convoy us upon our journey.
He'll give us royal letters to the king
Of Israel to make our welcome sure;
And we will take the open road, beneath
The open sky, to-morrow, and go on
Together till we find the door of hope.
Come, come with me!

(She grasps his hand.)

NAAMAN:

(Drawing back)

Thou must not touch me!

RUAHMAH:

(Unclasping her girdle and putting the end in his hand.)

Take my girdle, then!

NAAMAN:

(Kissing the clasp of the girdle.)

I do begin to think there is a God,
Since love on earth can work such miracles!

CURTAIN.

(To be concluded.)

THE DOWRY

By Margaret Sherwood

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

IT was spring-time in Paris, with gleams of golden sunshine brightening the gray streets, and sweet cries of early flowers, anemone, hyacinth, and crocus, everywhere. Even the river was flecked with blue and gold, visible to duller eyes than those of the girl who was carried swiftly across the long Pont des Arts. To her the long-haired art students, the little boys in black aprons, the odd old lady with the grand profile standing at a book-stall on the quay were cause for exquisite wonder, and when the carriage stopped at the door of the Hôtel du Lion in the Rue de Vannes, and Madame appeared, bowing graciously at her office door, Kathleen felt that she was entering the ivory gate of dreams

Kathleen and the spring-time came together, and both stirred the blood of the guests at the Hôtel du Lion. Every one knew that a young girl and an elderly lady had come early in the afternoon and had taken two large rooms *au deuxième;* every one knew that Kathleen's hair was dark as summer dusk and that of Cousin Louise soft and gray, for some had looked out of the windows and some over the railing Was not this Paris, and did not all yearn continually for something new?

Strangers, though rare, were by no means unknown at the Hôtel du Lion, for the art students and the literary folk who dwelt there were quite in the habit of recommending it to their friends. It was a retired spot, though well within hearing of the noisy cries of Paris streets, with a bit of garden behind and a stretch of river visible from the upper windows, a home of young folk and of old hopes—a few of which had come true. An air of the Latin quarter pervaded the whole, in a statuette or a picture left by the creator as a present for Madame, or, in sorrier case, as payment for board. It was a place with a history, venerable but clean in every sense of the word; and now had come Kathleen from America to join the army of workers, for she was about to enter upon a course of study of Celtic literature at the Sorbonne.

Past the sketch upon the plaster wall of Pan piping to wood nymphs, done by a student of the seventies, Kathleen led Cousin Louise down to dinner; and the smile of Madame at the head of her long table, the odd folk, the rustle of quick French were to the girl full of enchantment. If she studied her fellow-guests under her long lashes, they, in turn, studied her; and the soft, questioning French when she spoke to the waiter, the grace with which her head bent over that of Cousin Louise, escaped none of them. M. Adolphe Mostet of Julien's quite forgot his own reflection in the glass opposite, though it gave back faithfully his drooping locks and *négligé* collar He was thinking how wonderful the girl's face would be in a picture of spring which he, nobody else, could paint. Even Mr. Neulings, the Paris respresentative of the London and Wessex bank, looked frankly interested, and it was only the Count, the incomprehensible Count, who did not glance her way. Kathleen, meanwhile went on from marvellous soup to the raisins of dessert, quite unaware that anyone was interested in her; she was too eagerly interested herself to think of that, for she had never been in Paris, never been anywhere at all, and neither in Hellespont, New York, where she had been born, nor in the Connecticut town where she had attended a select boarding-school had there been artist or poet to tell her that her face was one to claim the homage of men's eyes.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday—the days fled fast. Kathleen watched the gay pageant of Paris and liked it all, partly because she did not understand. The nodding plumes and wreathed smiles of the Champs Élysées, the painted folk upon the walls of the Louvre, and the painted and unpainted folk moving past; the loud street cries and swift street scenes were to her as marvellous as a fairy tale. Her new friends



The young Count found himself, . . . recounting to a little group tales he had heard.—Page 150.

at the Hôtel du Lion, perhaps because of her joy in the world of strange things, set themselves the task of entertaining her. Did she love stained glass? Go to the Sainte Chapelle; old marbles? there was the Hôtel de Cluny; odd folk? ah, she must see droll Mrs. Faunce, the old Irish lady, who appeared at the hotel now and then. Even more zealous than the old inhabitants in the task of caring for the newcomers were two fellow country-women from Smithville, Ohio.

"Do you know," Miss Stevens would ask, Miss Stevens, who had prepared herself for foreign travel by reading a book of one hundred useful facts, "that the whole

solar system is travelling toward Vega at the rate of six hundred miles a minute?"

Before a week had passed Kathleen was on terms of good comradeship with them all, save the odd gentleman at the end of the table with the clear dark eyes, the clear dark skin, the finished and perfect manner, M. le Comte Denis François Amédée Beauregard of Château Miraban in Brittany, who was one of the guests and yet not of them. Perhaps the others were shy in his presence, for titles came rarely to the Hôtel du Lion; perhaps he felt long-vanished fingers of gentlefolk of the old régime holding him apart.

"Monsieur le Comte and his mother have had a difference," admitted Madame when her guests demanded an explanation of this alien presence. "Some friend had told him of us, and he has left home for a time. He is greatly grieved but firm—his mother also. We wait the result." More she refused to say, save to Mr. Neulings, who, in his character of oldest inhabitant, was privileged. To him she confided that Count Beauregard was passionately interested in science, his mother as passionately opposed to his study. She would have him marry Mlle. Vinet, for he was poor, and live at ease at Château Miraban.

"Monsieur prefers toil; he abhors idleness at the Château; he abhors Mlle. Vinet. He is what you say—stiff-necked, peeg-headed, and he studies at the École de Médicine."

Sometimes the lonely gentleman glanced wistfully into the salon in evenings as he went up to his own rooms or out to the theatre, leaving the others to make merry, and on one of these occasions Madame captured him and carried him into her parlor quite after the fashion of the spider with the fly. M. Mostet was at the piano; Mr. Neulings was tactfully entertaining the two American ladies by telling them how despicable all Americans are; and the young Count found himself, how he did not know, recounting to a little group tales he had heard from the lips of Breton peasant folk on his estate. One was of a water fay who won a mortal away to fairy land, and when it was finished he looked in wonder, for all Kathleen's delight was in her face, where color was flashing in rhythmic waves. It was part of the delight of this story-book land that a person so remote and terrifying should turn into a magician who could bring her Celtic folk-lore straight from its source.

"Monsieur," she ventured, in her pretty, hesitating French, "your story interests me deeply. I am of Celtic birth."

"I too," said the Count.

"I am studying Celtic literature at the Sorbonne, only the lectures have been very disappointing, all about disputed dates and derivations of names, while the beauty and the life of the old tales slip away. And I came all the way across the Atlantic to hear them!"

He started at the word Sorbonne, and mentally cursed the fashions of foreign folk which permitted this exquisite creature to go forth into the public highway intent on men's tasks. However, as he decided the next night when she came directly to him in the salon and asked for another fairy tale, she did strange things without loss of her loveliness, and her action did not shock him as it did M. Mostet. There was a look about her as of the maidens about Quimper, and, as he watched her while he told her the story as he had heard it from the old woman who lived under the cliff of Tristram as a swineherd, he decided that a common Celtic ancestry meant kinship reaching, not only very far back but very far down. She puzzled him, this girl who was thinking, not about her face or her clothes, but about old manuscripts, and his French head kept asking his Breton heart: "Is it womanly?"

Slowly the Count began to cultivate the acquaintance of Cousin Louise, and his broken English, with her broken French, which was that of the young ladies of the sixties in a Philadelphia boarding-school, made a pretty bit of comedy. A simple lady and a sweet, she smiled graciously upon him, and a pale pink flush came into her cheeks when her friends rallied her upon her admirer. M. le Comte begged to be permitted, since he knew his Paris so well, to serve now and then as guide; so it came to pass that he paced the walks at stately Versailles side by side with Kathleen and the gray-haired lady, and the ordered leaves smelled not less freshly sweet than the wild ones of the woodland. The unadmitted deafness of Cousin Louise left the two young folk alone more than any one realized, and between them grew up a



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

M. le Comte begged to be permitted to serve now and then as a guide.—Page 150.

companionship made partly of reminiscences of much that had happened before they were born, of the passion of Deirdre, and the homesickness in heaven of Oisin for the sweet fields of earth. In the swift journeyings through the swift streets the Count saw not only that Celtic foreworld, but his Paris reflected in the girl's eyes, and the vivid life took on a color and a charm unknown before. He loved to bring to her face that intent look of eagerness, though he chafed a bit under the knowledge that he was of interest to her only because of the ideas which he suggested. What manner of woman folk was this, he asked himself, that thought of you only as a living soul,



The door was flung open and a marvellous personage appeared.—Page 154



Seeking out Cousin Louise he formally asked permission.—Page 157.

forgetting that you were a Frenchman, and young? Then the time came when Count Denis was forced to confess to himself, ruefully, that he was at the end of his inherited tradition of folk-lore, which had given him the privilege of bringing to this seeker after beauty what the Sorbonne denies. That day he made a pilgrimage to all the libraries he knew; that night he worked for long hours with learned treatises on Celtic legend, and the next day came his reward. In the green shadows of the Bois de Boulogne, while Cousin Louise smiled the smile of the unhearing, he told Kathleen a bit of

legend that she did not know, about the Morrigu, war goddess of enchanted shapes, who came against Cuchulain in many forms, as a marvellous woman with red eyebrows, a black eel, a gray wolf. Idly interpreting the symbolism of the old story, he played upon the girl as one plays upon a stringed instrument. A hint of beauty in the tale, he reflected, brought brilliant light to eyes and face; a change of mood—and it went out like a flame. The thought came to him, in the leafy, lichen-walled quiet, that life could hold no dearer task for him than that of evoking this subtle charm, pursuing it while it fled. Ah, his accursed poverty!

That night at dinner a trying moment came. M. Mostet, while eloquently describing his latest picture, was interrupted by Miss Stevens, who flung to the company her seventy-first fact, "Venus turns an unchanging face to the sun." Then her friend, Miss Neckar, plunged into the conversation, saying that to-day she had visited the place where Marie Antoinette was "gelatined." Kathleen was trying not to smile, when suddenly the door was flung open and a marvellous personage appeared, an old lady, unmistakably a lady, but just as unmistakably a vagrant, with a look upon her face as if all the gayety of the gay city had chosen for a moment to wear the mask of age. A taffeta skirt, intended at the Magasin du Louvre for a petticoat; a lace-trimmed dressing sacque; a long scarf of costly black lace drooping over gray hair and shoulders—with black mitts, made up a costume such as the girl had never seen save in the corn fields of her native land for frightening birds. To Kathleen the bold nose and piercing black eye seemed familiar; a moment more and she recognized the old lady seen the night of her arrival at the book-stall on the quay. "The Morrigu," whispered the Count, and mirth twinkled back from Kathleen's eyes. "Mrs. Faunce," announced Madame. This amazing personage swept a deep, ironic courtesy to her fellow-guests, and those of longer standing bowed in delighted recognition. The humorous curves at the corners of the wrinkled mouth deepened as the old lady took her seat, with quick, satiric greetings for all she knew.

"M. Adolphe, have they hung your pictures at the salon yet? Surely, they would, if they thought as well of them as you and I do."

"Mr. Neulings, I trust you are as modest as ever about being a British subject!"

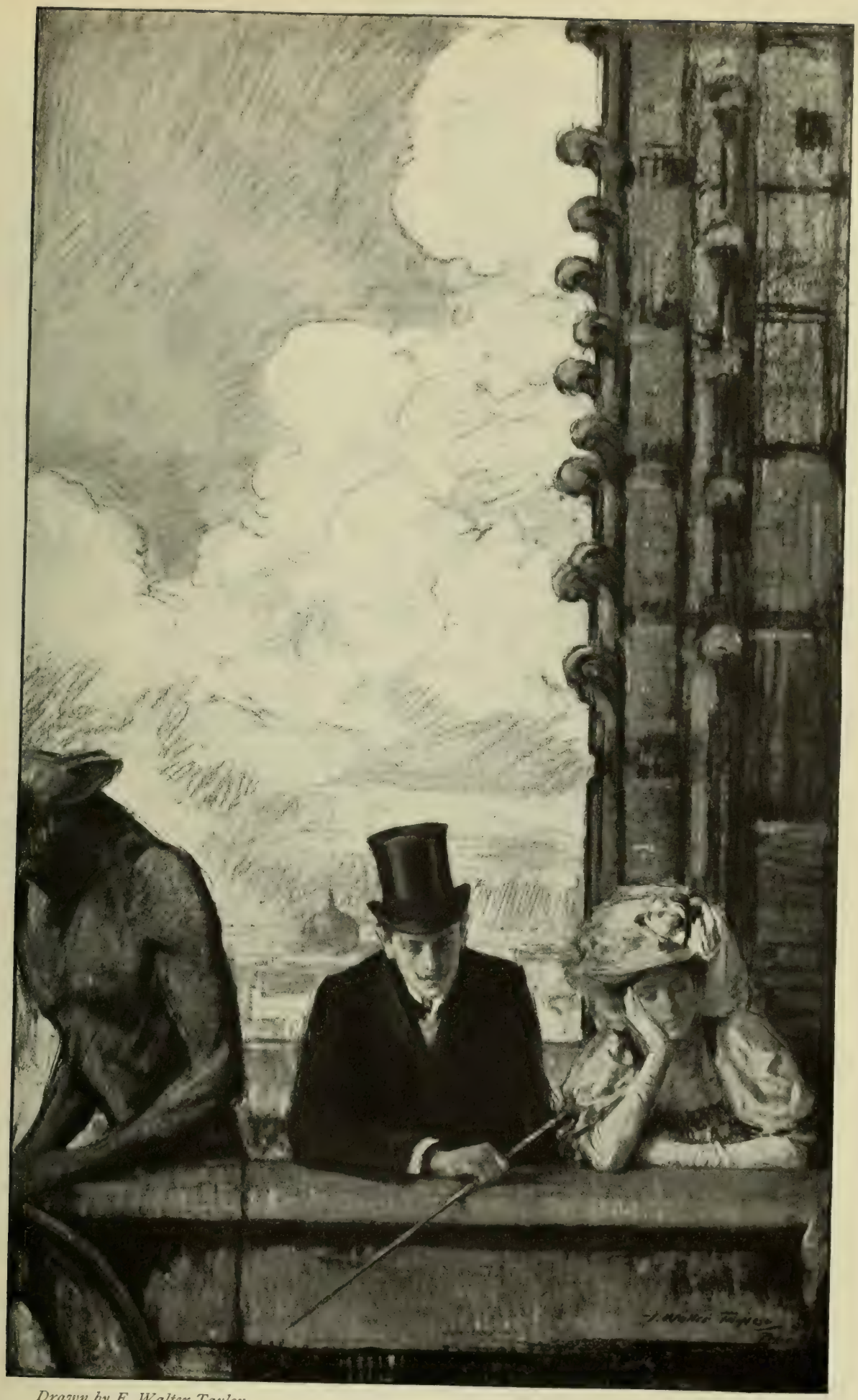
"M. le Comte Denis François—what is it?—Beauregard, I see that you are again able to conceal your delight in seeing me." The Count, who had met her but once, but who added abhorrence of Mrs. Faunce to his abhorrence of idleness and of Mlle. Vinet, bowed but said nothing. As the keen old eyes swept the dining-room they lighted on Kathleen.

"Who's that?" demanded the newcomer. Madame hastened to explain. "Miss Kathleen Blake?" repeated the old lady. "Surely I thought it was the fairy queen from the Islands of the Blessed." She neglected her soup, and sat with her eyes fixed on Kathleen's face, as if she saw something there that the others did not see.

Now I hold firmly the belief that no gentlewoman can indulge in personalities. The shafts of Mrs. Faunce's wit were as merciless as well aimed, and yet she was a gentlewoman. Perhaps no other human being ever united in herself so many aspects of the impossible. I do not expect you to believe in her; I hardly did myself when I saw her day by day. Even Madame who knew more than the rest of us, frankly admitted that she did not know enough to explain this aged personage, upon whose wrinkled cheeks an air of irresponsibility sat so engagingly.

"She is one mystery," Madame would say, "and is, I know not who. She has known great folk; it is not only in her talk but in her manner, for she has the grand air."

It was rumored in the pension that Mrs. Faunce possessed a title; it was darkly hinted that she carried about her person large sums of money; it was universally admitted that she was quixotically generous. She came and went as she would, no one knew whence or whither, venturing, at seventy, alone across the seas, from Ireland to England, from London to the continent, appearing at unexpected moments at the Hôtel du Lion. Even here she came but to dine, living somewhere on the other side of the river, where she was said to possess a house of her own. Mr. Neulings had always her gracious permission to escort her toward home as far as the end of the bridge



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

In silence they watched the golden spring sunshine over gray Paris.—Page 158.

when the lights shone out after dinner, but here she dismissed him promptly, going back alone to the heart of her mystery.

The changes that the coming of Mrs. Faunce wrought at the Hôtel du Lion were many. From the first she took an absorbing interest in Kathleen, and her eyes, as they rested on the girl's face, were as the eyes of a mother watching her first-born. Daily, as she came back with unwonted persistence, she demanded more and more of the girl's time, and Kathleen, fascinated by a personality so alive with the joy of the open road, gave gladly what she asked.

Meanwhile the Count was sorely lonely. There were no more quiet talks in the salon, for it was invaded every evening by this horrible old personage whose impertinence and quick laughter represented all that he most detested of the personal and familiar.

"Now who would think I had held him on my knee when he was a baby?" she had demanded concerning him one day. "Ah, Monsieur has forgotten!"

Daily he stiffened under the stinging wit, becoming once more the solitary seigneur of the *troisième*. Her tales of the Irish peasantry were supplanting his stories of Breton folk, in spite of his diligent burrowing in learned books; and it was with anguish of spirit that he saw beauty come and go in Kathleen's face at another's touch than his own.

One afternoon the old lady and the girl were in Madame's garden, where a plane tree, a horse chestnut and two pear trees kept watch over rose-bush and ivied walls. It was a sight to see them together, the white head with its covering of rich lace all awry, and the bare head of the young girl seeming darker than ever for the petals of pear blossom that had drifted to it in their fall. The bright old eyes grew tender as they rested there.

"Now tell me more about yourself," begged Mrs. Faunce. "I must know, you see, if you are fit company for me." If she winked I dare not say it, and besides, only Madame's parrot saw.

"There's nothing to tell," said Kathleen. "Except for school I have spent my whole life at Hellespont."

"Then I think the gods and goddesses must have visited you at Hellespont and taught you how to walk," said Mrs. Faunce gallantly. "Ah, but you are Irish, me dear, Irish through and through. 'Tis in the look of you and the smile of you and the sweet ways of you."

From his window *au troisième* the Count, looking down, saw the mitt-clad hand laid affectionately on Kathleen's shoulder, and he scowled. Ah, if the Morrigu would only go away in the likeness of an eel or a gray wolf, and leave alone that dark head which no one ought to touch, no one, save in time, perhaps, one favored person.

Others besides the Count as the days went on noted that the eyes of the old Irish lady were constantly upon Kathleen, watching with delight each turn of her head and each quiver of a smile across her lips. For the first time in the long years of wandering the vagrant heart had come home to rest. Mrs. Faunce began asking the girl's advice about clothing. Might she keep on wearing mitts? Was her head-dress too old-fashioned, and what did Kathleen think of her skirt? What Kathleen thought of her skirt became visible a few days later in the shape of a grand black silk dress made by Madame's modiste. Meekly the old lady began taking off her cap before putting on her bonnet, a custom long foregone. Then, to Madame's great surprise, she, who had been but an occasional guest, demanded a room and stayed on *en pension*. The night when he learned of this the Count Denis François Amédée Beauregard sat long in his dark room considering the possibility of going back to Château Miraban and Mlle. Vinet.

The fondness of the old lady for Kathleen won her to the point of telling the long story of her wanderings. It was when she was a grandmother, she confessed to the girl, that the call of the open road had become irresistible.

"Me husband dead, me daughter married and happy and me but forty-six, I fretted for me freedom."

She had quietly disappeared, and then had followed a life of pleasant wandering from country to country, from town to town. Conventions had slipped from her and she had grown young again.

"From time to time I wrote to them," she said, smiling grimly, "when I was too far away for them to follow, China, maybe, or Japan. 'Twas geography I was studying, me dear. You see, me life had been bounded by the piano stool on the north

and the French windows on the south, and there were some things I wanted to know: how it is that the river goes, and the way the tides come in. And I've found it out. 'Tis more than one winter I've spent followin' the wild geese south, wild geese and tame," she added thoughtfully. Mr. Neulings, strolling out before dinner, heard the last remark and smiled. He knew, if no one else did, how many times Mrs. Faunce had started for Italy without ever reaching that desired spot. By her own confession she had never been able to get past Monte Carlo.

In the days that followed there was trouble enough at the Hôtel du Lion, though all seemed placid on the outside, and Miss Stevens never dreamed the depth of symbolism in her seventy-fifth fact, announced at luncheon: "The earth moves constantly in its orbit between Venus and Mars." It had come to the point where Cousin Louise and Kathleen but exchanged formal greetings with Count Denis. "Monsieur," Kathleen had asked one day, meeting him at the door of the salon, "have you no more Breton tales for me?" Buoyed up by a stern resolution to forget her, he had bowed formally, regretting in rather icy fashion that his information was exhausted. Mrs. Faunce, who had overheard, smiled with satisfaction. She had seen in the girl's face that which she wanted to see there, for this love story was blossoming for her old age like witch-hazel in the fall. It was on the days when he avoided Kathleen that the Count ceased to be a wandering voice, recounting pleasant things, and became to the girl a dangerously interesting person.

"And all the better if they're none too happy at first," said Mrs. Faunce, nodding sagely to herself. Her satisfaction was not shared by the Count, who found his first step in renunciation a heavy one indeed. He plunged into the Paris streets, took a tram, found his way out to the Bois and walked fiercely up and down past the bench where he had sat one day with Kathleen. They had no feeling, no sentiment, these American women. All that this girl wanted of him was—information.

"I have the misfortune," he wrote in a note book which he drew out of his pocket, "to be the object of interested admiration of the woman I love. She apparently does not know of my existence, being content to know my intellectual quality. This admiration leaves me out in the cold." Then he sensibly tore out the leaf, and burned it at the edge of a lighted match.

Yet his mood changed when Kathleen smiled wistfully upon him; resolution slipped away and he grew kind again. He thought long and deeply about ancient Brittany and Kathleen; he thought long and deeply about modern Brittany and his mother, and the result was that, with all the strength of a resolution reversed to accord with the desire of his heart, he took his destiny into his own hands for good or for ill. Seeking out Cousin Louise he formally begged permission to ask for the hand of Mademoiselle Kathleen, and that lady came out of the interview with a red spot on either cheek. In that it was French she liked it, but in that she had not known what to say she was deeply concerned.

"I told him that Kathleen is poor," she confessed to Mrs. Faunce, to whom she fled for advice. "Her father lost his money shortly before his death."

"What did he say?" asked Mrs. Faunce, pricking up her ears.

"He sighed and half groaned, 'So am I; it is the first time that I have regretted the fact.' You don't think, do you, that he is an adventurer, the kind you read about." A little smile quivered at the corners of Mrs. Faunce's mouth.

"I do not," she answered, "if you care for me opinion."

Two days went by, and nothing happened. The Count's silence almost won the two elderly ladies to the conclusion that the confession of poverty had discouraged him. Mrs. Faunce was not to be daunted, however, and she summoned Kathleen to her.

"Kathleen, me beauty," she demanded, "would you do something for an old woman that loves you dearly?"

"That depends entirely upon the old woman," said the girl.

"'Tis merely I'm thinking of adopting you, but on one condition only: that you let me give you your marriage *dot*. Could you take a present, me dear?"

"Of money? No," she answered gently. "Besides, I'm not thinking of marrying."

"If you're not, others are," said Mrs. Faunce darkly. "Oh, the independence of

them when they are born on the other side of the water!

That evening the salon was very gay, while the quivering old voice of Mrs. Faunce trilled forth "The Last Rose of Summer," lingering long over

> All her lovely companions
> Are faded and gone

and Cousin Louise rendered "Annie Laurie." The young ladies of the pension, absorbed in their careers and without parlor accomplishments, sat silent night after night, while the old ladies graciously entertained the company with tremulous voices and withered fingers on the keys. There was a delicate rivalry between the two, shown in mutual compliments and tactful encores, and no touch of ill humor ever appeared, save when one was trying to convict the other of remembering farther back than she. This special evening shone out long afterward in the annals of the Hôtel du Lion for the sparkling of Mrs. Faunce's wit, and the girlish gayety of Cousin Louise. The Count came in late, and presently found himself sitting by Mrs. Faunce.

"Ah, but the young people nowadays have no poetry in them!" exploded the old lady suddenly. "There's no such thing as true love any more. Once there was romance in the young, and devotion; now 'tis all money and bargaining when two of them marry. All mercenary, all," she insisted, "especially Frenchmen!"

"Did you know," Miss Stevens was informing Mr. Neulings—it was her eightieth fact—"that the earth is all hot inside and is slowly cooling off?"

Then Mrs. Faunce turned upon the Count with a wicked twinkle:

> And if thou dost not love me
> Why dost thou come so near?

she sang softly and sentimentally. A little smile quivered over the grave face, and the old lady knew that her hour of triumph had come. Unbending sufficiently to talk with her, the young man left the salon with the conviction that this was indeed a brilliant woman, though undeniably odd. This was but the beginning of conquest. As the days passed Mrs. Faunce found many ways of monopolizing him. She wheedled, she coaxed, she flattered, but what do I know of the way of an Irishwoman with a man? Whatever purpose she had in mind she concealed under clever discussion of literature and of politics, and he found, what she had intended him to know, that she had held a part in London and in Parisian society a generation ago, and knew minute peculiarities of some of his kinsfolk. The growing mystery of the old lady fascinated him. It was the Count now who escorted her on her walks; his subjugation was complete.

"He's tame enough to eat out of me hand," said Mrs. Faunce, smiling sardonically.

If her purpose was to gain an intimacy that would warrant urging him in his wooing, she was mistaken in thinking that he needed prodding from her. Like many another worldly wise person she knew mankind in general so well that she was apt to be mistaken in judging any particular case. The Count was but waiting for a moment when she was not at his elbow to speak to Kathleen, and it was not until the two were together one day on one of the towers of Notre Dame that the moment came. Fortunately the height had been too great for Cousin Louise and Mrs. Faunce. The cries and the swift stir of the city drifted up to them, with fragrance of flower and of leaf, and there was a sound of bird wings in the air, as the two stood high among the gray gargoyles.

"Mademoiselle Kathleen," said the Count softly, and, as the girl turned toward him, it seemed as if he saw all the flickering leaf shadows of the forest of Broceliande in her gray eyes: "Mademoiselle Kathleen, it is permitted to me to tell you that I love you."

Through the hidden tenderness of her face crept a look half of surprise and half of fear, and then of passionate welcome.

"But I thought it was Cousin Louise you cared for," she stammered, and they laughed together, while the doves raised their heads to listen.

"So I do," he answered gallantly, "but after a different fashion. I love you both, Mademoiselle, but it is you whom I have the honor to ask to be my wife."

It was characteristic of the intercourse between the two that she gave him no answer. Somewhere, long ago, in the green shades of the Celtic forests, that yes had been spoken. In silence they watched the golden spring sunshine over gray Paris,

sharing swift thrills of feeling, new and sweet. When they came down the long and winding way, Cousin Louise merely smiled in wonted fashion, but Mrs. Faunce gathered Kathleen to her arms and kissed her, with tears of joy trickling down her gay old face.

Now all was peace for a few days at the Hôtel du Lion. Madame was taken into the confidence of those who knew, and she smiled benignly. For the lovers there was one quiet afternoon with Cousin Louise in the Cluny garden, where the three sat on an old stone bench, the marbles about them seeming but overhanging leaves carved to immortality. There were quiet walks with Mrs. Faunce along the quays by the old book-stalls, and across the river at twilight when the lights came out on bridge and shore. The little urban idyl was even as the blossoming of the first trees, as lovely as those in old Celtic story, against the stone walls of the garden.

One day there was an air of trouble brewing. A great thunder storm darkened the air, and, in the tense moment that comes before the breaking of the thunder, a carriage drove up at the door of the Hôtel du Lion, a carriage whose quiet elegance was new to the Rue de Vannes. The coat of arms upon the door, the disdainful coachman, the superb manner of the lady who descended with an air of command that seemed to rebuke the thunder, were enough to overwhelm the modest establishment. Even Madame herself was agitated by the message she sent up to the Count. The Countess, his mother, was waiting for him in the salon. The storm broke. The disdainful coachman found shelter for himself and his horses. The Count had found shelter nowhere, and perhaps the lightning that struck in the salon was all the more deadly in that it made no noise. From behind drawn shades Mrs. Faunce watched the ending of the interview, the defiant deference with which the Count put his mother into the carriage, the high disdain of that personage as she took her seat.

"An obstinate young man," said Mrs. Faunce, smiling, and Mrs. Faunce ought to know. Through Cousin Louise she learned that night that Count Denis had not only made known to his mother his determination to persist in the study of medicine with a view to practising the same, but had confessed to her his engagement to a penniless American girl, who was as beautiful as she was unworldly.

"He is completely used up by the interview," said Cousin Louise anxiously. "For days I have seen that he was worrying." Mrs. Faunce went into a brown study.

"I must go about me business," she said, shaking her head until her gray curls trembled. "The children will have nothing to start life on if I do not."

"You have never told me your father's name, child, nor where he came from," she said abruptly, the next day.

"His name was John Lane Blake," answered the girl. "He came from Ireland when he was a young man, after some trouble with his family. They were gentlefolk, and they lived at Ralshannon on the west coast.

The old lady gave a start and a queer look came into her face.

"Did he ever speak of his mother, me dear?" she asked sharply.

"Not that I remember. There had been bitter trouble, and we knew that he was happier if we did not ask."

"Maybe your Cousin Louise would know about it?" queried Mrs. Faunce anxiously, but Kathleen shook her head.

"Cousin Louise never saw my father. Even my mother knew no more, for I used to ask her. We led a lonely life. The ways of the new country did not suit my father, for he was an aristocrat to his finger tips," but she stopped for she saw that Mrs. Faunce was not listening.

"May I see his photograph, me dear?"

Kathleen went to her room for it, and watched in wonder to see the old lady's excitement as she took it. Her hands were shaking now in unison with her head.

"Ah, but he loved his joke, and was tender-hearted as yourself," she exclaimed.

"More so," answered Kathleen softly.

"Had he brothers and sisters?"

"One sister only, I believe," said the girl. She marvelled at the old lady's persistence, and the thought of it followed her as she went out into the garden, but she forgot straightway as she met Count Denis.

"You come to me like an other-world maiden with a blossoming branch in your hand," he said, reaching out for the spray of roses that she carried.

"Please tell me," begged Kathleen.

"Tell you what?"

"Tell me what troubles you. For two whole days you have looked as if you were under an enchantment of sadness. Does your mother know, and does she care?"

"She knows—and she cares. But it shall make no difference. Our life is our own life and we must live it."

"But oh!" said Kathleen, in deep trouble, "I cannot make her unhappy."

"Kathleen," said the Count, taking her hands in his own, "Kathleen, it was made long ago in the Druid forest, this love of ours, and we cannot change it if we would, and will not, though we may wait for years."

Early the next morning Kathleen came wandering into the salon. Why so mysterious a summons from one whom she saw daily? There was an unwonted flush on Mrs. Faunce's cheek, an unwonted dignity on her brow, an unwonted lace scarf, surplice fashion, about her neck. Enthroned upon the sofa she waited for the girl's approach. Kathleen's smile was her only question.

"Sit down, child," commanded Mrs. Faunce. The girl obeyed. "Now I have something to tell you."

"Something nice?"

"That is for you to say," answered the old lady solemnly. "My dear, I am your grandmother."

"My adopted grandmother," corrected Kathleen, patting the wrinkled hand.

"No, no, me darlin'!" cried the old lady tremulously. "Your grandmother born."

"But how?" stammered the girl.

"By being your father's mother." Mrs. Faunce was half in tears; Kathleen had grasped both her hands, while amazement struggled with a desire to laugh.

"'Twas me boy John that begot you. I sent him from home when he was but eighteen. He defied me, mind you, and he went never to come back. 'Twas his cursed pride; he got it from me, God forgive him!"

Kathleen, half laughing and half crying too, bent and kissed Mrs. Faunce's forehead. If this unprecedented old lady with her grand air sat upright on the sofa and said: "I am your grandmother!" could you deny it, if you had no proof? And was it more odd than the rest of the happenings in this wonderful Paris?

"Are you really not joking?" asked Kathleen, as she sat down by the old lady's side.

"Upon me honor as a gentlewoman, no," was the answer. "'Tis false pride has kept me from makin' meself known before. Now that I know that you are betrothed I feel that you should have your own kith and kin near. And it's a hard time you'll have, me young lady, to escape your father's inheritance that's been lying in the London and County Bank all this time and rolling up for your *dot*. But tell me first: do you love this man?"

"'To the very white of truth,'" quoted the girl.

"Now that's a fine saying; and did you think of it yourself?"

"No, no, no," said Kathleen with a laugh. "A better than I thought of it long ago. But, grandmother, tell me what made you run away from home?"

"Ay, what?" mused the old lady.

"Perhaps it was to find my father?"

"Perhaps it was," twinkled Mrs. Faunce.

The old lady chose her own moment for the announcement of the relationship. It was in the salon after dinner, and she had just finished rendering, with much feeling, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls." She rose, made a profound courtesy, and laid her hand on Kathleen's shoulder.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she remarked, "a pleasing discovery has been made, and it gives me joy to make known to you that I find this young lady is me own grandchild, sole daughter of me son John, who left home at eighteen in consequence of a quarrel with his mother."

The handkerchief held to her eyes was bordered, as Miss Stevens noted, with finest old lace. It was only Mr. Neulings who fancied he caught at one corner the twinkle of a wicked old eye watching the effect. The Count started, looked uncomfortable, and waited for the rest. Mrs. Faunce gathered her granddaughter unto her and sat down on the sofa.

"Furthermore," she added, "it is but fair that I should tell you who I am meself. Me maiden name was Denleigh, Mary Elizabeth Denleigh, third daughter of Sir Robert Denleigh of Ralshannon, Ireland. Consequently this little girl has more right to a bit of pride in her birth than she seems to know."

It was the supreme moment in the history of the Hôtel du Lion. If news had come that Paris had again been invested by the Germans, or if it had been Miss Stevens's privilege to announce that Uranus and the earth had collided, there could hardly have been greater excitement. The guests chattered in corners, the parrot chattered in his cage; M. Mostet remarked that he had always said that Miss Blake looked as if she might be even an earl's granddaughter. Only Mr. Neulings was sceptical.

"Did the recognition come about by means of a strawberry mark?" he asked.

"Not on Kathleen, me dear, but her father. 'Twas a peculiar mole at the right of his nose. I knew his picture at once, though he was older and had changed his name."

"It is very odd," mused Mr. Neulings. "You have not seemed to care for your other grandchildren as you do for Miss Blake." The old lady glared at him.

"'Twas because me daughter married an Englishman," she flashed back, "and they are English through and through."

In the days that followed, the Count, though chastened and changed, was obviously uneasy. The sensational recognition was by no means to his taste. Moreover, looking at his new friend and ally, Mrs. Faunce, he realized that his mother would have one more obstacle to face, and his uneasiness was not dissipated by the new-found grandmother's assurances that Kathleen would have a magnificent dowry. He had painful pictures of Mrs. Faunce in the salon at Château Miraban. What would Michette, the great angora cat, think of her? Yet a brief meeting with Kathleen would set his fears at rest, for there was no doubt that Michette would approve of her. In one of these interviews Kathleen learned that he had written to his mother, telling of his determination to persist, and asking for her blessing; in another, that he was melancholy because he had not heard from her; in another, that he was still more sad because he had heard. The look upon his face shadowed the glory of the girl's Paris, and she heroically thought of disappearing with Cousin Louise.

"But no, no, no," she said, pacing the great Pont des Arts in the warm noonday and watching the swirling water hurry on its way. "Good could not come from crushing so great a joy."

And now came a letter every day from the Countess to her son, full of questioning. Who was Miss Blake? How was it possible that she was the granddaughter of Sir Robert Denleigh? If Denis really persisted, she, his mother, would come to Paris again to see this young lady and beg her to change her mind, but it would not be possible for several weeks, as there were guests at Château Miraban. It was when this message came that Mrs. Faunce prepared for her grand *coup*.

"Kathleen," she said, "it is but right that a daughter of your father's race should be properly housed to meet the mother of her *fiancé*. I must make ready me hotel in the Rue d'Hazard."

"But," remonstrated Kathleen. Mrs. Faunce waved her hand in her grand manner.

"Not a word! 'Tis me pleasure, and 'tis no obligation. Am I not meself in debt to me neglected son?"

That afternoon Mrs. Faunce went away. No, nobody should come with her. There was a competent caretaker in her house, and she wished no one to see it until it was quite in order. She even refused to tell the hour of her going, and, when no one was watching, slipped down the busy street alone, and hailed a cab.

That night her house in the Rue d'Hazard knew her not, but the Roman express bore southward a lady of brilliant eyes and indomitable chin, an old, old lady in a black mantilla, with an ancient bonnet above her cap of costly lace, which she had forgotten to remove. All her vagrant habits were strong upon her now. The next morning, the same lady in the same attire stood at a roulette table in a gaudy hall at Monte Carlo, watching eagerly the fortune of the coin that she had staked. Many an anxious gambler stopped to look at the intent aged face, shadowed by reverend gray hair, and wondered what stake in life could rouse so ardent a hope in one so old. You must imagine it for yourself, the croupier's cry, the piles of gold, the agitated faces. I cannot describe it, for I have never been there, but I know that Mrs. Faunce, when she went away, swept into her black bag a pile of gold pieces that made it heavy to carry. Luck had come to her for the first time.

"Enough to go to Italy," she said, look-

ing wistfully southward, but she did not go to Italy.

Two days later, while the lovers with Cousin Louise were having an idyllic afternoon at Fontainebleau, a gray stone house, number 71, in the Rue d'Hazard, was opened, and the unwonted sight of windows a-washing roused the baker's boy to speechless astonishment. Not only windows, but doors were scrubbed; not only doors, but front steps; and cobwebs that stretched from threshold to lintel were ruthlessly torn down. The baker's boy knew nothing of the inside, where the paper hung loose from the wall in long shreds, and the dust of forty years lay on the linen swathings of the furniture. Save for the rooms occupied by the old caretaker and his wife and the one Mrs. Faunce used in her Paris visits, the house had not been opened since the days when Sir Robert had been used to come.

The re-papering was swift, thanks to Monte Carlo gold; scrubbing took but a little while, for the owner summoned, no one knows whence, a small army of charwomen. The old furniture, relieved of its dusky coverings and polished up a bit, gave a look of time-honored elegance to the lofty rooms. There must be fresh curtains in the salon, said Mrs. Faunce, weighing her bag of gold pieces anxiously, but rep was costly. When all was finished, she walked through the house with deep satisfaction. The rich but sober tints, the long, subdued draperies that graced the windows, that bare elegance which only French rooms have, pleased the fundamentally good taste of the owner. It was Kathleen's room that gave her the deepest joy. Windows and dressing table were all in white, so the carpet, save for delicate touches of green.

"Ah, but the darling will like it," she murmured, patting the counterpane.

A tall palm and some orchids for the salon; a crate of rare old china unpacked in the basement; a man and a maid, appropriately uniformed, added to the domestic force, and the arrangements for winning over the Countess Beauregard were complete. To bring Kathleen and Cousin Louise in triumph across the river and install them in the newly fitted house was an easy matter, after the hard work of the last two weeks. If the girl was a bit bewildered and quiet, Cousin Louise, in her rapturous exclamations, more than made up for this. To her it was a veritable fairy story, the first in which she had ever figured. It was when Kathleen was showing her lover the house arrayed in her honor that the full realization came to her of all that this fantastic godmother had wrought, and tears came to her eyes as she flung her arms about the old lady's neck and kissed her.

When the Countess Beauregard finally arrived, escorted by an exquisitely polite but most anxious son, that wonderful old lady, Mrs. Faunce, having passed through the crucible, had emerged, spotless, shining, with no marks of her years of vagrancy upon her save in an occasional look of happy recklessness. In an old silk gown from one of the chests upstairs, happily in a fashion that was now all the rage in Paris, and with some choice lace about her neck, she was more *grande dame* than ever. Giving an amused glance now and then out of the tail of her eye at the young Count, who was every moment becoming more reassured about the angora cat, she kept a repose of manner worthy of her long descent. Simple Kathleen and Cousin Louise, taking their tone from her, became as denizens of the great world, and guest and hostess were stately and gracious together. The Countess Beauregard, forgetting her stern purpose, was completely won. What the new alliance lacked in gold, she was convinced, it made up in blood. When she went she kissed Kathleen upon her flushing cheek, and called her *ma chère fille*. A bit of business conversation took place between the Countess and Mrs. Faunce, and the latter stated with pride the very considerable sum that would make up her granddaughter's *dot*.

That night, in her own bare room, furnished with a white iron bedstead, one chair, and a bureau, Mrs. Faunce looked cautiously about her, and then locked the door. From her black bag she took the draft that represented half her winnings at Monte Carlo, and the gold pieces that remained; from pockets in her skirt and underskirt roll after roll of bills, American greenbacks of large denominations, and English banknotes; the lining of her mantilla yielded more. She piled them up upon the bed and counted.

"'Tis not enough," she muttered. "I said two hundred thousand francs."

From the innermost lining of her gown she extracted a jewelled brooch, in the centre of which a beautiful ruby glowed. At this she looked long and fixedly.

"'Twas his gift on our wedding day, but it will be good for twenty thousand francs, and I would like to have little Kathleen as happy as we were."

The sum made up of lucky finds in Mrs. Faunce's clothing, of the sale of the ruby, and a half dozen other jewels, was duly settled upon Kathleen, and the result made known to the Countess Beauregard, together with a strong statement of the advisability of an early wedding. Mrs. Faunce bore as best she might the life of calls and of shopping that followed. Sometimes Kathleen found her leaning out of a window, drawing great, deep breaths as if an imprisoned animal had won an unexpected bit of air. When the girl laid her arm across the old lady's shoulders and said:

"You will always stay with us, won't you, grandmother?" she marvelled at the look of terror in the bright old eyes. It was as if some one had uttered a threat that might come true.

When the trousseau was all ready, and the farewells had been said at the Hôtel du Lion, there was a quiet wedding in the Rue d'Hazard, the English clergyman of St. Agnes's officiating. A smiling bridegroom looked from the radiant face of his bride to the contented face of his mother, and wondered if this happiness could indeed he his. Then he squared his shoulders and drew a deep breath of satisfaction in the thought of the long days of hard work to come. Mrs. Faunce presided with royal dignity, but, when all was over and the guests were gone, Kathleen found a note saying that her grandmother had been unexpectedly called away, but she left her blessing and good wishes for the happiest of honeymoons in the old house. Long searching failed to find her. To what far shore she had gone to recoup herself for lost time, or lost money, none could tell.

That evening, while Kathleen and her lover leaned out of the window of their darkened drawing-room, watching from their quiet haven the life and stir of the streets, there was an unwonted hush at the Hôtel du Lion in the Rue de Vannes. Even the parrot was melancholy; M. Mostet was all in black; and Madame forgot to smile as Mr. Neulings strolled nonchalantly toward the office.

"It was unusual generosity on the old lady's part," he commented. "I do not doubt that she has stripped herself of her last penny, but perhaps it was only natural. Miss Blake was her granddaughter."

Madame's eyebrows were sceptically lifted.

"*Pensez-vous cela?*" she asked. "*Pas moi!*"





BACK TO THE FARM

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

BACK to the farm!
Where the bob-white still is calling
As in remembered dawnings when youth and I were boys,
Driving the cattle where the meadow brook is brawling
Her immemorial wandering fears and joys!

Home to the farm for the deep green calms of summer,
Life of the open furrow, life of the waving grain—
Leaving the painted world of masquerade and mummer
Just for the sense of earth and ripening again.





Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.



Down in the hayfield where scythes glint through the clover;
  Lusty blood a-throbbing in the splendor of the noon—
Lying 'mid the haycocks as castling clouds pass over,
  Hearing insect lovers a-piping out of tune.

Caught in the spell of old kitchen-garden savors—
  With luscious lines retreating to hills of musky corn,
And clambering grapes that spill their clustering flavors—
  Each in fragrant season filling Plenty's golden horn.





Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.



Off to the wood lot where brier bloom runs riot
And wary forest creature no hunter's snare deceives,
Virgin growth beguiling the solemn-hearted quiet
With songs of winter fires a-ripple through the leaves.

Up to the bars in the twilight's soft reaction—
Winding through the ferny lane to barns of stooping eaves
Welcoming at nightfall to simple satisfaction,
When the reeling swallow her dusky pattern weaves.





Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.



Out in the dews with the spider at his shuttle—
In that half-dreaming hour that awakes the whippoorwill
And sets the nighthawk darting sinister and subtle,
E'er the full moon complacent loiters o'er the hill.

Back to the farm!
With the friendly brute for neighbor,
Where youth and Nature beckon, the tryst who would not keep?
Back to the luxury of rest that follows labor,
Back to the primal joys of hunger and of sleep!





Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

The door opened and Dawnish stood there.—Page 181.

THE PRETEXT

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

I

MRS. RANSOM, when the front door had closed on her visitor, passed with a spring from the drawing-room to the narrow hall, and thence up the narrow stairs to her bedroom.

Though slender, and still light of foot, she did not always move so quickly: hitherto, in her life, there had not been much to hurry for, save the recurring domestic tasks that compel haste without fostering elasticity; but some impetus of youth revived, communicated to her by her talk with Guy Dawnish, now found expression in her girlish flight upstairs, her girlish impatience to bolt herself into her room with her throbs and her blushes.

Her blushes? Was she really blushing?

She approached the cramped "Colonial" mirror above her plain prim dressing-table: just such a meagre concession to the weakness of the flesh as every old-fashioned house in Wentworth counted among its heirlooms. The face reflected in this unflattering surface—for even the mirrors of Wentworth erred on the side of depreciation—did not seem, at first sight, a suitable theatre for the display of the tenderer emotions, and its owner blushed more deeply as the fact was forced upon her.

Her fair hair had grown too thin—it no longer quite hid the blue veins in her candid forehead—a forehead that one seemed to see turned toward professorial desks, in large bare halls where a snowy winter light fell uncompromisingly on rows of "thoughtful women." Her mouth was thin, too, and a little strained; her lips were too pale; and there were lines in the corners of her eyes. It was a face which had grown middle-aged while it waited for the joys of youth.

Well—but if she could still blush? Instinctively she drew back a little, so that her scrutiny became less microscopic, and the pretty lingering pink threw a veil over her pallor, the hollows in her temples, the faint wrinkles of inexperience about her lips and eyes. How a little colour helped! It made her eyes so deep and shining. She saw now why bad women rouged. . . . Her redness deepened at the thought.

But suddenly she noticed for the first time that the collar of her dress was cut too low. It showed the shrunken lines of the throat. She rummaged feverishly in a tidy scentless drawer, and snatching out a bit of black velvet, bound it about her neck. Yes—that was better. It gave her the relief she needed. Relief—contrast—that was it! She had never had any, either in her appearance or in her setting. She was as flat as the pattern of the wall-paper—and so was her life. And all the people about her had the same look. Wentworth was the kind of place where husbands and wives gradually grew to resemble each other—one or two of her friends, she remembered, had told her lately that she and Ransom were beginning to look alike. . . .

But why had she always, so tamely, allowed her aspect to conform to her situation? Perhaps a gayer exterior would have provoked a brighter fate. Even now—she turned back to the glass, loosened the tight strands of hair above her brow, ran the fine end of the comb under them with a rapid frizzing motion, and then disposed them, more lightly and amply, above her eager face. Yes—it was really better; it made a difference. She smiled at herself with a timid coquetry, and her lips seemed rosier as she smiled. Then she laid down the comb and the smile faded. It made a difference, certainly—but was it right to try to make one's hair look thicker and wavier than it really was? Between that and rouging the ethical line seemed almost impalpable, and the spectre of her rigid New England ancestry rose reprovingly before her. She was sure that none of her grandmothers had ever simulated a curl or encouraged a blush.

A blush, indeed! What had any of them ever had to blush for in all their frozen lives? And what, in Heaven's name, had she? She sat down in the stiff mahogany rocking-chair beside her work-table and tried to collect herself. From childhood she had been taught to "collect herself"—but never before had her small sensations and aspirations been so widely scattered, diffused over so vague and uncharted an expanse. Hitherto they had lain in neatly sorted and easily accessible bundles on the high shelves of a perfectly ordered moral consciousness. And now—now that for the first time they *needed* collecting—now that the little winged and scattered bits of self were dancing madly down the vagrant winds of fancy, she knew no spell to call them to the fold again. The best way, no doubt—if only her bewilderment permitted—was to go back to the beginning—the beginning, at least, of to-day's visit—to recapitulate, word for word and look for look. . . .

She clasped her hands on the arms of the chair, checked its swaying with a firm thrust of her foot, and fixed her eyes upon the inward vision. . . .

To begin with, what had made to-day's visit so different from the others? It became suddenly vivid to her that there had been many, almost daily, others, since Guy Dawnish's coming to Wentworth. Even the previous winter—the winter of his arrival from England—his visits had been numerous enough to make Wentworth aware that—very naturally—Mrs. Ransom was "looking after" the stray young Englishman committed to her husband's care by an eminent Q. C. whom the Ransoms had known on one of their brief London visits, and with whom Ransom had since maintained professional relations. All this was in the natural order of things, as sanctioned by the social code of Wentworth. Every one was kind to Guy Dawnish—some rather importunately so, as Margaret Ransom had smiled to observe—but it was recognized as fitting that she should be kindest, since he was in a sense her property, since his people in England, by profusely acknowledging her kindness, had given it the domestic sanction without which, to Wentworth, any social relation between the sexes remained unhallowed and to be viewed askance. Yes! And even this second winter, when the visits had become so much more frequent, so admitted a part of the day's routine, there had not been, from any one, a hint of surprise or of conjecture. . . .

Mrs. Ransom smiled with a faint bitterness. She was protected by her age, no doubt—her age and her past, and the image her mirror gave back to her. . . .

Her door-handle turned suddenly, and the bolt's resistance was met by an impatient knock.

"Margaret!"

She started up, her brightness fading, and unbolted the door to admit her husband.

"Why are you locked in? Why, you're not dressed yet!" he exclaimed.

It was possible for Ransom to reach his dressing-room by a slight circuit through the passage; but it was characteristic of the relentless domesticity of their relation that he chose, as a matter of course, the directer way through his wife's bedroom. She had never before been disturbed by this practice, which she accepted as inevitable, but had merely adapted her own habits to it, delaying her hasty toilet till he was safely in his room, or completing it before she heard his step on the stair; since a scrupulous traditional prudery had miraculously survived this massacre of all the privacies.

"Oh, I shan't dress this evening—I shall just have some tea in the library after you've gone," she answered absently. "Your things are laid out," she added, rousing herself.

He looked surprised. "The dinner's at seven. I suppose the speeches will begin at nine. I thought you were coming to hear them."

She wavered. "I don't know. I think not. Mrs. Sperry's ill, and I've no one else to go with."

He glanced at his watch. "Why not get hold of Dawnish? Wasn't he here just now? Why didn't you ask him?"

She turned toward her dressing-table, and straightened the comb and brush with a nervous hand. Her husband had given her, that morning, two tickets for the ladies' gallery in Hamblin Hall, where the great public dinner of the evening was to take place—a banquet offered by the faculty of Wentworth to visitors of aca-

demic eminence—and she had meant to ask Dawnish to go with her: it had seemed the most natural thing to do, till the end of his visit came, and then, after all, she had not spoken. . . .

"It's too late now," she murmured, bending over her pin cushion.

"Too late? Not if you telephone him."

Her husband came toward her, and she turned quickly to face him, lest he should suspect her of trying to avoid his eye. To what duplicity was she already committed!

Ransom laid a friendly hand on her arm: "Come along, Margaret. You know I speak for the bar." She was aware, in his voice, of a little note of surprise at his having to remind her of this.

"Oh, yes. I meant to go, of course——"

"Well, then—" He opened his dressing-room door, and caught a glimpse of the retreating house-maid's skirt. "Here's Maria now. Maria! Call up Mr. Dawnish—at Mrs. Creswell's, you know. Tell him Mrs. Ransom wants him to go with her to hear the speeches this evening—the *speeches*, you understand?—and he's to call for her at a quarter before nine."

Margaret heard the Irish "Yessir" on the stairs, and stood motionless, while her husband added loudly: "And bring me some towels when you come up." Then he turned back into his wife's room.

"Why, it would be a thousand pities for Guy to miss this. He's so interested in the way we do things over here—and I don't know that he's ever heard me speak in public." Again the slight note of fatuity! Was it possible that Ransom was a fatuous man?

He paused in front of her, his short-sighted unobservant glance concentrating itself unexpectedly on her face.

"You're not going like that, are you?" he asked, with glaring eye-glasses.

"Like what?" she faltered, lifting a conscious hand to the velvet at her throat.

"With your hair in such a fearful mess. Have you been shampooing it? You look like the Brant girl at the end of a tennis-match."

The Brant girl was their horror—the horror of all right-thinking Wentworth; a laced, whale-boned, frizzle-headed, high-heeled daughter of iniquity, who came—from New York, of course—on long, disturbing, tumultuous visits to a Wentworth aunt, working havoc among the freshmen, and leaving, when she departed, an angry wake of criticism that ruffled the social waters for weeks. *She*, too, had tried her hand at Guy—with ludicrous unsuccess. And now, to be compared to her—to be accused of looking "New Yorky!" Ah, there are times when husbands are obtuse; and Ransom, as he stood there, thick and yet juiceless, in his dry legal middle age, with his wiry dust-coloured beard, and his perpetual *pince-nez*, seemed to his wife a sudden embodiment of this traditional attribute. Not that she had ever fancied herself, poor soul, a "*femme incomprise*." She had, on the contrary, prided herself on being understood by her husband, almost as much as on her own complete comprehension of him. Wentworth laid a good deal of stress on "motives"; and Margaret Ransom and her husband had dwelt in a complete community of motive. It had been the proudest day of her life when, without consulting her, he had refused an offer of partnership in an eminent New York firm because he preferred the distinction of practising in Wentworth, of being known as the legal representative of the University. Wentworth, in fact, had always been the bond between the two; they were united in their veneration for that estimable seat of learning, and in their modest yet vivid consciousness of possessing its tone. The Wentworth "tone" is unmistakable: it permeates every part of the social economy, from the *coiffure* of the ladies to the preparation of the food. It has its sumptuary laws as well as its curriculum of learning. It sits in judgment not only on its own townsmen but on the rest of the world—enlightening, criticising, ostracizing a heedless universe—and nonconformity to Wentworth standards involves obliteration from Wentworth's consciousness.

In a world without traditions, without reverence, without stability, such little expiring centres of prejudice and precedent make an irresistible appeal to those instincts for which a democracy has neglected to provide. Wentworth, with its "tone," its backward references, its inflexible aversions and condemnations, its hard moral outline preserved intact against a whirling background of experiment, had been all the poetry and history of Margaret Ransom's life. Yes, what she had really

esteemed in her husband was the fact of his being so intense an embodiment of Wentworth; so long and closely identified, for instance, with its legal affairs, that he was almost a part of its university existence, that of course, at a college banquet, he would inevitably speak for the bar!

It was wonderful of how much consequence all this had seemed till now. . . .

II

When, punctually at ten minutes to seven, her husband had emerged from the house, Margaret Ransom remained seated in her bedroom, addressing herself anew to the difficult process of self-collection. As an aid to this endeavour, she bent forward and looked out of the window, following Ransom's figure as it receded down the elm-shaded street. He moved almost alone between the prim flowerless grass-plots, the white porches, the protrusion of irrelevant shingled gables, which stamped the empty street as part of an American college town. She had always been proud of living in Hill Street, where the university people congregated, proud to associate her husband's retreating back, as he walked daily to his office, with backs literary and pedagogic, backs of which it was whispered, for the edification of duly-impressed visitors: "Wait till that old boy turns—that's so-and-so."

This had been her world, a world destitute of personal experience, but filled with a rich sense of privilege and distinction, of being not as those millions were who, denied the inestimable advantage of living at Wentworth, pursued elsewhere careers foredoomed to futility by that very fact.

And now ——!

She rose and turned to her work-table, where she had dropped, on entering, the handful of photographs that Guy Dawnish had left with her. While he sat so close, pointing out and explaining, she had hardly taken in the details; but now, on the full tones of his low young voice, they came back with redoubled distinctness. This was Guise Abbey, his uncle's place in Wiltshire, where, under his grandfather's rule, Guy's own boyhood had been spent: a long gabled Jacobean façade, many-chimneyed, ivy-draped, overhung (she felt sure) by the boughs of a venerable rookery. And in this other picture—the walled garden at Guise—that was his uncle, Lord Askern, a hale gouty-looking figure, planted robustly on the terrace, a gun on his shoulder and a couple of setters at his feet. And here was the river below the park, with Guy "punting" a girl in a flapping hat—how Margaret hated the flap that hid the girl's face! And here was the tennis-court, with Guy among a jolly cross-legged group of youths in flannels, and pretty girls about the tea-table under the big lime: in the centre the curate handing bread and butter, and in the middle distance a footman approaching with more cups.

Margaret raised this picture closer to her eyes, puzzling, in the diminished light, over the face of the girl nearest to Guy Dawnish—bent above him in profile, while he laughingly lifted his head. No hat hid this profile, which stood out clearly against the foliage behind it.

"And who is that handsome girl?" Margaret had said, detaining the photograph as he pushed it aside, and struck by the fact that, of the whole group, he had left only this member unnamed.

"Oh, only Gwendolen Matcher—I've always known her—. Look at this: the almshouses at Guise. Aren't they jolly?"

And then—without her having had the courage to ask if the girl in the punt were also Gwendolen Matcher—they passed on to photographs of his rooms at Oxford, of a cousin's studio in London—one of Lord Askern's grandsons was "artistic"—of the rose-hung cottage in Wales to which, on the old Earl's death, his daughter-in-law, Guy's mother, had retired.

Every one of the photographs opened a window on the life Margaret had been trying to picture since she had known him—a life so rich, so romantic, so packed—in the mere casual vocabulary of daily life—with historic reference and poetic allusion, that she felt almost oppressed by this distant whiff of its air. The very words he used fascinated and bewildered her. He seemed to have been born into all sorts of connections, political, historical, official, that made the Ransom situation at Wentworth as featureless as the top shelf of a dark closet. Some one in the family had "asked for the Chiltern Hundreds"—one uncle was an Elder Brother of the Trinity House—some

one else was the Master of a College—some one was in command at Devonport—the Army, the Navy, the House of Commons, the House of Lords, the most venerable seats of learning, were all woven into the dense background of this young man's light unconscious talk. For the unconsciousness was unmistakable. Margaret was not without experience of the transatlantic visitor who sounds loud names and evokes reverberating connections. The poetry of Guy Dawnish's situation lay in the fact that it was so completely a part of early associations and accepted facts. Life was like that in England—in Wentworth of course (where he had been sent, through his uncle's influence, for two years' training in the neighbouring electrical works at Smedden) —in Wentworth, though "immensely jolly," it was different. The fact that he was qualifying to be an electrical engineer—with the hope of a secretaryship at the London end of the great Smedden Company—that, at best, he was returning home to a life of industrial "grind," this fact, though avowedly a bore, did not disconnect him from that brilliant pinnacled past, that many-faceted life in which the brightest episodes of the whole body of English fiction seemed collectively reflected. Of course he would have to work—younger sons' sons almost always had to—but his uncle Askern (like Wentworth) was "immensely jolly," and Guise always open to him, and his other uncle, the Master, a capital old boy too—and in town he could always put up with his clever aunt, Lady Caroline Duckett, who had made a "beastly marriage" and was horribly poor, but who knew everybody jolly and amusing, and had always been particularly kind to him.

It was not—and Margaret had not, even in her own thoughts, to defend herself from the imputation—it was not what Wentworth would have called the "material side" of her friend's situation that captivated her. She was austerely proof against such appeals: her enthusiasms were all of the imaginative order. What subjugated her was the unexampled prodigality with which he poured for her the same draught of tradition of which Wentworth held out its little teacupful. He besieged her with a million Wentworths in one—saying, as it were: "All these are mine for the asking—and I choose you instead!"

For this, she told herself somewhat dizzily, was what it came to—the summing-up toward which her conscientious efforts at self-collection had been gradually pushing her: with all this in reach, Guy Dawnish was leaving Wentworth reluctantly.

"I *was* a bit lonely here at first—but *now!*" And again: "It will be jolly, of course, to see them all again—but there are some things one doesn't easily give up. . . ."

If he had known only Wentworth, it would have been wonderful enough that he should have chosen her out of all Wentworth—but to have known that other life, and to set her in the balance against it—poor Margaret Ransom, in whom, at the moment, nothing seemed of weight but her years! Ah, it might well produce, in nerves and brain, and poor unpractised pulses, a flushed tumult of sensation, the rush of a great wave of life, under which memory struggled in vain to reassert itself, to particularize again just what his last words—the very last—had been. . . .

When consciousness emerged, quivering, from this retrospective assault, it pushed Margaret Ransom—feeling herself a mere leaf in the blast—toward the writing-table from which her innocent and voluminous correspondence habitually flowed. She had a letter to write now—much shorter but more difficult than any she had ever been called on to indite.

"Dear Mr. Dawnish," she began, "since telephoning you just now I have decided not——"

Maria's voice, at the door, announced that tea was in the library: "And I s'pose it's the brown silk you'll wear to the speaking?"

In the usual order of the Ransom existence, its mistress's toilet was performed unassisted; and the mere enquiry—at once friendly and deferential—projected, for Margaret, a strong light on the importance of the occasion. That she should answer: "But I am not going," when the going was so manifestly part of a household solemnity about which the thoughts below stairs fluttered in proud participation; that in face of such participation she should utter a word implying indifference or hesitation—nay, revealing herself the transposed, uprooted thing she had been on the verge of becoming; to do this was—well! infinitely harder

than to perform the alternative act of tearing up the sheet of note-paper under her reluctant pen.

Yes, she said, she would wear the brown silk. . . .

III

All the heat and glare from the long illuminated table, about which the fumes of many courses still hung in a savoury fog, seemed to surge up to the ladies' gallery, and concentrate themselves in the burning cheeks of a slender figure withdrawn behind the projection of a pillar.

It never occurred to Margaret Ransom that she was sitting in the shade. She supposed that the full light of the chandeliers was beating on her face—and there were moments when it seemed as though all the heads about the great horse-shoe below, bald, shaggy, sleek, close-thatched, or thinly latticed, were equipped with an additional pair of eyes, set at an angle which enabled them to rake her face as relentlessly as the electric burners.

In the lull after a speech, the gallery was fluttering with the rustle of programmes consulted, and Mrs. Sheff (the Brant girl's aunt) leaned forward to say enthusiastically: "And now we're to hear Mr. Ransom!"

A louder buzz rose from the table, and the heads (without relaxing their upward vigilance) seemed to merge, and flow together, like an attentive flood, toward the upper end of the horse-shoe, where all the threads of Margaret Ransom's consciousness were suddenly drawn into what seemed a small speck, no more—a black speck that rose, hung in air, dissolved into gyrating gestures, became distended, enormous, preponderant—became her husband "speaking."

"It's the heat—" Margaret gasped, pressing her handkerchief to her whitening lips, and finding just strength enough left to push back farther into the shadow.

She felt a touch on her arm. "It *is* horrible—shall we go?" a voice suggested; and, "Yes, yes, let us go," she whispered, feeling, with a great throb of relief, *that* to be the only possible, the only conceivable, solution. To sit and listen to her husband *now*—how could she ever have thought she could survive it? Luckily, under the lingering hubbub from below, his opening words were inaudible, and she had only to run the gauntlet of sympathetic feminine glances, shot after her between waving fans and programmes, as, guided by Guy Dawnish, she managed to reach the door. It was really so hot that even Mrs. Sheff was not much surprised—till long afterward. . . .

The winding staircase was empty, half dark and blessedly silent. In a committee room below Dawnish found the inevitable water jug, and filled a glass for her, while she leaned back, confronted only by a frowning college President in an emblazoned frame. The academic frown descended on her like an anathema when she rose and followed her companion out of the building.

Hamblin Hall stands at the end of the long green "Campus" with its sextuple line of elms—the boast and singularity of Wentworth. A pale spring moon, rising above the dome of the University library at the opposite end of the elm-walk, diffused a pearly mildness in the sky, melted to thin haze the shadows of the trees, and turned to golden yellow the lights of the college windows. Against this soft suffusion of light the Library cupola assumed a Bramantesque grace, the white steeple of the congregational church became a campanile topped by a winged spirit, and the scant porticoes of the older halls the colonnades of classic temples.

"This is better—" Dawnish said, as they passed down the steps and under the shadow of the elms.

They moved on a little way in silence before he began again: "You're too tired to walk. Let us sit down a few minutes."

Her feet, in truth, were leaden, and not far off a group of park benches, encircling the pedestal of a patriot in bronze, invited them to rest. But Dawnish was guiding her toward a lateral path which bent, through shrubberies, toward a strip of turf between two of the buildings.

"It will be cooler by the river," he said, moving on without waiting for a possible protest. None came: it seemed easier, for the moment, to let herself be led without any conventional feint of resistance. And besides, there was nothing wrong about *this*—the wrong would have been in sitting up there in the glare, pretending to listen to her husband, a dutiful wife among her kind. . . .

The path descended, as both knew, to the chosen, the inimitable spot of Wentworth: that fugitive curve of the river, where, before hurrying on to glut the brutal industries of South Wentworth and Smedden, it simulated for a few hundred yards the leisurely pace of an ancient university stream, with willows on its banks and a stretch of turf extending from the grounds of Hamblin Hall to the boat houses at the farther bend. Here too were benches, beneath the willows, and so close to the river that the voice of its gliding softened and filled out the reverberating silence between Margaret and her companion, and made her feel that she knew why he had brought her there.

"Do you feel better?" he asked gently as he sat down beside her.

"Oh, yes. I only needed a little air."

"I'm so glad you did. Of course the speeches were tremendously interesting—but I prefer this. What a good night!"

"Yes."

There was a pause, which now, after all, the soothing accompaniment of the river seemed hardly sufficient to fill.

"I wonder what time it is. I ought to be going home," Margaret began at length.

"Oh, it's not late. They'll be at it for hours in there—yet."

She made a faint inarticulate sound. She wanted to say: "No—Robert's speech was to be the last—" but she could not bring herself to pronounce Ransom's name, and at the moment no other way of refuting her companion's statement occurred to her.

The young man leaned back luxuriously, reassured by her silence.

"You see it's my last chance—and I want to make the most of it."

"Your last chance?" How stupid of her to repeat his words on that cooing note of interrogation! It was just such a lead as the Brant girl might have given him.

"To be with you—like this. I haven't had so many. And there's less than a week left."

She attempted to laugh. "Perhaps it will sound longer if you call it five days."

The flatness of that, again! And she knew there were people who called her intelligent. Fortunately he did not seem to notice it; but her laugh continued to sound in her own ears—the coquettish chirp of middle age! She decided that if he spoke again—if he *said anything*—she would make no farther effort at evasion: she would take it directly, seriously, frankly—she would not be doubly disloyal.

"Besides," he continued, throwing his arm along the back of the bench, and turning toward her so that his face was like a dusky bas-relief with a silver rim—"besides, there's something I've been wanting to tell you."

The sound of the river seemed to cease altogether: the whole world became silent.

Margaret had trusted her inspiration farther than it appeared likely to carry her. Again she could think of nothing happier than to repeat, on the same witless note of interrogation: "To tell me?"

"You only."

The constraint, the difficulty, seemed to be on his side now: she divined it by the renewed shifting of his attitude—he was capable, usually, of such fine intervals of immobility—and by a confusion in his utterance that set her own voice throbbing in her throat.

"You've been so perfect to me," he began again. "It's not my fault if you've made me feel that you would understand everything—make allowances for everything—see just how a man may have held out, and fought against a thing—as long as he had the strength. . . . This may be my only chance; and I can't go away without telling you."

He had turned from her now, and was staring at the river, so that his profile was projected against the moonlight in all its beautiful young dejection.

There was a slight pause, as though he waited for her to speak; then she leaned forward and laid her hand on his.

"If I have really been—if I have done for you even the least part of what you say . . . what you imagine . . . will you do for me, now, just one thing in return?"

He sat motionless, as if fearing to frighten away the shy touch on his hand, and she left it there, conscious of her gesture only as part of the high ritual of their farewell.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked in a low tone.

"*Not* to tell me!" she breathed on a deep note of entreaty.

"*Not* to tell you——?"

"Anything—*anything*—just to leave our . . . our friendship . . . as it has been—as —as a painter, if a friend asked him, might leave a picture—not quite finished, perhaps . . . but all the more exquisite. . . ."

She felt the hand under hers slip away, recover itself, and seek her own, which had flashed out of reach in the same instant—felt the start that swept him round on her as if he had been caught and turned about by the shoulders.

"You—*you*—?" he stammered, in a strange voice full of fear and tenderness; but she held fast, so centred in her inexorable resolve that she was hardly conscious of the effect her words might be producing.

"Don't you see," she hurried on, "don't you *feel* how much safer it is—yes, I'm willing to put it so!—how much safer to leave everything undisturbed . . . just as . . . as it has grown of itself . . . without trying to say: 'It's this or that' . . .? It's what we each choose to call it to ourselves, after all, isn't it? Don't let us try to find a name that . . . that we should both agree upon . . . we probably shouldn't succeed." She laughed abruptly. "And ghosts vanish when one names them!" she ended with a break in her voice.

When she ceased her heart was beating so violently that there was a rush in her ears like the noise of the river after rain, and she did not immediately make out what he was answering. But as she recovered her lucidity she said to herself that, whatever he was saying, she must not hear it; and she began to speak again, half playfully, half appealingly, with an eloquence of entreaty, an ingenuity in argument, of which she had never dreamed herself capable. And then, suddenly, strangling hands seemed to reach up from her heart to her throat, and she had to stop.

Her companion remained motionless. He had not tried to regain her hand, and his eyes were away from her, on the river. But his nearness had become something formidable and exquisite—something she had never before imagined. A flush of guilt swept over her—vague reminiscences of French novels and of opera plots. This was what such women felt, then . . . this was "shame." . . . Phrases of the newspaper and the pulpit danced before her. . . . She dared not speak, and his silence began to frighten her. Had ever a heart beat so wildly before in Wentworth?

He turned at last, and taking her two hands, quite simply, kissed them one after the other.

"I shall never forget—" he said in a confused voice, unlike his own.

A return of strength enabled her to rise, and even to let her eyes meet his for a moment.

"Thank you," she said, simply also.

She turned away from the bench, regaining the path that led back to the college buildings, and he walked beside her in silence. When they reached the elm walk it was dotted with dispersing groups. The "speaking" was over, and Hamblin Hall had poured its audience out into the moonlight. Margaret felt a rush of relief, followed by a receding wave of regret. She had the distinct sensation that her hour—her one hour—was over.

One of the groups just ahead broke up as they approached, and projected Ransom's solid bulk against the moonlight.

"My husband," she said, hastening forward; and she never afterward forgot the look of his back—heavy, round-shouldered, yet a little pompous—in a badly fitting overcoat that stood out at the neck and hid his collar. She had never before noticed how he dressed.

IV

They met again, inevitably, before Dawnish left; but the thing she feared did not happen—he did not try to see her alone.

It even became clear to her, in looking back, that he had deliberately avoided doing so; and this seemed merely an added proof of his "understanding," of that deep undefinable communion that set them alone in an empty world, as if on a peak above the clouds.

The five days passed in a flash; and when the last one came, it brought to Margaret Ransom an hour of weakness, of profound disorganization, when old barriers fell, old convictions faded—when to be alone with him for a moment became, after all, the one craving of her heart. She knew he was coming that afternoon to say "good-by"—and she knew also that Ransom was to be away at South Wentworth. She waited alone in her pale little drawing-

room, with its scant kakemonos, its one or two chilly reproductions from the antique, its slippery Chippendale chairs. At length the bell rang, and her world became a rosy blur—through which she presently discerned the austere form of Mrs. Sperry, wife of the Professor of palæontology, who had come to talk over with her the next winter's programme for the Higher Thought Club. They debated the question for an hour, and when Mrs. Sperry departed Margaret had a confused impression that the course was to deal with the influence of the First Crusade on the development of European architecture—but the sentient part of her knew only that Dawnish had not come.

He "bobbed in," as he would have put it, after dinner—having, it appeared, run across Ransom early in the day, and learned that the latter would be absent till evening. Margaret was in the study with her husband when the door opened and Dawnish stood there. Ransom—who had not had time to dress—was seated at his desk, a pile of shabby law books at his elbow, the light from a hanging lamp falling on his grayish stubble of hair, his sallow forehead and spectacled eyes. Dawnish, towering higher than usual against the shadows of the room, and refined by his unusual pallor, hung a moment on the threshold, then came in, explaining himself profusely—laughing, accepting a cigar, letting Ransom push an arm-chair forward—a Dawnish she had never seen, ill at ease, ejaculatory, yet somehow more mature, more obscurely in command of himself.

Margaret drew back, seating herself in the shade, in such a way that she saw her husband's head first, and beyond it their visitor's, relieved against the dusk of the book shelves. Her heart was still—she felt no throbbing in her throat or temples: all her life seemed concentrated in the hand that lay on her knee, the hand he would touch when they said good-by.

Afterward her heart rang all the changes, and there was a mood in which she reproached herself for cowardice—for having deliberately missed her one moment with him, the moment in which she might have sounded the depths of life, for joy or anguish. But that mood was fleeting and infrequent. In quieter hours she blushed for it—she even trembled to think that he might have guessed such a regret in her. It seemed to convict her of a lack of fineness that he should have had, in his youth and his power, a tenderer, surer sense of the peril of a rash touch—should have handled the case so much more delicately.

At first her days were fire and the nights long solemn vigils. Her thoughts were no longer vulgarized and defaced by any notion of "guilt," of mental disloyalty. She was ashamed now of her shame. What had happened was as much outside the sphere of her marriage as some transaction in a star. It had simply given her a secret life of incommunicable joys, as if all the wasted springs of her youth had been stored in some hidden pool, and she could return there now to bathe in them.

After that there came a phase of loneliness, through which the life about her loomed phantasmal and remote. She thought the dead must feel thus, repeating the vain gestures of the living beside some Stygian shore. She wondered if any other woman had lived to whom *nothing had ever happened*? And then his first letter came. . . .

It was a charming letter—a perfect letter. The little touch of awkwardness and constraint under its boyish spontaneity told her more than whole pages of eloquence. He spoke of their friendship—of their good days together. . . . Ransom, chancing to come in while she read, noticed the foreign stamps; and she was able to hand him the letter, saying gaily: "There's a message for you," and knowing all the while that *her* message was safe in her heart.

On the days when the letters came the outlines of things grew indistinct, and she could never afterward remember what she had done or how the business of life had been carried on. It was always a surprise when she found dinner on the table as usual, and Ransom seated opposite to her, running over the evening paper.

But though Dawnish continued to write, with all the English loyalty to the outward observances of friendship, his communications came only at intervals of several weeks, and between them she had time to repossess herself, to regain some sort of normal contact with life. And the customary, the recurring, gradually reclaimed her, the net of habit tightened again—her

daily life became real, and her one momentary escape from it an exquisite illusion. Not that she ceased to believe in the miracle that had befallen her: she still treasured the reality of her one moment beside the river. What reason was there for doubting it? She could hear the ring of truth in young Dawnish's voice: "It's not my fault if you've made me feel that you would understand everything. . . ." No! she believed in her miracle, and the belief sweetened and illumined her life; but she came to see that what was for her the transformation of her whole being might well have been, for her companion, a mere passing explosion of gratitude, of boyish good-fellowship touched with the pang of leave-taking. She even reached the point of telling herself that it was "better so": this view of the episode so defended it from the alternating extremes of self-reproach and derision, so enshrined it in a pale immortality to which she could make her secret pilgrimages without reproach.

For a long time she had not been able to pass by the bench under the willows—she even avoided the elm walk till autumn had stripped its branches. But every day, now, she noted a step toward recovery; and at last a day came when, walking along the river, she said to herself, as she approached the bench: "I used not to be able to pass here without thinking of him; *and now I am not thinking of him at all!*"

This seemed such convincing proof of her recovery that she began, as spring returned, to permit herself, now and then, a quiet session on the bench—a dedicated hour from which she went back fortified to her task.

She had not heard from her friend for six weeks or more—the intervals between his letters were growing longer. But that was "best" too, and she was not anxious, for she knew he had obtained the post he had been preparing for, and that his active life in London had begun. The thought reminded her, one mild March day, that in leaving the house she had thrust in her reticule a letter from a Wentworth friend who was abroad on a holiday. The envelope bore the London post mark, a fact showing that the lady's face was turned toward home. Margaret seated herself on her bench, and drawing out the letter began to read it.

The London described was that of shops and museums—as remote as possible from the setting of Guy Dawnish's existence. But suddenly Margaret's eye fell on his name, and the page began to tremble in her hands.

"I heard such a funny thing yesterday about your friend Mr. Dawnish. We went to a tea at Professor Bunce's (I do wish you knew the Bunces—their atmosphere is so *uplifting*), and there I met that Miss Bruce-Pringle who came out last year to take a course in histology at the Annex. Of course she asked about you and Mr. Ransom, and then she told me she had just seen Mr. Dawnish's aunt—the clever one he was always talking about, Lady Caroline something—and that they were all in a dreadful state about him. I wonder if you knew he was engaged when he went to America? He never mentioned it to *us*. She said it was not a positive engagement, but an understanding with a girl he has always been devoted to, who lives near their place in Wiltshire; and both families expected the marriage to take place as soon as he got back. It seems the girl is an heiress (you know *how low* the English ideals are compared with ours), and Miss Bruce-Pringle said his relations were perfectly delighted at his 'being provided for,' as she called it. Well, when he got back he asked the girl to release him; and she and her family were furious, and so were his people; but he holds out, and won't marry her, and won't give a reason, except that he has 'formed an unfortunate attachment.' Did you ever hear anything so peculiar? His aunt, who is quite wild about it, says it must have happened at Wentworth, because he didn't go anywhere else in America. Do you suppose it *could* have been the Brant girl? But why 'unfortunate' when everybody knows she would have jumped at him?"

Margaret folded the letter and looked out across the river. It was not the same river, but a mystic current shot with moonlight. The bare willows wove a leafy veil above her head, and beside her she felt the nearness of youth and tempestuous tenderness. It had all happened just here, on this very seat by the river—it had come to her, and passed her by, and she had not held out a hand to detain it. . . .

Well! Was it not, by that very abstention, made more deeply and ineffaceably hers? She could argue thus while she had

thought the episode, on his side, a mere transient effect of propinquity; but now that she knew it had altered the whole course of his life, now that it took on substance and reality, asserted a separate existence outside of her own troubled consciousness—now it seemed almost cowardly to have missed her share in it.

She walked home in a dream. Now and then, when she passed an acquaintance, she wondered if the pain and glory were written on her face. But Mrs. Sperry, who stopped her at the corner of Maverick Street to say a word about the next meeting of the Higher Thought Club, seemed to remark no change in her.

When she reached home Ransom had not yet returned from the office, and she went straight to the library to tidy his writing-table. It was part of her daily duty to bring order out of the chaos of his papers, and of late she had fastened on such small recurring tasks as some one falling over a precipice might snatch at the weak bushes in its clefts.

When she had sorted the letters she took up some pamphlets and newspapers, glancing over them to see if they were to be kept. Among the papers was a page torn from a London *Times* of the previous month. Her eye ran down its columns and suddenly a paragraph flamed out.

"We are requested to state that the marriage arranged between Mr. Guy Dawnish, son of the late Colonel the Hon. Roderick Dawnish, of Malby, Wilts, and Gwendolen, daughter of Samuel Matcher, Esq. of Armingham Towers, Wilts, will not take place."

Margaret dropped the paper and sat down, hiding her face against the stained baize of the desk. She remembered the photograph of the tennis-court at Guise—she remembered the handsome girl at whom Guy Dawnish looked up, laughing. A gust of tears shook her, loosening the dry surface of conventional feeling, welling up from unsuspected depths. She was sorry—very sorry, yet so glad—so ineffably, impenitently glad.

V

THERE came a reaction in which she decided to write to him. She even sketched out a letter of sisterly, almost motherly, remonstrance, in which she reminded him that he "still had all his life before him." But she reflected that so, after all, had she; and that seemed to weaken the argument.

In the end she decided not to send the letter. He had never spoken to her of his engagement to Gwendolen Matcher, and his letters had contained no allusion to any sentimental disturbance in his life. She had only his few broken words, that night by the river, on which to build her theory of the case. But illuminated by the phrase "an unfortunate attachment" the theory towered up, distinct and immovable, like some high landmark by which travellers shape their course. She had been loved—extraordinarily loved. But he had chosen that she should know of it by his silence rather than by his speech. He had understood that only on those terms could their transcendant communion continue—that he must lose her to keep her. To break that silence would be like spilling a cup of water in a waste of sand. There would be nothing left for her thirst.

Her life, thenceforward, was bathed in a tranquil beauty. The days flowed by like a river beneath the moon—each ripple caught the brightness and passed it on. She began to take a renewed interest in her familiar round of duties. The tasks which had once seemed colourless and irksome had now a kind of sacrificial sweetness, a symbolic meaning into which she alone was initiated. She had been restless—had longed to travel; now she felt that she should never again care to leave Wentworth. But if her desire to wander had ceased, she travelled in spirit, performing invisible pilgrimages in the footsteps of her friend. She regretted that her one short visit to England had taken her so little out of London—that her acquaintance with the landscape had been formed chiefly through the windows of a railway carriage. She threw herself into the architectural studies of the Higher Thought Club, and distinguished herself, at the spring meetings, by her fluency, her competence, her inexhaustible curiosity on the subject of the growth of English Gothic. She ransacked the shelves of the college library, she borrowed photographs of the cathedrals, she pored over the folio pages of "The Seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen." She was like some banished princess who learns that she

has inherited a domain in her own country, who knows that she will never see it, yet feels, wherever she walks, its soil beneath her feet.

May was half over, and the Higher Thought Club was to hold its last meeting, previous to the college festivities which, in early June, agreeably disorganized the social routine of Wentworth. The meeting was to take place in Margaret Ransom's drawing-room, and on the day before she sat upstairs preparing for her dual duties as hostess and orator—for she had been invited to read the final paper of the course. In order to sum up with precision her conclusions on the subject of English Gothic she had been rereading an analysis of the structural features of the principal English cathedrals; and she was murmuring over to herself the phrase: "The longitudinal arches of Lincoln have an approximately elliptical form," when there came a knock on the door, and Maria's voice announced: "There's a lady down in the parlour."

Margaret's soul dropped from the heights of the shadowy vaulting to the dead level of an afternoon call at Wentworth.

"A lady? Did she give no name?"

Maria became confused. "She only said she was a lady—" and in reply to her mistress's look of mild surprise: "Well, ma'am, she told me so three or four times over."

Margaret laid her book down, leaving it open at the description of Lincoln, and slowly descended the stairs. As she did so, she repeated to herself: "The longitudinal arches are elliptical."

On the threshold below, she had the odd impression that her bare inanimate drawing-room was brimming with life and noise—an impression produced, as she presently perceived, by the resolute forward dash—it was almost a pounce—of the one small figure restlessly measuring its length.

The dash checked itself within a yard of Margaret, and the lady—a stranger—held back long enough to stamp on her hostess a sharp impression of sallowness, leanness, keenness, before she said, in a voice that might have been addressing an unruly committee meeting: "I am Lady Caroline Duckett—a fact I found it impossible to make clear to the young woman who let me in."

A warm wave rushed up from Margaret's heart to her throat and forehead. She held out both hands impulsively. "Oh, I'm so glad—I'd no idea——"

Her voice sank under her visitor's impartial scrutiny.

"I don't wonder," said the latter drily. "I suppose she didn't mention, either, that my object in calling here was to see Mrs. Ransom?"

"Oh, yes—won't you sit down?" Margaret pushed a chair forward. She seated herself at a little distance, brain and heart humming with a confused interchange of signals. This dark sharp woman was his aunt—the "clever aunt" who had had such a hard life, but had always managed to keep her head above water. Margaret remembered that Guy had spoken of her kindness—perhaps she would seem kinder when they had talked together a little. Meanwhile the first impression she produced was of an amplitude out of all proportion to her somewhat scant exterior. With her small flat figure, her shabby heterogeneous dress, she was as dowdy as any Professor's wife at Wentworth; but her dowdiness (Margaret borrowed a literary analogy to define it), her dowdiness was somehow "of the centre." Like the insignificant emissary of a great power, she was to be judged rather by her passports than her person.

While Margaret was receiving these impressions, Lady Caroline, with quick birdlike twists of her head, was gathering others from the pale void spaces of the drawing-room. Her eyes, divided by a sharp nose like a bill, seemed to be set far enough apart to see at separate angles; but suddenly she bent both of them on Margaret.

"This *is* Mrs. Ransom's house?" she asked, with an emphasis on the verb that gave a distinct hint of unfulfilled expectations.

Margaret assented.

"Because your American houses, especially in the provincial towns, all look so remarkably alike, that I thought I might have been mistaken; and as my time is extremely limited—in fact I'm sailing on Wednesday——"

She paused long enough to let Margaret say: "I had no idea you were in this country."

Lady Caroline made no attempt to take this up. "And so much of it," she carried

on her sentence, "has been wasted in talking to people I really hadn't the slightest desire to see, that you must excuse me if I go straight to the point."

Margaret felt a sudden tension of the heart. "Of course," she said while a voice within her cried: "He is dead—he has left me a message."

There was another pause; then Lady Caroline went on, with increasing asperity: "So that—in short—if I *could* see Mrs. Ransom at once——"

Margaret looked up in surprise. "I am Mrs. Ransom," she said.

The other stared a moment, with much the same look of cautious incredulity that had marked her inspection of the drawing-room. Then light came to her.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I should have said that I wished to see Mrs. *Robert* Ransom, not Mrs. Ransom. But I understood that in the States you don't make those distinctions." She paused a moment, and then went on, before Margaret could answer: "Perhaps, after all, it's as well that I should see you instead, since you're evidently one of the household—your son and his wife live with you, I suppose? Yes, on the whole, then, it's better—I shall be able to talk so much more frankly." She spoke as if, as a rule, circumstances prevented her giving rein to this propensity. "And frankness, of course, is the only way out of this—this extremely tiresome complication. You know, I suppose, that my nephew thinks he's in love with your daughter-in-law?"

Margaret made a slight movement, but her visitor pressed on without heeding it. "Oh, don't fancy, please, that I'm pretending to take a high moral ground—though his mother does, poor dear! I can perfectly imagine that in a place like this—I've just been driving about it for two hours—a young man of Guy's age would *have* to provide himself with some sort of distraction, and he's not the kind to go in for anything objectionable. Oh, we quite allow for that—we should allow for the whole affair, if it hadn't so preposterously ended in his throwing over the girl he was engaged to, and upsetting an arrangement that affected a number of people besides himself. I understand that in the States it's different—the young people have only themselves to consider. In England—in our class, I mean—a great deal may depend on a young man's making a good match; and in Guy's case I may say that his mother and sisters (I won't include myself, though I might) have been simply stranded—thrown overboard—by his freak. You can understand how serious it is when I tell you that it's that and nothing else that has brought me all the way to America. And my first idea was to go straight to your daughter-in-law, since her influence is the only thing we can count on now, and put it to her fairly, as I'm putting it to you. But, on the whole, I dare say it's better to see you first—you might give me an idea of the line to take with her. I'm prepared to throw myself on her mercy!"

Margaret rose from her chair, outwardly rigid in proportion to her inward tremor.

"You don't understand—" she began.

Lady Caroline brushed the interruption aside. "Oh, but I do—completely! I cast no reflection on your daughter-in-law. Guy has made it quite clear to us that his attachment is—has, in short, not been rewarded. But don't you see that that's the worst part of it? There'd be much more hope of his recovering if Mrs. Robert Ransom had—had——"

Margaret's voice broke from her in a cry. "I am Mrs. Robert Ransom," she said.

If Lady Caroline Duckett had hitherto given her hostess the impression of a person not easily silenced, this fact added sensibly to the effect produced by the intense stillness which now fell on her.

She sat quite motionless, her large bangled hands clasped about the meagre fur boa she had unwound from her neck on entering, her rusty black veil pushed up to the edge of a "fringe" of doubtful authenticity, her thin lips parted on a gasp that seemed to sharpen itself on the edges of her teeth. So overwhelming and helpless was her silence that Margaret began to feel a motion of pity beneath her indignation—a desire at least to facilitate the excuses which must terminate their disastrous colloquy. But when Lady Caroline found voice she did not use it to excuse herself.

"You *can't* be," she said, quite simply.

"Can't be?" Margaret stammered, with a flushing cheek.

"I mean, it's some mistake. Are there *two* Mrs. Robert Ransoms in the same town? Your family arrangements are so extremely puzzling." She had a farther

rush of enlightenment. "Oh, I *see!* I ought of course to have asked for Mrs. Robert Ransom 'Junior'!"

The idea sent her to her feet with a haste which showed her impatience to make up for lost time.

"There is no other Mrs. Robert Ransom at Wentworth," said Margaret.

"No other—no 'Junior'? Are you *sure?*" Lady Caroline fell back into her seat again. "Then I simply don't see," she murmured helplessly.

Margaret's blush had fixed itself on her throbbing forehead. She remained standing, while her strange visitor continued to gaze at her with a perturbation in which the consciousness of indiscretion had evidently as yet no part.

"I simply don't see," she repeated.

Suddenly she sprang up, and advancing to Margaret laid an inspired hand on her arm. "But, my dear woman, you can help us out all the same; you can help us to find out *who it is*—and you will, won't you? Because, as it's not you, you can't in the least mind what I've been saying——"

Margaret, freeing her arm from her visitor's hold, drew back a step; but Lady Caroline instantly rejoined her.

"Of course, I can see that if it *had* been, you might have been annoyed: I dare say I put the case stupidly—but I'm so bewildered by this new development—by his using you all this time as a pretext—that I really don't know where to turn for light on the mystery——"

She had Margaret in her imperious grasp again, but the latter broke from her with a more resolute gesture.

"I'm afraid I have no light to give you," she began; but once more Lady Caroline caught her up.

"Oh, but do please understand me! I condemn Guy most strongly for using your name—when we all know you'd been so amazingly kind to him! I haven't a word to say in his defence—but of course the important thing now is: *who is the woman, since you're not?*"

The question rang out loudly, as if all the pale puritan corners of the room flung it back with a shudder at the speaker. In the silence that ensued Margaret felt the blood ebbing back to her heart; then she said, in a distinct and level voice: "I know nothing of the history of Mr. Dawnish."

Lady Caroline gave a stare and a gasp. Her distracted hand groped for her boa and she began to wind it mechanically about her long neck.

"It would really be an enormous help to us—and to poor Gwendolen Matcher," she persisted pleadingly. "And you'd be doing Guy himself a good turn."

Margaret remained silent and motionless while her visitor drew on one of the worn gloves she had pulled off to adjust her veil. Lady Caroline gave the veil a final twitch.

"I've come a tremendously long way," she said, "and, since it isn't you, I can't think why you won't help me. . . ."

When the door had closed on her visitor Margaret Ransom went slowly up the stairs to her room. As she dragged her feet from one step to another, she remembered how she had sprung up the same steep flight after that visit of Guy Dawnish's when she had looked in the glass and seen on her face the blush of youth.

When she reached her room she bolted the door as she had done that day, and again looked at herself in the narrow mirror above her dressing-table. It was just a year since then—the elms were budding again, the willows hanging their green veil above the bench by the river. But there was no trace of youth left in her face—she saw it now as others had doubtless always seen it. If it seemed as it did to Lady Caroline Duckett, what look must it have worn to the fresh gaze of young Guy Dawnish?

A pretext—she had been a pretext. He had used her name to screen some one else—or perhaps merely to escape from a situation of which he was weary. She did not care to conjecture what his motive had been—everything connected with him had grown so remote and alien. She felt no anger—only an unspeakable sadness, a sadness which she knew would never be appeased.

She looked at herself long and steadily: she wished to clear her eyes of all illusions. Then she turned away and took her usual seat beside her work-table. From where she sat she could look down the empty elm-shaded street, up which, at this hour every day, she was sure to see her husband's figure advancing. She would see it presently—she would see it for many years to come. She had a sudden aching sense of the length

of the years that stretched before her. Strange that one who was not young should still, in all likelihood, have so long to live!

Nothing was changed in the setting of her life, perhaps nothing would ever change in it. She would certainly live and die in Wentworth. And meanwhile the days would go on as usual, bringing the usual obligations. As the word flitted through her brain she remembered that she had still to put the finishing touches to the paper she was to read the next afternoon at the meeting of the Higher Thought Club. The book she had been reading lay face downward beside her, where she had left it an hour ago. She took it up, and slowly and painfully, like a child laboriously spelling out the syllables, she went on with the rest of the sentence:

—"and they spring from a level not much above that of the springing of the transverse and diagonal ribs, which are so arranged as to give a convex curve to the surface of the vaulting conoid."

A SON OF DREAMS

By Caspar Day

Illustrations by W. J. Aylward

PENAGEN was a one-mine town, back in the hills from anywhere. The Ripplewith Company drew good dividends from Penagen coal under the management of Martin Hooley; six Welsh bosses earned their pay and took their graft in directing seventeen hundred men and boys. Two hundred double houses and thirty-nine single dwellings gave roof-room to the dusty host. They sheltered also nine languages, and cripples all too many. There were crosses on some graves in the hill cemetery, but none the less Penagen stands among the little cities God forgot.

Adam Suwaloff sat in the kitchen of his house, looking down the hill on Penagen. He shivered and drew the blanket close about him even while he cowered against the stove. Rheumatism tore at his joints. He wrung his powder-marked hands nervously above the heat as he returned to an old grief.

"He is not my son, Stasia. I have always feared you picked up the wrong child, there in the shop at Minsk. He does not look like us, either of us."

"The mixed breed," spoke the woman, who was patching shoes on her bench by the window. "The half-Jew is never Jew. The half-noble never looks like anybody. You have seen enough of the world to know that."

The sick man glowered at her. Stasia's strong profile against the window-pane was dim to his near-sighted eyes.

"But he cares nothing for learning, see: I cannot do more than teach him bare reading and writing. I cannot get him to listen to the deeds of his great-grandfather——"

"I told you he was only a half-noble," spoke the Jewish woman. "Can my blood make him a Polish patriot? A leader of men's hearts? You saw them whip me at the mines that day when you were newly come from Russia; and I had been there two years before you came. You knew. You were warned in time."

"But he cares nothing for the Cause!"

"He is a good boy to work for us."

"The vice of private property has bitten into his very bones, Stasia. No, no, he must be some mouzik's son! Not ours. For you—you have made sacrifices, even as I: your son should have freedom in his blood."

"This year past we have lived mostly on his wages. You have been sick so often."

"Gods! For six months I have not sent a kopeck back to Russia!" He buried his face in his palms and groaned. "To dedicate one's life—to waste one's youth in prisons—in my old age to eat gruel and give nothing to the Revolution!"

"You will be better when the winter dies. Then you can send."

"He is all for money, money!"

Stasia finished a shoe and laid it by before she answered. "Isn't that Jew as much as mouzik, comrade?"

"To save money, buy houses, keep a saloon, go into politics—! That is his dream. Politics! Holy Christ, he wants to become a Mayor! Politics—in this country! —A pig's dream, not a man's. And my house were leaders, princes, men of high thoughts!"

"But America changes people, comrade. He was a baby in arms when we escaped, and it is not his fault that he grew up an American. He breathed it while he grew, this strange air, and it had no dreams in it."

Suwaloff was silent; he relapsed into his brooding. Stasia worked fast at her strange trade, hurrying to use the light of the January afternoon. Once she rose to stir the fire and to fill the kettles anew in preparation for the boarders' baths. Dusk settled grayly. Then Martin came home from the shaft.

"It's goin' to snow to-night," the boy proclaimed in the rusty basso of sixteen. His dinner-can banged down upon the bench, his coat dropped in a corner, his heavy boots sprawled on the floor. Martin was a big, noisy, disorderly creature, healthy, vital, never tired. "No, I do' want no bath only this. It's me busy day. I'm goin' in again at six, drivin' on Jim Eroh's road."

"Polish!" commanded Suwaloff in fury. It was a daily pang that Martin lapsed so readily into English in that house. "A noble's son, you white-head, and you speak like any Irishman! Silence!"

The Jewish woman poured steaming water into the hand basin. Her son scrubbed the day's soot and oil-black from his face with a plentiful spattering of suds.

"Is supper cooked?" he demanded in the midst of his ablutions. "Ah, I smell the meat. I'm glad we're no Catholics, on Fridays! I'll eat a pound to-night.—Where's the towel?—Yes, and if I am spry with a good team to-night, and Jim sees it and speaks to his old man for me, perhaps old Eroh will promote me to a runner's job. That is fine, fat pay."

"Eroh is a thief, a scoundrel!"

"Truly, truly; though he understands mining. But if I can buy a better job of him, I will. It is business. It is like rent and meat-bills and taxes: you pay because it costs more not to."

"Taxes!" The father's voice rose to a shriek. "Marcin, Marcin, you have the soul of a serf in those bones of yours! Oh, shame, shame! Taxes—How often have I explained to you that it is a crime for the state to tax at all?"

"I remember you said so," the boy admitted, scouring vigorously at his neck with a wet end of the towel. Stasia filled a deep plate with hot meat and broth and placed it beside her son on the table. He ate standing, blowing noisily upon the iron spoon to cool each mouthful. "But if—my wages are high enough—and work so plenty—I do not worry at taxes. Why should I?"

A gleam that was like frenzy blazed in the ex-noble's eyes. Privation and martyred years had left him with a zeal that bordered close to mania.

"Go out!" he ordered. "Go out! Out of my sight!"

The lean-to shed outside gave shelter from the wind, and in it young Martin waited for a moment. His mother was not long in coming; she had refilled the steaming bowl and now brought it to him. She stood and watched him eat. The age-old patience of a subject race was in her look.

"It's cold here, an' me shoes is inside," spoke the lusty youngster. "I'll just slip over to Bill's till six. I'd hate to be cold when I start for work, for it's bitter bad down inside, this weather. I'm sorry I made the ol' man mad. I wasn't meanin' to. Now I s'pose you'll catch it for me. He's full o' them *i*-deas."

The Jewish woman answered as always in Polish. "In Russia you might have grown a great patriot yourself. But not here: you are too busy and too contented. No, not here."

"Only for his notions, we'd start in runnin' a speak-easy, you an' me. But we'd never make a go of it, this way; he can't stand to see a person in the house that ain't dumb-foolish over Russia."

"You do not know," spoke the mother. Her smile was clouded with the shadow of her prison years. "I bless the Lord of Battles that you do not know."

"You have me pail ready by six," resumed the lad. "I'll come in then an' get me coat an' me boots on, an' hustle off afore there's any more fights between us. So long!"

He ran lightly through the snow, his bare

feet sinking to the ankle at every step. The Jewish woman watched him climb the fence and take shelter in a neighbor's kitchen; then she reëntered her own house.

Penagen mine lay at the head of an area of tilted strata. Its coal seams pitched at a sharp angle, and its main opening was a slope. The chimney-like small air-shafts over which the fans were hung had neither hoisting apparatus nor ladders; the Big Slope was thus the highway of travel in and out for all the veins, and the "intake" or fresh-air path for the lower workings.

Number 12 Lift was a steep east-and-west road, three thousand feet below the mouth of the mine, by vertical measurement eight hundred feet down. And on Number 12 Jim Eroh's crew were working, that night when Martin Swallow, the Polander boy, hoped to earn his promotion.



He cowered against the stove.—Page 187.

Martin worked snappily and well; and with eighteen miners cutting coal at once along the half-mile road his zeal was



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"Go, out!" he ordered. "Go out! Out of my sight!"—Page 188.

needed. His hitching and shifting hurried without orders; his care for latches and the rights of way avoided muddles. Jim Eroh, the boss's son, noted both brain and brawn with approval as the night wore along.

There came a lull in the work toward eleven o'clock. Most of the chambers had sent up their first and second loaded cars; the laborers smote slowly with their picks or idled as they piled the gob, killing time until the train crew brought them empty cars. Miners who had blasted down the night's allowance of coal were giving orders to their laborers; some, even, had started home. Others were lunching from their cans. A pleasant odor of tobacco lay along the air-current and spiced the fumes of oil and blasting powder.

Out where Number 12 Lift crossed the slope, Jim Eroh, Martin, and Saul Birklammer, the lead-boy, stood with their team, watching for a string of empties. The ropes on the bottom plane squeaked and hummed in the narrow darkness; the loaded trips went out toward daylight, four cars at a time, swinging up with a hideous roar. No empty cars came down.

"There ain't none," observed Saul, at last.

"The upper lifts is takin' all the empties on us on the third plane. There don't none get within smellin' distance of us before they're pinched."

"What d'you call smellin' distance?" young Martin demanded sharply of his chief. "Somethin's afire. Get it?"

"'Tain't nothin'. Hot axle, most likely. Or a hot pulley scorched a tie, up the planes. The air's comin' toward us here, comin' down: blows in our faces, like, the way we are now."

"I donno," spoke little Saul, the lead-boy. "Wouldn't we ought to go an' see?"

"It's kinda strong," Eroh agreed. Martin set off up the plane without more words. He ran, but the roughness of the track as well as the necessity of keeping free of the cables delayed his progress.

A light was coming toward him as he stumped along over the ties. The wearer of the dancing flame must have seen his lamp-glow, too; the pair hastened to meet. When they were but twenty yards apart a trip of empty cars descending drove them into niches of the wall for shelter.

As the cars passed him, scarce missing the buttons of his jacket, Martin Swallow sprang out and ran at top speed to meet the other light. Instinct told him that the man was bringing news; and already a minute had been lost. The smell of smoke was stronger; the wind of the fans sucked it against his face and made his eyes sting. The gangway was bitter cold.

"Hey! She's afire!" hailed the newcomer. He gasped agonizingly. Martin recognized "Asthma" Daley, a miner whose infirmity forbade his working in the lower levels. "The ss—slope. I found —it!"

"How far up?" the boy demanded.

"Just under 8 East.—I told 'em—there."

"Then it's hustle for ours, ain't it?"

"What's—workin'—further down?"

"Twelve East's full. Twelve West hasn't but three men an' a mule. Eleven's only day-shift. Nine an' Ten's old workin's—empty. I donno them. I never drove there; I belong on Seven mostly."

"You—tell—" Poor Daley's lungs gave out; his best was not enough to serve the need. Martin saw his hands beating the darkness in the pangs of his disease. He fell, writhing. The ditch received him, and the running water quenched his lamp-flame just as it singed his hair.

The driver knew nothing of asthma; the perils of the plane, however, were real and definite. He strained his hearty muscles to the utmost to lift the man and carry him up-hill to the recess which had sheltered him so recently. The place was a mere niche cut out behind the rib; the lad crumpled his patient with a mighty heave and jammed him in, knees uppermost.

"Don't ye stretch out," he warned the shuddering figure. "If a trip come down on ye, ye'd lose yer two feet.—Bide there. I'll tell the men to get ye, comin' out. I got to go."

Downward and inward raced the Jewish woman's son, the smoky wind at his back. Neither courage nor cowardice animated him. He was for the moment all brain—a leaping, flashing intelligence, scheming, balancing—mine-wise and cunning to plan.

. . . Number 12 was the deepest, newest lift; the second opening required by the mining law had never been cut down to meet it. The second opening ran through 10 East and 8 East, but unless the men knew the way it would be hard to find. The



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"No. Let me take," said a woman's voice.—Page 196.

slope was the one sure road out, if they could pass the fire before the narrow way reached broiling heat.

. . . Or supposing they could not make it in time to pass, there was only one thing to try, one way out of the rat-hole. Old 10 East lay about midway between 12 and the fire; it was disused, and so shut off from the active ventilating system of the mine. It would be full of explosive gas, so that the refugees would have to traverse it without lamps. Yet the slightness of its ventilation would make this lift comparatively free of smoke and sulphur for some hours.—The slope, then! Time was everything—life, safety, courage! The slope for its whole length if they could, with a dash through those few red-hot yards midway. The slope as far as old 10 East at any rate!

. . . Or if a man waited just too long in the rat-hole, and the draught carried down smoke and heat that were past breathing? —That? That meant slow smothering. They might shut all the air-doors and go into the last heading and wait with their lights out; but the air would go and the smoke would come, just as surely. The complicated system of airways by which the current was led in and out could not be altered in an hour.

Here was the door of old 10 East at his left, with a board nailed home to keep it closed. 11 East was like it. Then came a stretch of empty slate and sandstone for fifty yards, and the coal again—the bottom vein.

The foot of the plane with its switches, sidings, and footman's shanty was deserted—not a light blinked anywhere. The empty cars were gone, too, which meant that Jim and little Saul had hauled them out the lift to the impatient workmen.

Sixteen hours of labor had not weakened Martin; he took the up-grade gamely, pounding over the ties. At the first curve he saw lights ahead, shouted, and stopped them.

"Get onto yer job," Eroh ordered with the authority of nineteen. "You hadn't no business to lie down an' sleep, Mart, when you seen them empties pass you on the slope."

"The slope's afire. We got to get the men out quick."

"G'wan!" sneered little Saul.

"Jus' this side 8 East," the driver panted. "We got to tell 'em. Nobody else knows it but us. That there Daley told me, an' he lost his wind an' dropped on the plane like dead. He ain't told much of any, 'cause he run to warn the bottom vein. See? *We got to tell 'em!*"

Young Eroh considered a moment; he was the "runner," and as such the captain of his crew.

"All right," he agreed. "How bad is it? Got plenty of time, ain't we?—Kid, you unhook them mules; leave 'em loose."

"I smell sulphur, up aways; the coal's caught."

"It's got draught enough," the runner commented. He buttoned his heavy coat. "Come along. We'll say it's fire-boss's orders—they won't start for our say-so, 'cause the boys is always kiddin' greenies. —Saul, you beat it. Put for home. We don't need three."

"I ain't escairt," spoke the lead-boy valiantly. "I'll go with youse fellas!" Yet his lamp-flame trembled.

"Naw, I tell you," Martin Swallow interposed. "Leave him go up an' make sure 8 East has got Daley's word all right. He better get apast the fire as quick as he can, after. Their air splits off higher up, an' they might not smell it in quite a while, themselves."

"Correct," said the runner. He looked the little fellow over anxiously. "You do that, Birklammer. Keep to the main road till you get to 8 East. Don't turn off for nothin'. Remember you got to tell them men; an' then skoot for home."

Fourteen-year-old Saul gulped and blinked, but nodded. He turned and ran back toward the plane.

"Now!" said the runner. "I'll take the first ten places. You get the last six, 'cause you're a better sprinter than me. Fire-boss's orders, you say! Hustle 'em!"

"Tell 'em to look for Asthma Daley, goin' out," Martin called over his shoulder. "I chucked him in behind the rib."

Young Eroh was distanced at the first chamber; the driver went on alone.

In the first place he entered sat a laborer with one foot bared, hammering at the shoe between his knees.

"Slope's afire!" called Martin from the doorway. "Fire-boss says, skidoo! Take the slope. Make 10 East, anyhow—further if ye can."

"So?" said the man coolly; and went on tapping the refractory nail.

"Ye'll burn in hell, if ye don't!"

"All right," the other nodded. "Anywhere you say."

"Tell yer butty, Dough-feet, an' get a swift move on!" roared the boy; and was gone, leaving the door open behind him. A drift of wood-smoke followed in and warned the cobbler more cogently than words.

The next chamber was empty. The third had a group discussing politics as they warmed their coffee by a fire of splinters on the floor. In the fourth place the miner stood far up the chute, drilling the breast to set another blast: he would not leave nor let his laborer go until the shot was tamped and ready.

The fifth room held an Italian comfortably asleep. The sixth and last chamber had two loaded cars and two laborers busily packing and pounding lumps to fill a third. The pair were Slovaks, understanding not three dozen words of English. Martin tried them in Russian, explaining breathlessly.

"Shuddup. You take cars," spoke one, when he had finished. The fellow pointed to the braided driver's whip hanging from the boy's belt. "You do job, eh? Take cars?"

Even in this distant corner of the workings the smoke gained on him, and the boy was desperate. Moreover, surging through the keen, practical brain of Martin Swallow, American and mule-driver, was the blood of men who valued their stolid peasants no higher than their farm beasts. Martin drew the whip and struck: then threw it down. With his bare hands he beat the patient twain, roaring Polish and English alternately.

Gestures, blows, and oaths sufficed at length. "Fire," "slope," "go quick," carried some meaning for the greenhorns; one said, "Yes, boss," and both picked up their coats to follow where he led.

They three were the last to run from 12 East Lift; the nearest lights twinkled far ahead as they made the plane foot. The smoke was infinitely worse in the main slope. Stout youngster as he was, Martin began to feel the clog of it in his windpipe: his knees ached with much running over ties, and he panted as his will drove him at the steep up-grade of the road.

After a score of painful yards the driver halted. 12 West—three men in 12 West Lift, whom nobody had warned!

"Go on!" he yelled at the two Slovaks, as they slowed to wait for him. "Go quick! Go quick!" He caught up lumps of coal from the runnel, and stoned his protégés to a smart trot.

Then for the second time he hurried to the bottom vein. Life—and clear starlight of the winter nights—the patience of his mother's eyes—all good things lay outside. But there was work to do. He turned his back upon them.

Down, down again. The foot of the long plane yawned black and big and empty. 12 West turned off here; the door from the slope had not been opened, and once inside the lift one breathed clean, fresh air. The boy ran faster.

The road was a short one, coming off at less than a right angle from the line of the plane; its chambers were not many. In one of the rooms the three men were together. One was whistling—which is a rare trick underground.

"It's them," said the driver, whispering to himself. "Listen at them! Talkin' English, all. No greenies——"

The three were laughing; their lights bobbed sociably together. Mart Swallow felt his tired heart leap at the friendly sight and sound.

The whistling stopped when the driver told his news. That rock-bound silence of deep workings seemed to narrow and close in upon them; the boy's rasping breath struck on their nerves.

"My God!" cried one. The second loosened his belt-buckle. The third did nothing. Panic, stark and intolerable, took all three and held them fast.

"We won't never make it," spoke the tallest, looking his mate in the eyes. "We'll try, but——"

"Ye won't if ye stay foolin'!" snapped the Jewish woman's son. He looked from face to face, and something gave him a feeling of acute nausea for an instant. His Slovaks yonder had been dolts; but they at least were men. What ailed these fellows?

"I've got five kids," said the one who had been whistling. "Come on, boys! Run for it. We'll try the chances. Five kids——"

They ran. Martin was standing in the doorway of the chamber, facing them. He

turned and sprang into the black gangway to give them space to pass.

He ran ahead a few lengths; then he looked back. The lights were gone. They were not following him down the track. Where had the men gone? And why?

Far up the chambers to the left he heard footsteps running. For an instant he believed that fear had crazed all three; then, remembering how the block of coal lay between 12 West and the slope, he understood. The men had a short-cut through the chambers to the door out at the foot of the plane. They were fresh and strong, and in their first panic they had forgotten him—him to whose growing weariness a few rods counted so much. Well, he must follow the rails, and make what speed he could to overtake them.

A fatigue that was not wholly physical grew upon Martin as he stumbled forward on that outward journey. The unwritten law of the mines bids every man take risks himself to save his fellow-workmen. Good: but had he, the cripple's son, failed of this duty? Shame gnawed at his breast.

"Damn me if I'd leave me mule," sobbed Martin Swallow, gulping at the smoke, "like that! Like that!"

Behind him there waited Death, on which he scarcely spent a thought; and Darkness, which was so cruel and lonesome and empty that he fled on aching limbs before it. The three yellow lights were what lured him on as his strength lessened. Sometimes he saw them, sometimes he drew very near, again he lost ground.

Now he was out upon the main road once more; the smoke had thickened, thickened. The pace was fearful. The plane cables tripped him on the hill. Of time and place his senses took no more account. Only some steely thing inside him drove like an engine, forcing the pursuit. One must not lie down. Those lights were men; one must not stay alone.

Finally one of the three miners was just abreast of Martin. Two steps ahead another was half falling; and the third—he of the five kids—held up the staggering man. The smoke grew worse, and hot puffs struck one's face. So far, so far—where were they? Old 10 East was the place to leave the slope. Yet where was the door? It seemed to Martin that they must have passed it. He was dazed, smothering.

In spite of the wind, there was not air enough to breathe. Watching the lamps—the friendly little flames that drove off the creeping Dark—the boy saw them grow pale. One by one they wavered and went out. . . . The flame on his own cap-brim faded away to nothingness of black.

Walking—falling, creeping, and walking again—the four fought on. The Jewish woman's son was weakest; his great endurance had been overtaxed; there in the dark he caught at one miner's coat to hold himself upright. Twice he fell, snatching in time to pull himself to his knees. With the third tug, the wearer of the coat swung round and lunged at his unseen encumbrance. The lad went down under the blow. He barely felt the icy ditch-water trickle under his collar. After that, all was blank.

Out in the slope on the upper side of the fire-area bosses and men worked fast. The pumps which drained the mine were forcing water down three lines of hose. The fans in the air-shaft had been speeded to more revolutions per minute than their maker warranted them to stand, and the cold, fresh current sweeping down the slope fed the inner workings with a proportion of clean air even while it filled them with the densest smoke. Under this draught the fire burned momentarily hotter and farther; but considerations of damage were negligible so long as there were men inside.

Search parties waited in detachments just outside the ring of active fire-fighters. The burning road was by this time a gigantic broiling oven, a tunnel, red and glowing, as one looked down the wind to its interior.

No creature could endure for a breath amid that heat. Some of the first fugitives who had rushed it before the flame gained a tenth such headway had been badly hurt. The later refugees had abandoned the slope altogether; bosses and rescue parties had convoyed them by a long circuit through old 10 East and the second opening to the rear chambers of 8, and so out to the main road above the danger line.

Young Eroh, the boss's son, was standing with Hooley, the superintendent, counting off the roll as party after party assisted stumbling figures out of Number 8 roadway into the cold freshness of the plane. When the two Slovak laborers from 12 East

gave their names and their miners' numbers, the list was closed for the bottom vein.

"All out?" echoed the listeners, with groans of relief. "*All out?*"

"No. My driver boy ain't," young Eroh answered. He was obliged to wet his scorched lips and control his throat before he continued. "Give 'im half an hour yet, Mart, can't you? Don't give it up. Don't change the air till then. He's a cool hand. Give 'im 'is chanst."

"An hour," said the boss—and turned his face away. "What's his name?"

"Swallow. Mart Swallow. He's them Polander people's only boy."

The runner took out his watch and held it in his palm, bending so that the light from his cap shone on the dial. Ten—eighteen minutes—twenty——

Three more men—those three forgotten men of 12 West—were carried bodily out through the gangway door and laid down to recuperate. Men earlier rescued sat beside them on the ties to chafe their ankles; others pumped the limp arms up and down.

One of the three, he of the five kids, groaned and tried to speak. Instantly Jim Eroh pounced on him.

"Where's the boy?" he roared. "Where's that boy? I bet 'twas him went for you, or you'd not be here now! Now, Mister, you put yer mind on what I'm askin'. Where's that driver?"

The man struggled to speak, but only one word formed itself intelligibly—"—slope——"

"We'll try for it," spoke the boss, who stood near enough to catch the word. "Once. No more. Two men is enough; me and Henry."

He took two lighted safety-lamps from the last rescue party. The fire-boss answered his nod. They two turned to follow the long round about path in one final search.

Up in the yard at the head of the slope women and children waited the night long. Guards held them back from the tunnel-mouth, and now and again restrained by force some cripple who would have gone down into the familiar workings to give his aid. The strong and whole-bodied, the workers of the settlement, were all inside, searching, building brattices, fighting the fire. Out in the night the helpless watchers held their ranks and waited.

Twice the authoritative statement came that all the missing had been found and carried out of danger. But mothers lingered, and little children. Some men, too, must see their kindred safe before they dared believe. Adam Suwaloff was among these. His lameness would not let him stand upright upon the slippery snow; he clung, child-fashion, to the arm of a strong neighbor woman, and Stasia, the Jewess, held his other hand.

At two o'clock there came to the ex-noble the thing for which he waited. Young Jim Eroh the runner stepped from the dim arch of the tunnel into the dim gray night. The lamp on his cap flamed back tasselwise in the draught. It showed the face of Martin on his shoulder, the big limp body of Martin trailing from his arms.

"He was the last one to come up to air," panted the bearer, as the crowd surged on him with inquiries. "Get back, can't you? He's only fainted; I'm takin' him to the engine-house where it's warm—Yes, I tell you—yes! The rest is all safe an' hearty. They're settin' right down there now till they gets a rest. Yes, ma'am, Shadrach's as well as you are. I just seen him. He's turnin' the hose onto some cross-ties. Leave me be, can't you, Missis? This fella ain't no 'alf-pound weight, an' I'm takin' him acrosst to the engine-house."

"No. Let me take," said a woman's voice, clear and firm. "I strong. I can carry."

"His mother," explained two or three at once. The Jewish woman stiffened her tall figure to the burden, and drew Martin's body from the other's hold. The boy's head fell back and his eyes unclosed.

"Just faintin'," explained Eroh for the second time. "He ain't burnt at all. An' he saved three men that was——"

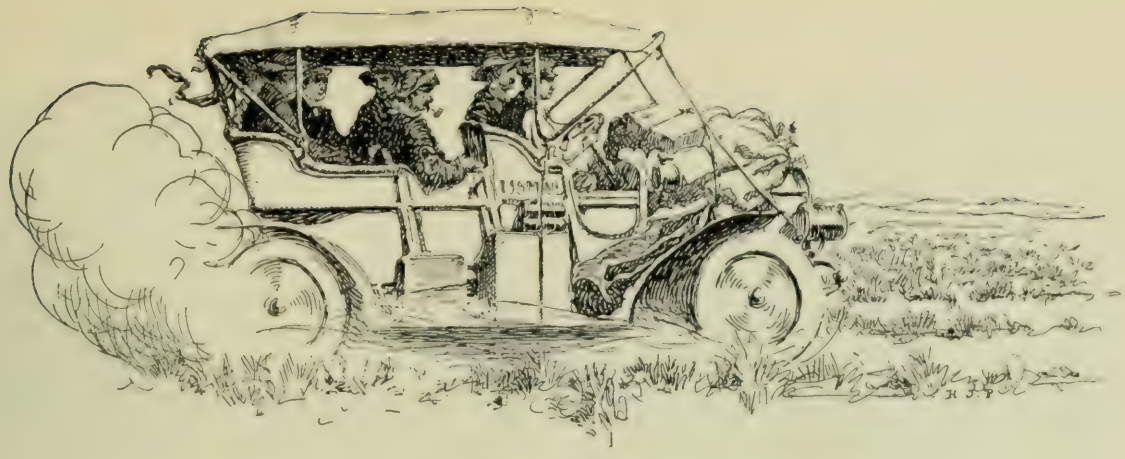
Martin moved, and a sound came from his throat.

"He talk!" cried Stasia.

The runner bent down to hear, though scarce believing his own ears.

"What's that, Mart? Say it over."

"Three that was skunks," whispered Martin Swallow quite distinctly, "—skunks!" He threw an arm about his mother's neck and clung so to her before he slipped back into unconsciousness. The Jewish woman held him, smiling down at her burden as in his baby days. Young Eroh guided her across the breaker yard.



An automobile stage-coach.

THE GASOLENE PRAIRIE SCHOONER

By Walter E. Peck

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY J. PECK



AFTER a moment's pause at a small cluster of three or four frame buildings, announced by the brakeman as Torrance, the Golden State Limited has resumed its flight across the plain and is fast dwindling to a speck on the western horizon. The meagreness of habitation seems to emphasize the vastness and loneliness of the land. It is a scene suggestive of the proximity of some battered old stage-coach, which will presently rattle up to the platform of the little box-like "depot," to transport the waiting passengers and mail farther on their journey into the wilderness. Suddenly, from around the corner of the "hotel," the stage does appear, but its advent is unaccompanied with the traditional cracking of the whip at the lead horses. In fact, there are no horses to be cracked at, although the succession of short explosive sounds which emanate from the vehicle's glistening front tell of stored-up power equivalent to that of many horses. With a laconic "Good-mornin'" the stalwart driver jumps from the dusty and weather-beaten machine; mail-sacks and luggage are quickly secured on top of the hood and in any other space left available by the passengers, and with a honk, and a splutter of the engine, the mail-coach begins its trip across the plain to the distant town of Roswell.

Winding for a few miles through a scrubby growth of cedars, the road emerges into the open. A flock of several thousand sheep look with startled eyes as we rush by, while the Mexicano herder waves his hand. He is evidently becoming accustomed to the glittering carriage which charges by with such tumultuous speed in its invasions of his lonely territory. Farther on, there is a brief stop at the long, low ranch-house of stone to leave a mail-bag and take on a dark-visaged, tall-sombreroed passenger, and we are away again. The white dusty trail stretches ever to the far horizon, marking the path of modern civilization through these arid wastes of mesquite and cactus, which have remained unchanged from the time when savage Indians ranged through them supreme, in their migrations and buffalo hunts. Clear and invigorating is this New Mexican air, and the distant mountains look alluringly blue through the glare of sunlight. Prairie dogs scuttle for dear life from before the flying monster and bob away over the sandy hummocks.

Smoothly and swiftly runs the engine for miles, but at length something goes wrong. There is a jar, a hurried application of

brakes, and the erstwhile flying car squats clumsily in its tracks, an inert weight of complicated mechanism. Straightway mail-sacks and grips are tossed to the ground, and judging from sundry muttered ejaculations, Smyrle, the driver, conducts an unsatisfactory investigation of the inner workings of the machine. The native passengers are consumed with ennui, although they would possibly not so phrase the state of their feelings, and doubtless they draw disgusted mental comparison between such a dashed method of locomotion and their "Texican" origin, that the dwellers in New Mexico are usually blessed with fine weather, although they do "get it" at times, and "get it right." The previous November the mail route fell into the grasp of a blizzard, an extraordinary circumstance. A car, with several passengers and sacks of mail, was stalled in a snow-bank a score of miles from the half-way camp, for thirty-six hours. Fortunately a box of "grub" destined for camp was aboard, and there was plenty of snow as a thirst-quencher. But at best it was a cold camp,



Camp Needmore.

accustomed horse-flesh. And on a near-by tuft of buffalo grass sits an insolent prairie dog, exhibiting every sign of derisive satisfaction at the turn affairs have taken.

A half hour's delay in the beating sun seems a much longer time, but at length with the aid of tool-kit and baling-wire, Smyrle succeeds in coaxing life back into the machinery, the mail is repacked, and the resumed motion of the car, swifter than before, to make up time, soon restores the temporarily suspended feeling of exhilaration. Moved from his earlier reticence by the late unpleasantness, Smyrle descants upon the advantages and disadvantages of the mail-route. A day of circuitous railway travel is saved by this dash across the plain by automobile. Although ordinarily the pace is swift, considering the nature of the country traversed, the mail has been carried over the line under pressure in two-thirds of the schedule time; and in the parlance of Smyrle, "That was going some!" We gather from his conversation, whose soft characteristics bear out his self-confessed and the half-frozen passengers joyfully welcomed the advent of "Old Huldy," the baggage car, and the crew, who finally shovelled their way to the rescue.

Rain is infrequent at any season, but is perverse enough to come occasionally just when the road outfit has spent a week or two in laboriously dragging the road and putting it into condition, which forthwith becomes a sad state of sloppiness and mud, a source of much trouble to the cars. "But wet or dry," says Smyrle, "we have to hop to it to get the mail through in each direction on time, or risk a penalty from the Government." There is always the possibility, although fortunately of rare occurrence, of irreparably breaking down along the way, and then waiting until the non-arrival of the car at its destination, pointing to trouble, starts a "wrecker" out to find the disabled machine and tow it in. In the meantime the passengers can amuse themselves shooting at the coyotes and prairie dogs, or a possible antelope; or in the absence of such game, must be content



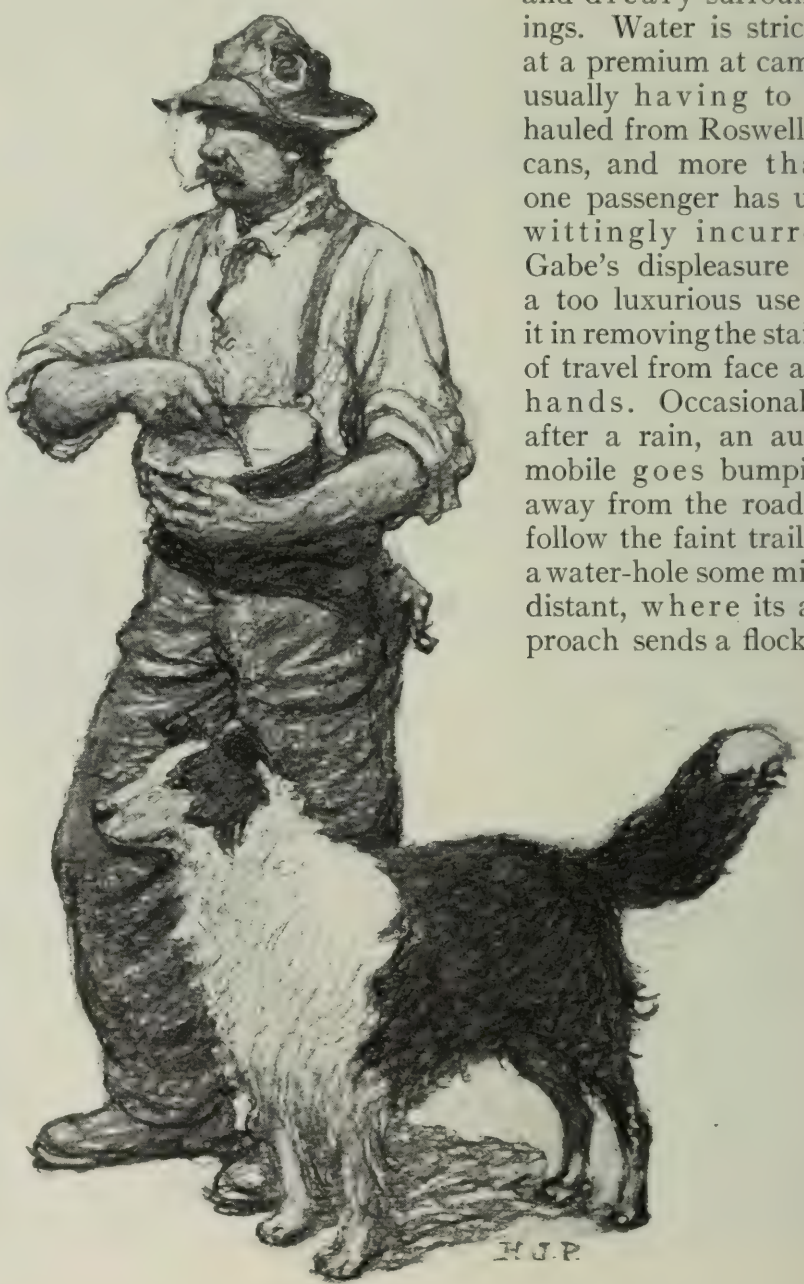
Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

A break-down.

to make targets of one another for their anecdotal volleys. A broken rear axle, and a camp overnight in the open is not an unheard-of occurrence, and judging from our driver's description, a not intolerable experience. The mail-car usually carries at least a canteen of water, young rabbits are plentiful and their meat appetizing, especially when broiled in the starlight over a fire of mesquite brush. The ground, supplemented by cushions from the car, makes a comfortable bed, the climate is a stranger to colds, and the distant howl of the coyote wafted through the silence of the plains, a soothing lullaby— "But," added Smyrle, "you-all should have seen the tarantula I killed next mornin'."

So we rush on with undiminished speed. On the farthest ridge's crest, over which the road winds ribbon-like, the sun touches a glimmering spot of white; which is lost as we sweep down the slope, to reappear from the next rise a group of tents outlined against the sky. "Yonder's 'Camp Needmore,'" says the chauffeur, and a little later stops his machine by the largest tent of the little group which huddles in the midst of the great plain. In front of one of the tents, from which emanates a most tantalizing odor, a man in shirt sleeves and sombrero, with a collie dog, has been watching our approach. This man is "Gabe" Thompson, at once the mayor, sheriff, dog-catcher, and, excepting various live stock, the aforementioned collie, a cow and a tobacco-chewing billy-goat, the entire permanent population of "Needmore." His jovial greeting, "Come in, ladies and gentlemen, this supper's all ready," requires no repeating; and soon quantities of delicious frijoles, stewed grapes, ham and eggs, and steaming biscuits are being satisfactorily discussed within the tent, and we heartily endorse Smyrle's sentiment that "this supper sure is a plumb good one."

This half-way camp, in its loneliness and isolation from the haunts of men, seems to have been dropped from nowhere into this primeval spot. The extra car or two, and gasolene tank in the automobile tent, lend an incongruous touch of modernity to a place which otherwise in its primitiveness is in keeping with the wild and dreary surroundings. Water is strictly at a premium at camp, usually having to be hauled from Roswell in cans, and more than one passenger has unwittingly incurred Gabe's displeasure by a too luxurious use of it in removing the stains of travel from face and hands. Occasionally, after a rain, an automobile goes bumping away from the road to follow the faint trail to a water-hole some miles distant, where its approach sends a flock of



Gabe.

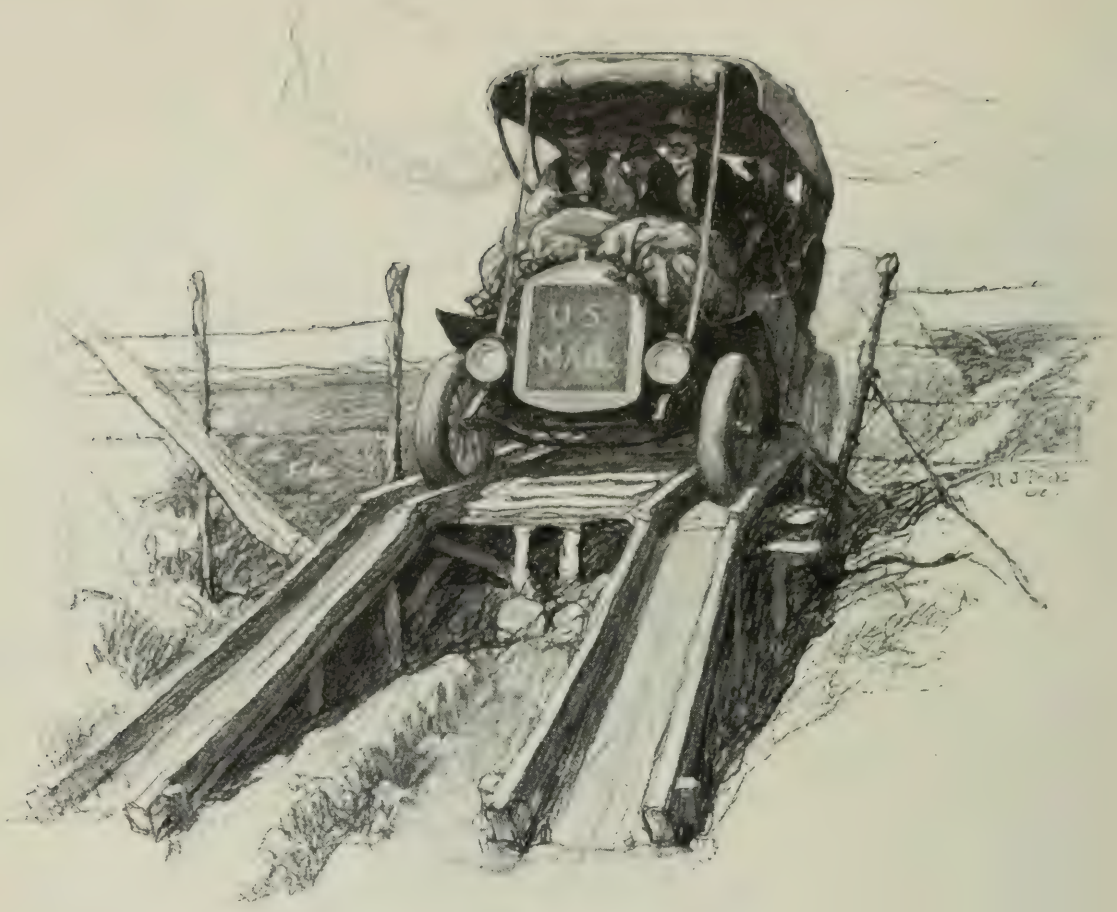


The Macho Bridge.

startled sheep rushing from the water. With cans full of the precious, albeit muddy fluid, the car departs, leaving the sheep to cautiously reassemble in the pool and continue their occupation of "tanking up."

A violin hangs from a peg in the cook-tent; and some poker chips and well-thumbed cards sprawled on a box in a corner indicate that "Camp Needmore" is not without its diversions; an impression borne out by the conversation of Gabe, Smyrle, and "Conkey," the chauffeur who is to take us on to Roswell, and whose begrimed condition suggests recent and intimate association with some machine in the auto tent. "Thirty minutes for refreshments" being accomplished, the mail is transferred to a machine, evidently old in the service, and encrusted, as to wheels and guards, with a lumpy coating of dried mud. This is Conkey's charge, and as an introduction to its particular merits and virtues he relates how a former driver, one "white-headed Johnson," burnt the car up as a result of filling the gasolene tank by lamplight! It was repaired in the auto company's shop, and with 75,000 miles to its credit in something over two years, is still chugging away on its daily trips.

We bid good-by to Gabe and Smyrle, and are off again, the camp cow regarding us ruminatively for a moment, and the collie vigorously barking a send-off for some distance down the road. Smaller and smaller grow the tents in retrospect until they shrink to a mere speck against the sky, which finally dissolves into the infinitude of space. "Red-sand Draw" and "Mail-box Flat" are passed, the engine working rhythmically without a miss, and the summit of the "Big Divide" is half gained when our chauffeur brings the car to a sudden



The cattle-guard.

stop exclaiming, "Coyote!" A short distance away the "long, lean, lank, and sorry-looking skeleton" stands regarding us and, too late remembering important business elsewhere, his career is brought to a tragic end by Conkey's rifle, and he is ingloriously scalped, for there is a bounty on his head.

The crest of the divide reopens the broad vista of country, and as the descent is begun, Conkey remarks casually, as if he were in town and saw an acquaintance approaching along the street, "Here comes Charlie!" At this juncture, however, "Charlie" can be descried only as an infinitesimal patch upon the snaky trail in the far distance. Twice or thrice he is lost behind the intervening hills, and finally pulls up alongside with a cargo of mail, and Mexican sheep-shearers in the "Yellow Kid," a monster car of the mail-route company's own construction. We get word that "Old Huldy" is somewhere on the road with a load of baggage for Torrance, and provisions and "gas" for camp; accordingly we pull out with the prospect of another meeting en route.

At the foot of a long descent, the approach to the Macho Bridge fills the timid passenger with apprehension. The slender precarious-looking truss affair, with its narrow wheel tracks, seems little calculated to keep the car from a plunge into the dry gorge which yawns menacingly below. But Conkey takes it surely, nonchalantly even, and as he increases the speed for the up-hill rush on the other side, intimates that in time of flood the turbid, roaring torrent, rushing and foaming beneath the bridge, inspires in the unaccustomed traveller even more nervous and apprehensive tremors. Beyond the hill, a vast expanse of flat country and consequent evenness of road tend to neutralize the unsettling effect of the gorge. Presently here is another surprise, and an apparent, although less disconcerting cause for a decorous approach. A barbed-wire fence confronts us, which, extending to the van-

ishing point in either direction, seems to divide the entire plain. Our speed scarcely slackens as we draw near; there is a fleeting impression of two trough-like inclines which the wheels take as unerringly as a locomotive keeps the rails; a sensation of rising quickly and dropping again to the level, and we have climbed a fence! Conkey explains that this sensational jump has landed us in Ballard's ranch by means of a "cattle-guard," which, while it keeps the cattle in, obviates the necessity of a gate and a halt for the automobile.

It is nearly a dozen miles across the "pasture" to the other cattle-guard. As we sweep along, bunches of cattle, startled from their grazing, after a wild look at the strange invading monster, turn tail and gallop away. Midway of the distance we come upon a stranded automobile, resting its dray-like proportions under a huge load of trunks, boxes, and cans. "Old Huldy" is evidently suffering from tire trouble, and Conkey is just in time to "he'p" the sweating driver out of his difficulties. "The old girl ain't very 'pretty for *nice*,' but she will carry a big load and can sure hit the trail when she gets started," Conkey assures us as we resume our journey. A mail-bag is thrown off at "Ballard's" a house, a windmill, two or three trees, and a little patch of green grass. At sight of us a cowboy's pony rises on its hind legs in dismay. Across "Salt Crick," around the foot of a hill, and the ranch's other boundary fence is taken gracefully, surely. Far to the right the El Capitan Mountains loom mysteriously through the haze of the declining sun, whose slanting rays bathe the arid land's scrubby growth in a mellow radiance.

A few miles more and the plain and its barrenness are behind us. By some quick transition we are descending into shady streets and the pleasant evidences of civilization, a grateful contrast to the simmering heat of the open. This is Roswell, a beautiful little city of the Pecos Valley, and at the post-office a placard bearing the roughly lettered legend "The Auto is not In," is removed from the window as the expectant gathering sees the dust-covered passengers extricate themselves from the tonneau, while the mail is unloaded—on time.



Cattle turn tail and gallop away.



Drawn by A. Castaigne.

A hot morning, the road lay deep with dust—a trial race.—Page 205.

Ontario

AN OLYMPIC VICTOR

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. CASTAIGNE

VI

IN anticipation of the needs of Greek youth who might wish to take part in the coming Olympic Games, there had been installed at Athens this physical director, already met, as has been described, by Loues and Gouskous, a man acquainted by reason of long residence in other countries with the training methods of the world's greatest athletes; and it was this director who announced one morning that thereafter the candidates for the games were to be overlooked in their exercises by a Board of Judges, and that after another ten days the squad would be reduced to such as were considered of good merit; and therefore that it behooved all to prosecute their exercises with the rigor and skill and self-denial worthy the dignity and importance of the occasion; and that all would have need of every ounce of strength and every shade of skill, for there were coming from all parts of the world great athletes to contend for the unsurpassable glory of the celebration; and further, in a sonorous voice, the director read from the *Echo* of that morning the names and residences of the foreign athletes who had announced their intention of coming: Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, England, America, and even far-away Chile and Australia.

The reading of the list cast a chill over many; even Gouskous, the self-confident, was subdued. "Truly, Loues, here are mighty men coming to contend with us." And that day in the Stadium bore himself with solemnity.

Accordingly—thoughtlessly, joyously or seriously—each to his nature prepared for the trials which were to determine who would finally represent the nation.

On the tenth day there was great anxiety as the director, when the exercises of the day were done, announced in the order of their event the names of those who had won approval of the judges. Gouskous was among the successful ones; indeed his was the first name read for the discus-throwing and weight-lifting; but the entries for the Marathon race were not to be announced until after a trial to be held within the week.

On the morning of that trial Loues could partake of no breakfast, but set out with his companions and arrived with something like a burning fever in his veins. He had been unable to sleep the night before, and felt weak in body as well as dispirited in soul. His mind was not at peace. Not since that discomposing day when he was discharged from the Army had he had sight of Marie. Euripides, who had since come twice to Athens to see him, could or would give him no word; and Loues chose to put a hopeless interpretation on his silence.

But even in his weakness Loues, reproaching himself as a man lacking courage, goaded himself to the test which was the last on earth he would have selected for that particular day; and yet, despite what his will would do for him, the dark feeling of despair was not to be driven away.

A hot morning, the road lay deep with dust. Everything seemed to conspire against Loues, who had hoped for a cool wind laden with dampness to keep the dust from his lungs, which seemed as if they were on fire within him; but it was not to be. The race was begun and completed, and Loues was almost nowhere. Only on the last kilometre was it, that torn apart with pain and dread, shame and fear, hope and despair, he gathered himself for a burst that carried him past those competitors who would have intervened to prevent him from securing a place on the judge's list; but immediately he crossed the finishing line he sank to the ground.

It was Gouskous who caught and bore his failing body from the track. "Courage, my Loues, courage." As the athletes said

of him, "A fine friendly nature, a great heart, Gouskous—you should know him." When Loues was somewhat recovered and was able, with the supporting arm of Gouskous, to make his way to the dressing-room, it was the great-souled Gouskous who all the while encouragingly talked to him. "Most marvellous indeed was it, Loues, to see you get the place. Such an effort! 'His heart will burst,' I exclaimed—did I not, Touferes? Only this morning, when I saw you, so pale and distressed, set forth for the tremendous exertion, I shook my head and it was Touferes again to whom I said—was it not, Touferes? 'Poor Loues, all last night he tossed in pain and now in extreme weakness he goes forth to run.' Think of it—nothing to eat since the evening before! Ps-st! but how a man can do anything on these empty stomachs is most amazing. For me, I cannot lift a little finger in the morning until after I have abundantly breakfasted. It is too painful altogether. But you, Loues, notwithstanding my calamitous predictions, went forth and you are named among the qualifying runners. 'Twas sublime—hah, was it not, Touferes? and so I say, courage, my Loues, courage. It is true you are yet behind Vanitekes, who has trouble to conceal his pride and joy; but to-day I even heard the director saying as you approached the goal—said he, and pointed you out to his associates, 'Observe that lad. He will be of the chosen ones. There is that in his features which tells me he needs but the occasion to do a great deed.' Yes, so he said, Loues. And so take heart, and be prepared, when the great trial comes."

An observing man altogether, that director. That afternoon, after the athletes had lunched and were resting, he said to Gouskous: "Your friend Loues is a promising lad, but he should be encouraged. He does not think enough of himself."

And a wise man also that, for later, when Loues, now partly rested, was reclining on a row of seats in the Stadium, to him came the director, and questioned him as to his previous practice in the way of running. He was a sympathetic man, to whom, seeing that he listened with interest, Loues related the habits of his earlier days, of the days which he had spent in pursuit of game, flying hot-foot from dawn to dark down the declivities, or surmounting laboriously the steeps; and of the nights when he had found himself so far from any habitation that he would make his bed in the open, in the morning bathing himself in the nearest sheet of water, or, it might be, refreshing his body in the dew of the grass. Further, under the encouraging comment of the director, he told of his life in the Army; how when they were camping in the country, in Thessaly at one time, far from cities and regular lines of travel, he had been called upon by the commander to carry messages for long distances. "And they used to call me then Ergoteles."

"Why?"

"Euripides—he is my godfather—tells me that Ergoteles was four times crowned victor in the long race in the ancient games."

"Ha? Go on."

"And that for him the great Pindar composed a most moving ode, and that when he returned to Himera they breached the walls about the city that he might not have to enter through the gate used by the ordinary citizen, and that, further, they raised to him a statue in the market-place, as was also done in the groves of Olympia in honor of his unrivalled prowess, and a pension for life was his, and he died in great honor."

The director's eyes sparkled, and he drew the lad's arm within his own. "Stay by us, Loues, for surely you are possessed of the true spirit. They are to be many, the chance is slight among them all; but who knows, my Loues, that you shall not win?"

An astute man also the director. That evening, after all had dined together, in a building set apart for that purpose, midway between the ancient temple of Theseus and the Stadium, and from the windows of which the athletes might gaze their fill on the ruined but ever-glorious Acropolis, he turned to Loues and said, "Have a care for your friend Gouskous. A very Milo of Crete for strength, and in size equal to that Diagoras, after whom he is so often called, but he must be restrained. But for my watchful eye he would have awhile ago gone to the cask in the cellar and helped himself. He may have all the food he craves, but restrain him if you can in his absorption of wine."

A politic man likewise: To Vanitekes he said, "They did not name you The Goat without reason. On you I doubt not will

rest the honor of upholding the fame of Greece." And to all he said aloud, "From henceforth we must not fail to train faithfully."

At the table that evening there had been some mirth, largely because of Gouskous, who had become disgruntled. "There, now," he complained, "one measure of wine! A single measure of wine without a single measure of discrimination. Constantine there—estimate now on the bulk of his shrimp-like body. He weighs now—how much? Fifty kilograms? So it is. And I—one hundred and forty kilos. It is true. Yet we get the same ridiculous apportionment. He as much as will drown him if he be not careful, and I, Gouskous, the strong man of our fleet, who has posed for Hercules in the charades, I get no more than what will sprinkle the membrane of my parched stomach, not to speak of the palate and throat which must be assuaged on the way down."

VII

Loues had now and again seen Euripides during these days of preparation for the festival, and from him had been getting all the neighborly gossip of Marousi; of all but her of whom he was most desirous to hear. And the suspense was affecting him to such an extent that one night he conceived that he could bear it no longer. He would go to Marousi; and because he feared that the director would attempt to hinder him and protest it was a violation of training rules, an imperilling of his chances in the race, he informed no one at the training quarters of his intention.

Not even Gouskous did he tell; this that the gigantic one might be able to say truthfully in the morning that he knew not where his friend was; and if of his intended action he spoke no word to his friend, be sure he told him nothing of what was in his heart and mind.

But Gouskous was not to be overreached. As Loues was about to drop from the window the big man suddenly awakened from an apparently profound sleep and grasped his nether leg.

"Ps-st, be not alarmed! It is only Gouskous. I have been observing thee for several days past. To-night I said to myself, he will do it."

"Do what?"

"Ss-s-st! I know not—I care not, whatever it is. But I have a suspicion." He laid a finger to his beard and smiled roguishly. "And I would advise thee. Our ship lay three weeks in the roadstead at Bombay and there was one ashore, Loues, as would have— Ah, Loues, the purple days of youth! And overboard I stepped one night—and ruined such a magnificent uniform! Never again did it fit me. And such a tale of accident and adventure as I had to concoct on my return next day! Old Homer himself reeled his recitation out no more smoothly, I'll warrant. And it fitted in all its parts—my story—as—ah-h, if only my blue uniform fitted half so well! But not a word would any one believe, not a word. Ho, ho! Ho, ho! from the youngest apprentice to the Admiral himself. And now, great heart, shall I stand by the window for you? And at what hour? And if you're not returned in time, what shall I say, Loues? Let us agree on a story in case they question us apart. For these objectionable and mostly useless superiors—they do ask questions at times."

All this Gouskous was whispering, but with one detaining arm that would have held back a team of struggling horses. "What shall I tell them if you are not returned by morning, my Loues—and I doubt you will be, because one may drop from a window of this height more easily than he can climb into it—even if you are in a mind to return in time, which is much to be doubted. Ha, you will—good Loues, do think of it. What shall I say in the morning when they ask? It is always one of two reasons, and for you one does not exist. As sparing as any ascetic are you of the wine. And so what girl's name is to be shielded—for so it must be—what else?—they will believe so anyway and at once cast about to identify her. Hah, what—don't mistake—I mind not the hot blood of youth if sometimes it bursts bounds, but consider, great soul, consider the work before you—and it is on such as you, not on great-bodied boasters like myself on whom the final honor will fall."

Loues had paused, not to conjure a picture of himself enwrapped in that final honor, but to picture his comrades gathered about the table and of those careless or malicious ones who would only too freely and

eagerly pass that word of comment which no girl's name should be allowed to sustain.

Gouskous under the half-light of the night that came from outside, noted the hesitation, even though he misread the motive for it. "Ah, Loues, great soul, but a little sacrifice for now. Stay to-night and to-morrow matters will be clearer. To-morrow the foreign athletes come in large numbers, and by them we will pattern anew, and mayhap discover new devices for our training."

And Loues stayed. And next day the first of the foreign athletes arrived, and from them, as Gouskous had predicted, they learned many things of value. From the American, from one American particularly, Loues learned an important point in training.

The occasion was when Touferes, after noticing his American, French and Irish rivals leaping, began to comment to Loues on his own chances. Sighing, he observed, "They are stags, Loues. I fear that the glory of Greece is to remain unsung for all of me."

"And as for me, also, I think. But the race is yet to be run, and I shall not take their looks for it."

"No, nor will Vanitekes. Look. He watches them all like eagles. Only to-day he said: 'I have learned something,' even in the dressing-room awhile back, and through me he asked all manner of questions of the foreigners. He will profit by to-day's practice. The matter of foot covering was not lost on him, Loues. He will be hard to beat."

"Yes," answered Loues, slowly. "Very hard. And yet it will be a great satisfaction if he wins, for then also it will be Greece that wins."

The particular American who had taken a great fancy to Loues, now observing the expression on the young Greek face, inquired of Touferes what it was that Loues was concerned about, whereat Touferes, the linguist, translated; whereon the American carefully comparing Vanitekes and Loues as the two stood not far apart, said, "Why, that other is a horse. He is of a strong, course fibre, built for long, steady, unrelieved labor; but your friend is so much more delicately adjusted—strong also, but so much less gross. He probably does not allow in his training for the extra strain imposed by his more active brain and more ardent soul. That other, as I say, is the work-horse and your friend the thoroughbred. Don't let the other wear him down. He is made, your friend Loues, for less frequent but more supreme efforts. Tell him to ease up in his work."

And it was as much because of this advice as of his example that Loues changed his mode of practice; so that instead of running as formerly every day; except Sunday, of course, and each day as far as his system would endure, he now ran only on alternate days and varied the distances. Thus on Tuesday he ran, say, sixteen kilometres, ten miles, on the road, eight kilometres out from the city and back; on Thursday perhaps thirteen kilometres, and on Saturdays, his hard task, twenty-four kilometres. On days between he might walk the seven kilos to the beach at Phaleron, and there lie almost naked in the sun; or if it were a particularly enticing day, take a quick dip in the sea, allowing himself to dry off in the warm sand. Having had always a passion for air, sun, and water, this mode of life seemed to answer perfectly the needs of his nature. He could not say that his speed was increasing, but he felt himself waxing strong as a young lion, which added much to his confidence, and yet he began to feel almost nervous lest the augmented power should pass from him ere the great day arrived.

Now, during all this time of trial and diversion, Loues had been to Marousi but once, and then went on an off-day, in lieu of a walk to Phaleron, and with the express permission of his director, ostensibly to see Euripides in the matter of new shoes for the race, but really more to see Marie. He did not see Marie, but he came away with a pair of shoes of the softest and most flexible kid, patterned after those of the American, and which fitted his feet as gloves fit a lady's hands. It was with these shoes in his hands that he had called at Marie's home, trusting that she would admire them; but he got only a gruff word from her father at the gate, and, despite the beautiful shoes, came away disconsolate.

VIII

THE great festival was drawing near; the athletes were becoming more careful in their training. At last the morning of the first day of the games was on Athens.

The city was alive with visitors. A hundred thousand strangers were within her gates. One may imagine what a commotion that created in the ancient city. At this time of the year, in the late spring, there were always great crowds of people from all the world over, but now the fame of the Olympic Games had perceptibly increased the usual number of tourists. People who otherwise might have stayed a few weeks longer in Turkey, Egypt, Italy or the Holy Land, had hurried to Athens for the Olympic festival.

English and Americans were particularly prominent, the English men and women in overheavy loose-fitting clothes, and the Americans eager, rushing everywhere, with seemingly inexhaustible supplies of energy —likewise of money. They had but to see a thing—a trinket, a relic, a bit of sculpture, to demand at once the price and immediately to buy. Of course many things were not to be bought, and they would ask, "Why not? why not?" impatiently. Many of them seemed not to understand that even an unlimited purse is not always potent. They were wearing now in their lapels little flags of their country, and whenever a group of them assembled they were challenging one another to wagers on the chances of this or that competitor in the games.

Sixty thousand people crowded the seats and walks of the Stadium this day; another sixty thousand, it was estimated, crowded the hills which rose above the walls of the enclosure. First there were the trial heats of the short race, a little more than one-half the length of the Stadium. One after the other, in the trial heats, the Americans, as was expected, came in victorious, except in the case of one German and one Australian. None of the Greeks secured a place for the final heat, to be run next day, and this largely because they were not sufficiently trained in the little details that count for so much in a race that is barely of ten seconds' duration.

After the running came the triple leap, the ancient contest at which in olden days the wonderful Phaylos excelled. In the trials it was the American, a Frenchman and the Greek, Touferes, who led. Hoping against hope for Touferes, the Greeks awaited painfully the further results; but all their prayers availed not; possibly—who knows—as one said, possibly for the American prayers even as fervent were offered. However it was, at the last trial the American won, and then ensued a scene for which, to have the honor to fall on one of themselves, hundreds of Greeks there felt that they would gladly offer up their lives.

The moment it was declared that the American had won, his name was elevated, the consolidated band broke into the first notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and at the same instant the flag of his country, beautiful with the alternate bright stripes of red and white and the little stars against the blue field, rolled and unrolled against the sky of Greece. The band continued to play, and everywhere the people cheered, while the countrymen of the victor, every one seemingly, mysteriously produced a small copy of that great ensign and waved it frantically aloft.

"How proud he should feel, that American," breathed thousands of throats fervently, and doubtless he did, the first winner, after fifteen hundred years, of an Olympic championship. But there was small chance to see how he took it, proud enough though he doubtless felt, for he no more than waved his hand to a group of his countrymen ere he disappeared into the tunnel which led to the dressing-room.

And now entered Gouskous to contend in the discus-throwing. The rules were such as the Grecian officials conceived governed the contest of old. A designated attitude was assumed, and from that pose, with one forward stride within the square, the disc was hurled. From the first the enormous force of Gouskous was apparent. Apparently without pause or premeditation he grasped the disc, assumed position, and, with no more than a quick glance around and before, cast the missile from him. His lack of skill was evident, but his superior strength was believed sufficient to offset that, especially when the American, his chief opponent, seemed to be casting the disc also unskilfully to one side. A great gain would have resulted could either have succeeded in throwing accurately down the centre line of measurement.

On the last try Gouskous heaved most valiantly, and a mark at least a metre beyond all others resulted. The audience was jubilant, and the name of Gouskous reechoed resoundingly throughout the Stadi-

um. The American was yet to throw, but no one anticipated a greatly improved performance, and so the officials made no concealment of the plaque bearing the name of Gouskous which they were about to elevate, nor of their own blue-and-white flag which was about to be hoisted triumphant. But the American had not yet thrown. And now in his preparation was seen evidence of that which was making his nation so great. He was not to be shaken in his preparation by the cheers of the tens of thousands for the victorious Gouskous. Calmly he took position and coolly surveyed the prospect. His eye seemed to remain glued on a point far down the centre line. At the instant of execution a panic seized the Stadium. Suppose he should throw so accurately that the disc would sail straight down the centre line? Which was exactly what he did. No waste whatever in the cast—Gouskous was astoundingly beaten. The populace, in time, almost philosophically accepted their defeat. As one paper next morning put it: "Ah, well might the Americans say that their mixed blood was welding a nation that is to be invincible in time. Their vitality to-day in the games is but symbolical."

But at the moment the Greeks were inconsolable. Again the American flag aloft, again the cheers of the victor's countrymen, again their voices ringing as the superb band played the strains of their national hymn.

Gouskous mingled in the joy of the victors—he could not help it—they were generous foes; but gloom was creeping on the Greeks, a gloom which deepened when at the end of the second and third days they had still no victory to the credit of their nation. And the night of that third day of defeat brought to Loues a feeling that he could no longer combat.

Still no sight of Marie, whom he now felt was lost to him; especially as Vanitekes, with whom he had yet to exchange his first word of greeting—Vanitekes had become unbearably insolent in his manner. It was true—all Greece said that on Vanitekes rested the hopes of the nation. But there was more than that to Loues. There was something in his rival's expression, or so he imagined, which was not to be accounted for by the admiration of the populace alone.

That night, when Loues was with his compatriots at the training quarters, when he should have been asleep, he suddenly left his cot, and silently dressed himself. There was now no zealous friend to restrain him. Gouskous, his period of abstemious training past, was in the hands of his friends that night, had been for three nights now, explaining to them how it came about that his great arm did not win the undying glory for his country.

The mind of Loues dwelt not now on what interpretation might be placed on his flight. One more day, another night and it would be the morning of Marathon—they would be too engrossed in that to reflect overmuch on his absence. After all who was he? But one of sixscore. And was not Vanitekes the favorite? Was it not to be Vanitekes, whose picture graced every shop-window, that stared full-length from every paper? Was it not the wonderful Vanitekes who was to lead all the world?

And yet—who knows—the vanity of the unpreferred champion was betrayed by his bitter smile—the race was not yet run. But he had to see Marie. Come what would of it, he would see her. He swung back the shutters and for a moment balanced himself at the ledge. He was not certain of the distance to be dropped, but what matter?

Even as he landed sprawling, ere yet he picked himself up, he was praying that of whatever bones might be broken they would not be those of his legs. He would have need of them.

All the way Loues ran to Marousi, above twelve kilometres, over the uneven road. He knew that he should not be doing it—his country demanded and deserved better of him; but that inward torment, even as he reasoned thus, would not leave him.

Euripides, as if he had been expecting him, answered quickly to the knock on the door, but could not forbear a little grandmotherly scolding. "H-m—and so you are come. I had begun to hope that Gouskous had dissuaded you. Yes, I have had more than one conversation with him about you. And you must have run all the way. And since you would come, why did you not ride, this night above all others?"

"Ride? Search for a carriage this hour of the night and have it all over Athens tomorrow. Besides I could come quicker afoot. The horses of our cabmen are overworked these days."

"H-m-m—There's a strange mixture of

wisdom and impulse for you! You're a lather of sweat. You did run all the way then?"

"I did. And would, had it been to Marathon itself."

"And been ready to turn about and run all the way back the day after to-morrow for the honor of Greece? Do you think you're doing well, Loues?"

"I think nothing, godfather—I care nothing. This I had to do or fret my soul away ere morning. May I sleep here to-night? Or will you argue till I fly to the hills and sleep there till dawn?"

Euripides then must have seen what he never saw before in the boy, for at once he ceased scolding, and laying a tender hand to his head, which was feverishly hot, patted him as if he were a child. "Yes, Loues, turn in now. But here, first this—" and made him drink a cup of warm goat's milk. "'Twill make you sleep," he said, and sat by his cot, kindly smiling till the lad fell to slumber.

IX

In the morning Loues was early awake. The feverish spirit was not yet wholly allayed, though the sleep had calmed him wonderfully. Waiting not for breakfast, he strolled forth. Toward Marie's house he went, but seeing no one awake he continued his way toward the hills.

Now hills and woods had ever an overpowering effect on Loues. He never beheld the uprising slopes of the one, nor gave himself to contemplation in the shades of the other, but at once whatever petty troubles beset fell from him like a cast garment. And so it was this morning. He lay on his back on a broad flat stone, minding not the moisture which everywhere dripped from the underbrush, and fell into soothing meditation. It was very quiet. Everything—even the heart which for days before had been throbbing painfully was now deliciously quiescent. And lying there he reviewed all the years, the years and years, the beautiful years of his boyhood.

It was almost as if he had fallen asleep; and it seemed as if from out a dream, as if from out his dream of the days back there when they were playmates in that village of Marousi, that she came and leaned over him. And, as though if it were no dream he would know who it must be, he refrained from opening his eyes. "Loues," he thought she whispered, "Loues," and, doubtless thinking he was asleep, bent down and touched her lips to his forehead.

He forced lips and eyes to remain closed, but he felt that the warming blood must have rushed to his amazed face, for—if it were no dream—he felt her shrinking away, and he felt his temples, cheeks and very ears and neck burn.

"Loues," she called again, more loudly, and he opened his eyes.

Perhaps three paces away she stood, leaning against a tree, and regarding him with an expression new to him; but calmly enough she went on: "From behind my curtain I saw you pass, and came after you, and found you here, and waited the longest time for you to awake. What brought you back, Loues?"

"To see you, Marie."

She neither smiled nor frowned; only knitting her brows, said: "And the race so near?"

"I know, but I could not help it. I had to come."

For a minute or two she remained silent, regarding him the meanwhile however with intentness. And then, "Have you had breakfast?"

"Not yet."

"No? That is good."

"Why?"

"Because I am going to confess and receive the sacrament. Will you come?"

He leaped to his feet.

"And receive the sacrament, too, Loues?"

"With you, Marie? That I will——"

She clapped her hands. Her face flushed, her eyes shone luminously. "It is true what Euripides maintained· 'Soldier or no, city or barracks—'" she ended suddenly.

But Loues, in a puzzle, had heard clearly. "What is it Euripides maintained? and why?"

"It is nothing."

"Nothing—then why——"

"Hush—I will tell you later—some time—" and would answer no more, but to herself breathed, "It is true—his is the clean soul, as Euripides said—" and turning to him—"Let us go."

And so to the little centuries-old church he went with her, and confessed after her, and received communion beside her.

"And for what purpose do you think I offered my communion, Loues?" Mass was over, but they lingered in the church porch.

"To what, Marie?"

"To your success," she whispered.

"And I to your—but I will tell you later," he whispered.

She flushed vividly. "And now shall we go back and light a taper before the Blessed Virgin's shrine, also for your success?"

"For mine, yes—or for the success of a Greek—whoever he be."

"That is better and greater, for whoever it may be, so it be a Greek. But," she smiled timidly, "my prayers shall be for you, nevertheless. And now"—they had come to the road by now—"I must go home and you must go to your godfather's and have breakfast. And later I shall meet you and we will have a long talk over old days. And bring with you the new running clothes which Euripides has ready for you, those which you are to wear in the race."

And they met and went out into the sunlight and wandered far, and his heart was like a boy's again. And during all this time never a word of love, and yet every word making for love, and love alone. He was almost forgetting that ever a race was to be run next day; but the overthought of it was there and they both knew that soon he would have to leave for it; and began to talk of that.

The valley lay below them. No one was near.

"To-morrow you run, Loues?"

"To-morrow, Marie."

"You will run well, you think?"

"I think so, Marie."

"You will win, do you think?" She bent forward anxiously.

He did not answer.

"You doubt you will win, Loues?"

"Very much, Marie."

"Who then? Vanitekes?"

"Of all the Greeks I should name him. But when all the world is there; who could declare that this or that one will win—from among so many?"

"And you reflect on it calmly, you or no other Greek winning, Loues? Your coming into the Stadium to-morrow and—yet no Greek winning?"

He answered nothing to that until she spoke again. "What do you say, Loues? Doesn't that thought trouble you?"

"It troubles me so much, Marie, that I hesitate to say how much. I am going to try to win to-morrow—going to try so hard that I expect to win or—" He smiled so calmly that she had no suspicion.

"Go on, Loues. To win or—" No suspicion a moment ago; yet now as she looked on him she began to breathe painfully.

"No, no, it is a sin to say it, to think it even—after taking the sacrament, too."

"Never mind—to win or——?"

"Well, say—or drop on the road."

"Drop—insensible you mean, Loues?"

"Insensible? M-m——"

"You mean dead—drop dead, Loues?"

He said nothing.

"Loues!" she gasped.

For a long space they said nothing more, until again she spoke. "Loues, you've no token of me, have you?"

He drew out from his inner pocket a little leather envelope and showed her the faded rose-leaves and the blue-and-white rosette. "At least, Marie, I have been supposing they are from you."

She seemed pleased and took them from him and held them tenderly. "Let me keep them now, Loues—because you have carried them. And now, let me see the jersey which you will wear to-morrow."

Loues undid the little package. The beautiful suit of white silk, sleeveless jersey and trousers cut to fit above the knee, fell out on to the grass. Marie picked them up and held them up. "Are they not beautiful—the blue trimmings—Oh, oh—blue and white—our country's colors. And now, see, Loues—" She drew from her bosom a small silk Greek flag. "This I am going to sew on the breast of your jersey—So—" She spread it out to show him. "Will it not be beautiful? It *is* beautiful—our flag," and bending over, kissed it rapturously. The tears were in her eyes, and almost in Loues's. "And now, Loues, that flag for our country, but this—"she drew forth the knot of blue-and-white ribbon—"this for one who will pray that you will win. This we will place—where shall we place it?"

Loues reached over and took it from her and laid it on the jersey. "There, Marie—above the heart—" and that there would be no mistake, held a finger on the exact spot until, by a preliminary stitch, she fitted it exactly.

"And 'twill be a happy girl returning to



Three paces away she stood leaning against a tree.—Page 211.

Marousi if on the breast of the first runner entering the Stadium she sees that knot of blue and white, and beside it the flag of Greece."

Loues said nothing, because his tongue choked him; but in his mind flamed a picture of a victorious runner entering the Stadium. Vanitekes? Never! His heart jumped painfully at the thought, and yet, shame rose in him—Vanitekes was also a Greek.

"They say, Loues—" having put the last stitches to the ribbon, she was bending low to bite off the end of the thread—"it is reported that the rich widow, Madam—m-m—what *is* her name?"

"Madam Herikler?"

"Y-yes. It is—well, it is said that she has published her desire to wed the winner of the Marathon race—if he be a Greek—that is bestow on him her wealth—and herself. Is it so?"

"So they say, Marie."

"And she is beautiful, they say."

"M-m——"

"You have seen her?"

Loues nodded gravely.

"H-m—she has been to the Stadium to see the runners practice?"

"Oh, yes—frequently."

"H-m—And she is rich, but—but—*is* she beautiful?"

"M-m—yes."

"Ah-h—" sighed Marie. "Could a man be blamed? Rich, beautiful—" and went off into a reverie.

It was all like a reverie to Loues, almost a dream; but it had to end. The afternoon was fading, and they must be returning.

"Marie, I may not see you again until

after the race to-morrow—win or lose—and yet if I lose ——"

"If you lose, come to Marousi. I shall be waiting. Good-by."

"And if I win—suppose it, Marie—if I win?"

"If you win, Loues, it will be enough. There will be plenty to crown you. You will have no further need of me if you win."

She smiled as she said it. Loues smiled, too, but bitterly, to think she could say it so easily.

"But won't you come, Marie, by way of my godfather's? Early in the morning he is to take me to Marathon, and you may not see him until after the race again."

"Oh, I shall see him—his seats for the Stadium are near to ours. Only father and I go together, of course. Your godfather obtained seats near ours of your friend Gouskous."

"Ah, Gouskous! You should see Gouskous, Marie, since he has come from the Navy. A huge fellow, but a great soul, too."

"I have met him, Loues."

"Where?"

"One day in the Stadium. Euripides and I—we two went to see the athletes practice. It's not your rich widows alone who take interest—— "

"And where was I?"

"You had not returned from your practice on the road."

"And you did not wait?"

"Oh, yes—and saw you, but you did not see me. Gouskous, now, he is one to waste a moment in chat with a friend—but you, Loues, no sooner in than off. No more than two or three circles around the track and away to the dressing-room."

"Ah-h—I did not know, and covered with dust, I wished to get clean once more."

"I did not mind the dust, Loues. A little dust does not blind us, Loues. But I see no sign of your godfather. And, oh, Loues——-"

"Yes—" they were by then within the door of Euripides's shop— "Yes, Marie."

"Nothing. But don't the men look so handsome in their athletic clothes! One who never saw could not conceive that men could look so beautiful. We women are stiff and clumsy beside you."

"Ah-h—Did you mark Gouskous—the symmetry for so large a man."

"The symmetry—Ah, Loues, in that—" She did not finish the sentence.

Euripides had not yet returned, and the two were standing alone. Marie sighed. Loues stepped closer.

"This rose, Loues—" She held it up, fragrant, exquisite, as she herself—"I have been carrying it—and why? To give you for the dead leaves of that rose I took from you to-day. A rose, like—like—love—should be ever blooming—and yet even if it dies! No, I shall not pin it, but do you carry it so—" She bent over—her head was beneath his chin—he rested his lips on her hair. She looked up. Said nothing, but looked at him. She was calm enough apparently, but he shook as with fever. She smiled and—it came over him—the hundred times this sweet day when, sitting beside her, walking beside her, his hand touched hers and he wished to clasp it, when her head bent toward his and his heart ached because he must not draw her to him—and the rush of passion overcame him—he drew her close and kissed her.

She did not lift her head, made no protest, and he in shame for himself drew away. To think of it! Only that morning he had received the holy sacrament with her—and already he had forgotten. He a man and she a girl—a weak girl. "Oh, Marie," he whispered, and dropped his arms in despair.

The hand over his shoulder patted him gently. There were tears, too, in her eyes, "It is all right, dear."

"But you——"

"Me? There has never been any other and never will be now. And what matter, so that you are happy? And now, good-by, and—" no further word, but raising her head, she kissed him, and ran off.

Ran off, but at the door turned, and oh, the look she gave!

Quivering, Loues sat down on his godfather's bench.

And there his godfather found him.

"What is it, Loues?" The old man touched the damp forehead, lifted the hot head.

Loues arose and stretched his arms—as if he would embrace the world. "Oh-h—godfather!" His eyes were flaming—to Euripides they flamed like the sword of an archangel.

"Ah-h—" murmured the old man—



He and the Frenchman vied with each other in practical joking, "To the health of our respective countries."—Page 216

"whatever brought it on—the purple light of youth is coloring the world for you now. Take care, Loues, take care."

"Oh, godfather—" he stretched his arms again and laughed with a ripple like a girl's—like Marie's— "To-morrow, godfather—" and suddenly stopped.

Euripides waited, the boy said no more, but sat down with his head hidden again.

The old man patted him. "That's right. Do not say it, but think it all you please. It is the unuttered impulse which drives farthest and fastest."

X

Of all the candidates who assembled at Marathon on the morning of the race Loues was the last to arrive; and escaped not without some gibes as well as hearty greetings from his compatriots.

"Ola, it is Loues! So you tore yourself away? Who is it, Loues?"

"And does she live so far from Athens, Loues, that you had to leave a night in advance to see her?"

"Oh, Loues, you should have heard Gouskous trying to explain your absence. His imagination is as large as his body almost; but like the power of his great body he exercises it sometimes to no purpose. The director was not to be deceived. 'It is of no avail, Gouskous,' said he, 'he has been moping for days, and he is off at last.' Indeed, but he will be rejoiced to hear that you have turned up at last; for despite his criticism he was grieved at your deception."

Only Vanitekes, lowering and preoccupied, had no word either of censure or affection. He pretended, indeed, after the first unwilling nod of recognition, that he saw Loues no more; and yet Loues felt often

that his rival's glowering eyes were turned on him as if he would have liked well to know where it was he had spent the missing hours.

Loues had no mind to enlighten him, nor any other there. He took his light breakfast—he and Euripides had left Marousi before sunup—and after breakfast made his way to the shade of a tree, and there lay down. All thought he was asleep, but it was not to sleep he went. He was thinking of Marie. And lying there he felt but little concern about the race. Why should he—Marie's kiss still on his lips! When his mind did revert to the trial it gave him no worry. A new confidence was in him. No longer did he feel distrust that he was doomed to fail in the very trying. He might be beaten; indeed it was almost certain that he would be, among so many, the pick of all the world over, but at least they would know that he was in the race.

There were yet several hours before the start of the race, and most of the competitors were resting in houses near by. It was a hot, breathless morning, and some could not sleep, either because of the heat or from nervousness. Loues after an hour or two of sweetest musing fell lightly asleep. And this outdoor nap—it was like a page from his old life. After a time he slept profoundly. Indeed they had to wake him when it came time for the luncheon, which all partook of about two hours before the start of the race.

In this matter of luncheon there was much difference of opinion. Some were for eating most sparingly, raw eggs in light wine, with a husk of bread; others not quite so unsubstantially as that, but still a light repast. Loues was of the opinion of a man from Ireland, who had no divided mind in the matter. "Gentlemen," he announced—Christovopulous, a runner, translating it—"if from here to Athens is the same distance as from Athens to here, then 'tis a long road. And we'll be needing, I'm thinking, something more nourishing than fresh air in our stomachs before we see the Stadium again. Something good and substantial for me, and you can't cook it too soon to suit me, either."

A droll man the Irishman, a big man who declared that he should be throwing weights like his Greek friend Gouskous, with whom he had become a favorite—anything but long-distance running. "It's only self-respect that's keeping me in it. 'Tis nothing but torture I've endured since I first set my two feet in this ancient country."

He and a Frenchman vied with each other in practical joking, and it was comical to see how they made out to converse, each but half comprehending the language of the other.

"And who will drink with me to the health of our respective countries?" With a bottle of cognac under his arm the Frenchman until now had been vainly trying to induce some one to exchange toasts with his.

The Irishman at last said that he would take a sup with him—"For—" he turned to Christovopulous—"as your own poet says:

> 'Tis blood and spirits gives us all our strength,
> To these we add brave wine and food at length:
> What man, though hero he, and strong
> Without them lasts the whole day long?'

And so not to make a liar of old Homer, I'll have to take one with you, Frenchie."

Said the Frenchman—"I drink to your success—after me."

"And you—here's to the long shanks of you running across the line first—that is, of course, if old Ireland has crossed before you."

The Frenchman was not content with that, but must seek to find others to drink healths with him, but thereat he was not oversuccessful. Here and there was a good-natured or a weak one who did. It was not that many would not like to, but they were not there this day to give appetite full play.

During all the parleying after luncheon Loues was busy in his own way. From a peasant near by he borrowed needle and thread and a small square of cloth. With these he improvised a tiny pouch, inside of which he placed the already withered rose of Marie's, and hung the whole, like a scapula, about his neck.

At two o'clock the contestants were assembled across the road in four crowded rows. In nearly all was apparent an intense nervousness. Some betrayed their dread of the ordeal by gripping and ungripping their hands continuously; by lacing and relacing their shoes; by chewing on wisps of wood; others again rolling and unrolling their hats. One would be continu-

ously spitting out, another patting the ground with one foot; others again could not stay in one place but were running back and forth behind the aligned rows.

In the Frenchman the excitement showed in characteristic form. "Soon we go," he said, "but before we go one more health, one more. With you? You?" And so on with everybody refusing until he came to the Irishman, who pushed him along, but was at length persuaded. "For the glory of the sport then, Frenchie, one more hooker. And may the devil paralyze your legs if you bother me again."

All chafed under the dallying of the clerk of the course and his assistant, who seemed to spend an unconscionably long time in checking off the names. One after the other he read them, and as he called each answered. And such a list! More than a hundred in all, and from such far-away countries! Italy, Hungary, Austria, England, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Spain, Ireland, Australia, America.

And then the clerk of the course, turning to the starter, said, "All is ready," whereupon the starter, an officer of the Greek Army, gave out the conditions of the race, first in French, and then in Greek; and, having done that, paused, and baring his head, addressed his own countrymen anew:

"The Greeks had this run inserted in the Olympic list," he said, "to commemorate the historic feat of the messenger who carried the news of the great victory of Marathon to the anxious waiters at Athens.

"Which of us does not know it by heart? But it may be wise to rehearse it here. Know then that when the valiant Greeks had swept the field of Marathon their first thought was to get the news home. They sought a fleet courier, and found him in the person of a warrior who had fought all day against the invading Persians and who was even then panting from his exertions. This one was only too proud to be the chosen messenger—indeed who would not be?—and at the word he was off, only disencumbering himself of his heavier armor. His great run was made with but one brief stop for refreshment on the way. He reached the market-place of Athens in an incredibly short time, turned to the multitude, spoke the one word, 'Victory!' and dropped dead."

Here the officer's voice choked, and for a moment he could not go on, and there were tears in the eyes of many others also. And when he went on, "And so may it be with us of Greece to-day—victory or——"

"Death!" shouted several—Vanitekes among them. Loues did not shout, did not even whisper to Christovopulous who was beside him, but his heart at the call leaped so convulsively that he was forced to press a hand to his breast to check its movement.

"Loues, Loues—you are pale," whispered Christovopulous.

Loues smiled. The hand that had been pressed to his heart now caressed the knot of blue and white. The other hand was tucking inside his jersey the amulet with the roses.

"Twice blessed," whispered Loues, smiling—"but oh, Christovopulous, this waiting is the most trying, don't you think?"

(To be concluded.)

FORTY MINUTES LATE

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE O'NEILL WILSON

IT began to snow half an hour after the train started — a fine-grained, slanting, determined snow that forced its way between the bellows of the vestibules, and deposited itself in mounds of powdered salt all over the platforms and steps. Even the porter had caught some puffs on his depot coat with the red cape, and so had the conductor, from the way he thrashed his cap on the back of the seat in front of mine.

"Yes, gettin' worse," he said in answer to an inquiring lift of my eyebrows. "Everything will be balled up if this keeps on."

"Will we make the connection at Bondville?" I was to lecture fifty miles from Bondville Junction, and had but half an hour lee-way.

If the man with the punch heard, he made no answer. The least said the soonest mended in crises like this. If we arrived on time every passenger would grab his bag and bolt out without thanking him or the road, or the engineer who took the full blast of the storm on his chest and cheeks. If we missed the connection, any former hopeful word would only add another hot coal to everybody's anger.

I fell back on the porter:

"Yes, sir, she'll be layin' jes 'cross de platform. She knows we're comin'. Sometimes she waits ten minutes—sometimes she don't; more times I seen her pullin' out while we was pullin' in."

Not very reassuring this. Only one statement was of value—the position of the connecting train when we rolled into Bondville.

I formulated a plan: The porter would take one bag, I the other—we would both stand on the lower step of the Pullman, then make a dash. If she was pulling out as we pulled in, a goat-like spring on my part might succeed; the bags being hurled after me to speed the animal's motion.

One hour later we took up our position.



"Yer ain't the fust one they've left down here to git up the best way they could." —Page 222.



She put them on with her own hands.—Page 222.

"Dat's good!—Dar she is jes' movin' out: thank ye, sar. I got de bag—dis way!"

There came a jolt, a Saturday-afternoon-slide across the ice-covered platform, an outstretched greasy hand held down from the step of the moving train, followed by the chug of a bag that missed my knees by a hand's breadth—and I was hauled on board.

The contrast between a warm, velvet-lined Pullman and a cane-seated car with both doors opened every ten minutes, was anything but agreeable; but no discomfort should count when a lecturer is trying to make his connection. That is what he is paid for and that he must do at all hazards and at any cost, even to chartering a special train, the price devouring his fee.

Once in my seat an account of stock was taken—two bags, an umbrella, overcoat, two gum shoes (one off, one on) manuscript of lecture in bag, eye-glasses in outside pocket of waistcoat. This over, I spread myself upon the cane seat and took in the situation. It was four o'clock (the lecture was at eight): Sheffield was two hours away; this would give time to change my dress and get something to eat. The committee, moreover, were to meet me at the depot with a carriage and drive me to where I was "to spend the night and dine"—so the chairman's letter read. The suppressed smile on the second conductor's face when he punched my ticket and read the name of "Sheffield," sent my hand into my pocket in search of this same letter. Yes—there was no mistake about it:—"Our carriage," it read, "will meet you," etc., etc.

The confirmation brought with it a certain thrill; not a carriage picked up out of the street, or a lumbering omnibus—a mere go-between from station to hotels—but "our carriage!" Nothing like these lecture associations, I thought—nothing like these committees, for making strangers comfortable. That was why it was often a



"I have been boiling mad for ten minutes and am still at white heat."—Page 224.

real pleasure to appear before them. This one, would, no doubt, receive me in a big yellow and white Colonial club house built by the women of the town—(I know of a dozen just such structures) with dressing and lunch rooms, spacious lecture hall and janitor in gray edged with black.

This thought called up my own responsibility in the matter; I was glad I had caught the train; it was a bad night to bring people out and then disappoint them, even if most of them did come in their own carriages. Then again, I had kept my word; none of my fault, of course, if I hadn't—but I had! —that was a source of satisfaction. Now that I thought of it, I had, in all my twenty years of lecturing, only failed twice to reach the platform. In one instance a bridge was washed away, and in the other my special train (the price I paid for that train still keeps me hot against the Trusts)—ran into a snowdrift and stayed there until after midnight, instead of delivering me on time, as agreed. I had arrived late, of course, many times; gone without my supper often, and more than once had appeared without the proper habiliments—and I am particular about my dress coat and white waistcoat;—but only twice had the gas been turned off and the people turned out. Another time I had——

"Sheffield! Shef-fie-l-d! All out for Shef-f-i-e-l-d!" yelled the conductor.

The two bags once more, the conductor helping me on with my overcoat, down the snow-blocked steps and out into the night.

"Step lively!—more'n an hour late now."

I looked about me. I was the only pas-

senger. Not a light of any kind—not a building of any kind, sort or description, except a box-car of a station set up on end, pitch dark inside and out, and shut tight. No carriage. No omnibus; nothing on runners; nothing on wheels. Only a dreary waste of white, roofed by a vast expanse of black.

"Is this Sheffield?" I gasped.

"Yes,—all there is here; the balance is two miles over the hills."

"The town?"

"Town?—no, the settlement; —ain't more's two dozen houses in it."

"They were to send a carriage and——"

"Yes—that's an old yarn—better foot it for short." Here he swung his lantern to the engineer craning his head from the cab of the locomotive, and sprang aboard. Then this fragment came whirling through the steam and smoke:—"There's a farmhouse somewhere's over the hill,—follow the fence and turn to——" the rest was lost in the roar of the on-speeding train.

I am no longer young. Furthermore, I hate to carry things—bags especially. One bag might be possible—a very small one; two bags, both big, are an insult.

I deposited the two outside the box-car, tried the doors, inserted my fingers under the sash of the one window, looked at the chimney with a half-formed Santa Claus idea of scaling the roof and sliding down to some possible fireplace below; examined the wind-swept snow for carriage tracks, peered into the gloom and, as a last resort, leaned up against the sheltered side of the box to think.

There was no question that if a vehicle of any kind had been sent to meet me it had long since departed; the trackless roadway showed that. It was equally evident that if one was coming, I had better meet it on the way than stay where I was and freeze to death. The fence was still visible—the near end—and there was a farmhouse somewhere—so the conductor had said, and he seemed to be an honest, truthful man. Whether to right or left of the invisible road, the noise of the train, and the howl of the wind had prevented my knowing—but *somewhere's*— That was a consolation.

The bags were the most serious obstacles. If I carried one in each hand the umbrella would have to be cachéd, for some future relief expedition to find in the spring. There *was* a way, of course, to carry bags—any number of bags. All that was needed was a leather strap with a buckle at each end; I had helped to hang half a dozen bags across the shoulders of as many porters meeting trains all over Europe. Of course, I didn't wear leather straps. Suspenders were my stronghold. They might!—No, it was too cold to get at them in that wind. And if I did they were of the springy, wabbly kind that would seesaw the load from my hips to my calves.

The only thing was to press on. Some one had blundered, of course.

"Half a league, half a league—into the jaws," etc.

"Theirs not to reason why——"

But my duty was plain; the audience were already assembling; the early ones in their seats by this time.

Then an inspiration surged through me. Why not slip the umbrella through the handle of one bag, as Pat carries his shillalah and bundle of duds, and grab the other in my free hand! "Our carriage" couldn't be far off. The exercise would keep my blood active and my feet from freezing, and as to the road, was there not the fence, its top rail making rabbit jumps above the drifts?

So I trudged on, stumbling into holes, flopping into treacherous ruts, halting in the steeper places to catch my breath, till I reached the top of the hill. There I halted —stopped short, in fact: the fence had given out! In its place was a treacherous line of bushes that faded into a delusive clump of trees. Beyond, and on both sides, stretched a great white silence—still as death.

Another council of war. I could retrace my steps, smash in the windows of the station and camp for the night, taking my chances of stopping some east-bound train as it whizzed past, with a match and my necktie—or I could stumble on, perhaps in a circle, and be found in the morning by the early milk.

On! On once more—maybe the clump of trees hid something—maybe——

Here a light flashed—a mere speck of a light—not to the right, where lay the clump of trees—but to my left; then a faint wave of warm color rose from a chimney and curled over a low roof buried in snow. Again the light flashed—this time through a window with four panes of glass—each one a beacon to a storm-tossed mariner!

On once more—into a low hollow—up a steep slope—slipping, falling, shoving the hand-gripped bag ahead of me to help my footing, until I reached a snow-choked porch and a closed door.

Here I knocked.

For some seconds there was no sound; then came a heavy tread, and a man in overalls threw wide the door.

"Well, what do you want at this time of night?" (Time of night, and it but seven-thirty!)

"I'm the lecturer," I panted.

"Oh, come! Ain't they sent for ye? Here, I'll take 'em. Walk in and welcome. You look beat out. Well—well—wife and I was wonderin' why nothin' driv past for the six-ten. We knowed you was comin'. Then agin, the station master's sick, and I 'spose ye couldn't warm up none. And they ain't sent for ye? And they let ye tramp all— Well—well!"

I did not answer. I hadn't breath enough left for sustained conversation; moreover, there was a red-hot stove ahead of me, and a rocking-chair,—comforts I had never expected to see again—and there was a pine table—oh, a lovely pine table, with a most exquisite white oil-cloth cover, holding the most beautiful kerosene lamp with a piece of glorious red flannel floating in its amber fluid; and in the corner—a wife—a sweet-faced, angelic-looking young wife, with a baby in her arms too beautiful for words—must have been!

I dropped into the chair, spread my fingers to the stove and looked around—warmth—rest—peace—comfort—companionship—all in a minute!

"No, they didn't send anything," I wheezed when my breath came. "The conductor told me I should find the farmhouse over the hill—and——"

"Yes, that's so; it's back a piece, you must have missed it."

"Yes—I must have missed it," I continued in a dazed way.

"The folks at the farmhouse is goin' to hear ye speak, so they told me. Must be startin' now."

"Would you please let them know I am here, and——"

"Sure! Wait till I git on my boots! Hello!—that's him now."

Again the door swung wide. This time it let in a fur overcoat, coon-skin cap, two gray yarn mittens, a pair of raw-beefsteak cheeks and a voice like a fog-horn.

"Didn't send for ye? Wall, I'll be goldurned! And yer had to fut it? Well, don' that beat all. And yer ain't the fust one they've left down here to git up the best way they could. Last winter—Jan'ry, warn't it, Bill?" Bill nodded—"there come a woman from New York and they dumped her out jes' same as you. I happened to come along in time, as luck would have it—I was haulin' a load of timber on my bob-sled—and there warn't nothin' else, so I took her up to the village. She got in late, of course, but they was a-waitin' for her. I really wasn't goin' to hear you speak to-night—we git so much of that sort of thing since the old man who left the money to pay you fellers for talkin' died—been goin' on ten years now—but I'll take ye 'long with me, and glad to. But yer oughter have somethin' warmer'n what yer got on. Wind's kinder nippy down here, but it ain't nothin' to the way it bites up on the ridge."

This same thought had passed through my own mind. The unusual exertion had started every pore in my body; the red-hot stove had put on the finishing touches and I was in a Russian bath. To face that wind meant all sorts of calamities.

The Madonna-like wife with the cherub in her arms rose to her feet.

"Would you mind wearing my fur tippet?" she said in her soft voice; "'tain't much, but it 'ud keep out the cold from yer neck and maybe this shawl'd help some, if I tied it round your shoulders. Father got his death ridin' to the village when he was overhet."

She put them on with her own hands, bless her kind heart! her husband holding the baby; then she followed me out into the cold and helped draw the horse-blanket over my knees; the man in the coon-skin cap lugging the bags and the umbrella.

I looked at my watch. After eight o'clock, and two miles to drive!

"Oh, I'll git yer there," came a voice from inside the fur overcoat. "Darter wanted to go, but I said 'twarn't no night to go nowhars. Got to see a man who owes me some money or I'd stay home myself. Git up, Joe."

It was marvellous, the intelligence of this man. More than marvellous when my

again blinded eyes—the red flannel in the lamp helped—began to take in the landscape. Fences were evidently of no use to him; clumps of trees didn't count. If he had a compass anywhere about his clothes, he never once consulted it. Drove right on—across trackless Siberian steppes; by the side of endless glaciers, and through primeval forests, his voice keeping up its volume of sound, as he laid bare for me the scandals of the village—particularly the fight going on between the two churches—one hard and one soft—this lecture course being one of the bones of contention.

I saved my voice and kept quiet. If a runner did not give out or "Joe" break a leg, we would reach the hall in time; half an hour late, perhaps—but in time; the man beside me had said so—and the man beside me knew.

With a turn of the fence—a new one had thrust its hands out of a drift—a big building—big in the white waste—loomed up. My companion flapped the reins the whole length of Joe's back.

"Git up! No, by gosh!—they ain't tired yet;—they're still a-waitin'. See them lights—that's the hall."

I gave a sigh of relief. The ambitious young man with one ear open for stellar voices, and the overburdened John Bunyan, and any number of other short-winded pedestrians, could no longer monopolize the upward and onward literature of our own or former times. I too had arrived.

Another jerk to the right—a trot up an incline, and we stopped at a steep flight of steps—a regular Jacob's-ladder flight—leading to a corridor dimly lighted by the flare of a single gas jet. Up this I stumbled, lugging the bags once more, my whole mind bent on reaching the platform at the earliest possible moment—a curious mental attitude, I am aware, for a man who had eaten nothing since noon, was still wet and shivering inside, and half frozen outside—nose, cheeks, and fingers—from a wind that cut like a circular saw.

As I landed the last bag on the top step—the fog-horn couldn't leave his horse—I became conscious of the movements of a short, rotund, shad-shaped gentleman in immaculate white waistcoat, stiff choker and wide expanse of shirt front. He was approaching me from the door of the lecture hall in which sat the audience; then a clammy hand was thrust out—and a thin voice trickled this sentence:

"You're considerable late, sir—our people have been in their——"

"I am *what!*" I cried, straightening up.

"I said you were forty minutes late, sir. We expect our lecturers to be on——"

That was the fulminate that exploded the bomb. Up to now I had held myself in hand. I was carrying, I knew, 194 pounds of steam, and I also knew that one shovel more of coal would send the entire boiler into space, but through it all I had kept my hand on the safety-valve. It might have been the white waistcoat or the way the curved white collar cupped his billiard-ball of a chin, or it might have been the slight frown about his eyebrows, or the patronizing smile that drifted over his freshly laundered face; or it might have been the deprecating gesture with which he consulted his watch: whatever it was, out went the boiler.

"LATE! Are you the man that's running this lecture course?"

"Well, sir, I have the management of it."

"You have, have you? Then permit me to tell you right here, my friend, that you ought to sublet the contract to a five-year-old boy. You let me get out in the cold—send no conveyance as you agreed——"

"We sent our wagon, sir, to the station," You could have gone in and warmed yourself, and if it had not arrived you could have telephoned—the station is always warm."

"You have the impudence to tell me that I don't know whether a station is closed or not, and that I can't see a wagon when it is hauled up alongside a depot?"

The clammy hands went up in protest: "If you will listen, sir, I will——"

"No, sir, I'll listen to nothing," and I forged ahead into a small room where five or six belated people were hanging up their coats and hats.

But the Immaculate still persisted:

"This is not where— Will you come into the dressing-room, sir, we have a nice warm room for the lecturers on the other side of the——"

"No—sir; I won't go another step, except on to that platform, and I'm not very anxious now to get there—not until I put something inside of me—" (here I unstrapped my bag) "to save me from an attack of pneumonia." (I had my flask

out now and the cup filled to the brim). "When I think of how hard I worked to get here and how little you—" (and down it went at one gulp.

The expression of disgust that wrinkled the placid face of the Immaculate as the half-empty flask went back to its place, was pathetic—but I wouldn't have given him a drop to have saved his life.

I turned on him again:

"Do you think it would be possible to get a vehicle of any kind to take we where I am to sleep?"

"I think so, sir." His self-control was admirable.

"Well, will you please do it?"

"A sleigh has already been ordered, sir." This came through tightly closed lips.

"All right. Now down which aisle is the entrance to the platform?"

"This way, sir." The highest glacier on Mont Blanc couldn't have been colder or more impassive.

Just here a calming thought wedged itself into my brain-storm. These patient, long-suffering people were not to blame; many of them had come several miles through the storm to hear me speak and were entitled to the best that was in me. To vent upon them my spent steam because— No, that was impossible.

"Hold on, my friend," I said, "stop where you are, let me pull myself together. This isn't their fault—" We were passing behind the screen hiding the little stage.

But he didn't hold on; he marched straight ahead; so did I, past the pitcher of ice water and the two last winter's palms, where he motioned me to a chair.

His introduction was not long, nor was it discursive. There was nothing eulogistic of my various acquirements, occupations, talents; no remark about the optimistic trend of my literature, the affection in which my characters were held; nothing of this at all. Nor did I expect it. What interested me more was the man himself.

The steam of my wrath had blurred his outline and make-up before; now I got a closer, although a side, view of his person. He was a short man, much thicker at the middle than he was at either end—a defect all the more apparent by reason of a long-tailed, high-waisted, unbuttonable black coat which, while it covered his back and sides, would have left his front exposed, but for his snowy white waistcoat, which burst like a ball of cotton from its pod.

His only gesture was the putting together of his ten fingers, opening and touching them again to accentuate his sentences. What passed through my mind as I sat and watched him, was not the audience, nor what I was going to say to them, but the Christian-like self-control of this gentleman—a control which seemed to carry with it a studied reproof. Under its influence I unconsciously closed both furnace doors and opened my forced draft. Even then I should have reached for the safety-valve, but for an oily, martyr-like smile which flickered across his face, accompanied by a deprecating movement of his elbows, both indicating his patience under prolonged suffering, and his instant readiness to turn the other cheek if further smiting on my part was in store for him.

I strode to the edge of the platform:

"I know, good people," I exploded, "that you are not responsible for what has happened, but I want to tell you before I begin, that I have been boiling mad for ten minutes and am still at white heat, and that it is going to take me some time to get cool enough to be of the slightest service to you. You notice that I appear before you without a proper suit of clothes—a mark of respect which every lecturer should pay his audience. You are also aware that I am nearly an hour late. What I regret is, first, the cause of my frame of mind, second that you should have been kept waiting. Now, let me tell you exactly what I have gone through, and I do it simply because this is not the first time that this has happened to your lecturers, and it ought to be your last. It certainly will be the last for me."

Then followed the whole incident, including the Immaculate's protest about my being late, my explosion, etc., etc., even to the incident of my flask.

There was a dead silence—so dead and lifeless that I could not tell whether they were offended or not; but I made my bow, as usual, and began my discourse.

The lecture over, the Immaculate paid me my fee with punctilious courtesy, waiving the customary receipt; followed me to the cloak-room, helped me on with my coat, picked up one of the bags,—an auditor the other, and the two followed me down Jacob's ladder into the night. Outside stood



"The hired girl said she didn't blame you a mite."—Page 226.

a sleigh shaped like the shell of Dr. Holmes's *Nautilus*, its body hardly large enough to hold a four-months-old baby. This was surrounded by half the audience, anxious, I afterward learned, for a closer view of the man who had "sassed" the Manager. Some of them expected it to continue.

I squeezed in beside the bags and was about to draw up the horse blanket, when a voice rang out:

"Mis' Plimsole's goin' in that sleigh, too." It was at Mrs. Plimsole's that I was to spend the night.

Then a faint voice answered back:

"No, I can just as well walk." She evidently knew the danger of sitting next to an overcharged boiler.

Mrs. Plimsole!—A woman—walk—on a night like this—I was out of the sleigh before she had ceased to speak.

"No, madam, you are going to do nothing of the kind; if anybody is to walk it will be me; I'm getting used to it."

She allowed me to tuck her in. It was too dark for me to see what she was like—she was so swathed and tied up. Being still mad—fires drawn but still dangerous, I concluded that my companion was sour, and skinny, with a parrot nose and one tooth gone. That I was to pass the night at her house did not improve the estimate; there would be mottoes on the walls—"What is home without a mother," and the like; tidies on the chairs, and a red-hot stove smelling of drying socks. There would also be a basin and pitcher the size of a cup and saucer, and a bed that sagged in the middle and was covered with a cotton quilt.

The *Nautilus* stopped at a gate, beyond which was a smaller Jacob's ladder leading to a white cottage. Was there nothing built on a level in Sheffield? I asked myself. The bags which had been hung on the shafts came first, then me, then the muffled head and cloak. Upward and onward again, through a door, past a pretty girl who stood with her hand on the knob in welcome, and into a hall. Here the girl helped unmummy her mother, and then turned up the hall-lamp.

Oh, such a dear, sweet gray-haired old lady! The kind of an old lady you would have wanted to stay—not a night with—but a year. An old lady with plump fresh cheeks and soft brown eyes and a smile that warmed you through and through. And

such an all-embracing restful room with its open wood fire, andirons and polished fender—and the plants and books and easy-chairs! And the cheer of it all!

"Now you just sit there and get comfortable," she said, patting my shoulder—(the second time in one night that a woman's hand had been that of an angel). "Maggie'll get you some supper. We had it all ready, expecting you on the six-ten. Hungry, aren't you?"

Hungry! I could have gnawed a hole in a sofa to get at the straw stuffing.

She drew up a chair, waited till her daughter had left the room, and said with a twinkle in her eyes:

"Oh, I was glad you gave it to 'em the way you did, and when you sailed into that snivelling old Hard-shell deacon, there was a woman next to me who put her hands down under her petticoats and clapped them for joy. There isn't anybody running anything up here. They don't have to pay for this lecture course. It was given to them by a man who is dead. All they think they've got to do is to dress themselves up. They're all officers; there's a recording secretary and a corresponding secretary and an executive committee and a president and two vice presidents, and a lot more that I can't remember. Every one of them is leaving everything to somebody else to attend to. I know, because I take care of all the lecturers that come. Only last winter a lady lecturer arrived here on a load of wood; she didn't lose her temper and get mad like you did. Maybe you know her; she told us all about the Indians and her husband, the great general, who was surrounded and massacred by them."



"No, I can just as well walk."—Page 225.

"Know her, Madam, not only do I know and love her, but the whole country loves her. She is a saint, Madam, that the good Lord only allows to live in this world because if she was transferred there would be no standard left."

"Yes, but then you had considerable cause. The hired girl next door—she sat next to my daughter—said she didn't blame you a mite." (Somebody was on my side, anyhow.) "Now come in to supper."

The next morning I was up at dawn: I had to get up at dawn, because the omnibus only made one trip to the station, to catch the seven-o'clock train. I went by the eight ten, but a little thing like that never makes any difference in Sheffield.

When the omnibus arrived it came on runners. Closer examination from the window of the cosey room—the bedroom was even more delightful—revealed a square furniture van covered on the outside with white canvas, the door being in the middle, like a box-car. I bid the dear old lady and her daughter good-by, opened the hall door and stood on the top step. The driver, a stout, fat-faced fellow, looked up with an inquiring glance.

"Nice morning," I cried in my customary cheerful tone—the dear woman had wrought the change.

"You bet! Got over your mad?"

The explosion had evidently been heard all over the village.

"Yes," I laughed, as I crawled in beside two other passengers.

"You was considerable het up last night, so Si was tellin' me," remarked the passenger helping me with one bag.



I bid the dear old lady and her daughter good-by.—Page 226.

I nodded. Who Si might be was not of special interest, and then again the subject had now lost its inflammatory feature.

The woman made no remark; she was evidently one of the secretaries.

"Well, by gum, if they had left me where they left you last night, and you a plumb stranger, I'd rared and pitched a little myself," continued the man. "When you come again——"

"Come again! Not by a ——"

"Oh, yes, you will. You did them Hardshells a lot of good! You just bet your bottom dollar they'll look out for the next one of you fellows that comes up here!"

The woman continued silent. She would have something to say about any return visit of mine, and she intended to say it out loud if the time ever came!

The station now loomed into sight. I sprang out and tried the knob. I knew all about that knob—every twist and turn of it.

"Locked again!" I shouted, "and I've got to wait here an hour in this——"

"Hold on—*hold on*—" shouted back the driver. "Don't break loose again. I got the key."

My mail a week later brought me a county paper containing this statement: "The last lecturer, owing to some error on the part of the committee, was not met at the train, and was considerably vexed. He said so to the audience and to the committee. Everybody was satisfied with his talk until they heard what they had to pay for it. He also said that he had left his dress suit in his trunk. If what we hear is true, he left his manners with it."

On reflection, the editor was right—*I had*



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Why have you brought *me* here?"—Page 234.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXV

THUS Fate did not wait until Election Day for the thing Hale most dreaded—a clash that would involve the guard in the Tolliver-Falin troubles over the hills. There had been simply a preliminary political gathering at the Gap the day before, but it had been a crucial day for the guard from a cloudy sunrise to a tragic sunset. Early that morning, Mockaby, the town-sergeant, had stepped into the street freshly shaven, with polished boots, and in his best clothes for the eyes of his sweetheart, who was to come up that day to the Gap from Lee. Before sunset he died with those boots on, while the sweetheart, unknowing, was bound on her happy way homeward, and Rufe Tolliver, who had shot Mockaby, was clattering through the Gap in flight for Lonesome Cove.

As far as anybody knew, there had been but one Tolliver and one Falin in town that day, though many had noticed the tall Western-looking stranger who, early in the afternoon, had ridden across the bridge over the North Fork, but he was quiet and well-behaved, he merged into the crowd and through the rest of the afternoon was in no way conspicuous, even when the one Tolliver and the one Falin got into a fight in front of the speaker's stand and the riot started which came near ending in a bloody battle. The Falin was clearly blameless and was let go at once. This angered the many friends of the Tolliver, and when he was arrested there was an attempt at rescue, and the Tolliver was dragged to the calaboose behind a slowly retiring line of policemen, who were jabbing the rescuers back with the muzzles of cocked Winchesters. It was just when it was all over, and the Tolliver was safely jailed, that Bad Rufe galloped up to the calaboose, shaking with rage, for he had just learned that the prisoner was a Tolliver. He saw how useless interference was, but he swung from his horse, threw the reins over its head after the Western fashion and strode up to Hale.

"You the captain of this guard?"

"Yes," said Hale; "and you?" Rufe shook his head with angry impatience and Hale, thinking he had some communication to make, ignored his refusal to answer.

"I hear that a fellow can't blow a whistle or holler, or shoot off his pistol in this town without gittin' arrested."

"That's true—why?" Rufe's black eyes gleamed vindictively.

"Nothin'," he said, and he turned to his horse.

Ten minutes later, as Mockaby was passing down the dummy track, a whistle was blown on the river bank, a high yell was raised, a pistol shot quickly followed and he started for the sound of them on a run. A few minutes later three more pistol shots rang out, and Hale rushed to the river bank to find Mockaby stretched out on the ground, dying, and a mountaineer lout pointing after a man on horseback, who was making at a swift gallop for the mouth of the Gap and the hills.

"He done it," said the lout in a frightened way; "but I don't know who he was."

Within half an hour ten horsemen were clattering after the murderer, headed by Hale, Logan, and the Infant of the Guard. Where the road forked, a woman with a child in her arms said she had seen a tall, black-eyed man with a black moustache gallop up the right fork. She no more knew who he was than any of the pursuers. Three miles up that fork they came upon a red-headed man leading his horse from a mountaineer's yard.

"He went up the mountain," the red-haired man said, pointing to the trail of the

Lonesome Pine. "He's gone over the line. Whut's he done—killed somebody?"

"Yes," said Hale shortly, starting up his horse.

"I wish I'd a-knowed you was atter him. I'm sheriff over thar."

Now they were without warrant or requisition, and Hale, pulling in, said sharply:

"We want that fellow. He killed a man at the Gap. If we catch him over the line, we want you to hold him for us. Come along!" The red-headed sheriff sprang on his horse and grinned eagerly:

"I'm your man."

"Who was that fellow?" asked Hale as they galloped. The sheriff denied knowledge with a shake of his head.

"What's your name?" The sheriff looked sharply at him for the effect of his answer.

"Jim Falin." And Hale looked sharply back at him. He was one of the Falins who long, long ago had gone to the Gap for young Dave Tolliver and now the Falin grinned at Hale.

"I know you—all right." No wonder the Falin chuckled at this Heaven-born chance to get a Tolliver into trouble.

At the Lonesome Pine the traces of the fugitive's horse swerved along the mountain top—the shoe of the right forefoot being broken in half. That swerve was a blind and the sheriff knew it, but he knew where Rufe Tolliver would go and that there would be plenty of time to get him. Moreover, he had a purpose of his own and a secret fear that it might be thwarted, so, without a word he followed the trail till darkness hid it and they had to wait until the moon rose. Then as they started again, the sheriff said:

"Wait a minute," and plunged down the mountain side on foot. A few minutes later he hallooed for Hale, and down there showed him the tracks doubling backward along a foot-path.

"Regular rabbit, ain't he?" chuckled the sheriff, and back they went to the trail again on which two hundred yards below the Pine they saw the tracks pointing again to Lonesome Cove.

On down the trail they went, and at the top of the spur that overlooked Lonesome Cove, the Falin sheriff pulled in suddenly and got off his horse. There, the tracks swerved again into the bushes.

"He's goin' to wait till daylight, fer fear somebody's follered him. He'll come in back o' Devil Judd's."

"How do you know he's going to Devil Judd's?" asked Hale.

"Whar else would he go?" asked the Falin with a sweep of his arm toward the moonlit wilderness. "Thar ain't but one house that way fer ten miles—and nobody lives thar."

"How do you know that he's going to any house?" asked Hale impatiently. "He may be getting out of the mountains."

"D'you ever know a feller to leave these mountains jus' because he'd killed a man? How'd you foller him at night? How'd you ever ketch him with his start? What'd he turn that way fer, if he wasn't goin' to Judd's—why d'n't he keep on down the river? If he's gone, he's gone. If he ain't, he'll be at Devil Judd's at daybreak if he ain't thar now."

"What do you want to do?"

"Go on down with the hosses, hide 'em in the bushes an' wait."

"Maybe he's already heard us coming down the mountain."

"That's the only thing I'm afeerd of," said the Falin calmly. "But whut I'm tellin' you's our only chance."

"How do you know he won't hear us going down? Why not leave the horses?"

"We might need the hosses, and hit's mud and sand all the way—you ought to know that."

Hale did know that; so on they went quietly and hid their horses aside from the road near the place where Hale had fished when he first went to Lonesome Cove. There the Falin disappeared on foot.

"Do you trust him?" asked Hale, turning to Budd, and Budd laughed.

"I reckon you can trust a Falin against a friend of a Tolliver, or t'other way round—any time."

Within half an hour the Falin came back with the news that there were no signs that the fugitive had yet come in, and there they waited.

"No use surrounding the house now," said the Falin, "he might see one of us first when he comes in an' git away. We'll do that atter daylight."

And at daylight they saw the fugitive ride out the woods at the back of the house and boldly around to the front of the house,

where he left his horse in the yard and disappeared.

"Now send three men to ketch him if he runs out the back way—quick!" said the Falin. "Hit'll take 'em twenty minutes to git thar through the woods. Soon's they git thar let one of 'em shoot his pistol off an' that'll be the signal fer us."

The three men started swiftly, but the pistol shot came before they had gone a hundred yards, for one of the three—a new man and unaccustomed to the use of firearms, stumbled over a root while he was seeing that his pistol was in order and had let it go off accidentally.

"No time to waste now," the Falin called sharply. "Git on yo' hosses and git!" Then the rush was made and when they gave up the chase at noon that day, the sheriff looked Hale squarely in the eye when Hale sharply asked him a question:

"Why didn't you tell me who that man was?"

"Because I was afeerd you wouldn't go to Devil Judd's atter him. I know better now," and he shook his head, for he did not understand. And so Hale at the head of the disappointed guard went back to the Gap, and when, next day, they laid Mockaby away in the thinly populated little graveyard that rested in the hollow of the river's arm, the spirit of law and order in the heart of every guard gave way to the spirit of revenge, and the grass would grow under the feet of none until Rufe Tolliver was caught and the death-debt of the law was paid with death.

That purpose was no less firm in the heart of Hale, and he turned away from the grave, sick with the trick that fate had lost no time in playing him; for he was a Falin now in the eyes of both factions and an enemy—even to June.

The weeks dragged slowly along, and June sank slowly toward the depths with every fresh realization of the trap of circumstance into which she had fallen. She had dim memories of just such a state of affairs when she was a child, for the feud was on now and the three things that governed the life of the cabin in Lonesome Cove were hate, caution, and fear.

Bub and her father worked in the fields with their Winchesters close at hand, and June was never easy if they were outside the house. If somebody shouted "hello"—that universal hail of friend or enemy in the mountains—from the gate after dark, one or the other would go out the back door and answer from the shelter of the corner of the house. Neither sat by the light of the fire where he could be seen through the window nor carried a candle from one room to the other. And when either rode down the river, June must ride behind him to prevent ambush from the bushes, for no mountaineer, even to kill his worst enemy, will risk harming a woman. Sometimes Loretta would come and spend the day, and she seemed little less distressed than June. Dave was constantly in and out, and several times June had seen the Red Fox hanging around. Always the talk was of the feud. The killing of this Tolliver and of that long ago was rehearsed over and over; all the wrongs the family had suffered at the hands of the Falins were retold, and in spite of herself June felt the old hatred of her childhood reawakening against them so fiercely that she was startled: and she knew that if she were a man she would be as ready now to take up a Winchester against the Falins as though she had known no other life.

Loretta got no comfort from her in her tentative efforts to talk of Buck Falin, and once, indeed, June gave her a scathing rebuke. With every day her feeling for her father and Bub was knit a little more closely, and toward Dave grew a little more kindly. She had her moods even against Hale, but they always ended in a storm of helpless tears. Her father said little of Hale, but that little was enough. Young Dave was openly exultant when he heard of the favoritism shown a Falin by the guard at the Gap, the effort Hale had made to catch Rufe Tolliver and his well-known purpose yet to capture him; for the guard maintained a fund for the arrest and prosecution of criminals, and the reward it offered for Rufe, dead or alive, was known by everybody on both sides of the State line. For nearly a week no word was heard of the fugitive, and then one night, after supper, while June was sitting at the fire, the back door was opened, Rufe slid like a snake within, and when June sprang to her feet with a sharp cry of terror, he gave his brutal laugh:

"Don't take much to skeer you—does

it?" Shuddering she felt his evil eyes sweep her from head to foot, for the beast within was always unleashed and ever ready to spring, and she dropped back into her seat, speechless. Young Dave, entering from the kitchen, saw Rufe's look and the hostile lightning of his own eyes flashed at his foster-uncle, who knew straightway that he must not for his own safety strain the boy's jealousy too far.

"You oughtn't to 'a' done it, Rufe," said old Judd a little later, and he shook his head. Again Rufe laughed:

"No—" he said with a quick pacificatory look to young Dave, "not to *him!*" The swift gritting of Dave's teeth showed that he knew what was meant, and without warning the instinct of a protecting tigress leaped within June. She had seen and had been grateful for the look Dave gave the outlaw, but without a word she rose now and went to her own room. While she sat at her window her step-mother came out the back door and left it open for a moment. Through it June could hear the talk:

"No," said her father, "she ain't goin' to marry him." Dave grunted and Rufe's voice came again:

"Ain't no danger, I reckon, of her tellin' on me?"

"No," said her father gruffly, and the door banged.

No, thought June, she wouldn't, even without her father's trust, though she loathed the man, and he was the only thing on earth of which she was afraid—that was the miracle of it and June wondered. She was a Tolliver and the clan loyalty of a century forbade—that was all. As she rose she saw a figure skulking past the edge of the woods. She called Bub in and told him about it, and Rufe stayed at the cabin all night, but June did not see him next morning and she kept out of his way whenever he came again. A few nights later the Red Fox slouched up to the cabin with some herbs for the step-mother. Old Judd eyed him askance.

"Lookin' fer that reward, Red?" The old man had no time for the meek reply that was on his lips, for the old woman spoke up sharply:

"You let Red alone, Judd—I tol' him to come." And the Red Fox stayed to supper, and when Rufe left the cabin that night a bent figure with a big rifle and in moccasins sneaked after him.

The next night there was a tap on Hale's window just at his bedside, and when he looked out he saw the Red Fox's big rifle, telescope, moccasins and all in the moonlight. The Red Fox had discovered the whereabouts of Rufe Tolliver, and that very night he guided Hale and six of the guard to the edge of a little clearing where the Red Fox pointed to a one-roomed cabin quiet in the moonlight. Hale had his requisition now.

"Ain't no trouble ketchin' Rufe, if you bait him with a woman," he snarled. "There mought be several Tollivers in thar. Wait till daybreak and git the drap on him, when he comes out." And then he disappeared.

Surrounding the cabin Hale waited, and on top of the mountain, above Lonesome Cove, the Red Fox sat waiting and watching through his big telescope. Through it he saw Bad Rufe step outside the door at daybreak and stretch his arms with a yawn, and he saw three men spring with levelled Winchesters from behind a clump of bushes. The woman shot from the door behind Rufe with a pistol in each hand, but Rufe kept his hands in the air and turned his head to the woman who lowered the half-raised weapons slowly. When he saw the cavalcade start for the county seat with Rufe manacled in the midst of them he dropped swiftly down into Lonesome Cove to tell Judd that Rufe was a prisoner and to retake him on the way to jail. And, as the Red Fox well knew would happen, old Judd and young Dave and two other Tollivers who were at the cabin galloped into the county seat to find Rufe in jail, and that jail guarded by seven grim young men armed with Winchesters and shot-guns.

Hale faced the old man quietly—eye to eye.

"It's no use, Judd," he said, "you'd better let the law take its course." The old man was scornful.

"Thar's never been a Tolliver convicted of killin' nobody, much less hung—an' thar ain't goin' to be."

"I'm glad you warned me," said Hale, still quietly, "though it wasn't necessary. But if he's convicted, he'll hang."

The giant's face worked in convulsive helplessness and he turned away.

"You hold the cyards now, but my deal is comin'."

"All right, Judd—you're getting a square one from me."

Back rode the Tollivers and Devil Judd never opened his lips again until he was at home in Lonesome Cove. June was sitting on the porch when he walked heavy-headed through the gate.

"They've ketched Rufe," he said, and after a moment he added gruffly:

"Thar's goin' to be sure enough trouble now. The Falins'll think all them police fellers air on their side now. This ain't no place fer you—you must git away."

June shook her head and her eyes turned to the flowers at the edge of the garden:

"I'm not goin' away Dad," she said.

XXVI

Back to the passing of Boone and the landing of Columbus no man, in that region, had ever been hanged. And as old Judd said, no Tolliver had ever been sentenced and no jury of mountain men, he well knew, could be found who would convict a Tolliver, for there were no twelve men in the mountains who would dare. And so the Tollivers decided to await the outcome of the trial and rest easy. But they did not count on the mettle and intelligence of the grim young "furriners" who were a flying wedge of civilization at the Gap. Straightway, they gave up the practice of law and banking and trading and store-keeping and cut port-holes in the brick walls of the Court House and guarded town and jail night and day. They brought their own fearless judge, their own fearless jury and their own fearless guard. Such an abstract regard for law and order the mountaineer finds a hard thing to understand. It looked as though the motive of the guard was vindictive and personal, and old Judd was almost stifled by the volcanic rage that daily grew within him as the toils daily tightened about Rufe Tolliver.

Every happening the old man learned through the Red Fox, who with his huge pistols was one of the men who escorted Rufe to and fro from Court House to jail—a volunteer, Hale supposed, because he hated Rufe and, as the Tollivers supposed, so that he could keep them advised of everything that went on, which he did with secrecy and his own peculiar faith. And steadily and to the growing uneasiness of the Tollivers, the law went its way. Rufe had proven that he was at the Gap all day and had taken no part in the trouble. He produced a witness—the mountain lout whom Hale remembered—who admitted that he had blown the whistle, given the yell, and fired the pistol shot. When asked his reason, the witness, who was stupid, had none ready, looked helplessly at Rufe and finally mumbled—"fer fun." But it was plain from the questions that Rufe had put to Hale only a few minutes before the shooting and from the hesitation of the witness that Rufe had used him for a tool. So the testimony of the latter that Mockaby without even summoning Rufe to surrender had fired first, carried no conviction. And yet Rufe had no trouble making it almost sure that he had never seen the dead man before—so what was his motive? It was then that a word reached the ear of the prosecuting attorney—the only one that could establish a motive and make the crime a hanging offence, and Court was adjourned for a day, while he sent for the witness who could speak that word. That afternoon one of the Falins, who had grown bolder, and in twos and threes were always at the trial, shot at a Tolliver on the edge of town and there was an immediate turmoil between the factions that the Red Fox had been waiting for and that suited his dark purposes well.

That very night, with his big rifle, he slipped through the woods to a turn of the road, over which old Dave Tolliver was to pass next morning, and built a "blind" behind some rocks and lay there smoking peacefully and dreaming his Swedenborgian dreams. And when a wagon came round the turn, driven by a boy, and with the gaunt frame of old Dave Tolliver lying on straw in the bed of it, his big rifle thundered and the frightened horses dashed on with the Red Fox's last enemy lifeless. Coolly he slipped back to the woods, threw the shell from his gun, tirelessly his moccasins bore him by short cuts through the hills, and at noon, benevolent and smiling, he was on guard again.

The little Court Room was crowded for the afternoon session. Inside the railing sat Rufe Tolliver, white and defiant—

manacled. Leaning on the railing to one side was the Red Fox with his big pistols, his good profile calm, dreamy, kind—to the other similarly armed was Hale. At each of the gaping port-holes and on each side of the door stood a guard with a Winchester, and around the railing outside were several more. In spite of window and port-hole the air was close and heavy with the smell of tobacco and the sweat of men. Here and there in the crowd was a red Falin, but not a Tolliver was in sight, and Rufe Tolliver sat alone. The clerk called the Court to order after the fashion since the days before Edward the Confessor —except that he asked God to save a commonwealth instead of a king—and the prosecuting attorney rose:

"Next witness, may it please your Honor"; and as the clerk got to his feet with a slip of paper in his hand and bawled out a name, Hale wheeled with a thumping heart. The crowd vibrated, turned heads, gave way, and through the human aisle walked June Tolliver with the sheriff following meekly behind. At the railing-gate she stopped, head uplifted, face pale and indignant, and her eyes swept past Hale as if he were no more than a wooden image, and were fixed with proud inquiry on the Judge's face. She was bareheaded, her bronze hair was drawn low over her white brows, her gown was of purple homespun, and her right hand was clenched tight about the chased silver handle of a riding whip, and in eyes, mouth, and in every line of her tense figure was the mute question: "Why have you brought *me* here?"

"Here, please," said the Judge gently, as though he were about to answer that question, and as she passed Hale she seemed to swerve her skirts aside that they might not touch him.

"Swear her."

June lifted her right hand, put her lips to the soiled, old, black Bible and faced the jury and Hale and bad Rufe Tolliver whose black eyes never left her face.

"What is your name?" asked a deep voice that struck her ears as familiar, and before she answered she swiftly recalled that she had heard that voice speaking when she entered the door.

"June Tolliver."

"Your age?"

"Eighteen."

"You live——"

"In Lonesome Cove."

"You are the daughter of——"

"Judd Tolliver."

"Do you know the prisoner?"

"He is my foster-uncle."

"Were you at home on the night of August the tenth?"

"I was."

"Have you ever heard the prisoner express any enmity against this volunteer Police Guard?" He waved his hand toward the men at the port-holes and about the railing—unconsciously leaving his hand directly pointed at Hale. June hesitated and Rufe leaned one elbow on the table, and the light in his eyes beat with fierce intensity into the girl's eyes into which came a curious frightened look that Hale remembered—the same look she had shown long ago when Rufe's name was mentioned in the old miller's cabin, and when going up the river road she had put her childish trust in him to see that her bad uncle bothered her no more. Hale had never forgot that, and if it had not been absurd he would have stopped the prisoner from staring at her now. An anxious look had come into Rufe's eyes—would she lie for him?

"Never" said June. Ah, she would—she was a Tolliver and Rufe took a breath of deep content.

"You never heard him express any enmity toward the Police Guard—before that night?"

"I have answered that question," said June with dignity and Rufe's lawyer was on his feet.

"Your Honor, I object," he said indignantly.

"I apologize," said the deep voice—"sincerely," and he bowed to June. Then very quietly:

"What was the last thing you heard the prisoner say that afternoon when he left your father's house?"

It had come—how well she remembered just what he had said and how that night, even when she was asleep, Rufe's words had clanged like a bell in her brain—what her awakening terror was when she knew that the deed was done and the stifling fear that the victim might be Hale. Swiftly her mind worked—somebody had blabbed, her step-mother, perhaps, and what Rufe had said had reached a Falin ear and come to

the relentless man in front of her. She remembered, too, now, what the deep voice was saying as she came into the door:

"There must be deliberation, a malicious purpose proven to make the prisoner's crime a capital offence—I admit that, of course, your Honor. Very well, we propose to prove that now," and then she had heard her name called. The proof that was to send Rufe Tolliver to the scaffold was to come from her—that was why she was there. Her lips opened and Rufe's eyes, like a snake's, caught her own again and held them.

"He said he was going over to the Gap——"

There was a commotion at the door, again the crowd parted, and in towered giant Judd Tolliver pushing people aside as though they were straws, his bushy hair wild and his great frame shaking from head to foot with rage.

"You went to my house," he rumbled hoarsely—glaring at Hale—"an' took my gal thar when I wasn't at home—you——"

"Order in the Court," said the Judge sternly, but already at a signal from Hale several guards were pushing through the crowd and old Judd saw them coming and saw the Falins about him and the Winchesters at the port-holes, and he stopped with a hard gulp and stood looking at June.

"Repeat his exact words," said the deep voice again as calmly as though nothing had happened.

"He said, 'I'm goin' over to the Gap—'" and still Rufe's black eyes held her with mesmeric power—would she lie for him—would she lie for him?

It was a terrible struggle for June. Her father was there, her uncle Dave was dead, her foster-uncle's life hung on her next words and she was a Tolliver. Yet she had given her oath, she had kissed the sacred Book in which she believed from cover to cover with her whole heart, and she could feel upon her the blue eyes of a man for whom a lie was impossible and to whom she had never stained her white soul with a word of untruth.

"Yes," encouraged the deep voice kindly.

Not a soul in the room knew where the struggle lay—not even the girl—for it lay between the black eyes of Rufe Tolliver and the blue eyes of John Hale.

"Yes," repeated the deep voice again. Again, with her eyes on Rufe, she repeated:

"'I'm goin' over to the Gap—'" her face turned deadly white, she shivered, her dark eyes swerved suddenly full on Hale and she said slowly and distinctly, yet hardly above a whisper:

"'*To kill me a policeman.*'"

"That will do," said the deep voice gently, and Hale started toward her—she looked so deadly sick and she trembled so when she tried to rise; but she saw him, her mouth steadied, she rose, and without looking at him, passed by his outstretched hand and walked slowly out of the Court Room.

XXVII

THE miracle had happened. The Tollivers, following the Red Fox's advice to make no attempt at rescue just then, had waited, expecting the old immunity from the law and getting instead the swift sentence that Rufe Tolliver should be hanged by the neck until he was dead. Astounding and convincing though the news was, no mountaineer believed he would ever hang, and Rufe himself faced the sentence defiant. He laughed when he was led back to his cell:

"I'll never hang," he said scornfully. They were the first words that came from his lips, and the first words that came from old Judd's when the news reached him in Lonesome Cove, and that night old Judd gathered his clan for the rescue—to learn next morning that during the night Rufe had been spirited away to the capital for safe-keeping until the fatal day. And so there was quiet for a while—old Judd making ready for the day when Rufe should be brought back, and trying to find out who it was that had slain his brother Dave. The Falins denied the deed, but old Judd never questioned that one of them was the murderer, and he came out openly now and made no secret of the fact that he meant to have revenge. And so the two factions went armed, watchful and wary—especially the Falins, who were lying low and waiting to fulfil a deadly purpose of their own. They well knew that old Judd would not open hostilities on them until Rufe Tolliver was dead or at liberty. They knew that the old man

meant to try to rescue Rufe when he was brought back to jail or taken from it to the scaffold, and when either day came they themselves would take a hand, thus giving the Tollivers at one and the same time two sets of foes. And so through the golden September days the two clans waited, and June Tolliver went with dull determination back to her old life, for Uncle Billy's sister had left the house in fear and she could get no help—milking cows at cold dawns, helping in the kitchen, spinning flax and wool, and weaving them into rough garments for her father and step-mother and Bub, and in time she thought grimly—for herself: for not another cent for her maintenance could now come from John Hale, even though he claimed it was hers—even though it was in truth her own. Never, but once, had Hale's name been mentioned in the cabin—never, but once, had her father referred to the testimony that she had given against Rufe Tolliver, for the old man put upon Hale the fact that the sheriff had sneaked into his house when he was away and had taken June to Court, and that was the crowning touch of bitterness in his growing hatred for the captain of the guard of whom he had once been so fond.

"Course you had to tell the truth, baby, when they got you there," he said kindly; "but kidnappin' you that-a-way—" He shook his great bushy head from side to side and dropped it into his hands.

"I reckon that damn Hale was the man who found out that you heard Rufe say that. I'd like to know how—I'd like to git my hands on the feller as told him."

June opened her lips in simple justice to clear Hale of that charge, but she saw such a terrified appeal in her step-mother's face that she kept her peace, let Hale suffer for that, too, and walked out into her garden. Never once had her piano been opened, her books had lain unread, and from her lips during those days came no song. When she was not at work, she was brooding in her room, or she would walk down to Uncle Billy's and sit at the mill with him while the old man would talk in tender helplessness, or under the honeysuckle vines with old Hon, whose brusque kindness was of as little avail. And then still silent she would get wearily up and as quietly go away while the two old friends worried to the heart followed her sadly with their eyes. At other times she was brooding in her room or sitting in her garden where she was now, and where she found most comfort—the garden that Hale had planted for her—where purple asters leaned against lilac shrubs that would flower for the first time the coming spring; where a late rose bloomed, and marigolds drooped, and great sunflowers nodded and giant castor-plants stretched out their hands of Christ. And while June thus waited the passing of the days, many things became clear to her: for the grim finger of reality had torn the veil from her eyes and let her see herself but little changed at the depths by contact with John Hale's world as she now saw him, but little changed by contact with hers. Slowly she came to see, too, that it was his presence in the Court Room that made her tell the truth, reckless of the consequences, and she came to realize that she was not leaving the mountains because she would go to no place where she could not know of any danger that, in the present crisis, might threaten John Hale.

And Hale saw only that in the Court Room she had drawn her skirts aside, that she had looked at him once and then had brushed past his helping hand. It put him in torment to think of what her life must be now, and of how she must be suffering. He knew that she would not leave her father in the crisis that was at hand and after it was all over—what then? His hands would still be tied and he would be even more helpless than he had ever dreamed possible. To be sure, an old land deal had come to life, just after the discovery of the worthlessness of the mine in Lonesome Cove and was holding out another hope. But if that, too, should fail—or if it should succeed—what then? Old Judd had sent back, with a curt refusal, the last "allowance" he forwarded to June and he knew the old man was himself in straits. So June must stay in the mountains and what would become of her? She had gone back to her mountain garb—would she lapse into her old life and ever again be content? Yes, she would lapse but never enough to keep her from being unhappy all her life, and at that thought he groaned. Thus far he was responsible and the paramount duty with

him had been that she should have the means to follow the career she had planned for herself outside of those hills. And now if he had the means, he was helpless. There was nothing for him to do now but to see that the law had its way with Rufe Tolliver and meanwhile he let the reawakened land deal go hang and set himself the task of finding out who it was that had ambushed old Dave Tolliver. So even when he was thinking of June his brain was busy on that mystery, and one night as he sat in his porch a suspicion flashed that made him grip his chair with both hands and rise to pace the porch. Old Dave had been shot at dawn, and the night before the Red Fox had been absent from the guard and had not turned up until nearly noon next day. He had told Hale that he was going home. Two days later, Hale heard by accident that the old man had been seen near the place of the ambush about sunset of the day before the tragedy, which was on his way home, and he now learned straightway for himself that the Red Fox had not been home for a month—which was only one of his ways of mistreating the patient little old woman in black.

A little later, the Red Fox gave it out that he was trying to ferret out the murderer himself, and several times he was seen near the place of ambush, looking, as he said, for evidence. But this did not halt Hale's suspicions, for he recalled that the night he had spent with the Red Fox, long ago, the old man had burst out against old Dave and had quickly covered up his indiscretion with a pious characterization of himself as a man that kept peace with both factions. And then why had he been so suspicious and fearful when Hale told him that night that he had seen him talking with a Falin in town the Court day before, and had he disclosed the whereabouts of Rufe Tolliver and guided the guard to his hiding-place simply for the reward? He had not yet come to claim it, and his indifference to money was notorious through the hills. Apparently there was some general enmity in the old man toward the whole Tolliver clan, and maybe he had used the reward to fool Hale as to his real motive. And then Hale quietly learned that long ago the Tollivers bitterly opposed the Red Fox's marriage to a Tolliver—that Rufe when a boy was always teasing the Red Fox and had once made him dance in his moccasins to the tune of bullets spitting about his feet, and that the Red Fox had been heard to say that old Dave had cheated his wife out of her just inheritance of wild land; but all that was long, long ago and apparently had been mutually forgiven and forgotten. But it was enough for Hale, and one night he mounted his horse, and at dawn he was at the place of ambush with his horse hidden in the bushes. The rocks for the ambush were waist high and the twigs that had been thrust in the crevices between them were withered. And there, on the hypothesis that the Red Fox was the assassin, Hale tried to put himself, after the deed, into the Red Fox's shoes. The old man had turned up on guard before noon—then he must have gone somewhere first or have killed considerable time in the woods. He would not have crossed the road, for there were two houses on the other side; there would have been no object in going on over the mountain unless he meant to escape, and if he had gone over there for another reason he would have hardly had time to get to the Court House before noon: nor would he have gone back along the road on that side, for on that side, too, was a cabin not far away. So Hale turned and walked straight away from the road where the walking was easiest—down a ravine, and pushing this way and that through the bushes where the way looked easiest. Half a mile down the ravine he came to a little brook, and there in the black earth was the faint print of a man's left foot and in the hard crust across was the deeper print of his right, where his weight in leaping had come down hard. But the prints were made by a shoe and not by a moccasin, and then Hale recalled exultantly that the Red Fox did not have his moccasins on the morning he turned up on guard. All the while he kept a sharp lookout, right and left, on the ground—the Red Fox must have thrown his cartridge shell somewhere, and for that Hale was looking. Across the brook he could see the tracks no farther, for he was too little of a woodsman to follow so old a trail, but as he stood behind a clump of rhododendron wondering what he could do, he heard the crack of a dead stick down the stream, and noiselessly he moved farther into the bushes. His heart thumped in the

silence—the long silence that followed—for it might be a hostile Tolliver that was coming, so he pulled his pistol from his holster, made ready, and then noiseless as a shadow, the Red Fox slipped past him along the path, in his moccasins now, and with his big Winchester in his left hand. The Red Fox, too, was looking for that cartridge shell, for only the night before had he heard for the first time of the whispered suspicions against him. He was making for the blind and Hale trembled at his luck. There was no path on the other side of the stream and Hale could barely hear him moving through the bushes. So he pulled off his boots and, carrying them in one hand, slipped after him, watching for dead twigs, stooping under the branches, or sliding sidewise through them when he had to brush between their extremities, and pausing every now and then to listen for an occasional faint sound from the Red Fox ahead. Up the ravine the old man went to a little ledge of rocks, beyond which was the blind, and when Hale saw his stooped figure slip over that and disappear he ran noiselessly toward it, crept noiselessly to the top and peeped carefully over to see the Red Fox with his back to him and peering into a clump of bushes—hardly ten yards away. While Hale looked, the old man thrust his hand into the bushes and drew out something that twinkled in the sun. At the moment Hale's horse nickered from the bushes, and the Red Fox slipped his hand into his pocket, crouched listening a moment, and then step by step backed toward the ledge. Hale rose:

"I want you, Red!"

The old man wheeled, the wolf's snarl came, but the big rifle was too slow—Hale's pistol had flashed in his face.

"Drop your gun!" Paralyzed, but the picture of white fury, the old man hesitated.

"Drop—your—gun!" Slowly the big rifle was loosed and fell to the ground.

"Back away—turn around and hands up!"

With his foot on the Winchester, Hale felt in the old man's pockets and fished out an empty cartridge shell. Then he picked up the rifle and threw the slide.

"It fits all right. March—toward that horse!"

Without a word the old man slouched ahead to where the big black horse was restlessly waiting in the bushes.

"Climb up," said Hale. "We won't 'ride and tie' back to town—but I'll take turns with you on the horse."

The Red Fox was making ready to leave the mountains, for he had been falsely informed that Rufe was to be brought back to the county seat next day, and he was searching again for the sole bit of evidence that was out against him. And when Rufe was spirited back to jail and was on his way to his cell, an old freckled hand was thrust between the bars of an iron door to greet him and a voice called him by name. Rufe stopped in amazement; then he burst out laughing; he struck then at the pallid face through the bars with his manacles and cursed the old man bitterly; then he laughed again horribly. The two slept in adjoining cells of the same cage that night—the one waiting for the scaffold and the other waiting for the trial that was to send him there. And away over the blue mountains a little old woman in black sat on the porch of her cabin as she had sat patiently many and many a long day. It was time, she thought, that the Red Fox was coming home.

XXVIII

And so while bad Rufe Tolliver was waiting for death, the trial of the Red Fox went on, and when he was not swinging in a hammock, reading his Bible, telling his visions to his guards and singing hymns, he was in the Court House giving shrewd answers to questions, or none at all with the benevolent half of his mask turned to the jury and the wolfish snarl of the other half showing only now and then to some hostile witness for whom his hate was stronger than his fear for his own life. And in jail bad Rufe worried his enemy with the malicious humor of Satan. Now he would say:

"Oh, there ain't nothin' betwixt old Red and me, nothin' at all—'cept this iron wall," and he would drum a vicious tattoo on the thin wall with the heel of his boot. Or when he heard the creak of the Red Fox's hammock as he droned his Bible aloud, he would say to his guard outside:

"Course I don't read the Bible an' preach the word, nor talk with sperits, but

thar's worse men than me in the world—old Red in thar for instance"; and then he would cackle like a fiend and the Red Fox would writhe in torment and beg to be sent to another cell. And always he would daily ask the Red Fox about his trial and ask him questions in the night, and his devilish instinct told him the day that the Red Fox, too, was sentenced to death—he saw it in the gray pallor of the old man's face, and he cackled his glee like a demon. For the evidence against the Red Fox was too strong. Where June sat as chief witness against Rufe Tolliver—John Hale sat as chief witness against the Red Fox. He could not swear it was a cartridge shell that he saw the old man pick up, but it was something that glistened in the sun, and a moment later he had found the shell in the old man's pocket—and if it had been fired innocently, why was it there and why was the old man searching for it? He was looking for evidence, he said, of the murderer himself. That claim made, the Red Fox's lawyer picked up the big rifle and the shell.

"You say, Mr. Hale, the prisoner told you the night you spent at his home that this rifle was rim-fire?"

"He did." The lawyer held up the shell.

"You see this was exploded in such a rifle?" That was plain, and the lawyer shoved the shell into the rifle, pulled the trigger, took it out, and held it up again. The plunger had struck below the rim and near the centre, but not quite on the centre, and Hale asked for the rifle and examined it closely.

"It's been tampered with," he said quietly, and he handed it to the prosecuting attorney. The fact was plain; it was a bungling job and better proved the Red Fox's guilt. Moreover, there were only two such big rifles in all the hills, and it was proven that the man who owned the other was at the time of the murder far away. The days of brain-storms had not come then. There were no eminent Alienists to prove insanity for the prisoner. Apparently, he had no friends—none save the little old woman in black who sat by his side, hour by hour and day by day.

And the Red Fox was doomed.

In the hush of the Court Room the Judge solemnly put to the gray face before him the usual question:

"Have you anything to say whereby sentence of death should not be pronounced on you?"

The Red Fox rose:

"No," he said in a shaking voice; "but I have a friend here who I would like to speak for me." The Judge bent his head a moment over his bench and lifted it:

"It is unusual," he said; "but under the circumstances I will grant your request. Who is your friend?" And the Red Fox made the souls of his listeners leap.

"Jesus Christ," he said.

The Judge reverently bowed his head and the hush of the Court Room grew deeper when the old man fished his Bible from his pocket and calmly read such passages as might be interpreted as sure damnation for his enemies and sure glory for himself—read them until the Judge lifted his hand for a halt.

And so another sensation spread through the hills and a superstitious awe of this strange new power that had come into the hills went with it hand in hand. Only while the doubting ones knew that nothing could save the Red Fox they would wait to see if that power could really avail against the Tolliver clan. The day set for Rufe's execution was the following Monday, and for the Red Fox the Friday following—for it was well to have the whole wretched business over while the guard was there. Old Judd Tolliver, so Hale learned, had come himself to offer the little old woman in black the refuge of his roof as long as she lived, and had tried to get her to go back with him to Lonesome Cove; but it pleased the Red Fox that he should stand on the scaffold in a suit of white—cap and all—as emblems of the purple and fine linen he was to put on above, and the little old woman stayed where she was, silently and without question, cutting the garments, as Hale pityingly learned, from a white table-cloth and measuring them piece by piece with the clothes the old man wore in jail. It pleased him, too, that his body should be kept unburied three days—saying that he would then arise and go about preaching, and that duty, too, she would as silently and with as little question perform. Moreover, he would preach his own funeral sermon on the Sunday before Rufe's day, and a curious crowd gathered to hear him. The Red Fox was led from

jail. He stood on the porch of the jailer's house with a little table in front of him. On it lay a Bible, on the other side of the table sat a little pale-faced old woman in black with a black sun-bonnet drawn close to her face. By the side of the Bible lay a few pieces of bread. It was the Red Fox's last communion—a communion which he administered to himself and in which there was no other soul on earth to join save that little old woman in black. And when the old fellow lifted the bread and asked the crowd to come forward to partake with him in the last sacrament, not a soul moved: Only the old woman who had been ill-treated by the Red Fox for so many years—only she of all the crowd gave any answer, and she for one instant turned her face toward him. With a churlish gesture the old man pushed the bread over toward her and with hesitating, trembling fingers she reached for it.

Bob was on the death-watch that night, and as he passed Rufe's cell a wiry hand shot through the grating of his door, and as the boy sprang away the condemned man's fingers tipped the but of the big pistol that dangled on the lad's hip.

"Not this time," said Bob with a cool little laugh, and Rufe laughed too.

"I was only foolin'," he said, "I ain't goin' to hang. You hear that, Red? I ain't goin' to hang—but you are, Red—sure. Nobody'd risk his little finger for your old carcass, 'cept maybe that little old woman o' yours who you've treated like a hound—but my folks ain't goin' to see me hang."

Rufe spoke with some reason. That night the Tollivers climbed the mountain, and before daybreak were waiting in the woods a mile on the north side of the town. And the Falins climbed, too, farther along the mountains, and at the same hour were waiting in the woods a mile to the south.

Back in Lonesome Cove June Tolliver sat alone—her soul shaken and terror-stricken to the depths—and the misery that matched hers was in the heart of Hale as he paced to and fro at the county seat, on guard and forging out his plans for that day, under the morning stars.

(To be continued.)

THE HERESIES OF PAUL

By L. Allen Harker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Tom Taggert stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was far,
The neighbours round the counter drawed,
And ca'mly drinked and jawed.
—*The Mystery of Gilgal.*

"WHAT," asked Paul, "is a whisky skin?"

Nobody answered for nobody knew.

We were sitting in the gardener's wheelbarrow under the walnut tree. To be accurate, Paul was in the wheelbarrow, Harry, Fiammetta, and I were sitting on the handles. Paul, of course, had a book. This time it was a small, thin book with paper boards: the front adorned by a picture of a little boy with bare feet, who carried a basket.

"Whisky skin," Harry repeated dubiously, "what's it say about it?"

At last came Colonel Blood of Pike,
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,
And each, as he meandered in,
Remarked, "a whisky skin"

read Paul.

"But where did they meander in?" Harry demanded.

"I think," said Paul, "it must have been some sort of a public house, like the 'Cat and Compasses,' you know, in the village."

"Oh, then I suppose it must have been some sort of a drink," Harry decided. "Go on! Read it out from the beginning."

Slowly and impressively my small brother read aloud "The Mystery of Gilgal" to his assembled family. Whenever Paul



And each as he meandered in,
Remarked, "a whisky skin." —Page 240.

read aloud he put on, what Harry called, "his curate-like voice," and the effect just then was somewhat singular. His tones took on a hushed solemnity as he reached the lines:

> They piled the stiffs outside the door,
> They made, I reckon, a cord or more.

"What d'you suppose *stiffs* are?" he interrupted himself to ask.

"Oh, broken furniture and that. Go on," Harry said impatiently.

> Girls went that winter, as a rule,
> Alone to spellin' school,

and Fiammetta and I clutched each other trembling as we thought of the luckless damsels of Gilgal compelled to walk long miles unprotected in such wild and lawless times.

"By Jove!" Harry exclaimed admiringly, as Paul reached the final "Who got the whisky skin?" "Wherever did you get that book?" and he took it out of Paul's hands that he might read it for himself.

"I found it in Uncle Claude's room after he'd gone, an' I took it away at once so they shouldn't send it after him. I like it most awfully, it's got such a lot of new-sounding words in it. I rather fancy," he added complacently, "that some of 'em's swear words. I like the first part best. The rest's more like other poetry books, sort of sad, you know, and nice sounding, but the first bit's awfully new, and makes you feel all funny."

"D'you understand it?" Harry asked, looking up from what he was reading.

"Not very well, but I like it. It sings in my head an' I say it in bed at night."

"*I* shouldn't like to say it in bed at night," Fiammetta declared with a shiver. "Boys do like such queer things, don't they, Janey?"

"Oh, you never can tell what Paul will like, he's so funny, you know."

I spoke with conviction and quite without animosity. And Paul, ever only too ready to avenge any supposed slight upon the scorner, let the remark pass without comment of any kind. He was quite accustomed to being thought funny, odd, curious, unlike other children. He did not, as do so many older people, consider that the peculiarity lay in those who dared to think him eccentric. Quite humbly he acknowledged his singularity. He even occasionally regretted it: but he realized, as indeed we all did also, that it was an inevitable, ineradicable, characteristic.

For instance, in this very matter of books —no other child of our acquaintance fell upon everything within two boards with the same greedy intensity. No other child carried whatever he happened to be reading with him into his every-day life: trying, with occasionally disastrous results, to bring the book doings into line with the ordinary occurrences of a little boy's daily pursuits in the country. Moreover, anything quite new, whether in life or literature, always appealed irresistibly to Paul: and as he was by no means a silent person as to the subjects that most occupied his thoughts, it came about that during the next few days we were all made quite familiar with the "Pike County Ballads": got lost with Little Breeches, "held her nozzle agin the bank" with Jim Bludso, and were carried out of fire by Banty Tim on Vicksburg Heights.

Our vocabulary was undoubtedly enlarged in a somewhat extensive and peculiar fashion, and our governess, Miss Goodlake, was driven nearly distracted by Paul's new *cults*.

It began first of all in Scripture lesson. Paul, having failed for the third time to name the Major Prophets in their right order, remarked wearily that he "didn't go much on religion" or "pan out" on these foretellers of events. And when Miss Goodlake told him that she had formed a resolution that he must learn his Scripture lessons, and that if he didn't, all sorts of dire consequences would ensue, all he said was: "You may resolute till the cows come home, but you can't make me learn them if I don't want to."

"Paul! what is the matter with you?" exclaimed that much-tried woman. "Why have you taken to express yourself in such an extraordinary fashion?"

Paul looked at her and sighed, "That's the way they talk in Pike county," he explained, with evidently little hope of making her understand. "I'm not quite sure where it is yet, but I like it. I'm going there when I'm grown up, and I shall have a bowie knife and a derringer and drink whisky and be a jedge and drive engines and I think I shall get drunk just once to see what it's like. I shan't bother about no old prophets there, I can tell you."

Miss Goodlake looked helplessly at us. "What *is* he talking about?" she cried.

"It's a book, as usual," I explained briefly.

"From all I can gather it's a most unsuitable book for a little boy," Miss Goodlake said severely. "Where is it, Paul? You had better give it to me at once."

"No," said Paul firmly, "I can't give it to you. It's hid away. It's not a lady's book; Fiammetta said so."

"Paul, I insist upon your giving me that book at once. Where is it?"

Paul turned his small, obstinate face to his governess. "'Tis the darkest, strangest mystery," he whispered importantly, "I ever read, or heern, or see, is long of a drink at Taggart's hall," here he paused, then added in a tone of polite explication, "'Tom Taggart's of Gilgal,' you know."

Miss Goodlake sank back in her chair and sighed deeply. "Sometimes, Paul," she said sadly, "I wonder if you are quite responsible for the things you say."

"Oh, no," he cried eagerly. "*He's* responsible, the colonel man what wrote it."



"You may resolute till the cows come home but you can't make me learn them if I don't want to."—Page 242.

"Colonel or no colonel," Miss Goodlake said, "all I can say is, that he is evidently not an author who writes for little boys, and the sooner we cease to discuss his works the better it will be for all parties. Now, name the prophets mentioned in the Bible before the book of Hosea . . . go slowly and think."

I suppose Paul managed the prophets somehow, for I don't remember any further discussion about them that day. But his mind was still full of his new find and the exact meaning of whisky skin still bothered him. He seldom made direct enquiries of the authorities at home regarding things that puzzled him, for their attitude was only too often unsympathetic. He preferred to ferret things out for himself and was wont to go as far afield as possible in his searches after truth. Thus it came about that the day after his difference of opinion with Miss Goodlake he seized the first opportunity of making enquiries outside.

After lunch, our governess took Fiammetta and me to play with some little friends in a neighboring village. Harry was busy with his lessons at the vicarage, and Paul was left with nurse and Lucy. It was an extremely hot afternoon, and nurse wheeled Lucy in her perambulator into the wood,

and sat down herself in the cool shade of an elm tree to finish a piece of embroidery. It was one of father's rules that we were allowed to wander at sweet will anywhere about "the place," therefore did nurse make no objection when Paul strolled out of sight down the pathway leading to the village. He was accompanied by Thor, his great dignified deerhound, and nurse, who hated answering questions, bade him go for a stroll and come back to her in ten minutes or so.

But Paul was big with a mighty purpose, and the minute he had turned the corner of the path, and was safely hidden from nurse by the undergrowth, he ran. The path through the wood ended in a road that led directly to the village. There was a five-barred gate at the end of the path and it was locked. But what country child was ever deterred by a locked gate? Paul scrambled over, followed more gracefully by Thor, and the two hurried down the hot high-road till they reached a low three-gabled house, which differed from most of the houses in the village inasmuch as it had no garden in front but stood right on the footpath, while over it's hospitably open door swung a creaking faded sign, whereon were depicted a largely smiling cat and a pair of mason's compasses.

Here Paul pulled up, breathless, his nose bedewed with beads of perspiration, and in preparation for his call he rubbed his face on the cotton sleeve of his blouse. It was such a hot afternoon. The village street was absolutely deserted. Being Monday all the mothers were busy in their back gardens hanging out the weekly wash to dry. The men were all in the fields getting in the hay. The hot, still air shimmered in waves and ripples as though it, too, were panting with the heat. Thor, his tongue hanging out and his great tail swishing to and fro to keep off the flies, watched Paul with mild, enquiring eyes.

"Now, Thor," said Paul, "I'll explain."

Thor waited politely expectant.

"I'm Colonel Blood of Pike, and you, Thor, have got to be Jedge Phinn. You must try and look a bit more fiercer-like—like this."

Here Paul frowned heavily and tried to cock his hat at a truculent angle. Now it is almost impossible to cock a wide-brimmed sailor hat that has been turned down all round for purposes of shade, but Paul tried his best. In his mind's eye he beheld a tall, ferocious-looking man, wearing a red shirt and high boots, who carried a bowie knife and a revolver thrust into his belt. Paul would like him to have had a sword as well, but it didn't seem to come into the picture. He felt anxiously to ascertain that Colonel Blood's accoutrements were all in order. These consisted of a leather belt, borrowed without the formality of a request, from Miss Goodlake: a knitting stick of mother's, and a toy pop gun, which, having done yeoman service in games of all kinds for many years, no longer popped. These weapons had been concealed beneath his blouse while he was still subjected to the searching scrutiny of nurse. He now displayed them as conspicuously as possible, while Thor continued to pant and smile as only an affectionate dog can smile.

"You don't look nearly fierce enough; Thor," Paul exclaimed discontentedly. "You don't look a bit like Jedge Phinn, look at me!"

Thor looked, and the adoring love in his wine-brown eyes was such that Colonel Blood of Pike was melted, and stooping, kissed Jedge Phinn upon his hairy forehead, remarking, "Poor old dear, I daresay you do your best; p'raps he was an amiable sort of chap. Come on!"

An immemorial smell of beer hung thick about the entrance to "The Cat and Compasses," and Colonel Blood of Pike sniffed dubiously as he strode across the threshold.

"I wish I knew exactly how one meanders," he murmured to himself. "I expect it's something like this."

"This" was a series of the long steps and stamps usually associated with villainy of all kinds in provincial theatres. Jedge Phinn looked rather surprised at his companion's mode of entrance, but followed meekly in his customary graceful fashion, though he, too, sniffed the air enquiringly.

"The Cat and Compasses" was entered by a narrow, stone-flagged passage. Just inside the front door, on the right-hand side, was the common room also stone flagged and sanded: a largish room, where the odor of the many hams dependant from the ceiling strove with the smell of beer for mastery. On the whole, the beer had it. Two high-backed settles flanked each side of the open fireplace and a table across a door



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood.

Once more Paul recited "The Mystery of Gilgal."—Page 248.

leading to another room behind, constituted the bar. But customers generally sat on the settles and drank their liquor leisurely.

The yellow window blind was down; but as it did not fit, long shafts of sunlight, bright with dancing motes, were stretched across the room. On one of the settles, fairly shaded by its high back, reposed the landlord, "Garge" Mumford; a stout, somnolent figure in shirt-sleeved, slippered ease; coat, waistcoat, and even braces discarded. Like the rest of the village, the "Cat and Compasses" was very still, the only sound being the intermittent snores of its landlord.

Jedge Phinn pricked up his ears; but Colonel Blood, stern of purpose, stamped across the floor and tapped loudly on the table with his penny.

The landlord never stirred.

"A whisky skin, if you please," Colonel Blood said in his most curate-like voice, while Jedge Phinn advanced toward the deeply sleeping Mr. Mumford and licked his loosely clasped hands; hands clasped upon that portion of his person described by Paul as "so round in front."

Still he did not wake.

"I wonder what they'd have done if they'd found Tom Taggart as sound asleep as this?" Colonel Blood muttered to himself.

Insensibly his hand sought the weapons in his belt and selected the knitting stick. This was a smoothly turned piece of wood somewhat dagger-like in shape, which had been made for mother by an old man in the village. Old-fashioned knitters hold it under the arm and rest one of the needles in its end hollowed out for the purpose. Mother never used it, and Paul had long ago annexed it for his private amusement.

Now he dug the sharp end somewhat vigorously into one of Garge Mumford's portly legs, and that worthy woke with a start.

"What the . . ." he exclaimed loudly, and stopped abruptly: for on opening his eyes he beheld his wholly unexpected callers.

"I'm sorry I had to prod you, Mr. Mumford," Paul hastened to apologize, "but I couldn't seem to make you hear."

"My stars! Good fathers! if it baint Mazter Paul, to be sure!" and portly Garge rose hastily to his feet. "Who sent you, my dear, and what be you pleased to want?"

"Nobody sent me," Paul said with dignity, "I've come all by myself 'cept Thor, and I want a whisky skin, if you please."

Paul offered his penny to Mr. Mumford who evidently could not believe his ears, for he repeated, "*What* did you please to want, my dear?"

"A whisky skin," Paul said again firmly and loudly.

The landlord scratched his head and sat down again on the settle. "I don't seem to onderstand nohow," he muttered.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Paul, "I thought *you'd* sure to."

"Sit you down alongside of me, Mazter Paul, do'ee now, and you tell me quiet what it is as you do want."

"I've told you already, Mr. Mumford, I want a whisky skin—a WHISKY SKIN! Don't you know what that is?"

"Well, sir, I can't say as I do. I've 'eerd tell of whisky, sure enough: not as many drinks it about 'ere; gin's their tipple when they do 'ave spirits, but it's mostly beer. And skins I do know, same as potatoes or horanges or birds or beasteses, but the two together I 'aven't never 'eerd tell on."

"Mr. Mumford," Paul said confidentially, sliding up the settle a little nearer to his host, "Have you ever been drunk?"

"Now, don't 'ee, Mazter Paul! Don't 'ee! Whoever bin a settin' you on to ast me a question the like o' that? You'd never think on it your own self an' I'm sure t'aint squoire, nor 'is good lady, nor yet passon. It's them nasty, hinterferin' distric' visitors, I'll be bound; wi' their guilds and sech fandanglements. Don't you be led away wi' none of it Mazter Paul. An' me allus' kep' sech a respectable 'ouse too. Don't 'ee go for to do it, my dear, don't 'ee be led away wi' none o' that there caddle."

Mr. Mumford spoke with such energy, his voice was so vibrant with emotion, and his feelings so manifestly hurt, that Paul placed a small brown hand on the offended publican's knee saying earnestly, "Mr. Mumford, dear, I only asked because I thought p'raps you'd know and tell me what it was like. I want to know so badly. No one told me to ask you. No one knows I'm here. It was quite out of my own head, really. And I'm awfully sorry if it was rude. I suppose I'll have to wait till I can do it myself, then I'll know."



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood.

"We ca'mly drinked and jawed," said Paul.—Page 248.

Mr. Mumford's red countenance assumed once more its customary joviality, for Paul's explanation was stamped by unmistakable veracity and sincerity.

"All right, Mazter Paul, all right, my dear; I allus 'ave 'eerd as you be the hold-fashionedest piece as is. I suppose it's that as makes you talk so oncommon queer. But now what's all this about whisky an' takin' too much an' that? 'Tain't no thoughts for the likes of you, really, 'tain't. . . . But if so be now as you'd like a glass o' ginger pop this 'ot afternoon, whoi . . ."

The landlord rose on hospitable thoughts intent. He pushed back the table placed across the door leading into the inner room, and reappeared in a minute or two with two foaming glasses on a tin tray. One was a little browner than the other.

"'Ere, Mazter Paul," he said genially, "you 'ave some o' this. 'Tis a lot better for you nor whisky."

"Do you think," Paul asked before he tasted his own glass, "that you could give this gentleman a little water in a bowl? He's firsty too."

Jedge Phinn being duly supplied, Paul and Mr. Mumford sat down side by side on the settle and drank in silence.

"If I said you the whole poem do you think you could explain it a bit?" Paul asked presently.

Mr. Mumford nodded thrice, and once more Paul recited "The Mystery of Gilgal," his audience, looking much puzzled, but listening with absorbed attention. When Paul had finished the landlord laid his empty glass on the settle and slapped his leg.

"Well, I never 'eerd the like o' that, neither. 'Twere a lawless place, you take my word for it, so quarrelsome and snatchin' as they was. 'Tis plain, my dear, as that there whisky skin be an outlandish furrin' way o' sayin' ''ot without' which do mean whisky neat, an' much too strong it be for most. I allus 'ave 'eerd as eddication's gettin' beyond everything, but when it comes to larnin' babes the like o' that there poetry, I'm done with it, that I be. Well, well, to be sure now!"

"Do you know where Pike county is, Mr. Mumford?"

"Well, no, I can't say as I do, but I should think as it's in Ireland by the sound on it. All them rampageous doin's sounds like fenians and sech. Though what a jedge was doin' in such company passes me."

A clock in the back room struck five.

"Oh, dear!" cried Paul. "It's tea-time, here's my penny and I'm much obliged, Mr. Mumford——"

The landlord waved away the proffered penny. "You kip un, Mazter Paul, for to buy 'umbugs, you're very welcome to all as you've 'ad."

"Come, Thor, we must run like anything," cried Paul, and the two hastened away. In the drive they met father.

"Where on earth have you been?" he demanded; "nurse has been looking for you everywhere."

Paul raised his small, flushed face, and the big, kind face looking down into his was so reassuring that he answered without any hesitation, "We've been to visit Mr. Mumford at 'The Cat and Compasses,' but he couldn't tell us much, though he was very kind."

Father thrust his hands deep into his pockets and surveyed his younger son.

"So you've been to 'The Cat and Compasses,' eh? And what did you do there?"

"We ca'mly drinked and jawed," said Paul.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

EVERY time Mr. Theodore Davis uncovers one of those old Egyptian tombs in the Valley of the Kings, I drop other matters to read about it and to look at the pictures of the various objects of ornament and service which have been dragged from a cryptic darkness and silence of several thousand years. And presently I find myself vaguely trying to realize two things—the first of these being the fact that the old races who created and filled these forgotten tombs really lived and walked and were busy, and perhaps considered themselves moderns, even as we hurry up and down and fuss over things and plume ourselves to-day.

We, the Ancients

It is not so difficult to accept this idea. Some of the articles—the furniture and fabrics, especially—are so curiously like those on sale in our present-day department stores that I feel tempted to invite those old first-owners of them to bring their latest patterns of French chairs, their sofa pillows and their embroidery pieces, and sit sociably with us in the circle of modernity, where they belong.

Then, suddenly, there sets in the second and longer drift of thought—the effort to realize that it is not they who are moderns with us, but we who are ancients with them, in the very morning of history. I want to engrave that second fact a little deeper here. For my own closer acceptance of it I want to record here and now that *we are the ancients*—as ancient as ever were those who walked the streets of Thebes or did business in purple Tyre.

The story of mankind is still in its swaddling clothes. A record that is not above six thousand years long is a puny thing—a beginning—the merest preface of a history. It may be that man himself has existed longer than six thousand years. We have evidence—voiceless evidence—that he has existed a good deal longer than that. But we have no history of such existence. Our history begins with Adam and ends with the present moment. It does not cover a long span, compared with other periods—geologic and astronomic periods—or with those interminable vistas that stretch down the ages which lie ahead. We do not know how long man has really existed, and it is unprofitable to guess how much longer his race will continue, but there is a likelihood that it will last a good deal longer than another six thousand years. It may even last a hundred times that long. But if it last only ten times six thousand, long before the end of that allotment we of the first six thousand will all be ancients together, barely distinguishable in our separations of race and time. The traveller standing at the end of the speeding train and looking down at the track sees only the ties just below him in their proper relation as to distance, while those just behind are closing together like a long bellows until they blend into a gray line that stretches away to the horizon's rim. And so do the days and the seasons and the years go speeding under our feet, linking themselves so closely that even the student of history, with vision trainedly acute, finds it difficult to separate episodes and to distinguish men. When sixty thousand years have drifted by—a brief time, believe me—the earth dweller of that day will need to dig deeply into his reference to learn whether it was Abraham Lincoln or Moses who led the Israelites to freedom; whether it was Ulysses of Ithaca who was conspicuous in the battles around Troy or an American general by the same name.

We shall all be ancients together, then, we old fellows of the first six thousand years. Rameses will march with Cæsar, Cæsar will commune with Napoleon, and in the infinite perspective behind they will march so nearly abreast that only the keenest chronological vision will be able to distinguish the days between.

And the antiquarian of that far future day will ponder and delve in an effort to comprehend our ancient civilization, and will praise or condemn it, according to his lights. In either case he will marvel at it and will sigh that he could not have lived in these old, old musty days. He will be eaten with envy of us who have dwelt so near to creation's dawn, who had to battle with the problems of distance

and gravitation and cold and electricity; who had to get along with imperfect instrument and crude appliance because our world was new. He will know something of the tablets and the papyrus we scattered in Egypt and Syria; something too, perhaps, of the parchments of Greece and Rome; and there may remain a tradition of the perishable printed books which followed these things. Or did the books come first? It will be a question for debate. How he will hunt and excavate for some of the things we are flinging away, and will cherish the tiniest fragment that will bear evidence to our old, old story. How rich I feel when I think of that! How privileged to be counted among the world's pioneers, pitching my tent and building my camp-fire with those other early settlers, the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Mound-builders and all the rest, on the first dry ground after the flood.

And that is not all. We shall be Mythology, by and by. We shall drift back and back until we blend with the Golden Age itself, dwellers in Arcady tripping measures to the pipes of Pan. We shall hearken to the Oracle of Delphi, we shall gather the Apples of the Hesperides and join with Jason in the search for the Golden Fleece. I have always wanted to live in that time. I have never quite realized that I belong in it already, but those far dreamers in the perspective of infinity will realize it and they will link us with the gods. I am going to get ready for that time when I shall be near enough to the Golden Age to listen to the music of Orpheus and perhaps sail with Achilles to Western Isles.

But we shall not remain always with the gods. Back and still back until we shall walk hand in hand with the brontosaur, cousin to the moa, brother to the troglodyte. I suppose we shall become mere geology after that—a fossil layer, a film of oblivion. The moderns of a million years hence will scrape ledges to find us and will put us into glass cases and perhaps classify an ostrich as a man. How old, how incalculably old we shall be then! The wisest, the mightiest, the most moral, the most strenuous among us old fellows of the first six thousand will have become little more than a trace in the Quarternary formation. But what a glory to be even a trace in a geological procession when it means that you are lying down with the trilobite and the troglodyte, and with those old first races of recorded history, in the silence of creation's sunrise. How we ought to hug ourselves, remembering those cheaply vulgar and perhaps fragile moderns who will greedily delve for us and glorify us a million years hence—we, the discoverers, the pioneers, the conquerors—we, the grand old ancients of the earth!

THE teacher who came to the confessional in the April number of this magazine made a sad showing for his profession. Surely the average pedagogue must have gone off a good deal since my own school-days; for one quite understands that it is the average and not the excellent teacher who is described —the one who helps to compose the type. But why, with all our boasted advance in education, should there have been any going off? Why is the typical teacher a person of "fictitious bearing," uneasily reserved, dogmatic, didactic, inordinately devoted to petty details of form, pedantic, opinionated, and at the same time meek and subservient? Why, in short, has he no sense of proportion? Partly, of course, because of his being shunted off from the main track of the active life of society, just as women lose it by living a too exclusively domestic life. Every woman knows how quickly those of her troubles which are really petty are relegated to their proper place by a little diversion—a walk on a bright day, a meeting with friends, anything which, as the phrase is, takes her out of herself. But there is more in the case of the teacher than can be accounted for by monotony, seclusion, "herding with others of their kind."

Some Reasons Why

It may be instructive to find out what have been the teacher's early surroundings. If he comes of a family which has had any advantage of acquaintance with the world, he may be expected to show some variation from the type presented to us in the "Confessions." If, on the other hand, he belongs to bookish people who, either from choice or necessity, are aloof from active interests he may set an exaggerated value on formal so-called education and may ignorantly despise everything outside of his books, but one will hardly expect him to be dragged down to an A B C level. He may be narrow, but it will most likely be the narrowness of the student and not the pettiness of the devotee of the "spelling method," the "sentence method," or the "paragraph method." But there is, as we all know, a third class from which the ranks of the teachers are largely recruited, the class which knows absolutely

nothing of education outside of the walls of a public school.

For instance, your red-cheeked, red-armed washer-woman, an honest soul, who does not mix too large proportion of destroying acids with her soapsuds, has among her large family of children one who is cleverer than the rest. Little Maggie, playing about the streets of a Saturday, and showing a not too intimate personal acquaintance with the soap and water from which her daily bread is derived, is for five days in the week a serious little scholar. She works her way through grade after grade of the public school, with no distracting home influences to tempt her aside into flowery fields of desultory reading or thinking. True, she reads a novel, sometimes, but her taste in fiction is apt to be set according to the family standard of crudity. The family ambition is centred in Maggie. Her services at home are dispensed with, and when her sisters go out into the world to earn wages she is sent to the higher schools and presently graduates from the highest one of the series, a neat, trim, shirt-waisted Miss Margaret, with her diploma to show how successfully she has trodden the narrow way marked out for her by the school system. For that system she has a profound respect and would not think of adding, subtracting or multiplying except by the use of the proper form of words. It must have been hard for her to acquire a grammatical habit of speech, but even that difficulty may be surmounted by a person with a quick ear and plenty of determination. It is not always conquered. There is an authenticated case of a man, the principal of a school in a small New England town, who, in response to some question put to him by a member of a committee appointed to investigate school matters, said, with the dignity of conscious rectitude: "I was told to teach them grammar—and I done so."

For Miss Margaret there is no difficulty in obtaining a teacher's certificate, and she starts out to impart exactly the knowledge which she has gained, in exactly the form in which it was imparted to her. Possibly after a while she gives up school-teaching and marries, and in my opinion she can do the community no better service. Let her children teach if they will. Their outlook will be broader than their mother's was, for with her wider experience of life she will teach them better than she taught her first pupils. If, however, she does not marry, she is likely to go to summer schools and teachers' conventions, and will probably become wedded to narrow forms and theories, and will insist upon it that your every idea must have been derived from Professor Somebody's "educational works." Although, at her worst, Irish Maggie will not take herself so seriously as her colleague of New England ancestry.

Or again, take the case of a boy, the son of humble and uneducated parents. He does not have a chance, any more than Maggie, to get any enlargement of mind in the casual way of home conversation, to take it in at the pores, so to speak. Not for him, any more than for her, the good fortune of listening, open-eyed and open-eared, to the table talk of clever people. To him, too, the straight and narrow way of the public-school system is the only way that lies open. If his thirst for knowledge is general, if his talents are versatile, and if he is not bound down by circumstance, he may yet become an intellectually cultivated man, but as likely as not, he runs to a specialty. Then he bends every energy to train himself in that specialty. Life is too short, he thinks, and probably money is too scarce for him to lay a broad foundation; besides, he does not desire it and he has no one to advise him, for when he gets into college his professors are specialists themselves. He becomes, let us say, a good entomologist and seeks and obtains a professorship. Possibly his gift may be linguistic, but his situation as to general cultivation is about the same. Time was when a man who studied Latin also studied Greek—and perhaps some other things—and a classical education was a synonym for a certain breadth of culture. Times have changed. A recent writer in the *Nation*, deploring the modern specialized college faculty, says: "We have recently known even a professor of Latin to be driven to outside help by a Greek quotation in a paper which it became his duty to put through the press."

So then, my dear Professor of Pedagogy, what are you going to do about it? And what are we, who send our children to school, going to do about it? However, the children who hear good talk at home will not be much hurt by the narrowness of the school system, while a few years of rigid and accurate adherence to forms may do them good. Neither will the children who shake off school life and go into trades and handicrafts suffer particularly. But as for those who graduate from pupils into teachers and go to school in one capacity or the other all their lives, they are fit objects of commiseration.

LOWELL maintained that he "loved to enter pleasure by a postern." But nobody is so constituted that he likes to enter a pleasure-resort by the back door through a preliminary kitchen-midden in the back yard. Yet this is what every American has to do whenever he betakes himself to such a resort. For that matter, it is what every commuter has to do every time he takes the evening train for home. The eye of little employment having the daintier sense, according to Shakespeare, and afflictions inducing callosities, according to Sir Thomas Browne, this is by no means so grievous to the commuter as to the guest to whom he has sung the beauties of his suburban paradise, and who has to go through a purgatory of a "business quarter" to reach the same. The paradise, when it is reached, may really come up to the brag, but the sensibilities of the visitor have been too much rasped to enable him to appreciate it.

A "Resort" Requirement

Entering almost any American town, big or little, is in fact entering by an unkempt "postern." The railroad itself seems to have an unfailing instinct for the slum, which it customarily creates. You cannot make the "yard" of an important station attractive, though you may make it highly impressive in its repulsiveness. But with regard to the suburbs and the resorts, it is not the railroads which are most to blame. In fact, some of the most enlightened of them, quite comprehending that beauty is an asset for them in attracting settlers and commuters, take successful pains with the looks of their stations and of the immediate surroundings thereof. And, as everybody knows, it is in suburban work that our architecture is apt to show to the very best advantage. The improvement within a generation has been immense in the substitution of unpretending and homely picturesqueness in suburban cottages for cheap and tawdry display. But "the movement" has not in the least affected the suburban shopkeeper. The citizen of any of the great cities will have no difficulty in naming half a dozen of its suburbs which would be highly attractive if their commercial building were advanced to as high a plane as their residential building. And yet it is the benighted tradesmen whose own interest in the attractiveness of the place of their business is most immediate and acute who do their utmost to spoil it. Let the visitor to almost any suburb, or the nocturnal and Sabbatarian sojourner therein, fancy what the place might be if the "business street" were as good in its kind as the habitations in theirs. Let him, if travelled, try to imagine substituted for the business street such a village street as he may recall many of on the other side of the Atlantic, the modest, low-browed though still abundantly lighted shop-fronts, to which the tin cornice and other like abominations are unknown. Cease, Hope, cease that flattering tale!

Or, indeed, why should Hope cease? Why should she not rather insist that she is "talking business," as in sober fact she is. It is true that there is no cisatlantic object lesson to which she can point with unmingled pride. There have been some modest and fragmentary beginnings in that direction. There are such in Newport. The present point of viewer, or pointer of view, came with great pleasure the other day upon one in Princeton, N. J. One may hope that such things may exert an evangelizing influence upon the surrounding tradesmen whose faith has hitherto been unshaken in the monumental pretensions of the sheet-metal suburban commercial architecture. But, indeed, why should not the promoters of the suburb or resort take this matter into their own hands, as they so often can, when it is in effect a "proprietary" suburb or resort? Especially the resort, for the resort distinctly lives on the attractiveness which such an awful vestibule to it as the business quarter of Bar Harbor and the business quarters of so many of the coast resorts farther to the Southward do so much to destroy. So soon as this matter is recognized as a matter of business, it will be put on a better footing. And it clearly is a matter of business.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE VALUE OF ART EFFORT

AMONG the pleasurable results of any cultivated art may be counted the problems it opens for discussion and the field it offers wherein the human mind may disport itself.

All high culture serves as a refuge from the ills of daily life. If, then, in this world there be a retreat from its banalities and cares would it not be well to discover it?

Not long ago I was brought into the living-room of a shrewd man of affairs—it was hung round with Monets—dazzling, sparkling, sunny, misty Monets. My host offered me a cigar, lighted one himself and sat down. The owner of these treasures then proceeded to dilate on the painter and his methods with an appreciation that was real. Never before had I been so convinced that art was a power outside the esoteric class with which I had too habitually associated it in my mind. Here was the artistic work of one of the boldest innovators in landscape art; of one who would have appealed only, I had supposed, to those who could follow with unblinking eyes his eagle glances into the blinding mysteries of light; without sentiment, as conventionally accepted—but stirring sentiment, as Nature does, by the blazing splendor of its truth. Still, whoever in the presence of the volume-weighted tide has been impressed by its fateful, slow but overwhelming approach—whoever on clear, sunny days has seen this sea dash joyously on wind-swept rocks, catching color from the sky, the clouds, the very reflection of itself upon itself, and has felt in any of these phases of the natural world the emotion that is named sentiment, to them Monet could supply it also; and he may not narrowly be charged with the lack of a quality which is his in a large measure. This emotion, this sentiment, had touched my friend through Monet's art. This man of affairs seemed to draw wells of refreshment from the living sources of a full, strong artistic temperament. Now, it is this refreshment of the human spirit that it is the province of art to supply. It is not alone for the pleasure of the eye that art exists, but for the exaltation of the human mind. For is there not a joy in noting what effect Nature has had on the interpreter, and how he has chosen to explain her beauty to the world? Think what it is to trace the mental processes of a mind like that of Monet, to mark his wonderful selection, to become conscious of what he has chosen to *omit* that he may the more forcibly impress! To be capable of this is to enter into some of the pleasures that all good art affords—into some of its intellectual and imaginative enjoyments. It would be well if the public could be more fully convinced that by experimenting in impressionism, that, in vividly striking the eye in order to touch more potently the mind, Monet and others have been an influence for good. But we would also add that they have given rise to much effort which seems an abuse of their methods. It must be conceded, however, that Monet himself, who works from conviction, has done much for modern painting. We will endeavor, in a measure, to explain why this is so. I am not lauding this painter to the exclusion of other successful workers possessed of this new faculty of "seeing"—I am merely citing him as a disciple of "light," and as one of the most brilliant accessions to the ranks of those who have given to art a new and clarified manner of using pigment to express those aspects of Nature which until recent years, have not been attained by means of color. And this reminds us that when phases of Nature are thus realized they touch the imagination, and in time become recognized as representing the natural aspect of the world by those who regarded its normal shape and color as something quite other than it is. To then go back and study what has passed for its natural appearance in the dark-brown transcripts of the early landscapists, and indeed of those of comparatively recent date, is to feel that scales have fallen from the eyes, and that these earlier painters themselves saw, "as in a glass darkly," while we now see "face to face." For it is undeniably true that the practice of painting in late years has stimulated the mere faculty of using the eyesight. A new and finer vision has been

developed which has made it possible for painting to touch a wider range of emotions than it awakened in the past. This is of great importance, for it adds much to the value of all painted art.

How readily the human mind responds to this new presentation of the visual appearance of Nature I have instanced, in describing the effect produced by Monet's work on a busy man of financial affairs. The outside world may be regarded as the storehouse of the painter. For it is a fact that through this great storehouse of the natural world there is a band of workers going about choosing material that they may use, adapting it to the purpose they have in mind—selecting here, rejecting there the threads they are to weave in the tapestry of their pictured thought. These threads, these facts are the words they would employ in that ordered arrangement of ideas which forms their language—a language as old, almost, as that of uttered speech—the beautiful and universal language of art.

As in literature the process of verbal change is going on, so in painting methods are clarifying, touch and color are being subjected to new tests, and from this latter-day vocabulary, so to speak, lighter, more spontaneous, more amusing effects of Nature are springing into existence by which the mind, overburdened with the complexities of modern life is diverted, refreshed, carried out of itself through the sheer delight of new sensations. These sensations are by no means superficial—the range of art has widened; and, if at times it may strike some one that this extending of the emotional gamut is gained through sacrifice in another direction, this is but the inevitable condition of a transition state, and one that doubtless in time will remedy itself. If the fascinations of light and new secrets of color have carried painters' thoughts away, for the time being, from the virtue and integrity of form, there are already indications of a return to the sincerity of the Renaissance with the added treasure of a subtler appreciation of the bewitching charm of light.

Art could no more escape this modern note than could any other field of human thought evade the stimulating effect of widening horizons. It is this modern note, which is always anticipatory, that has caused those who have sounded it to stand in the somewhat uneasy attitude of the misunderstood. It is in such periods of artistic transition that the artist is tested; for if he look for immediate appreciation he is likely to be disappointed. His consciousness at such times of the true work he is endeavoring to do is a source of joy that sustains him. It has been so in all ages. What the world of to-day esteems, the contemporary world of its creation rarely held in high regard. It is therefore with satisfaction that one can now herald the fact that so radical a producer in the world of art as Monet, is coming into wide appreciation. It is the significance of this change that cheers. No free-spirited worker need now walk the fields discouraged, but rather he may let the seasons pour through him and upon his canvas if he truly feel them himself.

The disposition of the time seems to be that of arrested judgment, and therefore of increasing attention to the production of our artists. It is not enough, the layman must remember, that the age be graphic—it must be discriminatingly so: Pictures are now employed as purveyors of news—they appeal to the eye; this is well, but these must not be confounded with art, which appeals to the mind. Journalistic illustration and the camera may be stepping-stones—we can see in them, indeed, the influence that all graphic portrayal must exercise on the fine arts. A greater general familiarity with the outward forms of things is one of the results of reportorial illustration. A knowledge of the common aspect and shape of the outward world is rapidly becoming the property of the layman —so much so, that the comments frequently heard on the verisimilitude of a scene or of a person strike one as very shrewd. This keenness is of modern growth and may be justly attributed to constant contact with pictured things. This increased acuteness of observation on the part of the public is a factor that the artist of to-day reckons with. This is not going to hurt his art, but will impose upon it greater exactions than those to which his predecessor was subjected. There is demanded of the artist a closer adherence to the character and form of seen things by those who to-day know, through photographic processes, the shape of the commonest objects of life, as well as the personal identity of almost every individual of note. But this which might appear as a handicap to the painter is in reality an aid. These photographic reproductions present a scene in all its unessential detail—overloaded with facts of minor importance. Nature clamors on every side for attention to the wrong things, and mechanical processes reproduce them. The true artist will avoid these pitfalls

while becoming more correct, through photography, in the general form of objects. But the inferior painter is distracted by these importunities and often yields to them—by this his art is lessened, his result is weakened, and he wonders why, when he has given so much, the "knowing" ones—the connoisseurs—prefer the synthetic rendering of another who has dared to omit. We must realize that the world of mere sight is nothing until informed by art. The artist breathes upon this world his informing spirit, and it then becomes other than it is: for it has passed into the domain of art.

A countenance of ordinary type may serve as a model by which the artist will produce a head of alluring loveliness—Why? Because the world exists for the artist as a world of symbols—nothing is precisely what he wants; but it is a world of intimation of another. These intimations, these suggestions so possess him at times, that his enthusiasm seems, to those of less insight, strangely misplaced.

Now, it is only by educating a public to follow him that the artist can expect to come into his own. The world of material interests is so much more obvious—but it is no more real! Art will not be widely appreciated until we possess a public of connoisseurs. It was the possession of such a public which so much helped the full flowering of the period of the Renaissance! That was a moment of material prosperity as well; as John Addington Symonds says: "The speech of the Italians at that epoch, their social habits, their ideal of manners, their standard of morality, the estimate they formed of men were alike conditioned and qualified by art. It was an age of splendid ceremonies and magnificent parade, when the furniture of houses, the armor of soldiers, the dress of citizens, the pomp of war, and the pageantry of festival were invariably and inevitably beautiful."

We of the twentieth century have been, as I have said, in that bewildering situation which marks all transition times in the world of progressive thought when, in the practice of any cultivated art, the artist breaks away from old formulas and becomes experimental. This is a sign of life and progress; and as I have indicated in the case of a lay appreciator of Monet's work there are those who are grateful for this new light. That this new vision, these aptitudes of the eye are becoming general many remarks of true lovers of Nature prove. Naturally the painter should lead the way in this matter as in his work he is obliged to deal with things of sight. Imitation is not his purpose, however, but interpretation. And I do not know how to more forcibly emphasize this truth than by quoting the thoughts of painters who have expressed themselves in words on art; for they occasionally give voice to the philosophy, so to say, of their work, and sometimes write upon their craft. How great artistic temperaments would interpret beyond the mere physical portrayal, how they would reach, if may be, into the mysteries of Nature at which her outside aspects hint, we become convinced when we note their comments respecting the way in which Nature impresses them.

Their emotions toward nature have been so strong that their language, their method of painting, has formed itself through very need of utterance. The apparently uncouth, clumsy, touch of Millet does not come from lack of skill, but rather from the very urgency of his desire to give to his profound sentiment toward toiling, rustic humanity in the fields a graphic presentation that will reveal it with power. No cock-sure technique of a Bouguereau or a Chartran would move the beholder to reflect on the benighted destiny of these human beasts of burden. Millet's drawing is powerful, significant and true; while for competency of brushwork one has only to refer to some of the really brilliant nudes to the painting of which, for a livelihood, he was obliged to resort in the early part of his career. He was great enough to sacrifice his skill to his chosen work at a later time.

Breton, with a less burdensome message to deliver, was still so alive to the splendors of the open air that he may almost be regarded as heralding the movement of the impressionists. It was in the early fifties, I think, that he gave us that sunny "Blessing of the Cornfields," a canvas palpitating with light and air. Let us turn to what these men have to say.

Jean François Millet in speaking of what he had been painting—a shepherd in the fold at night, a weird moonlight effect, said: "Oh, how I wish I could make those who see my work feel the splendors and terrors of the night! One ought to be able to make people hear the songs, the silences and murmurings of the air. They should feel the infinite." Jules Breton —"What is the sky to me if it does not give me the idea of infinity?" "Looking at a twilight scene it matters little that my eye should receive the impression of the view, if my spirit does not at once experience a feeling of repose,

of tranquillity and of peace. The spirit of a subject should take precedence of the letter. Force, elegance, majesty, sweetness, splendor, grace, naïveté, abundance, simplicity, richness, humility—some one of these qualities, according to the genius of the painter and the nature of the subject, should strike the beholder, in every work, before he has had time to take in the details of the scene represented. These are the æsthetic virtues." And he goes on to say: "Just as many beauties as there are, just so many defects are there which assume the appearance of the former, and, misleading the public, give rise to ephemeral fashion. At the side of Beauty is Prettiness; of Grace and Elegance, Affectation; of Naïveté, Silliness; of Force, Heaviness; of Majesty, Pomp; of Softness, Insipidity; of Abundance, Prodigality; of Splendor, Tawdriness; of Simplicity, Poverty." These substitutes are so obvious that one can hardly realize their acceptance as alternatives of finer things—but the public mind is not yet so sensitive to truth that it immediately detects false or inadequate definition. It is not critical. Some one has said: "All beauty in the long run is only *fineness* of truth."

It may be asked by what means do Millet, Breton, and others convey the sense of "the splendors of the night," and "the idea of infinity" in the sky?

Only such results are reached by rare characters who, through the strength of their impressions received from Nature beget a power of expression that is theirs alone. It is by deep thought, and a willingness to eliminate anything that distracts the mind of the beholder from the essence of the scene—even to the suppression of their natural skill which, if permitted free play would be likely to attract admiration to itself, that they finally reach this consummate power.

"Be careful not to show your skill before your work," Millet also says.

Large natures, great men only are capable of this, and it is because they are of this quality that their emotions are communicated to and touch others. Now, the art effort is of worth as it makes us fastidious in matters of taste, so that at sight of anything false certain emotions will sound the alarm; for art is a language, and when we so understand it we shall start at untruthful statements and begin to question. We will no longer accept Prettiness for Beauty, nor Affectation for Grace. These may be as reasonably challenged as verbal misstatements, which seem always to be regarded as a legitimate field for controversy.

The artist's nice sense of proportion detects quickly whatever is overdone or outré in human intercourse. Based as it is upon truth, truth is demanded in all details of personal relations; for lapses are regarded as inartistic, out of proportion, and hence ugly. Beauty, that conformity to an ideal, is marred for them if certain canons of taste are ignored; and the ending of a tale, the construction of a play which precipitates illogically its dénouement, or any breach of poetic justice in social situations or worldly display is duly disapproved by those in whom a love of art has bred a high indifference to petty interests and petty conclusions. Hence the lukewarmness of true appreciators concerning the conventional amusements of society. They find them often not beautiful—badly planned. The Popes and Princes of the Renaissance impressed artists into the arrangement of their diversions and fêtes. A function under Leo X conceived and carried out by Raphael we may be sure was not lacking in distinction, was worth one's while to attend. A meeting of kings directed by Velasquez must indeed have made a royal picture. Such pageants were in themselves art creations. And this is a point we would wish to make—that the value of art is not confined to technical production merely. Its true worth lies in the fact that it so broadens the mind, so corrects and chastens the taste, that the mental attitude, through its influence, becomes elevated, and no room is left for narrow interests and sordid concerns—for these are warped and ugly things and find no asylum in the minds of those to whom beauty is real and all else untrue. For those who are thus sensitive life opens free and spacious, and hints, intuitions awakened by Nature and interpreted by the artist, lead up to moments quick with insight, when one realizes that he is, himself, something larger and finer than he dreamed of being.

FRANK FOWLER.



Drawn by A. Castaigne.

LIFTED HIM UP BODILY AND STOOD HIM UP WHERE WAS THE KING.

"An Olympic Victor,"—Page 366.

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THE CONTRACTING ENGINEER

By Benjamin Brooks

WITH DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING SOME OF HIS PROBLEMS

THE contracting engineer, as you will easily imagine from his name, is part contractor and part engineer. An engineer, pure and simple, designs and advises what other people are to execute. A contractor, pure and simple, executes what some one has designed for him. All this would be as simple as an oyster if the two professions were bounded by definite straight lines, but they are not. Their boundaries are as irregular and indefinite as the famous seacoast of Bohemia, and when you come to fit them together there are places where they overlap and places where no amount of stretching will make them meet. I have never in my life seen a thing (involving more parts or greater complication than, say, an ordinary monkey wrench) that was finally constructed and used exactly as it appeared in the original plans and specifications. And, beginning at the monkey wrench, you may go as far as the Panama Canal, and, whatever undertaking you choose to study, the same apparently inevitable differences between designing things and doing things, between paper engineering and field engineering, will appear. The contractor will be criticising the designer for his impractical details; the designer will be criticising the contractor for his rough-and-ready disregard of the same—no doubt with perfect good-nature, but from a radically different point of view.

When, therefore, a man undertakes to be both contractor and engineer he is doomed to spend his life trying to sit on two stools without falling between them.

To illustrate a point of difference between engineering on paper and in the field, suppose the directors of a railroad decide to cross the Platte, or the Arkansas, or the Colorado, or some other unruly, quicksandy river, so as to tap new territory. Their engineer chooses the site, bores a string of deep wells to ascertain the depth down to bed rock, and draws up preliminary plans showing the geography of the crossing, the position of the piers, the weights that the bridge is to carry.

He may also design the bridge in detail or leave that part to a firm of bridge engineers. But after every one is finished with it on paper it is then up to the contracting engineer to go and sit on the river bank for awhile and rack his brain for the exact method by which he is to dig a pit down through thirty feet of torrential water and sixty feet of quicksand, get out of the hole alive, fill it up behind him with solid concrete and come away with honors and money in his pocket. First he plans out his own temporary bridge to carry him and his pile-driver; next he figures how he is to build a fence around his pit by driving long steel or wooden staves deep into the earth so that the fence will be almost water-tight, and how he is to brace it with timbers against the tremendous weight of the surrounding earth. And then he decides the most expeditious way to dig the earth from the enclosure. Very likely he will have in his mind's eye a huge bucket swinging from the end of a long boom, and split like the four quarters of an orange peel, that opens and closes its jaws in a lobster-like manner and devours the sand ravenously. Nor must he fail to consider his pumps and the boilers to run them, nor his concrete mixing machinery, nor how he is to remove the stout interior braces by degrees, as

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he begins to build the pier, and yet not allow his bulkheads to burst and the sand to run in on him. So much for the piers. Next he must consider how he is going to get those graceful spider-web steel trusses—spider-webs that weigh hundreds of tons—to span over the intervening torrent. He must be very positive and definite on the whole process. He figures how he is to clear a space back from the river bank so that he can first of all erect one span temporarily on dry land. This seems like a lot of unnecessary and fruitless trouble—to the uninitiated; but having one span built on dry land with its riverward end resting on the first pier, he can connect to it, with suitably enormous links, the beginning of a second span, and can continue to build this second span piece by piece out over the water, knowing that the span on dry land will always balance it like a seesaw and prevent its falling until it reaches pier number two. Having arrived at pier number two, he can proceed likewise to pier number three, and so on across, until finally he takes down his dry land span and rebuilds it permanently over the last stretch of water.

Throughout all this process he has designed not one fragment of the bridge; yet he has thought out a score of equally ingenious things without which it could never have become an accomplished fact. Thus he earns the title of engineer. And he has accomplished each and all of them for a certain agreed price; has guarded against all manner of mishaps and the fury of spring floods; has foreseen and successfully met the changes in plans (for mind you, the "bed rock" that the engineer's boring struck may have been only hard boulders resting on nothing) and finally comes to have money in the bank when everything is finished. Thus he earns the title of contractor.

It is very much the same with any large undertaking. After the paper engineering is all done, the actual field engineering begins to call forth the real ingenuity. There is a large undertaking in progress at the present time which is a striking example. It calls for a pair of railway tunnels across a swift river full of ice in winter, full of ships in summer, and having nothing under it but stiff blue mud to build on. In order to be sure of the very best way to do it, the railway engineers and the contracting engineers all got their heads together beforehand and argued it out. They finally agreed first to dig a deep trench across stream through the stiff mud by means of a floating dredger having a long-handled spoon projecting down from it—a mighty spoon with a sixty-foot handle, holding a few cart loads at a time, working ponderously and blindly along under water (but none the less surely) by virtue of enormous chains and snorting engines. They decided next to lower from a barge into this trench a criss-crossed foundation of steel beams and to place it on the mud bottom at exactly the right location and height; after that to build a pair of long steel tubes or tunnel sections together side by side into a floating vessel with their ends closed air-tight; and, having navigated the cumbrous craft exactly to the required spot on the river's swift surface, to open the air valves —"scuttle the ship," in other words—and sink it exactly into its foundation cradle at the bottom of the trench. Having sunk a goodly fleet of such extraordinary craft precisely in line without mishap, they planned to secure them by pouring concrete around and over their intersections from another barge having three long elephants' trunk spouts to let down through the water; and finally to pump out all the water from their interior, and line them heavily with more concrete, which will form a permanent and deeply-buried thoroughfare after the iron exterior of the original fleet shall have rusted away.

But after all their arguments and conferences beforehand, an engineering paper, in commenting on the project, recently stated that "the general plans were described and illustrated in our issue of . . .; but important changes have been made in the actual execution of the work." Small wonder at that; for countless complicated left-handed and impractical methods must have been tried out, run to earth, and abandoned before these simple rudimentary moves were hit upon and arranged in order on the board.

In fact, the characteristic of simplicity is a very large and important factor in this very broad and all-embracing profession. "Nine-tenths of the business," said a very able contractor to me, "is common horse-sense." But of course he did not literally mean common-sense, but that very rare,



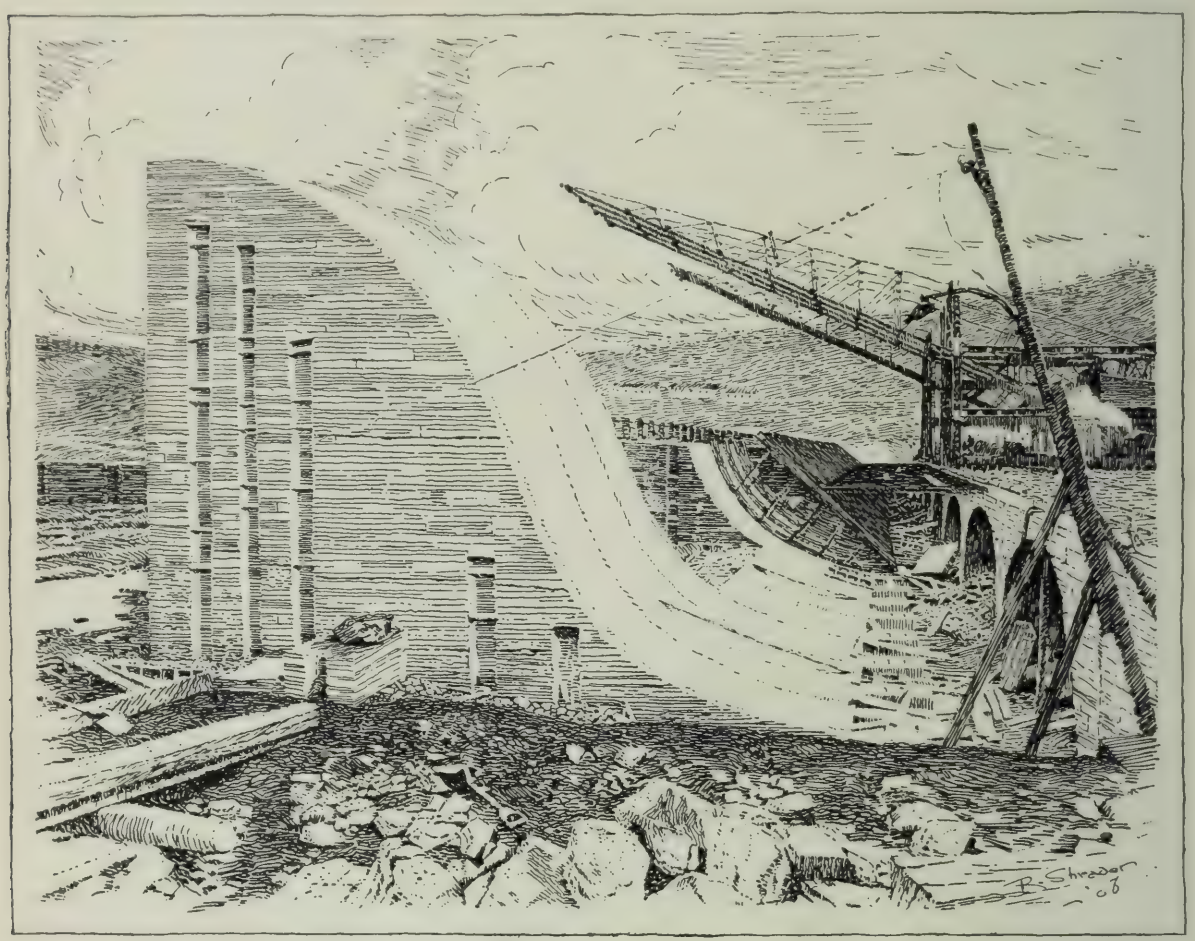
Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The locating engineer—the first man on the ground who often risks his life to approximate possible routes.

The rope to which the engineer is attached has been made fast either to a rock or stump and he has let himself down the full length, or perhaps an assistant is holding it.

uncommon gift of straight simple thinking accredited to a possible majority of horses but actually possessed by mighty few men. You will see it in all the great engineering undertakings—possibly not on paper in the office, but by grim necessity in the field. Thus they are building a half-mile-long wall straight across the raging Susquehanna to-day by the simple expedient of a convenient island and a temporary dam made of great boxes full of stone (technically styled cribs) floated into line and sunk. Safely behind this barricade, while the river occupies one-half of its bed, they build the great wall across the other—not solid, but with alternate blocks and spaces. Having this much done, the river may roar and foam through the spaces to its heart's content and no harm done; and in its quieter moods these can be filled gradually by lowering a water-tight canvas curtain over them on a skeleton steel frame and setting the concrete behind it.

It might puzzle the ordinary mortal to state in legal form just how much time and how much money he would require to take down a tall brick chimney. The contracting engineer would make it take itself down. After doing a small sum of arithmetic on his cuff, he would direct certain portions of the base removed. In the spaces thus left he would fit a lot of very stout timbers, then remove the bricks which remained between them. Then he would set fire to the timbers and, watching from a safe distance with a camera, would take a snap-shot of it as it fell.



Sections of the McCall's Ferry Concrete Dam in course of construction.

Showing the temporary construction bridge (on the right) and the powerful steel cranes which handle the concrete buckets. The steel framework which makes the mould is also shown.

"The easiest money I ever earned," said an old-time contractor to me, "was when I agreed to dredge the ferry slip of the—— Transportation Company. They were in a bad plight, telegraphing everywhere for a dredger that could be towed up in a hurry; for the river had silted up their landing slip right in their busiest season and it meant a thousand dollars a day to them. In the



Drawn by R. Shrader.

The McCall's Ferry Dam on the Susquehanna.

Unjoined sections of the concrete dam during a spring freshet. Workmen are clearing the surface of the construction bridge to prevent the loss of implements and material. When the dam, 2,500 feet in length, is completed, all the sections which now appear open will be closed, making a solid, continuous structure, over the top of which the water will flow. The dam from river bottom to top is 75 feet at the deepest part. It will run ten turbines which will drive dynamos producing 100,000 horse-power of electricity.

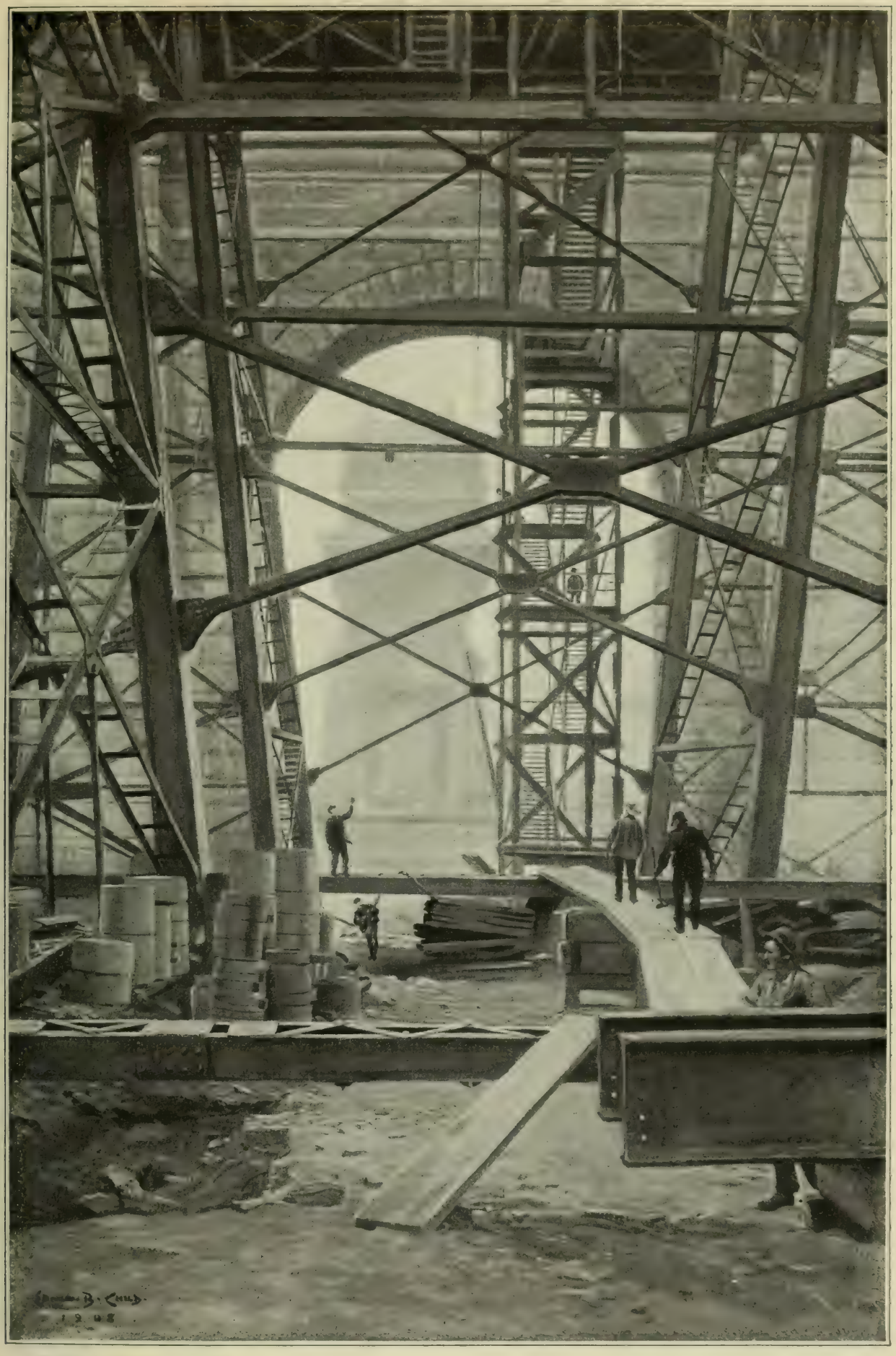
midst of their excitement I happened into their office and offered to dredge the slip for $500. 'Done,' said they, and we signed papers on the spot. Then I went out and hired a big tug for five dollars an hour, backed her into the slip, tied her close and fast, and started the engine. In about a minute that big propeller set up such a current that the silt began floating out of the slip in tons. In two hours I called at their office again, left a good cigar and got my $500."

Thus has the "common horse-sense" of the contracting engineer made many things possible and practicable, like building railways on mud, hanging suspension bridges in the clouds, erecting thirty-story buildings on earthquake faults and Liverpool docks on quicksands—things, which may have lain waiting for years in the fevered mind of some inventor as mere scintillating ideas with no way of becoming real.

But the successful contracting engineer cannot live by this alone. He must possess a deal of theoretical knowledge, too, which he must know when to use and when not to use—the latter being quite as important as the former: for, be it remembered, the great Quebec bridge could not possibly fall—theoretically: but practically it fell, bringing down with it much human life and many a time-honored theory of bridges. He must possess tact almost to the point of genius, for he does business with all manner of men—some very technical and severe, some with very grand ideas but no knowledge of how to carry them out, some as ignorant as a Dahome and crooked as a dog's hind leg, but elected to important public offices nevertheless; and some with red tape and gold braid and arrogance all over them. And he must be rather long on courage—courage to stand at the danger point, after he has ordered all his men out of harm's way, and listen to the cracking and crushing of his bursting bulkheads with a cool head saving what he can of life and property and "staying with the baggage till the water runs into his ears;" courage also, of perhaps a higher order, sufficient to enable him to resist the frequent opportunities he has to lend the scheming inspector twenty dollars, which the latter has no thought of returning—for this is but the beginning of one of those devious ways leading on to bribery and grand juries. He must even be game to appear smiling at the next meeting of the Honorable Board, after a crushing disaster, with his outfit held for debt or sunk to the bottom of the sea, himself and possibly his bondsmen without a cent, and figure on the next job with a perfectly steady hand and begin again from the beginning. Considering all things together, it might be said the contracting engineer, like orators and generals, is born and not made.

He begins his career most naturally and best from the possession of a peculiar streak of what might be called geographic romance. I mean that, whereas, for instance, the devotee of history is to be found poring over old books or standing in fascination before the pictures of great battles, or glorying in the great men long since dead as his personal acquaintances, so your true contracting engineer with the real gypsy streak in his blood will never rest entirely free from the yearning to discover what's on the far side of the ridge. All maps of all places are interesting to him just because they are maps; and he gloats over them. He watches the far horizon to see the grand old peaks that he knows rise upon it, and takes leave of them regretfully as of friends. He can sit in a lonely railway station, staring at the wall apparently, and can carry on brave conquests against roaring rivers and avalanches and solid cliffs all in his mind's eye, and can see endless caravans of pack mules and pioneers and soldiers of fortune marching by in clouds of dust to conquer the rough old planet for human use and habitation. Day after day have I been abroad at sunrise for no other object than to watch one same old chain of mountains sculptured in deep, clear shadows and flaming peaks, and longed for them with as queer romantic longing as that which started the most famous and best-beloved of all knights errant across the long brown plains of Andalusia.

Being thus endowed by nature to start with, the young candidate for promotion must soon learn two very essential things; first, "to carry the message," and second, to take care of himself wherever the fates carry him. He must be like the soldier or the war correspondent, ready and able to get anywhere, to the very last place on earth; beyond the railways, beyond the



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Blackwell's Island Bridge, New York City, in course of construction.

Looking toward the central span from which the cantilever, self-supported, projects over half the intervening space of nearly 1,000 feet. The net work of steel beams, girders and braces in the foreground is all "false-works," a fine instance of a contracting engineer's problems.

limits of the vaguest maps. In the order of conquest he is but the third man on the spot—first the missionary; then the soldier; then the contracting engineer. After that come the ordinary mortals known as population. And only by the previous efforts of these three and over their white bones can the world's population and commerce proceed.

He learns to take thirty miles a day on foot as a mere constitutional, to sleep on the ground, to steer by the sun, to guess his altitude by the trees, to sense the characteristics of the country he journeys in as a sportsman judges a horse. He must ride and swim (in water or quicksand, as the case may be) and not be afraid of high places or deep tunnels. He must explore treacherous rivers in an egg-shell of a boat and not miss a single feature which he passes nor turn up missing himself. He is supposed to be able to get ashore somehow in safety when rolled out of a boat in the heavy breakers on an unknown coast. I have met more than one of him who had fought cannibals; so that should, no doubt, be put down as one of his accomplishments too. And sometimes he has to recover from a broken leg or a fever with nobody but a superstitious Cholo woman for a nurse and a fragrant mud hut for a hospital and goodness knows who for a doctor.

All the while he is roaming over and learning the old planet in its natural magnificence; he is studying how to make it, possibly not so magnificent, but vastly more convenient to live in. Where you sweep gracefully round the curve on the cliff and hang for a moment in mid-air on the great steel cantilever and catch a flashing look at what the guide-book calls its scenic marvel, you will be making far better time than the fellow who blasted out the curve and climbed by inches down one side of the gorge and up the other leaving a string of stone piers behind him; and for comfort and convenience you will be tremendously more fortunate, but you will never see the region as he saw it, when he was hewing his way and your way through it, nor ever know it as he did when he lived in a little hut on the ledges and watched his army working and heard the faint noise of his machinery drifting down the weird, lonesome valley with the thin smoke of his donkey boilers. Or when you land at the long pier you will have little sympathy with the man who previously clung to the top of the swaying pile-driver that drove its foundations, and think little of the anxious stormy times with all work ceased and everybody hoping nothing would carry away; or those still ghostly nights before the town and the people came when the phosphorescence spit blue fire upon the sea and churned it into the breakers. When you visit the pretty blue lake in the mountains you will find it most difficult to imagine the scene before the pretty blue lake was there, when a very sunburned individual sat on a height, running the valley over with his eye and a little pocket level, discovering how he could blast out the rock from this knoll, divert a rivulet here, build a concrete wall across a gap there, and so capture the water.

Always there is the keen interest of coming at things first hand, of dealing with great undertakings in a simple direct way. I delight to hear good engineers and contractors in discussion. They think by the year, by the mile, in ten thousands of tons, in millions of dollars. It is truly magnificent. Once I came upon two young men by the side of a river. One was drawing pictures with a stick in the sand (for an engineer never can tell or explain anything without pictures) and the other was discussing them between mouthfuls of a very delicious orange just appropriated from off the tree. I soon got the drift of the argument; it was merely that these two transitory mortals were deciding with almost insolent assurance how to turn the river—the river that for a million years had always gone its way. And, what is more to the point, having designed and built suitable jetties, they turned it and saved ten thousand acres for the orange tree and the plough.

A very well recognized authority on the subject says, and also sets it down in a book, that beyond a certain point the success of the contractor depends upon his ability to handle men. Let him be ever so technical or so naturally ingenious, still must he be fully able to maintain himself a ruling monarch against all comers. He must not only be a king without the expedient of an awe-inspiring sceptre (other than a hickory pick-handle) but a very just benevolent king at that; for whatever the



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Constructing the new railroad yards of the Pennsylvania system in Long Island City.

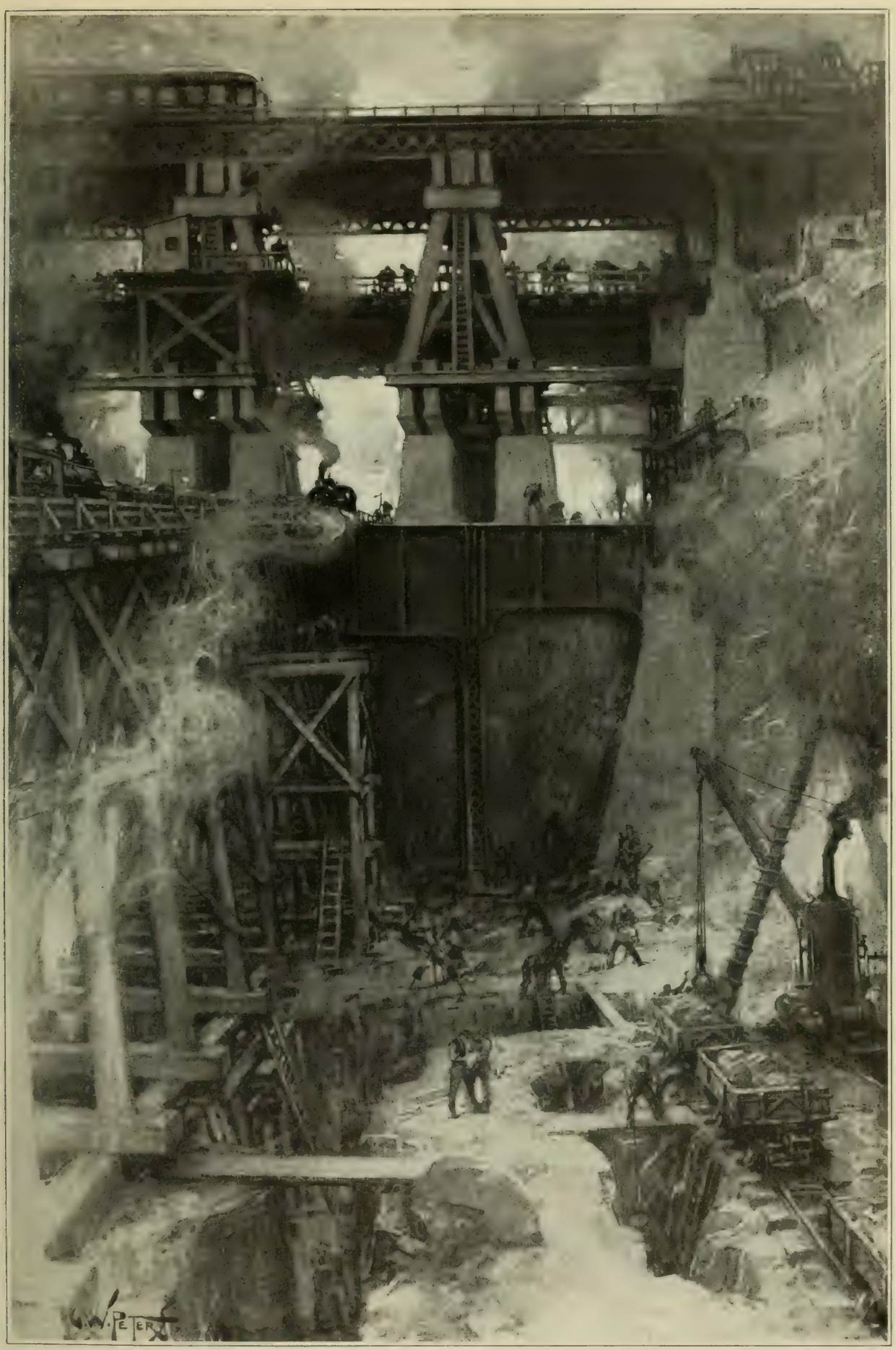
The work of excavating and filling extends over 250 acres.

government of the country in which he toils, his own little camp is always a kingdom; and all the subjects on his long payroll are not only soldiers in his cause to fight against time and all obstacles, but children in his care as well. He must be severe and just with all and endeavor never to hurt or kill one. A mighty lot depends on this, and it is his men more than his money that will keep him awake nights thinking about floods and fires and landslides. All good soldiers love a successful general. In the same way a contracting engineer's success depends on the fact that his men have confidence in him, will follow him anywhere, will undertake anything he says can be done and stay with anything he says must be finished. A corollary to this and part of the code of honor of a contractor king is that he will never order a man to go where he will not go himself, and go first. Only thus does he come to deserve his loyal subjects—the stayers—and to earn the right to banish arbitrarily from his realm all the quitters.

Despots have had a tendency to be hearty, good, popular fellows under their outward show of severity, yet mighty hard fighters too. And even in this later day of republics one occasionally meets the true type. I once had the extreme honor of rubbing elbows with true royalty in a no less democratic place than a Los Angeles café. It never occurred to me, however, that the rather tanned but otherwise perfectly conventional person in evening dress, who chanced to sit opposite at the same little round table, was anything but an ordinary mortal. But suddenly there arose a great scuffling and cries of "police." The row soon began to involve everybody, but the unknown gentleman at my table kept perfectly calm until some one drew a gun. At this point he rose quickly, broke his chair completely apart with a single jounce and, flourishing the two hind legs of it like a thoroughly accomplished single-stick artist, he emptied the café. The management was exceedingly grateful and assured him "der was no extra charge for der chair," and I immediately recognized my neighbor as a distinguished person, for although I had once seen a dare-devil newspaper man empty a Boston theatre by making a speech from a box, I had never seen a man empty a café with the hind legs of a chair. So I made appropriate overtures and he finally told me his story. Even as I had begun to suspect, he was a ruling monarch. He told how he had changed from a mere subject to a man of power by inheriting a dilapidated pile-driver outfit and its attendant responsibilities; how he had wandered over the earth, a gypsy with a cosmopolitan crew, had mastered the cuss words of every language current, and built good bridges with Zuni Indians, Russian emigrants and Mexican bandits while his competitors were complaining of the scarcity of good labor; how he had fought Chicago safe-crackers and clubbed them into good mule drivers; he hinted at the hard money he had parted with learning the art of self-defence and the sharp knocks he got from the blue-jackets of the navy learning how to single stick with the hind legs of a chair. And now he had a kingdom all his own—a wandering polyglot kingdom with never the same boundaries but always the same purpose—to make history on the map.

"And if you get down into the thumb-hand corner of Arizona where we are now," said he in parting, "come out to camp. I'll have a horse at the station for you. Bring tobacco and magazines and I'll appoint you Secretary of State, or Prime Minister, or whatever you like."

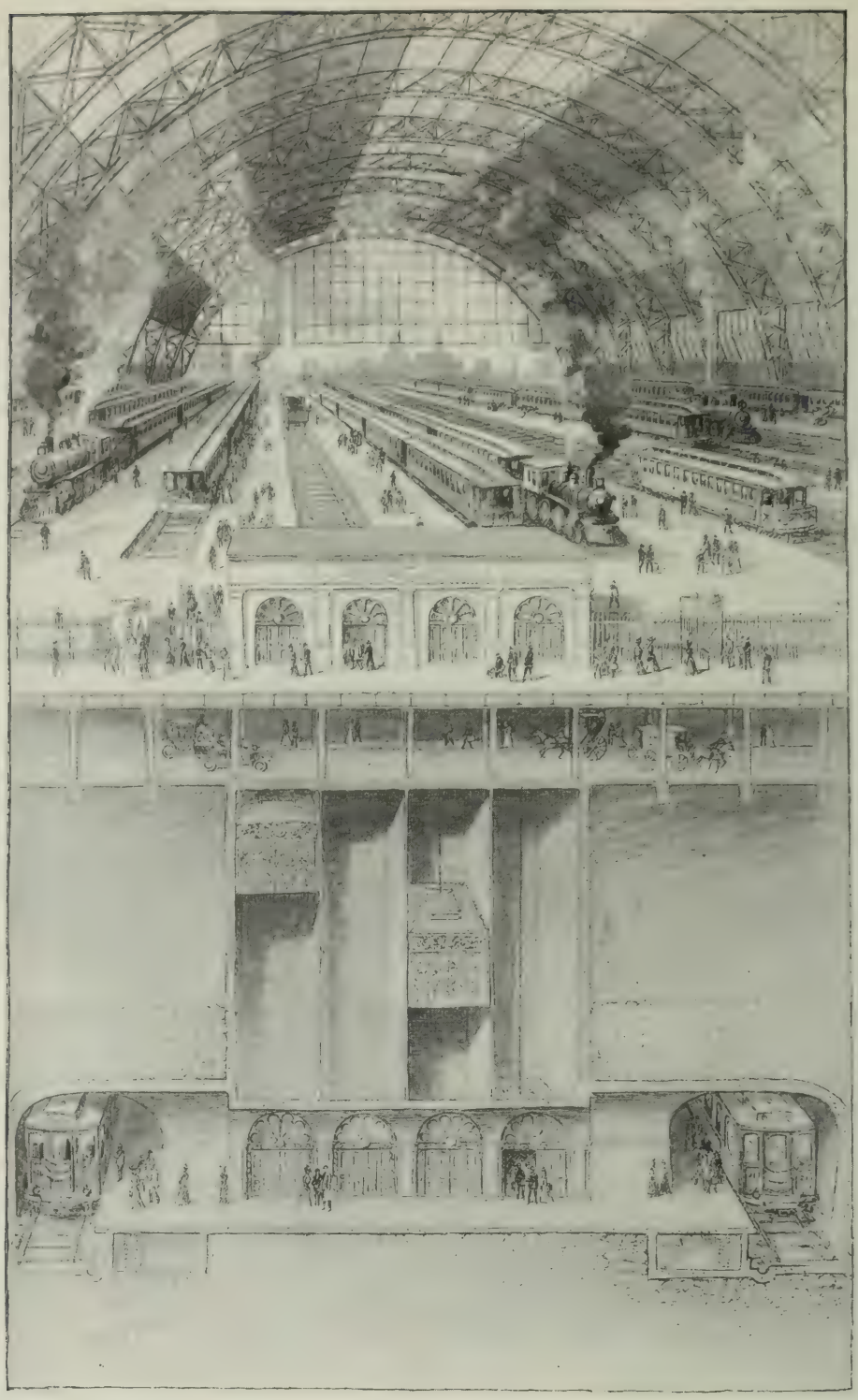
Of course I finally went, for contracting engineers get everywhere in time. I rode all night in a decrepit and ill-lighted smoking-car—not because there were no sleepers to be had, but it was hot for one thing, and there was the beautiful silver-gray desert to watch for another thing, going by in long sweeps, guarded by its black shadowy mesas, lighted by its wonderful white stars and fragrant as lavender with perfume of sage brush. And, besides, it was too interesting. In the seat opposite there were the mining engineer from Borneo and the little German tramp scientist who had walked all the way through Patagonia and come out alive. There was a bunch of young surveyors from everywhere. And the newspaper men were along, with a real war correspondent from the "Far East"—very appropriately, too, for ahead of us was a great war going on, war against a furious untamed river, red as blood and stronger than all the armament in the world.



Drawn by G. W. Peters.

Excavating for the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Ninth Avenue and Thirty-Third Street, New York City.

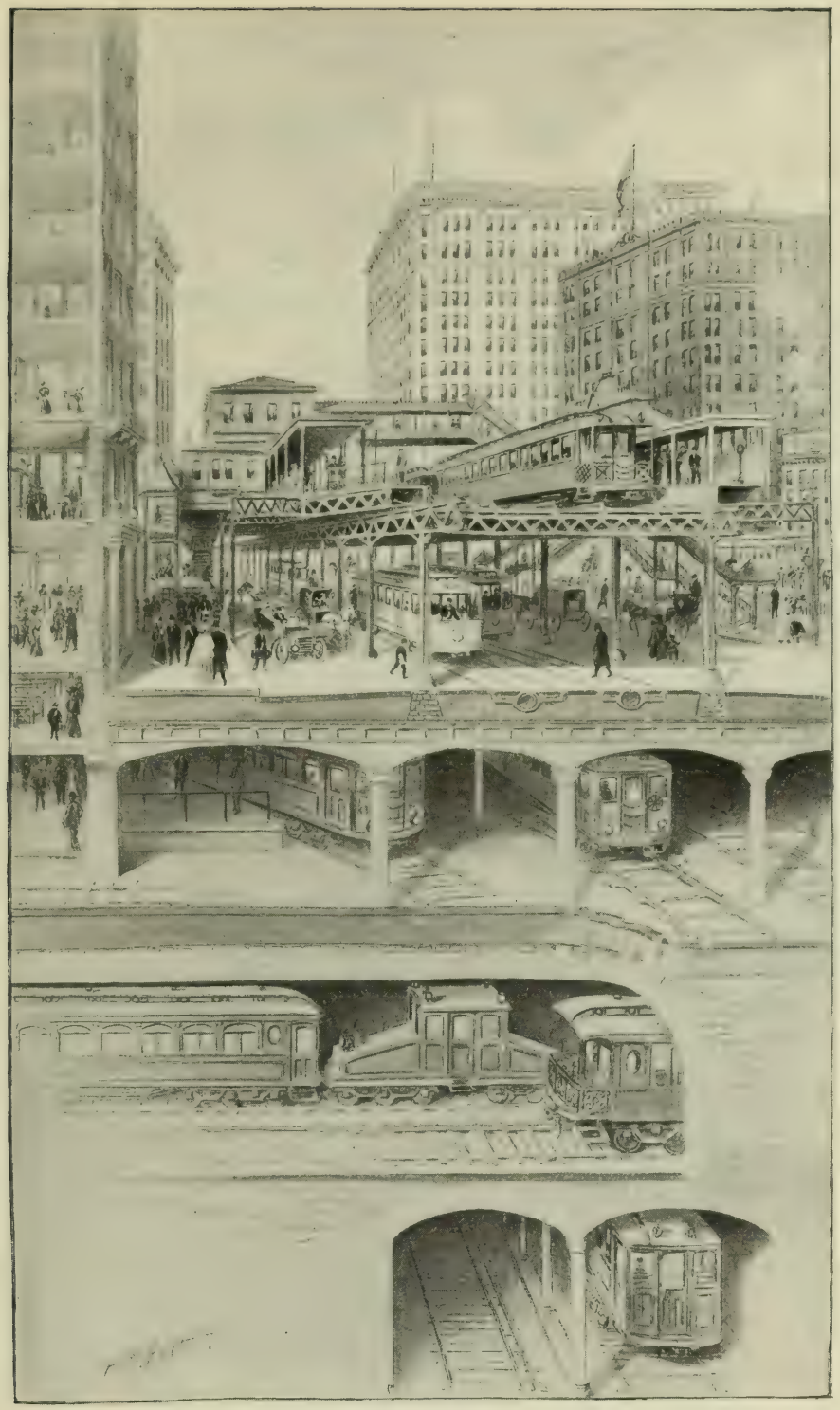
Showing the temporary support of the elevated railroad and the street level.



Interior of Pennsylvania Railroad Station in Jersey City.

Showing a section underground, explaining the elevator connection with the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company's trains to and from Manhattan. The tracks of the Hudson and Manhattan Company are 80 feet below the street level.

When morning came—a great flare of yellow light behind a range of rose-pink mountains—we were jogging along a half ballasted track temporarily laid on the flat floor of the valley, the lowest below sea level of any place on earth, the hottest, the most fertile and the newest under irrigation and the plough. The train stopped at the firing-line; and there, sure enough, was my friend the king with his pile-driver slamming away, and his swarthy subjects swearing in many languages at his dusty mules. There were many besides him, many absolute monarchs whose names have appeared very often of late in engineering journals; for several gypsy kingdoms



Five levels of traffic in New York City.

Thirty-third Street Elevated R. R. Station on Sixth Avenue looking north; besides the elevated and surface lines of traffic there are shown in the underground section, the Hudson and Manhattan R. R. with trains swinging around into the projected terminal buildings on the left of the illustration; below, crossing under Sixth Avenue, is the Pennsylvania R. R. and below that a projected line running north and south.

had united to fight this common enemy, the untamed Colorado.

It was with downright unconcealed enthusiasm that I greeted him once more as he rode toward me, his lean brown face firm against the wind, his eye looking keenly from under his sombrero, his slim, straight body erect in the saddle; for I had been thinking about the great valley hemmed by the rose-pink mountains, of the three crops of figs they picked in it each year, of the seven cuttings of alfalfa, of the car-loads of cantaloupes that ripened earlier than any in the world, of the sun-burned kids—farmers that were potentially wealthy before they were old enough to



Redrawn from a sketch by Jacobs and Davies, Consulting Engineers.

The junctions of the tunnels of the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad Company in Jersey City and Hoboken, N. J.

This illustrates the construction necessary for the "turn-outs" and the elimination of grade crossings.

vote. All these things I saw before me that my friend the king and the others of his calibre, with their dikes and jetties, their science and their utter disregard of science, with their indomitable will and their tons of rock, had made from mere salt sea bottom and sun-baked desert. How could it possibly be, I wondered, that the uniformed takers of territory should become so very famous while fellows like my sun-parched dusty king—the real *makers* of territory—should generally remain unknown.

Even a lack of fame can be compensated for, however; and one of the consolations for that and all other hardships which the contracting engineer falls heir to is the blessing of almost perpetual youth. An engineer is almost sure to die young—at any age. Being "blooded to the open and the sky," being almost always upon the march, so far from the club fireside, the upholstered chair, the terrapin and the martini, with the responsibility and the love of great works always at hand, who would have time to grow old? I once came upon a whole flock of contracting engineers assembled at some obscure country seat for bids. And a most jovial flock they make, for part of their business is being good fellows, and although quite ready to knife each other in the matter of prices, they still abide by the philosophy of Shakespeare's attorneys who "strive mightily but eat and drink as friends."

There were so many of us together we naturally fell to discussing the one absent member—absent for all time. They were recalling—not without considerable feeling—his rough weather-beaten face with its short grizzly beard, his gruff good humor, his picturesque profanity, his habit of getting into his buggy at five in the morning to begin work; and how, after spending all his life working, his horse drew up one morning at the accustomed post at the accustomed hour, and when the foreman came up to report to his chief he noted a queer droop of his head, grasped his arm and found him stone dead.

They were all mightily sorry for "poor old John," to work all his life and die finally in harness without respite—all but one man. Said the one man by way of argument, "He's the last man to feel sorry for, according to my philosophy. He worked hard all his life, to be sure, but I've often heard him say, when he refused invitations to hunt or for a cruise on account of his operations, 'I love it, boys, I love my work; some day, blast me, I'll die working,' and, sure enough, he did. I suppose he'll go to heaven; and yet with all that paving going on in the other place it seems a waste of energy to send him where everything's all built and perfected. But here's my point: Can any of you bridge animals think of a greater reward in life than to spend it all to good purpose doing what you're keen on doing and, finally, without intervention of lawyers, doctors or the clergy, to die doing it?"

None of us could.

MRS. McCAFFERTY EXPLAINS

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT was Miss Wesley, of the Vine Street Settlement House, who was the first to point out to Mary Morrison the path of duty that lay so clear and straight before her. Miss Wesley had a singularly discerning eye for the duty of others and an austerely simple method of bringing it to their attention. She sat back now in the revolving chair before her immaculate desk, in her exquisitely fresh little office, and turned upon Mrs. Morrison the stern regard of a pair of gray eyes whose keenness seemed oddly emphasized by the brilliance of the well-polished eye-glasses she wore. When she spoke, her voice held a suggestion of sorely tried nerves controlled by a steadfast Christian spirit. Seated humbly before her, and facing fully the light to which Miss Wesley had wisely turned her back, Mary Morrison gazed with moist, meek eyes upon this self-appointed oracle of her destiny.



Mary Morrison gazed with moist, meek eyes.

"You ought to leave him at once," Miss Wesley announced with crisp conviction. "It's wrong for you to live with him another day. Isn't this the third time he has broken your arm?"

Mary Morrison's limp form straightened in quick rebuttal of this grave charge.

"Oh, no, indeed, Miss Wesley, ma'am," she cried eagerly. "It's only the second time. 'Twas me leg he broke the other time you're thinkin' about, an' Jim was awful sorry he done it. He told me he was when he come to the hospital."

Miss Wesley's thin lips curled as she considered this vindication of the gentleman under discussion.

"No doubt he was," she said with grim irony, wholly lost on her listener, "and I'm sure he would be annoyed if he thoughtlessly murdered you in one of his sprees and learned of it afterward. But that wouldn't help you much, would it?"

Mrs. Morrison murmured a vague confirmation of this logical surmise, and twisted the ends of her shawl nervously between her bare, toil-hardened hands.

"I don't b'lieve Jim would ever kill me, Miss Wesley ma'am," she hazarded earnestly. "He's like a lamb when he gits what he wants, even when he's drunk. It's 'most always my fault when he gits mad. That time he broke me leg, if I'd a' remembered to have them little sausages he wanted ready when he come home, I wouldn't a' had hardly no trouble at all. I can 'most always kam him right down by givin' him somethin' to eat."

"Except when you haven't the money to buy it," Miss Wesley reminded her, relentlessly. "Did you have it for the sausages that time?"

"N-no. Jim was out o' work."

"He usually is, isn't he?"

Mrs. Morrison hung her head.

"I thought so."

"But I might a' had the money," Mary



"'Twas me leg he broke the other time you're thinkin' about."—Page 274.

Morrison went on, apologetically. "I might a' been workin' that day. I could a' got a dollar washin' for Mrs. Vance, an' Jim knowed it. But I felt kind o' sick, an' so——"

"And so Jim tossed you downstairs in his natural disappointment, and broke your leg."

Jim's loyal wife was almost at the end of her defences now, but she had one last gun to fire before she surrendered.

"It got well real quick," she stammered, deprecatingly. "The doctors said they never seen nothin' like the quick way it got well. An' I was real comfortable at the hospital."

Miss Wesley wheeled about in her chair and regarded her protégée for a long instant without speaking. There was genuine interest and speculation in the gaze. She would have given the same calm scrutiny to the enlargement of a microscopical disease germ. The little tenement woman squirmed in her chair under the direct, soul-searching look. It abashed her.

"Mary Morrison," announced Miss Wesley, breaking at last a silence that was becoming painful, "I'm going to speak to you as if you were a rational human being, and I hope you will appreciate the compliment. Listen to me. Try to follow me. Try to think of yourself as if you were some one else. Try to imagine what you would think of some one else who acted as you are acting now."

She paused dramatically, and Mary Morrison, awed by these impressive preliminaries, lifted her shawl to her face and wept vaguely into it.

"Here is what you are doing," the voice of her accuser went on: "You were a self-respecting working girl when you married Jim Morrison five years ago. What are you now? A hard-working married woman, without pride, without dignity, without decency. You let yourself be thrown downstairs and through windows by a worthless, drunken husband; you let him ill-treat you and starve you till you are forced to come to us for food and shelter. And when we've helped you, are you grateful? Do you follow our advice? You do not. You crawl back to that man like a whipped dog, and the whole disgusting experience is repeated."

Mary Morrison cowered into herself and

sobbed appealingly, wiping her nose and eyes indiscriminately on the edges of the old shawl. But she sat still and listened, for she knew that this was friendship. Miss Wesley frowned at the sobs and turned upon her a glance of dark suspicion.

"Are you paying attention to what I say?" she demanded. "Do you understand what I mean?"

Mrs. Morrison asseverated tearfully but firmly that with the help of God she was leave him we will take you in and find a position for you and make a self-respecting woman of you once more. You have no children, so you have no one to consider but yourself——"

Mary Morrison rose to her feet. Certain high lights on her nose, and a hat that was much askew on her head, did not make for dignity, but there was nevertheless a strong suggestion of this quality in the glance she turned on "the Settlement lady."



Wiping her nose and eyes indiscriminately on the edges of the old shawl.

enabled to comprehend the kind lady's words. Miss Wesley frowned again. She was frequently sceptical of the power of other intellects to follow the workings of her own, and it must be conceded that all too frequently in her Settlement experience events justified this distrust.

"God has nothing to do with it," she now announced impatiently. "He helps those who help themselves. And that's exactly what you've got to do now, Mary Morrison. You can't come to us any more if you insist on remaining with this man. If you will

"Shure I have a right to look after Jim, Miss Wesley, ma'am," she said, with severe conviction, "and I ought a' be doin' it this blessed minute instid of settin' here chattin' with you."

She paused an instant, to let the "chattin'" sink in. It did. Miss Wesley went down with it, remained under for a perceptible period, and emerged gasping.

"He's wantin' his supper now, an' waitin' for it, an' gettin' mad likely, poor man," continued Jim's wife, constrainedly. "I've fifty cents from Mrs. Vance to-day, an' I'll

buy his sausages on my way home. An' thank you kindly, ma'am, for I know you mean well."

"Sit down," said Miss Wesley trenchantly. Mrs. Morrison sat down. When Marion Wesley expressed a desire in that particular tone, it was generally gratified.

"We will pass from the gay social 'chattin'," Mary, with which we have thus far whiled away the hours," continued Miss Wesley, with anything but levity underlying her words, "to something that may strike even you as serious. Do you realize what effect this life of yours is having on your neighbors? Do you know that most of the women in your tenement are being brutally ill-treated by their husbands because yours has set the example? Do you know that they're taking it because you are taking it, and because their husbands throw up to them that you do take it? In the old days they protected themselves and their children in the police courts and by putting their husbands under bonds. Now—well, they like you, the poor creatures, because you're good to them and have helped them out in their deaths and their sicknesses. So they pay you the greatest compliment they know how to offer, by copying you slavishly, even to the cringing spirit in you which takes blows and abuse without resentment. They're doing this for you, and it's killing them. Think of what Mrs. Horan is suffering! and Mrs. Masters! and Mrs. McCafferty! Women with children to nurse cannot bear all you can bear. Don't you know that?"

Mary Morrison assuredly did. She revealed her knowledge now in the wide, self-conscious gaze she turned on the other woman, and in the sudden straightening of her thin shoulders, as if to bear the heavy burden of the responsibility placed upon them. The community call was a new call to Mary, but heart and soul responded to it—the former with a throb of very human fear, the latter dauntlessly. She turned on Miss Wesley a face stamped with a resolution that sat oddly on her weak, not uncomely features.

"I guess you're right, Miss Wesley, ma'am," she said dully. "I ain't thought about it that way; but I guess it's so. I'll go home now, an' I'll give Jim Morrison his sausages. An' as long as he behaves himself I'll be his true an' lovin' wife. But the nex' time he beats me—" her voice took on a militant note, her meek eyes had a blurred twinkle of determination—"the nex' time he beats me, I'll drag 'm by the hair of 's head through the halls, so's all them women kin see him. An' then"—this last with a long-drawn breath, as consigning herself desperately to the heroic—*I'll leave 'm!*"

She was gone, and Miss Wesley sat speechless at her desk in the strenuous atmosphere she had evoked—an atmosphere so filled with suggestion of rallies and bugle calls and advancing hosts, that the shouts of Patrick McCafferty, joyously pummelling his wife in the next tenement, seemed a natural and fitting accompaniment to her reflections.

. . . . . .

True to her word, Mary Morrison reappeared two days later. One eye was closed, but as an organ revealing determination the other was all-sufficient. At first she could barely articulate through the swollen lips which Mr. Morrison had presented to her at their parting, as if allowing her to kiss his hand in ultimate farewell; but copious applications of cold water and raw beef enabled her to confide to Miss Wesley her suspicion that she had made a mistake in mentioning her resolution to Jim without sufficient provocation.

"Of course it wouldn't do no good to tell 'm when he *was* mad," she remarked listlessly, "so I had to do it when he wasn't. That *made* 'm mad right off. Any man, of course, ma'am, likes to know he can beat his woman if he *wants* to, even if he don't use th' privolodge. I told Jim when he was eatin' the sausages. I thought that was a good time. But you could see right off he didn't like it. He kep' frownin' an' wouldn't talk, though mostly he's that chatty when he's fed. But he didn't do nothin' till last night, when he come home drunk. He lepped at me, ma'am, like a tiger, and if I hadn't got a knife off th' kitchen table I dunno what he'd done t' me. I gotta holt o' him an' I made him think I was goin' to kill him, tho' Gawd knows I wouldn't hurt a hair o' his head. But me spirit was up, ma'am, an' I took him through the halls an' showed him to me fren's, with the knife agin his back, an' him as mild as a lamb. Then I took him back



"I took him through the halls an' showed him to me fren's."—Page 277.

an' fed him an' put him to bed like a baby, an' I could a' got on with him fine after that, only I broke his spirit, ye see. 'Tis a proud spirit Jim has. He couldn't stand all th' women laughin' at him. So this mornin' he come home with a pistol—an' I left," ended Mary Morrison simply.

"It was high time," agreed Miss Wesley, whose emotions during the recital of this conjugal episode had been somewhat mixed. "Now you settle down here for a week or two and do some sewing for us. There's enough to keep you busy until we find just the right place for you. Then you can begin life over again and be a self-respecting, happy woman."

Mrs. Morrison obediently began life over, but to the most superficial observation it was plain that she was not happy. Existence in the Settlement house took on, moreover, a somewhat unsettled character, owing to the frequent visits of Mr. Morrison, in varying stages of intoxication, but invariably of one mind as to his legal and moral right to demand the return of his lawful wife. After an especially harrowing scene with him, complicated by a vicious attack on his meek-eyed spouse, whom he suddenly discovered when she was listening with flattering interest at the key-hole, Miss Wesley decided on radical measures.

"We've got to have him arrested," she announced. "He'll kill some one if he isn't. We'll have him put in bonds to keep the peace and let you alone. When you get into your new place we won't let him know where you are. Then you will be left in peace and your troubles will be over."

Jim's wife looked dubious. For several days, during which Mr. Morrison was languishing in the custody of the law, his spouse was apparently hard at work on the solution of some difficult problem. The nature of this was finally indicated to Miss Wesley by a few remarks that fell from Mrs. Morrison's tremulous lips.

"Mrs. Horan is a fine, strong woman, ma'am," she began conversationally one morning, after she had received Miss Wesley's instructions as to the day's sewing. She lingered by the door as she spoke, and "the Settlement lady" glanced up from her desk expectantly, knowing that this was only an exordium.

"She weighs two hunderd pounds," added Mary slowly, "an' Mike Horan"—this with great impressiveness—"he don't weigh a hunderd an' fifty. He's only a *little* man."

Miss Wesley frowned impatiently.

"What interest has the weight of the Horans——?" she began. But Mary Mor-

rison, unheeding the interruption, continued to voice her elemental thoughts.

"Mrs. Masters's man don't weigh no more than Horan," she continued enthusiastically, "an' Mrs. Masters is real strong."

Getting now the drift of these statistics, Miss Wesley favored her protégée with a glance which would have held a warning for any speaker less self-absorbed, but this one rushed recklessly onward to her fate.

"Bridget McCafferty ain't got no childern," she continued enthusiastically.

"So you think a battle with her husband occasionally is in the nature of healthful exercise," Miss Wesley interrupted ironically, "and that Mrs. Horan and Mrs. Masters and other neighbors in your tenement can look out for themselves. Is that what you're leading up to?"

Mary Morrison blushed, but she stood by her guns.

"Yes, ma'am," she admitted feebly. "I don't think the men kin hurt 'em as much as you——"

Her voice died away under the spell of Miss Wesley's eye-glasses.

"Mary Morrison," remarked that lady frankly, "I'm ashamed of you."

Then she produced her trump card.

"There's one more point to consider," she added carelessly, "if you are no longer interested in the fate of your neighbors. If Jim Morrison kills you in a drunken rage, he will be killed for doing it. He will die in the electric chair. Had you forgotten that? If you don't value your own life, perhaps you will think of his and keep temptation out of his way by keeping away from him yourself."

Mrs. Morrison's face as she listened had turned chalky. This was a new point of view. The neighbors could look out for themselves, but she must look out for Jim. Without another word she gathered up her sewing and left the room, stumbling dazed-



To the most superficial observation it was plain that she was not happy.—Page 278.

ly over the threshold as she went. "The Settlement lady" smiled, well satisfied.

"I fancy that will keep her quiet," she murmured. Then she forgot Mary and her affairs in consideration of the pressing need of one Sophia Kalofsky, who having that morning presented an ungrateful world with twins had now confidingly sent her oldest son to the Settlement house in quest of something wherewith to cover them.

I'm wonderin' if he's fed, an' warm an' looked after, an' I'm afraid he ain't. It's me nerves, I think, ma'am, goin' back on me."

Miss Wesley surveyed her appraisingly. It was true that she was ill—that was evident to the most careless glance. She had lost weight, her color was bad, and there was a look in her faded eyes which Miss Wesley did not like to see there—the wild,



In shrieks she informed all within hearing that she was like the wretched woman on the stage.—Page 281.

The following week Mrs. James Morrison accepted a situation as seamstress in "a refined family hotel" uptown, and held it for a month. At the end of this period she sought Miss Wesley for the spiritual support that dauntless soul was so well able to supply.

"If I could just stop thinkin' about Jim, Miss Wesley, ma'am," she moaned at the end of her recital, "p'raps I could sleep. But I can't think of nothin' else, an' I can't eat, an' I'm gettin' that weak I can't work.

strained look of one long sleepless and nervously overtaxed. Miss Wesley bit her lower lip reflectingly.

"You need diversion," she finally decided. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Mary. You have the afternoon off, haven't you? Well, I'll take you to the matinée. I've tickets for 'Rip Van Winkle.' It will do us both good. I'm tired, too."

This confession of human weakness was an unusual one for Miss Wesley, and Mary Morrison knew it. But she listened list-

lessly to the plan for her entertainment, though she felt vaguely flattered at being the attendant of "the Settlement lady" on one of her rare outings. She waited indifferently while Miss Wesley, quite enthusiastic now, arrayed herself for the street. It was early spring, and even the submerged tenement world that lay beyond the doors of the Settlement house held signs of Nature's awakening. A few pale crocuses were pushing their delicate heads through the soil of the Settlement garden; the solitary tree it held was budding out, the little stretch of grass it afforded was a tender green. Mary Morrison knew nothing of the rejuvenating effects of the spring season upon the human heart but she knew well that she was wretched, and why. Tears were in her tired eyes when Miss Wesley returned, ready for the expedition.

They reached the theatre after the curtain had gone up, and the house was dark when they entered. For a few moments Mary Morrison twisted restlessly in her seat. Then the appeal of the drama came to her and she leaned forward, fascinated.

The play moved on to the scene in which Gretchen, weary of her shiftless husband, turns him out into the storm. Suddenly the cajoling voice of the greatest "Rip" the world has known was interrupted by a voice in the audience. It came from an orchestra seat, in a row near the front, and from a woman who had risen in that seat to address space in wildly hysterical tones. It was Mary Morrison, and those who sat near her were privileged to behold the superb self-control of Miss Wesley, as she vainly sought to restore her guest to silence and her place. But Mary Morrison had experienced a sudden awakening. In shrieks she informed all within hearing that she was like the wretched woman on the stage; that she, too, had turned from a noble husband, leaving him alone in the world; but that by God's help she had seen her error and would return to him here and now. Which she indeed did, rushing wildly down the



"Shure, Miss, we love 'em."—Page 282.

centre aisle in the dim light, while the play stopped, the audience stared, the attendants rushed forward, and Miss Wesley, with teeth set and almost disgraceful color, followed in her wake.

. . . . . .

There was a touching reunion in a Vine Street tenement that night. How wholly complete and satisfactory it was Miss Wesley did not know until she was enlightened the following day by Mrs. Patrick McCafferty, who called to discuss certain small troubles of her own, and remained to pay tribute to the new-found happiness of Mary Morrison.

"Shure, 'tis a differ'nt man Jim is since she left him," remarked Mrs. McCafferty, comfortably, "an' I don't think she'll be after havin' any more trouble with him at all at all. He have took the pledge an' gone to worruk, an' wan of thim doctor min is watchin' him an' helpin' him. Jim says he's through wid th' drink, an' I guess he manes it."

Miss Wesley murmured vaguely that she hoped so, but it was evident that the hope was most perfunctory. The Irishwoman regarded her with entire comprehension.

"'Tis like a disaase, this drinkin', the doctors are sayin' now, Miss," she resumed confidently, "an' they towld me Pat at th' hospital they treat it as though 'twas. They want to treat Pat, too, but he won't let thim, yet. I think he will, later, an' I look at it like this: We wudn't go back on our min if they had consumption or m'asles or pneumony, wud we, now? Shure, we'd stay wid thim an' nurse thim. Why, then, wud we go back on thim whin they have th' drinkin' sickness? 'Be patient,' the doctor says, 'an' ye'll save him.' So Mary Morrison is goin' to save Jim, for if iver a soul was patient 'tis that same Mary Morrison. She's a lesson to us all. God helpin' me, I'll save Pat, too; but 'tis harrd wurruk," she added simply, "for me poor bye don't want to be saved—th' drink's that strong on him. He's too fond of th' disaase, Miss."

She sank into silence and Miss Wesley remained silent, too, feeling a new humility in the presence of this simple philosophy.

"'Twas a quare thing that started Jim," resumed Mrs. McCafferty at last, beginning to enjoy her new rôle of raconteur to "the Settlement lady." "I towld him th' reason Mary wuddent come back was because she feared he'd kill her an' git electhycooted for doin' that same. 'Tis yerself she's afraid fer,' says I to Jim, 'an' not *herself*. She'd be in her grave fine an' comfortable whin they'd be crispin' you up alive in elicthric chairs.' Jim Morrison didn't say a worrud whin I towld him that. He's English, an' ye know what *they* aare. But th' nixt day he wint to th' hospital an' talked it over wid th' doctor, man to man, an' he ain't been drunk since. Av course, he will," she added, benignly. "It ain't to be expected he can stop all at wance. But Mary Morrison will stand by till he's cured."

"You're all very patient with your husbands," conceded Miss Wesley, thoughtfully. "I can't understand why you women bear with them as you do."

"No, Miss" agreed Mrs. McCafferty politely, "I don't think ye can."

There was an intonation in her rich Irish voice which Miss Wesley caught and resented.

"Can you, then?" she asked with almost harsh abruptness, still under the influence of a sense of strong disapproval of an erring world. "Do you understand it?"

"I do," replied Mrs. McCafferty. "Shure I do."

She regarded Miss Wesley as she spoke with a glance which held more than "the Settlement lady" cared to analyze. There was amusement in it, and a fine tolerance, and feminine understanding, and genuine respect and liking, and something more which, if Marion Wesley had not been so successful and Bridget McCafferty so humble, might have been pity. For an instant the two women gazed at each other across the gulf which separated them. Then the glance of "the Settlement lady" shifted and fell.

Mrs. McCafferty nodded sagely, as if she had already said what it was and was merely emphasizing it by reiteration.

"Shure, Miss, we love 'em."



THE HOUSE OF RIMMON*

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

SCENE: *Damascus and the Mountains of Samaria.* TIME: 850 *B. C.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BENHADAD: King of Damascus.
REZON: High Priest of the House of Rimmon.
SABALLIDIN: A noble of Damascus.
HAZAEL, IZDHUBAR, RAKHAZ } Courtiers of Damascus.
SHUMAKIM: The King's Fool.
ELISHA: Prophet of Israel.
NAAMAN: Captain of the Armies of Damascus.
RUAHMAH: A Captive Maid of Israel.
TSARPI: Wife to Naaman.
KHAMMA, NUBTA: Attendants of Tsarpi.
Soldiers, Servants, Courtiers, etc., etc.

(Continued from the August number.)

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Time, daybreak. Naaman's tent, on high ground among the mountains near Samaria: the City below. In the distance, a wide and splendid landscape. Saballidin and soldiers on guard below the tent. Enter Ruahmah in hunter's dress, with a lute slung from her shoulder.*

RUAHMAH:
(*With cheerfulness.*)
Peace and good health to you, Saballidin.
Good morrow to you all. How fares my lord?

SABALLIDIN:
The curtains of his tent are folded still:
They have not moved since we returned, last night,
And told him what befell us in the city.

RUAHMAH:
(*Reproachfully.*)
Told him! Why did you make report to him
And not to me? Am I not captain here,

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Entrusted by the King's command with care
Of Naaman's life, until he is restored?
'Tis mine to know the first of good or ill
In this adventure: mine to shield his heart
From every arrow of adversity.
What have you told him? Speak!

SABALLIDIN:

Lady, we feared
To bring our news to you. For when the king
Of Israel had read our monarch's letter,
He rent his clothes, and cried, "Am I a god
To kill and make alive again, that I should heal
A leper? Ye have come with false pretense,
Damascus seeks a quarrel with me. Go!"
But when we told our lord, he closed his tent,
And there remains enfolded in his grief.
I trust he sleeps. Why should we call him back?
For now he doth forget his misery,
And all the burden of his hopeless woe
Is lifted from him by the gentle hand
Of slumber. Oh, to those bereft of hope
Sleep is the only blessing left,—the last
Asylum of the weary, the one sign
Of pity from impenetrable heavens.
Waking is strife: sleep is the truce of God!
Then, mistress, wake him not. The day will be
Full long for him to suffer, and for us
To turn our disappointed faces home
On the long road by which we must return.

RUAHMAH:

(*Indignantly.*)

Return! Who gave you that command? Not I!
The King made me the leader of this quest,
And bound you all to follow me, because
He knew I never would return without
The thing for which he sent us. I'll go on
Day after day, unto the uttermost parts
Of earth, if need be, and beyond the gates
Of morning, till I find that which I seek,—
New life for Naaman. Are ye ashamed
(*With scorn.*)
To have a woman lead you? Then go home
And tell the King, "This huntress went too far
For us to follow: she pursues the trail
Of hope alone, refusing to forsake
The quarry: we grew weary of the chase;
And so we left her and retraced our steps,
Like faithless hounds, to sleep beside the fire."
Did Naaman forsake his soldiers thus
When you went forth to hunt the Assyrian Bull?
Your manly courage is less durable
Than woman's love, it seems. Go, if you will,—
Who bids me now farewell?

SOLDIERS:

Not I, not I!

SABALLIDIN:

Lady, lead on, we'll follow you for ever!



Drawn by W. H. Everett.

"The curtains of his tent are folded still."—Page 283.

RUAHMAH:

Why, now you speak like men! Brought you no word
Out of Samaria, except that cry
Of impotence and fear from Israel's king?

SABALLIDIN:

I do remember while he spoke with us
A rustic messenger came in, and cried
Aloud, "Elisha saith, let Naaman come
To me at Dothan, he shall know there is
A God in Israel."

RUAHMAH:

What said the king?

SABALLIDIN:

He only shouted "Go!" more wildly yet,
And rent his clothes again, as if he were
Half-maddened by a coward's fear, and thought
Only of how he might be rid of us.
What comfort could there be for him, what hope
For us, in the rude prophet's misty word?

RUAHMAH:

(Looking upward.) It is the very word for which I prayed!
My trust was not in princes; for the crown,
The sceptre, and the purple robe are not
Significant of vital power. The man
Who saves his brother-man is he who lives
His life with Nature, takes deep hold on truth,
And trusts in God. A prophet's word is more
(Turning to the soldiers.) Than all the kings on earth can speak. How far
Is Dothan?

SOLDIER:

Lady, 'tis but three hours' ride
Along the valley northward.

RUAHMAH:

(Half sadly.) Near! so near?
I had not thought to end my task so soon!
Prepare yourselves with speed to take the road.
I will awake my lord.

(Exeunt all but Saballidin and Ruahmah. She goes toward the tent.)

SABALLIDIN:

(She turns back.) Ruahmah, stay!
I've been your servant in this doubtful quest,
Obedient, faithful, loyal to your will,—
What have I earned by this?

RUAHMAH:

The gratitude
Of him we both desire to serve: your friend,—
My master and my lord.

SABALLIDIN:

No more than this?

RUAHMAH:

(Holding out both hands to him.) Yes, if you will, take all the thanks my hands
Can hold, my lips can speak.

SABALLIDIN:

I would have more.

RUAHMAH:

My friend, there's nothing more to give to you.
My service to my lord is absolute.
There's not a drop of blood within my veins
But quickens at the very thought of him;
And not a dream of mine but he doth stand
Its centre and its source of light. No man
To me is other than his friend or foe.
You are his friend, and I believe you true!

SABALLIDIN:

I have been true to him,—now, I am true
To you.

RUAHMAH:

And therefore doubly true to him!
O let us match our loyalties, and strive
Between us who shall win the higher crown!
Men boast them of a friendship stronger far
Than love of woman. Prove it! I'll not boast,
But I'll contend with you on equal terms
In this brave race: and if you win the prize
I'll hold you next to him: and if I win
He'll hold you next to me; and either way
We'll not be far apart. Do you accept
My challenge?

SABALLIDIN:

Yes! For you enforce my heart
By honor to resign its strong desire,
And love itself to offer sacrifice
Of all disloyal dreams on its own altar.
Yet love remains; therefore I pray you, think
How surely you must lose in our contention.
For I am known to Naaman: but you
He blindly takes for Tsarpi. 'Tis to her
He gives his gratitude: the praise you win
Endears her name.

RUAHMAH:

Her name? Why, what is that?
A name is but an empty shell, a mask
That does not change the features of the face
Beneath it. Can a name rejoice, or weep,
Or hope? Can it be moved by tenderness
To daily services of love, or feel the warmth
Of dear companionship? How many things
We call by names that have no meaning: kings
That cannot rule; and gods that are not good;
And wives that do not love! It matters not
What syllables he utters when he calls,
'Tis I who come,—'tis I who minister
Unto my lord, and mine the living heart
That feels the comfort of his confidence,
The thrill of gladness when he speaks to me,—
I do not hear the name!

SABALLIDIN:

And yet, be sure
There's danger in this error,—and no gain!

RUAHMAH:

I seek no gain: I only tread the path
Marked for me daily by the hand of love.
And if his blindness spared my lord one pang
Of sorrow in his black, forsaken hour,—
And if this error makes his burdened heart
More quiet, and his shadowed way less strange,
Whom do I rob? Not her who chose to stay
At ease in Rimmon's House! Surely not him!
Only myself! And that enriches me.
Why trouble we the master? Let it go,—
To-morrow he must know the truth,—and then
He shall dispose of me e'en as he will!

SABALLIDIN:

To-morrow?

RUAHMAH:

Yes, for I will tarry here,
While you conduct him to Elisha's house
To find the promised healing. I forebode
Some sudden danger from the craven king
Of Israel, or else some secret ambush
From those who hate us in Damascus. Go,
But leave me twenty men: this mountain-pass
Protects the road behind you. Make my lord
Obey the prophet's word, whatever he commands,
And come again in peace. Farewell!

(Exit Saballidin. Ruahmah goes toward the tent, then pauses and turns back. She takes her lute and sings.)

Song

Above the edge of dark appear the lances of the sun;
Along the mountain-ridges clear his rosy heralds run;
The vapors down the valley go
Like broken armies, dark and low.
Look up, my heart, from every hill
In folds of rose and daffodil
The sunrise banners flow.

O fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls of night!
O welcome little birds that sing the coming-in of light!
For new, and new, and ever-new,
The golden bud within the blue;
And every morning seems to say:
"There's something happy on the way,
"And God sends love to you!"

NAAMAN:

(Appearing at the entrance of his tent.)

O let me ever wake to music! For the soul
Returns most gently then, and finds its way
By the soft, winding clue of melody,
Out of the dusky labyrinth of sleep,
Into the light. My body feels the sun
Though I behold naught that his rays reveal.
Come, thou who art my daydawn and my sight,
Sweet eyes, come close and make the sunrise mine!

RUAHMAH:

(*Coming near.*)

A fairer day, dear lord, was never born
In Paradise! The sapphire cup of heaven
Is filled with golden wine: the earth, adorned
With jewel-drops of dew, unveils her face
A joyful bride, in welcome to her king.
And look! He leaps upon the Eastern hills
All ruddy fire, and claims her with a kiss.
Yonder the snowy peaks of Hermon float
Unmoving as a summer cloud. The gulf
Of Jordan, filled with violet haze, conceals
The river's winding trail with wreaths of mist.
Below us, marble-crowned Samaria thrones
Upon her emerald hill amid the Vale
Of Barley, while the plains to northward change
Their color like the shimmering breast of doves.
The lark springs up, with morning on her wings,
To climb her singing stairway in the blue,
And all the fields are sprinkled with her joy!

NAAMAN:

Thy voice is magical: thy words are visions!
I must content myself with them, for now
My only hope is lost: Samaria's king
Rejects our monarch's message,—hast thou heard?
"Am I a god that I should cure a leper?"
He sends me home unhealed, with angry words,
Back to Damascus and the lingering death.

RUAHMAH:

What matter where he sends? No god is he
To slay or make alive. Elisha bids
You come to him at Dothan, there to learn
There is a God in Israel.

NAAMAN:

I fear
That I am grown mistrustful of all gods;
Their secret counsels are implacable.

RUAHMAH:

Fear not! There's One who rules in righteousness
High over all.

NAAMAN:

What knowest thou of Him?

RUAHMAH:

Oh, I have heard,—the maid of Israel,—
Rememberest thou? She often said her God
Was merciful and gracious, slow to wrath,
And plenteous in forgiveness, pitying us
Like as a father pitieth his children.

NAAMAN:

If there were such a God, I'd worship Him
Forever!

RUAHMAH:

Then make haste to hear the word
His prophet promises to speak to thee!

Obey it, dear my lord, and thou shalt lose
This curse that burdens thee. This tiny spot
Of white that mars the beauty of thy brow
Shall melt like snow; thine eyes be filled with light.
Thou wilt not need my leading any more,—
Nor me,—for thou wilt see me, all unveiled,—
I tremble at the thought.

NAAMAN:

Why, what is this?
Why shouldst thou tremble? Art thou not mine own?

RUAHMAH:

(Passionately.)

Surely I am! But take me, take me now!
For I belong to thee in body and soul;
The very pulses of my heart are thine.
Wilt thou not feel how tenderly they beat?
Wilt thou not lie like myrrh between my breasts
And satisfy thy lonely lips with love?
Thou art opprest, and I would comfort thee
While yet thy sorrow weighs upon thy life.
To-morrow? No, to-day! The crown of love
Is sacrifice; I have not given thee
Enough! Ah, fold me in thine arms,—take all!

(She takes his hands and puts them around her neck; he holds her from him, with one hand on her shoulder, the other behind her head.)

NAAMAN:

Thou art too dear to injure with a kiss,—
Too dear for me to stain thy purity,
Or leave one touch upon thee to regret!
How should I take a gift may bankrupt thee,
Or drain the perfumed chalice of thy love
With lips that may be fatal? Tempt me not
To sweet dishonor; strengthen me to wait
Until thy prophecy is all fulfilled,
And I can claim thee with a joyful heart.

RUAHMAH:

(Turning away.)

Thou wilt not need me then,—and I shall be
No more than the faint echo of a song
Heard half asleep. We shall go back to where
We stood before this journey.

NAAMAN:

Never again!
For thou art changed by some deep miracle.
The flower of womanhood hath bloomed in thee,—
Art thou not changed?

RUAHMAH:

Yea, I am changed,—and changed
Again,—bewildered,—till there's nothing clear
To me but this: I am the instrument
In an Almighty hand to rescue thee
From death. This will I do,—and afterwards?
Hearken, the trumpet sounds, the chariot waits.
Away, dear lord, follow the road to light!

(A trumpet is blown, without.)

SCENE II.—*The house of Elisha, upon a terraced hillside. A low stone cottage with vine-trellises and flowers; a flight of steps, at the foot of which is Naaman's chariot. He is standing in it; Saballidin beside it. Two soldiers come down the steps*

FIRST SOLDIER:
We have delivered my lord's greeting and his message.

SECOND SOLDIER:
Yes, and near lost our noses in the doing of it! For the servant slammed the door in our faces. A most unmannerly reception!

FIRST SOLDIER:
But I take that as a good omen. It is a mark of holy men to keep ill-conditioned servants. Look, the door opens, the prophet is coming.

(*Gehazi loiters down the steps and comes to Naaman with a slight obeisance.*)

SECOND SOLDIER:
No, by my head, it's that notable mark of his master's holiness, that same lantern-jawed lout of a servant.

GEHAZI:
My master, the prophet of Israel, sends word to Naaman the Syrian,—are you he?—"Go wash in Jordan seven times and be healed."

(*Gehazi turns and goes slowly up the steps.*)

NAAMAN:
(*Very angry.*)
What insolence is this? Am I a man
To be put off with surly messengers?
Has not Damascus rivers more renowned
Than this rude, torrent Jordan? Crystal streams,
Abana! Pharpar! flowing smoothly through
A paradise of roses? Might I not
Have bathed in them and been restored at ease?
Come up, Saballidin, and guide me home!

SABALLIDIN:
(*Entreating.*)
Bethink thee, master, shall we lose our quest
Because a servant is uncouth? The road
That seeks the mountain leads us through the vale.
The prophet's word is friendly after all;
For had it been some mighty task he set,
Thou wouldst perform it. How much rather then
This easy one? Hast thou not promised her
Who waits for thy return? Wilt thou go back
To her unhealed?

NAAMAN:
(*Yielding.*)
No! not for all my pride!
I'll make myself most humble for her sake,
And stoop to anything that gives me hope
Of having her. Make haste, Saballidin,
Bring me to Jordan. I will cast myself
Into that river's turbulent embrace
A hundred times, until I save my life
Or lose it!

(*Exeunt. The light fades: musical interlude. The light increases again with ruddy sunset shining on the door of Elisha's house. The prophet appears and looks off, shading his eyes with his hand as he descends the steps slowly. Trumpet blows,—Naaman's call;—sound of horses galloping and men shouting. Naaman enters joyously, followed by Saballidin and soldiers, with gifts.*)

NAAMAN:

Behold a man delivered from the grave
By thee! I rose from Jordan's wave restored
To youth and vigor, as the eagle mounts
Into the sunbeam and renews his strength!
O mighty prophet deign to take from me
These gifts too poor to speak my gratitude;
Silver and gold and jewels, silken robes,—

ELISHA: (*Interrupting.*)

As thy soul liveth I will not receive
A gift from thee, my son! Give all to Him
Whose mercy hath redeemed thee from thy plague.

NAAMAN:

He is the only God! I worship Him!
Grant me a portion of the blessed soil
Of this most favored land where I have found
His mercy; in Damascus will I build
An altar to His name, and praise Him there
Morning and night. There is no other God
In all the world.

ELISHA:

Thou needest not
This load of earth to build a shrine for Him;
Yet take it if thou wilt. But be assured
God's altar is in every loyal heart,
And every flame of love that kindles there
Ascends to Him and brightens with His praise.
There is no other God! But evil Powers
Make war against Him in the darkened world;
And many temples have been built to them.

NAAMAN:

I know them well! Yet when my master goes
To worship in the House of Rimmon, I
Must stand beside him; for he trusts me, leans
Upon my hand; and when he bows himself
I cannot help but make obeisance too,—
But not to Rimmon! To my country's king
I'll bow in love and honor. Will the Lord
Pardon thy servant in this thing?

ELISHA:

My son,
Peace has been granted thee. 'Tis thine to find
The only way to keep it. Go in peace.

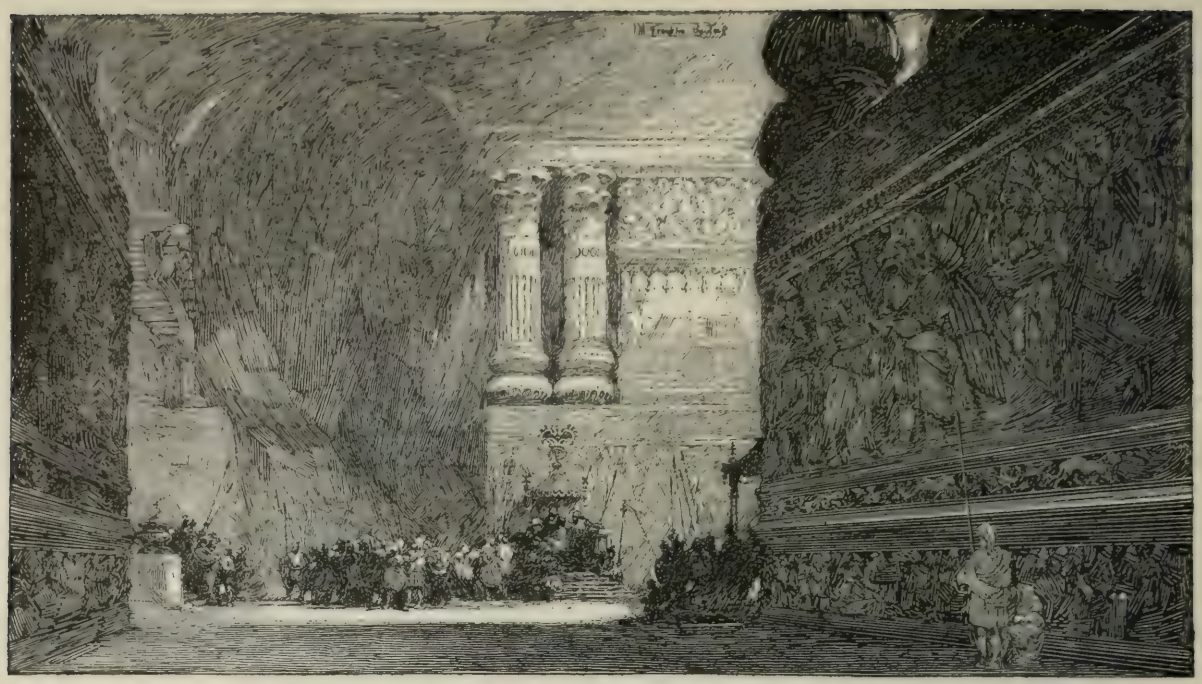
NAAMAN:

Thou hast not answered me,—may I bow down?

ELISHA:

The answer must be thine. The heart that knows
The perfect peace of gratitude and love,
Walks in the light and needs no other rule.
Take counsel with thy heart and go in peace!

CURTAIN.



ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The interior of Naaman's tent, at night. Ruahmah alone, sleeping on the ground. A vision appears to her through the curtains of the tent: Elisha standing on the hillside at Dothan: Naaman, restored to sight, comes in and kneels before him. Elisha blesses him, and he goes out rejoicing. The vision of the prophet turns to Ruahmah and lifts his hand in warning.*

ELISHA:

Daughter of Israel, what dost thou here?
Thy prayer is granted. Naaman is healed:
Mar not true service with a selfish thought.
Nothing remains for thee to do, except
Give thanks, and go whither the Lord commands.
Obey,—obey! Ere Naaman returns
Thou must depart to thine own house in Shechem.

(The vision vanishes.)

RUAHMAH:

(She wakes, and rises slowly.)

A dream, a dream, a messenger of God!
O dear and dreadful vision, art thou true?
Then am I glad with all my broken heart.
Nothing remains,—nothing remains but this,—
Give thanks, obey, depart,—and so I do:
Let swift obedience speak my gratitude.
Farewell, my master's sword! Farewell to you,
My amulet! I lay you on the hilt
His hand shall clasp again: bid him farewell
For me, since I must look upon his face
No more forever!—Hark, what sound was that?
It urges me to haste,—Oho, my guard!

(She takes the chain from her neck and hangs it upon the sword.)

(Enter soldier hurriedly.)

SOLDIER:

Mistress, an armèd troop, footmen and horse,
Mounting the hill!

RUAHMAH:

My lord returns in triumph.

SOLDIER:

Not so, for these are enemies; they march
In haste and silence, answering not our cries.

RUAHMAH:

Our enemies? Then hold your ground,—on guard!
Fight! fight! Defend the pass, and drive them down.

(Exit soldier. Ruahmah draws Naaman's sword from the scabbard and hurries out of the tent. Confused noise of fighting outside. Three or four soldiers are driven in by a troop of men in disguise. Ruahmah follows: she is beaten to her knees, and her sword is broken.)

(Throwing aside the cloth which covers his face.)

REZON:

Hold her! So, tiger-maid, we've found your lair
And trapped you. Where is Naaman,
Your master?

(Rising, her arms held by two of Rezon's followers.)

RUAHMAH:

He is far beyond your reach.

(With scorn.)

REZON:

Brave captain! He has saved himself, the leper,
And left you here?

(Sadly.)

RUAHMAH:

The leper is no more.

REZON:

What mean you?

(Solemnly.)

RUAHMAH:

He has gone to meet his God.

(Exulting.)

REZON:

Dead? Dead? Behold how Rimmon's wrath is swift.
Damascus shall be mine: I'll terrify
The king with this, and make my terms. But no!
False maid, you sweet-faced harlot, you have lied
To save him,—speak.

(Quietly.)

RUAHMAH:

I am not what you say,
Nor have I lied, nor will I ever speak
A word to you, base servant of a traitor-god.

(With fury.)

REZON:

Break off this little flute of blasphemy,
This ivory neck,—twist it, I say!
Give her a swift despatch after her leper!
But stay,—if he still lives he'll follow her,
And so we may ensnare him. Harm her not!
Bind her! Away with her to Rimmon's house!
Is all this carrion dead? There's one that moves,—
A spear,—fasten him down! All quiet now?
Then back to our Damascus! Rimmon's face
Shall be made bright with sacrifice.

(Exeunt, forcing Ruahmah with them. Musical interlude. A wounded soldier crawls from a dark corner of the tent and finds the chain with Naaman's seal, which has fallen to the ground in the struggle.)

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

This signet of my lord, her amulet!
Lost, lost! Ah, noble lady,—let me die
With this upon my breast.

(The tent is dark. Enter Naaman and his company in haste, with torches.)

NAAMAN:

(He looks around with horror.)

What bloody work
Is here? God, let me live to punish him
Who wrought this horror! Treacherously slain
At night, by unknown hands, my brave companions:
Tsarpi, my best beloved, light of my soul,
Put out in darkness! O my broken lamp
Of life, where art thou? Nay, I cannot find her.

(Raising himself on his arm.)

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

Master!

NAAMAN:

(Kneels beside him.)

One living? Quick, a torch this way!
Lift up his head,—so,—carefully!
Courage, my friend, your captain is beside you.
Call back your soul and make report to him.

(Trying to rise.)

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

Hail, captain! O my captain,—here!

NAAMAN:

(Supporting him.)

Be patient,—rest in peace,—the fight is done.
Nothing remains but render your account.

(Brokenly.)

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

They fell upon us suddenly,—we fought
Our fiercest,—every man,—our lady fought
Fiercer than all. They beat us down,—she's gone.
Rezon has carried her away a captive. See,—

(He dies.)

Her amulet,—I die for you, my captain.

(He gently lays the dead soldier on the ground, and rises.)

NAAMAN:

Farewell. This last report was brave; but strange
Beyond my thought! How came the High Priest here?
And what is this? my chain, my seal! But this
Hath never been in Tsarpi's hand. I gave
This signet to a captive maid one night,—
A maid of Israel. How long ago?
Ruahmah was her name,—almost forgotten!

(He turns quickly.)

So long ago,—how comes this token here?
What is this mystery, Saballidin?

SABALLIDIN:

Ruahmah is her name who brought you hither.

(In perplexity.)

NAAMAN:

Where then is Tsarpi?

SABALLIDIN:

In Damascus.
She left you when the curse of Rimmon fell,—
Took refuge in his House,—and there she waits
Her lord's return,—Rezon's return.

(He grasps Saballidin's arm.)

NAAMAN:

'Tis false!

SABALLIDIN:

The falsehood is in her. She hath been friend
With Rezon in his priestly plot to win
Assyria's favor,—friend to his design
To sell his country to enrich his temple,—
And friend to him in more,—I will not name it.

NAAMAN:

(*With heat.*)

Nor will I credit it. Impossible!

SABALLIDIN:

Did she not plead with you against the war,
Counsel surrender, seek to break your will?

NAAMAN:

(*He drops his hand.*)

She did not love my work, a soldier's task.
She never seemed to be at one with me
Until I was a leper.

SABALLIDIN:

From whose hand
Did you receive the sacred cup?

(*Very low.*) NAAMAN:

From hers.

SABALLIDIN:

And from that hour the curse began to work.

(*With new energy.*) NAAMAN:

But did she not have pity when she saw
Me smitten? Did she not beseech the King
For letters and a guard to make this journey?
Has she not been the fountain of my hope,
My comforter and my most faithful guide
In this adventure of the dark. All this
Is proof of perfect love that would have shared
A leper's doom rather than give me up.
Can I doubt her who dared to love like this?

(*Warmly and with earnestness.*) SABALLIDIN:

O master, doubt her not,—but know her name;
Ruahmah! It was she alone who wrought
This wondrous work of love. She won the King
By the strong pleading of resistless hope
To furnish forth this company. She led
Our march, kept us in heart, fought off despair,
Offered herself to you as to her god,
Watched over you as if you were her child,
Prepared your food, your cup, with her own hands,
Sang you asleep at night, awake at dawn,—

(*Interrupting.*) NAAMAN:

(*Turning away.*)

Enough! I do remember every hour
Of that sweet comradeship! And now her voice
Wakens the echoes in my lonely breast;
The perfume of her presence fills my sense
With longing. All my soul cries out in vain
For her embracing, satisfying love,
That I may rest in her and be at peace.
Shall I not see her, thank her, speak her name?
Ruahmah! Let me live till I have looked
(*To his soldiers.*) Into her eyes and called her my Ruahmah!
Away! away! I burn to take the road
That leads me back to Rimmon's House,—
But not to bow,—by God, never to bow!

SCENE II.—*The inner court of the House of Rimmon; a temple with huge pillars at each side. In the right foreground the seat of the King; at the left, of equal height, the seat of the High Priest. In the background a broad flight of steps, rising to a curtain of cloudy gray, embroidered with two gigantic hands holding thunderbolts. The temple is in half darkness at first. Enter Khamma and Nubta, robed as Kharimati, or religious dancers, in gowns of black gauze with yellow embroideries and mantles.*

KHAMMA:

(*They walk together.*) All is ready for the rites of worship; our lady will play a great part in them. She has put on her Tyrian robes, and all her ornaments.

NUBTA:

That is a sure sign of a religious purpose. She is most devout, our lady Tsarpi!

KHAMMA:

(*Nodding her head.*) A favorite of Rimmon, too! The High Priest has assured her of it. He is a great man, next to the King, now that Naaman is gone.

NUBTA:

(*Smiling.*) But if Naaman should come back, healed of the leprosy?

KHAMMA:

(*Contemptuously.*) How can he come back? The Hebrew slave that went away with him, when they caught her, said that he was dead. The High Priest has shut her up in the prison of the temple, accusing her of her master's death.

NUBTA:

(*She shakes her head.*) Yet I think he does not believe it, for I heard him telling our mistress what to do if Naaman should return.

KHAMMA:

What, then?

NUBTA:

(*Confidently.*) She will claim him as her husband. Was she not wedded to him before the god? That is a sacred bond. Only the High Priest can loose it. She will keep her hold on Naaman for the sake of the House of Rimmon. A wife knows her husband's secrets, she can tell——

(*Enter Shumakim, with his flagon, walking unsteadily.*)

KHAMMA:

Hush! here comes the fool Shumakim. He is never sober

SHUMAKIM:

(*Laughing.*) Are there two of you? I see two, but that is no proof. I think there is only one, but beautiful enough for two. What were you talking to yourself about, fairest one!

KHAMMA:

About the lady Tsarpi, fool, and what she would do if her husband returned.

SHUMAKIM:

(*He hides his face with his hands.*) Fie! fie! That is no talk for an innocent fool to hear. Has she a husband?

NUBTA:

You know very well that she is the wife of Lord Naaman.

SHUMAKIM:

(*With simplicity.*) I remember that she used to wear his name and his jewels. But I thought he had exchanged her,—for a leprosy.

KHAMMA:

(*Impatiently.*) You must have heard that he went away to Samaria to look for healing. Some say that he died on the journey; but others say he has been cured, and is on his way home to his wife.

SHUMAKIM:

(Half-seriously, then in jest, patting each of them on the cheek.)

It may be, for this is a mad world, and men never know when they are well off,—except us fools. But he must come soon if he would find his wife as he parted from her,—or the city where he left it. The Assyrians have returned with a greater army, and this time they will make an end of us, there is no Naaman now, and the Bull will devour Damascus like a bunch of leeks, flowers, and all,—flowers and all, my double-budded fair one! Are you not afraid?

NUBTA:

(Offended.)

We belong to the House of Rimmon. He will protect us.

SHUMAKIM:

(Mocking.)

What? The mighty one who hides behind the curtain there, and tells his secrets to Rezon? No doubt he will take care of you, and of himself. Whatever game is played, the gods never lose. But for the protection of the common people and the rest of us fools, I would rather have Naaman at the head of an army than all the sacred images between here and Babylon.

KHAMMA:

(Shaking her finger at him.)

You are a wicked old man. You mock the god. He will punish you.

SHUMAKIM:

(Bitterly.)

How can he punish me? Has he not already made me a fool? Hark, here comes my brother the High Priest, and my brother the King. Rimmon made us all; but nobody knows who made Rimmon, except the High Priest; and he will never tell.

(Gongs and cymbals sound. Enter Rezon with priests, and the King with courtiers. They take their seats. A throng of Khali and Kharimati come in, Tsarpi presiding; a sacred dance is performed with torches, burning incense, and chanting, in which Tsarpi leads.)

Chant

Hail, mighty Rimmon, ruler of the whirlstorm,
Hail, shaker of mountains, breaker-down of forests,
Hail, thou who roarest terribly in the darkness,
Hail, thou whose arrows flame across the heavens!
Hail, great destroyer, lord of flood and tempest,
In thine anger almighty, in thy wrath eternal,
Thou who delightest in ruin, maker of desolations,
Immeru, Addu, Barku, Rimmon!
See we tremble before thee, low we bow at thine altar,
Have mercy upon us, be favorable unto us,
Save us from our enemy, accept our sacrifice,
Barku, Immeru, Addu, Rimmon!

(Silence follows, all bowing down.)

REZON:

(Rising.)

O King, last night the counsel from above
Was given in answer to our divination.
Ambassadors must go forthwith to crave
Assyria's pardon, and a second offer
Of the same terms of peace we did reject
Three months ago.

BENHADAD:

(Despondently.)

Dishonor! Yet I see
No other way! Assyria will refuse,
Or make still harder terms. Disaster, shame
For this gray head, and ruin for Damascus!

REZON:

Yet may we trust Rimmon will favor us,

If we adhere devoutly to his worship.
He will incline his brother-god, the Bull,
To spare us, if we supplicate him now
With costly gifts. Therefore I have prepared
A sacrifice: Rimmon shall be well pleased
With the red blood that bathes his knees to-night!

BENHADAD:

(In a broken voice.)

My mind is dark with doubt,—I do forebode
Some horror! Let me go,—I am an old man,—
If Naaman my captain were alive!
But he is dead,—the glory is departed!

(He rises, trembling, to leave the throne. Trumpet sounds,—Naaman's call;—enter Naaman, followed by soldiers; he kneels at the foot of the throne.)

BENHADAD:

(Half-whispering.)

Art thou a ghost escaped from Allatu?
How didst thou pass the seven doors of death?
O noble ghost I am afraid of thee,
And yet I love thee,—let me hear thy voice!

NAAMAN:

(In a clear voice.)

No ghost, my King, but one who lives to serve
Thee and Damascus with his heart and sword
As in the former days. The only God
Has healed my leprosy: my life is clean
To offer to my country and my King.

BENHADAD:

(Starting toward him.)

O welcome to thy King! Thrice welcome!

REZON:

(Leaving his seat and coming toward Naaman.)

Stay!
The leper must appear before the priest,
The only one who can pronounce him clean.

(Naaman turns; they stand looking each other in the face.)

Yea,—thou art cleansed: Rimmon hath pardoned thee
In answer to the daily prayers of her
Whom he restores to thine embrace,—thy wife.

(Tsarpi comes slowly toward Naaman.)

NAAMAN:

(He turns from her.)

From him who rules this House will I receive
Nothing! I seek no pardon from his priest,
No wife of mine among his votaries!

TSARPI:

(Holding out her hands.)

Am I not yours? Will you renounce our vows?

NAAMAN:

(He speaks to her.)

The vows were empty,—never made you mine
In aught but name. A wife is one who shares
Her husband's thought, incorporates his heart
With hers by love, and crowns him with her trust.
She is God's remedy for loneliness,
And God's reward for all the toil of life.
This you have never been to me,—and so
I give you back again to Rimmon's House
Where you belong. Claim what you will of mine,—
Not me! I do renounce you,—or release you,—
According to the law. If you demand
A further cause than what I have declared,
I will unfold it fully to the King.

REZON:

(Interposing hurriedly.)

No need of that! This duteous lady yields
To your caprice as she has ever done:
She stands a monument of loyalty
And woman's meekness.

NAAMAN:

(Looking at her.)

Ay, let her stand for that!

(To Rezon.)

Adorn your temple with her piety!
But you in turn restore to me the treasure
You stole at midnight from my tent.

REZON:

(Coldly.)

What treasure? I have stolen none from you.

NAAMAN:

(He turns to the King.)

The very jewel of my soul,—Ruahmah!
My King, the captive maid of Israel!
To whom thou didst commit my broken life
With letters to Samaria,—my light,—
My guide, my saviour in this pilgrimage,—
Dost thou remember?

BENHADAD:

(Confused.)

I recall the maid,—
But dimly,—for my mind is old and weary.
She was a fearless maid, I trusted her
And gave thee to her charge. Where is she now?

NAAMAN:

(Pointing to Rezon.)

This robber fell upon my camp by night,—
While I was with Elisha at the Jordan,—
Slaughtered my soldiers, carried off the maid,
And holds her somewhere in imprisonment.
O give this jewel back to me, my King,
And I will serve thee with a grateful heart
Forever. I will fight for thee, and lead
Thine armies on to glorious victory
Over all foes! Thou shalt no longer fear
The host of Asshur, for thy throne shall stand
Encompassed with a wall of dauntless hearts,
And founded on a mighty people's love,
And guarded by the God of righteousness.

BENHADAD:

(With animation.)

I feel the flame of courage at thy breath
Leap up among the ashes of despair.
Thou hast returned to save us! Thou shalt have
The maid; and thou shalt lead my host again!
Priest, I command you give her back to him.

REZON:

(Bowing.)

O master, I obey thy word as thou
Hast ever been obedient to the voice
Of Rimmon. Let thy fiery captain wait
Until the sacrifice has been performed,
And he shall have the jewel that he claims.

(Gravely, and with authority.)

Must we not first placate the city's god
With due allegiance, keep the ancient faith,
And pay our homage to the Lord of Wrath?

BENHADAD:

(Sinking back upon his throne in fear.)

I am the faithful son of Rimmon's House,—

And lo, these many years I worship him!
My thoughts are troubled,—I am very old,
But still a King! Be patient, Naaman!
Priest, let the sacrifice be offered.

(The High Priest lifts his rod. Gongs and cymbals sound. The curtain is rolled back, disclosing the image of Rimmon; a gigantic and hideous idol, with a cruel human face, four horns, the mane of a lion, and huge paws stretched in front of him enclosing a low altar of black stone. Ruahmah stands on the altar, chained, her arms are bare and folded on her breast. The people prostrate themselves in silence, with signs of astonishment and horror.)

REZON:

Behold the sacrifice! Bow down, bow down!

NAAMAN:

(Stabbing him.)

Down! thou black priest, and never rise again!
Ruahmah! do not die! I come to thee.

(Naaman rushes toward her, attacked by the priests, crying "Sacrilege! Kill him!" But the soldiers stand on the steps and beat them back. He springs upon the altar and clasps her in his arms. Tumult and confusion. The King rises and speaks with a loud voice, silence follows.)

BENHADAD:

Peace, peace! The King commands all weapons down!
O Naaman, what wouldst thou do? Beware,
Lest thou provoke the anger of a god.

NAAMAN:

There is no God but one, the Merciful,
Who gave this perfect woman to my soul
That I might learn through her to worship Him
And know the meaning of immortal Love.
Whom God hath joined together all the powers
Of hate and falsehood never shall divide.

BENHADAD:

(Agitated.)

Yet she is consecrated, bound, and doomed
To sacrificial death; but thou art sworn
To live and lead my host,—Hast thou not sworn?

NAAMAN:

Only if thou wilt keep thy word to me!
Break with this idol of iniquity
Whose shadow makes a darkness in the land;
Give her to me who gave me back to thee;
And I will lead thine army to renown
And plant thy banners on the hill of triumph.
But if she dies, I die with her, defying Rimmon.

(Cries of "Spare them! Release her! Give us back our Captain!" and "Sacrilege! Let them die!" Then silence, all turning toward the King.)

BENHADAD:

Is this the choice? Must we destroy the bond
Of ancient faith, or slay the city's living hope!
I am an old, old man,—and yet the King!
Must I decide?—O let me ponder it!

(His head sinks upon his breast. All stand eagerly looking at him.)

NAAMAN:

(Holding her in his arms.)

Ruahmah, my Ruahmah! I have come
To thee at last! And art thou satisfied?

RUAHMAH:

(Looking into his face.)

Yea, my beloved, I am satisfied;—
In heaven and earth the only living God
Is Love, and He will never part us.

FINIS.



Drawn by W. H. Everett.

"Behold the sacrifice! Bow down, bow down!"—Page 300.



From a photograph by Histed, 1898.

Richard Mansfield.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

I—HIS BEGINNINGS AND APPRENTICESHIP

By Paul Wilstach

RICHARD MANSFIELD was born May 24, 1857, in Berlin, whither his mother had come from her London home to sing in opera. His father was Maurice Mansfield, a wine merchant in Lime Street, and his mother was Erminia Rudersdorff, a celebrated prima donna. Richard was the third of four children.

When he was four years old his father died, and as his mother's engagements in the various opera houses of Europe precluded her giving personal attention to the children's education, he and his sister and his two brothers were sent to private schools on the Continent—at first to Jena, then to Yvredon in Switzerland, and finally to Bourbourg in France. Thereafter the children separated and Richard was sent to Derby, England.

At Derby School he was conspicuous in

Speech Day theatricals and in athletic work. After two years in the midlands, however, his impatience with routine fretted him out of endurance of further schooling and he returned home to London and began preparations for the Indian Civil Service. At this time his mother's triumph as prima donna of the Boston Peace Jubilee of 1872 determined her to remain and make her home in the American city, and Richard ever ready for a change, joined her.

He spent four years in Boston during which time he made various experiments in the process of finding himself. Among the boy's friends were Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Julia Ward Howe and Eben Jordan, the merchant. Mr. Jordan gave Richard a desk in his private office as foreign correspondent clerk, and the young man's wide acquaintance with the continental languages stood him in good stead.

But even at this time his character had so far formed itself that he found it impossible to work for another or to live in a home which he could not dominate. So he withdrew from his mother's house and the Jordan store to the frail independence of a career as a painter in a room in the mansard of a boarding-house in the elegant purlieus of Beacon Street. Some pittance picked up as dramatic and musical critic of the precarious *Daily News* helped to keep out the wolf which his own extravagance was continually coaxing to his door. An allowance from his mother was his real support. She encouraged him to open an atelier in the Studio Building, at the corner of Bromfield and Tremont streets, where he found his friends George Munzig and Benjamin Porter, and to the earnings of his brush he added the earnings from a class in languages, and their sum was practically nothing.



From a photograph in the collection of W. C. Bamburgh.

Erminia Rudersdorff Mansfield.



Richard Mansfield, in "The German Reed Entertainments."

In Boston he made two public appearances on the stage. The first was with the Buskin Club, a group of artistic amateurs which he helped to organize, and with them he acted Beau Farintosh in Tom Robertson's "School." The second appearance revealed him as the modest incognito behind "Vincent Crummles's Entertainment," given in Union Hall in June, 1876. Herein he first gave public evidence of his mimetic cleverness in a programme which included imitations and burlesques of most of the conspicuous actors and operatic singers of the day.

Unrest continued to tug at his spirits and he convinced his mother that America held no career for him as a painter. She promised him an allowance of one hundred dollars a month, gave him a letter to her friend William Frith, R.A., and he returned to England in the early days of 1877.

What Mansfield's real intention was when he left America will probably never be known. The study of painting was made the excuse. If his design to become a painter was sincere it was, nevertheless, soon abandoned.

He did present his mother's letter to Frith, who received him with a formal kindness, and he studied casually at the South Kensington Museum, which he reached from the Pall Mall district, where he had lodgings, only after trudging wearily on foot. But there was lacking the enthusiasm and determination which had already become a characteristic of his genuine interest in an undertaking, and it is not surprising that the brush and pal-

ette were soon put aside and the canvases forgotten.

There was another call in his heart. Perhaps the performance of "School" and his appearance as Mr. Vincent Crummles, modest though his success was in each instance, stimulated him with a hope in a new direction. Behind him in Boston he left an unalloyed belief with his mother and his friends that his future lay with painting, but from the time he reached London it is quite evident he was possessed with no other idea than to become an actor, and the chronicle is now one of his apprenticeship in the theatre.

His pocket-book was soon flat. It is certain, however, that there was no more perfectly tailored and groomed young gentleman on the parade than he. His acquaintance quickly extended to the leading lights of the artistic and bohemian world. Old Derby schoolmates looked him up. Over a modest supper, fortified with ale and scotch, and afterward at the piano, he had a hundred resources to make himself facinating. His friends brought their friends. Among a certain set of young swells Dick Mansfield's chambers became one of the most popular rallying-points in London. This hospitality soon exhausted his credit all over the neighborhood. Hunger began to pinch.

Perhaps he confided his dilemma to one or two intimates, for directly he had invitations to spend the week-ends at certain great country houses, where he sang and played for his friends and their guests after dinner. His extravagance, however, consumed the few sovereigns he could command. Nevertheless his talents were earn-



From a drawing by J. Dimsdale, 1879.

Richard Mansfield as "Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B."

ing him something and he wrote of it to his mother in America with high spirits.

He was taken to the Savage Club, where his cleverness was attested by the leading entertainers of London. When Corney Grain was taken sick in the spring of 1877, Mansfield was at once recommended as his substitute in the German Reed Entertainments. He was to receive eight pounds a week. This was a splendid salary for any young man, as salaries went then, or as they stand now on the London stage. To Mansfield it was a positive windfall.

German Reed had, a generation before, established in Regent Street a polite entertainment known as "The Gallery of Illustration." It was one of the sops shrewd London managers offered to the British Puritan who could not take theatrical entertainment from a theatre, just as his American cousin sipped his sanctimoniously through the straw of the Athenæums, Museums, Lyceums, Academies and Opera Houses. Other preëminently proper places in the English capital at that time were Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, Moore and Burgess's Minstrels and the Polytechnic. German Reed's Entertainment consisted of two brief comedies with a musical interlude by some clever parodist or mimic. When he outgrew the quarters in Regent Street, Reed moved a little way above into St. George's Hall in Langham Place. In this miniature theatre he made his entertainments the most select and fashionable diversion in London. From his little company he graduated ladies and gentlemen who took their places among the most distinguished actors and actresses of the day. Reed and his wife appeared in the comedies, and after themselves his strongest card was Corney Grain, successor of the even more noted John Parry, who filled the interlude with an amusing medley of vocal and pianoforte humor.

As a member of this distinguished little coterie of entertainers, Mansfield felt that his fortune was made. His whole interest, attention, and hope now centred on April 20, the night of his début. He was assigned the small rôle of the Beadle in the comedietta "Charity Begins at Home," which opened the evening. After that he was to change to evening dress and hold the stage alone for half an hour after the manner established by Corney Grain. Every shilling he could scrape together went for a wardrobe, linen, boots, cravat, a boutonnière and other irreproachable appurtenances.

His friends crowded St. George's Hall for his first appearance. It was observed as he uttered the few lines of the Beadle that he was excessively nervous. When, later in the evening, he sat down at the piano and struck a preliminary chord, he fainted dead away.

Mr. Reed relieved him of his position at once. In discharging him, he said: "You are the most nervous man I have ever seen." It was not all nervousness, however. Mansfield had not eaten for three days. He had fainted from hunger.

It was many a year before he again worked up to the munificence of eight pounds a week, but this pathetic incident was later made an asset as employed by him in an attractive little comedy of his own writing.

The night of his disastrous début he dragged himself home to his lodgings discouraged and disconsolate, alone, ill, and penniless, but the cup of his bitterness overflowed the next morning. The American mail brought him a letter which was the sequel of a scene which must be recited here.

One day Madame Rudersdorff stormed into George Munzig's studio. In her outstretched hand she carried the fluttering sheets of Richard's latest letter. She was superbly dramatic in her wrath and paced the long room with the air of a tragedy queen.

"George Munzig," she exclaimed in tones of trenchant irony, "do you know what your friend is doing in London—your friend Dick Mansfield? He is giving entertainments, he's an entertainer! He accepts week-end invitations from school friends like Lady Cardigan's son and others, and plays and sings for them, and takes five pounds for it! Your friend does this. He's no son of mine! I'm going right down to State Street and cut off every penny of his allowance!"

And she did, and wrote him punctually to that effect, "beginning," as he afterward declared, "in very plain English and emphasizing her resentment in French, German,. and Italian, and ending up in Russian, with a reserve of bitter denuncia-

tion, but no more languages to express it in." She declared he had "entered on a slave's life," and her son was not fitted for it.

Mansfield was now on evil days indeed. He moved into obscure quarters and fought the hard fight. It was years before he would speak of these experiences. In fact he rarely ruminated on the past in the confidences of either conversation or correspondence. Memory troubled him little, and by the universal equation it withheld its pleasures. He dwelt in the present with his eyes and hopes on the future. It was always the future with him. No pleasure or attainment brought complete satisfaction. He looked to the past only in relation to the future, for experience, for example, what to avoid.

Once when at the meridian of his fame,* he was asked to lecture before the faculty and students of the University of Chicago. For his subject he chose "On Going on the Stage." That he might exploit to those before him the dread reality of the actor's struggle he lifted for the first time a corner of that veil of mystery which hung between his public and his past, and told of these early London days:

"For years I went home to my little room, if fortunately I had one," he said, "and perhaps a tallow dip was stuck in the neck of a bottle, and I was fortunate if I had something to cook for myself over a fire, if I had a fire. That was my life. When night came I wandered about the streets of London, and if I had a penny I invested it in a baked potato, from the baked-potato man on the corner. I would put these hot potatoes in my pockets, and after I had warmed my hands, I would swallow the potato. That is the truth."

The tragedy of those days was not without its humorous relief. "I can remember one evening in London," he recounted afterward at supper amid the luxury of his Riverside Drive home, "when I had reached the pleasant condition of having had nothing to eat all day. I had just one shilling, my last, in my pocket. I was walking along looking somewhat covetously into the pastry shops I passed, wondering how on my pittance I could dissipate the carking hunger to the best advantage. Suddenly I came upon a friend of mine, a vagabond like myself, but apparently then in much better luck. He was gorgeously arrayed in all the black-and-white splendor of evening clothes. He had a dinner invitation, he explained, at Lord Cavendish's or some such great house, we'd go in somewhere and have something on the strength of it.

"We went into one of those Bodega places that are scattered all over London where you get a very decent glass of champagne, on draught, for sixpence. They always had a large cheese about, you know, from which you may help yourself, which is about the nearest approach England makes to the American free-lunch.

"Well, we tucked into the cheese, at least I know I did, and we had our glass of champagne each. Now I don't know whether you know it or not, but there is probably not a mixture in the world that is surer to create hunger than cheese and champagne.

"I did not need an appetite, I had a huge one already, but after that cheese and champagne I had a positive gnawing. I was mentally gloating over the shilling's worth of food I would go forth and feast on, when my friend, shuffling his hands nervously from pocket to pocket, turned to me and said:

"'I say, old man, I'm awfully sorry, but I seem to have left my pocket-book at home. If you happen to have a shilling about you—' and I had the satisfaction of paying out my last shilling for that hunger-raising cheese and champagne!"

The true Mansfield, Mansfield the indomitable, came out in the crucible of these trials. He wrote his mother but he scorned to ask again for money, well as he understood the fiery temperament which is the expression of impulse. They exchanged most affectionate letters. But he was never to see her again.

The sale of an occasional picture or the acceptance of a story or poem by a magazine gave him barely sufficient to eke along. It was with difficulty he was able to put up a respectable appearance when he was so fortunate as to have an invitation to fashionable houses. But non-nutritive as were the unsubstantials that were exploited there in the form of cold collations, the truth is that had he declined these invitations he would have gone hungry.

His discovery of Mrs. Hall, mother of a

*February, 1898.

charming group of girl friends in Boston, and of his old friends, Mrs. Howe and her daughter Maud, were bright spots in this cheerless period. The dinners to which these ladies invited him were often providential interpositions between him and starvation.

At length his wardrobe became so reduced that attendance at any but the most informal entertainments became out of the question, and finally he had to give up these. Soon he was inking the seams of his coat and wandered about shunning friends for fear they would learn to what a condition he was reduced.

"Often," he admitted, "I stayed in bed and slept because when I was awake I was hungry. Foot-sore, I would gaze into the windows of restaurants, bakeries, and fruit-shops, thinking the food displayed in them the most tempting and beautiful sight in the world. There were times when I literally dined on sights and smells."

He did every species of dramatic and musical hack work in drawing-rooms, in clubs, and in special performances in theatres. Sometimes he got into an obscure provincial company but he said that his very cleverness was a kind of curse, since the harder he worked and the better the audiences liked him, the quicker he was discharged. The established favorites of these little companies always struck when a newcomer made a hit.

His humor did not forsake him; but it became somewhat cynical. The equal helplessness of success or failure begot a kind of audacity which broke out in the most unexpected caprices.

In one instance when he foresaw immediate dismissal he executed a sweet revenge on a jealous comedian who, with Mansfield and one other, sang a trio. As each came forward for his verse the other two sat back on either side of the stage, then rose, joined in the chorus, danced a few steps, and fell back again into the chairs. While the comedian was working hard down front, Mansfield ostentatiously took a large pin from the lapel of his coat, with great pains bent it as every school-boy knows how, and getting his cue, suddenly to join in the chorus, quickly put the bent pin in his own chair. At the conclusion of the dance he swung round before the chair and assumed to sit down with violence. As he was just about to touch the chair he reached for the pin, and the audience which had all this time paid no attention to the comedian now roared with laughter.

On another occasion in a little sketch called "A Special Delivery Letter," he was entrusted with the part of the Squire who was to receive the letter—or rather, who was to call for it and not get it because the villain had stolen it. His only line was "I *am* surprised," and then he was to go off the stage. The manager explained that they could not pay much for one line, yet they couldn't get a super who could look like a country gentleman. Mansfield's pride was touched. He had to prove he was better than a super and took the part with the proviso that he be allowed to work it up in his own manner, though he warned the manager that he would not be able to give satisfaction.

Once he got on the stage he bade fair never to leave it. When he was assured that there was no letter he improvised a comic scene of anger, resentment, and bluster which sent the audience into paroxysms of laughter. He delivered a tirade on every one in sight. His brother, who was a member of Parliament, would look into the special delivery department, his wife's cousin was a peer, and the House of Lords would pass a measure abolishing the whole post-office system! Every other sentence was punctuated with "I *am* surprised!" The stage-manager shouted to him to come off and threw himself into a sweat threatening violence, but Mansfield finished his part as he had written it. That night he was discharged.

But nothing else he ever did equalled Mansfield's recital of his experience the night he condescended to the plebeian rôle of a waiter and wore an apron. His whole "business" was to draw a cork, but he took pains to drive that cork home before coming on the stage. When his cue came to draw the cork, he tugged and tugged in vain. His face grew scarlet and perspiration dropped from his forehead. Then he handed the bottle to another waiter, who struggled with all his strength without budging the cork. Mansfield turned a deaf ear to the voices in the wings shouting for him to leave the stage. He took the bottle back again and with renewed effort finally dislodged the cork. The insignificant pop

it gave after those Titanic efforts again brought down the house. His hit meant his dismissal as usual.

In 1878 Gilbert and Sullivan made their first great hit with their delightful operatic satire on the British Navy, "H. M. S. Pinafore." Gilbert had for a decade been a popular dramatist. They had been collaborating, too, in several previous efforts, but this was their first triumph. In the autumn D'Oyly Carte planned a second and a third company to play "Pinafore" in the provinces. Having succeeded in no other direction, Mansfield went to his office and registered. One day after much patience he was granted an interview with the mighty Gilbert.

He was asked to sing, and turning to the pianist—who happened to be Alfred Cellier —Mansfield said: "Play 'La ci darem.'"

"You don't mean the duet from 'Don Giovanni?'" exclaimed the astonished Cellier.

"Play! Play!" repeated Mansfield imperatively. He was somewhat impatient, for instead of buying breakfast that morning he had put a boutonnière in his lapel.

When he finished the duet, alternating his deep, full barytone with his wonderful falsetto tones, he was given the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., first Lord of the Admiralty. It is a part requiring distinction of manner, a good voice, perfect enunciation and agility in dancing. Mansfield had all of these and his success in the part was very considerable, although none but the second-class towns were visited by the company of which he was a member.

The tour included Scotland and Wales, as well as England. No town that had a hall was too small to be visited. The musical accompaniment was played on metallic pianos and asthmatic harmoniums. It would appear that both were used in Darlington—as Darlington was one of the larger towns visited this may have been the occasion for an "enlarged orchestra"—for a local paper said, "Mr. Horner, a gentleman well known for his musical ability, manipulated both the piano and the harmonium." Could the meaning have been that this gifted operative played both at the same time? At Colchester, "the Band of the Royal Dragoons played the overture." Then a piano accompaniment to the opera? Anti-climax!

The only scrap-book that Mansfield ever kept covered these years on tour in "Pinafore." Its yellowed pages tell a story which must have warmed his heart. The notices it contains are in no sense criticisms —mere bald, crude reporting of the facts of the performance, but nearly always with some honeyed word for "the irresistibly comic interpretation of the young man, R. Mansfield, who played Sir Joseph Porter." Pasted inside the cover is a delicate pencil sketch of him in the character, drawn by his friend, J. Dimsdale, "September 26, 1879," and on the rough exterior he sketched with his own pen a merciless caricature of himself in the same rôle.

Augustus van Biene, the actor and musician, whose performance of "The Broken Melody" afterward in England rivalled in length of days and popularity "The Old Homestead" in America, was the musical director for a time. When he heard of Mansfield's later triumphs he exclaimed: "What dreams of success we dreamed! What castles in the air we projected even then! Some day we would astonish the world!" And our joint salaries were just thirty-five dollars a week! Richard Barker was the stage manager and Mansfield could never please him. After trying again and again, he once cried: "Please, Barker, do let me alone. I shall be all right. I have acted the part." "Not you," declared Barker, "Act? You act, man? You will never act as long as you live!"

Mansfield, writing some years after* for some young people who were allured by their impressions of the actor's life, referred to these first provincial experiences: "Have you any idea of what a dressing-room is like? In what places we sometimes have to dress? I have stood in Wales in the act of making-up—the technical term for painting your face—standing with one foot on a brick and with the other foot on a brick, and the water running all about me; with a little piece of cracked looking-glass in my hand; and the stage was made out of a number of boards laid across barrels, with the ladies dressing on one side of the stage and the gentlemen on the other side, and consequently the exits and the entrances had to be changed. We had two exits, one on one side, where the gentlemen dressed, and one exit on the

*First Chicago address, February, 1898.

side where the ladies dressed but occasionally we forgot and once I 'exited,' if I may be permitted to use the term, on the side where the ladies dressed, and there were shrieks which were not written by the author of the play."

In America a comedian who could successfully carry the leading rôle in a touring comic opera would command and receive from one to two hundred dollars a week. For upward of a year Mansfield's weekly salary for playing Sir Joseph Porter was three pounds.

His own account of his revolt for an additional six shillings a week in the fall of 1879, and what followed, written down in his own terms at the time of his telling, lacks only the spirit and magnetism of his recital:

"The management of that company was most exacting. For the slightest excuse or none at all, salaries were cut, fines were imposed or the victim discharged with short shrift. Before long I felt the halter draw, and, not yielding promptly to unjust demands, coupled with a request for a raise of six shillings in salary after a year's successful service, I was promptly set adrift with scarcely a shilling in my pocket. On the munificent salary of three pounds a week it was impossible to lay by anything, and so I journeyed to London with nothing in my pocket but a little contribution which a kind woman of the company forced on me just as I was leaving on my forlorn trip back to the metropolis. Several years ago I found this generous soul in destitute circumstances, over in London, and had the inexpressible pleasure of adding a little to her comfort.

"Reaching my poor lodgings in London, I soon fell into desperate straits. Without money or friends, and with no professional opening, I was soon forced to pawn my few belongings to pay for food. I did not know which way to turn, and was in such extremity that the most gloomy reflections overwhelmed me and I could see no hope in life."

The recollection of the rebuffs, poverty, starvation, inability to find sympathy because possibly of the pride which repelled it, the ill-fortune which snatched the extended opportunity just as he was about to grasp it, the jealousy of established favorites of the encroaching popularity of newcomers, the hardships of provincial travel and life in a part of the country, and at a time when the play-actor was still regarded as a kind of vagabond and was paid as such, the severity of the discipline he encountered from the despots over him—all painted pictures on his memory and fed a fire under the furnace of his nature which tempered the steel in his composition to inflexibility. The stern rod of discipline was held over him every moment and often fell with unforgetable severity. He was trained by autocrats in a school of experience more autocratic than anything dreamed of by this generation of actors.

What befell him while in the distressed state of mind and spirit before described cannot be better conveyed than by resuming his own narrative:

"This was the condition of affairs when a strange happening befell me. Retiring for the night in a perfectly hopeless frame of mind, I fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed dreams. Finally toward morning this fantasy came to me. I seemed in my disturbed sleep to hear a cab drive up to the door as if in a great hurry. There was a knock, and in my dream I opened the door and found D'Oyly Carte's yellow-haired secretary standing outside. He exclaimed:

"'Can you pack up and catch the train in ten minutes to rejoin the company?'

"'I can,' was the dream-land reply. There seemed to be a rushing about while I swept a few things into my bag, then the cab door was slammed and we were off to the station.

"This was all a dream, but here is the inexplicable dénouement. The dream was so vivid and startling that I immediately awoke with a strange uncanny sensation, and sprang to my feet. It was six o'clock and only bare and gloomy surroundings met my eye. On a chair rested my travelling bag, and through some impulse that I could not explain at the time, and cannot account for now, I picked it up and hurriedly swept into it a few articles that had escaped the pawn-shop. It did not take long to complete my toilet, and then I sat down to think.

"Presently, when I had reached the extreme point of dejection, a cab rattled up, there was a knock and there stood D'Oyly Carte's secretary, just as I saw him in my dreams. He seemed to be in a great flurry, and cried out:

"'Can you pack up and reach the station in ten minutes to rejoin the company?'

"'I can,' said I calmly, pointing to my bag, 'for I was expecting you.'

"The man was a little startled by this seemingly strange remark, but bundled me into the cab without further ado, and we hurried away to the station exactly in accord with my dream. That was the beginning of a long engagement, and, although I have known hard times since, it was the turning point in my career.

"How do I account for the dream and its realization?" exclaimed Mansfield in answer to a rather incredulous question. "I have already said that I have no theory whatever in regard to the matter. I do not account for it. It is enough for me to know that I dreamed certain things which were presently realized in the exact order of the dream. Having no superstitions, it is impossible to philosophize over the occurrence. All I know is that everything happened in the exact order that I have stated it."

One man's misfortune is an other man's opportunity. W. S. Penley—he who was to be "Charley's Aunt" Penley—was playing Sir Joseph Porter in the first touring company. He fell ill early in December and it was to take his place that Mansfield had been sent for. His début in the more important company was made at Bristol, December 10, 1879.

He now experienced the novelty and the delight of playing long engagements in the larger provincial cities. A fortnight at holiday time was spent at Torquay and some impression of Mansfield's success among a better class of artists may be gained from the Torquay *Times*' review:

"The success of the piece is made by the First Lord . . . and more elegantly embodied ludicrousness the stage has never exhibited. It is impossible to imagine how an actor could do more justice to an author's conception than Mr. Mansfield does to this effort of Mr. Gilbert's prolific brain. . . . We cannot but confess the success is due in a very eminent degree to the faultless acting of Mr. Mansfield as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B."

Two miles south of Torquay on the Devonshire coast is the village of Paignton. This little town at the time had a quaint bandbox which boasted the imposing name of The Royal Bijou Theatre. On Tuesday, December 30, the posting-boards before the Royal Bijou announced to the world—or to such a proportion as meandered past the theatre during the morning—that on that afternoon at two o'clock would be performed an entirely new and original opera, by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, entitled "The Pirates of Penzance, or Love and Duty."

This was the first performance* of this work on any stage, and the last, too, for some time. It was in reality a hurry-up copyright representation demanded by English law for the protection of dramatic authors and was given in this obscure town purposely. "The Pirates" had been produced in America and this was an expedient to prevent its being pirated in England.

The "Pinafore" company playing in Torquay drove over for the afternoon and sang and acted the parts. It was an amusing experience indeed. There could scarcely have been a numerous audience, there never is at these impromptu performances, but it included Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, Mr. Gilbert and not-yet-Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Mr. Gilbert had completed the book, but Arthur Sullivan had not yet written all the music to his own satisfaction. The Major-General's patter song balked his most ingenious effort. It was marked "to be recited" in the part given Mansfield, but he was so amused at the ingenuity of the rhyme and rhythm that he committed the song to memory on the instant and insisted on being allowed to sing it.

"But there is no music," protested the director of the orchestra.

"Just give me sixteenth notes in the key of G, two beats to the measure, play soft and follow me," he replied and began the song.

"I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General,
I have information vegetable, animal and mineral,

* The cast is interesting not merely as a record but also on account of the embryonic celebrities:

Major-General	Mr. Richard Mansfield
The Pirate King	Mr. Frederici
Frederick (a pirate)	Mr. Cadwallader
Samuel (pirate)	Mr. Lackner
James	Mr. Lehay
Sergeant of Police	Mr. Billington
Mabel	Miss Petrelli
Edith	Miss May
Isabel	Miss K. Neville
Kate	Miss Monmouth
Ruth (Frederick's nurse)	Miss Fanny Harrison

I know the Kings of England, I quote the fights historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo in order categorical.
I am very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical;
I understand equations both simple and quadratical;
About binominal theorems I'm teeming with a lot of news,
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse."

He chatted the words off at a furious rate, but with a crisp distinct enunciation that gave every syllable its value—making the tune up as he went along. Every one roared at the effect and the composer was so amused that he never attempted to write any other music for this song.

Mansfield's effort attracted attention in London. The *World* said he "scored decidedly" and "his impersonation of the Major-General though at present merely sketched, displayed marked originality of conception and dramatic talent."

From Devonshire the company jumped to Ireland, but played only in Dublin and Belfast. In both cities there were many points of intimate personal interest to Mansfield, especially, in the capital, the former home of his grandfather and his mother. He crossed to England again, and such was the success of himself and his associates that almost the entire year of 1880 was spent in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh and Sunderland.

Mansfield had meantime added a new rôle and a pronounced success to his experience. "The Sorcerer," by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, had been presented at the Royalty, London, in 1877, but Mr. D'Oyly Carte's travelling company first played it in 1880. To Mansfield was assigned the title rôle of John Wellington Wells, the remarkable travelling salesman of a firm of family sorcerers. Love philtres are his stock in trade and the complications arise from his sale of them in a peaceful village. The story was suggested first in a sort of prose Bab Ballad which Mr. Gilbert wrote years before for a Christmas number of the *Graphic*.

Mansfield's old scrap-book hints that he took a leaf out of his experience in Boston, for in Wells the critics found they had "a modern Yankee of the 'cutest description." He received most praise for his patter song, "I am John Wellington Wells," and the dramatic delivery of the weird incantation scene.

During the engagement at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, late in June, he sprained his ankle while dancing, but pluckily returned to the cast in a fortnight. This ankle was always weak thereafter. The next time it went back on him proved not to be an unmixed misfortune, for indirectly it led him out into the white light of his first real triumph.

"The Pirates of Penzance" was given its metropolitan premier at the Opera Comique early in 1880 and captured London. Its fame spread and D'Oyly Carte's company added it to their Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire in the autumn. Mansfield resumed his original character, "the very pattern of a modern Major-General." The smartness with which he took off the mannerisms of military swells, his irresistable linguistic fluency and affectation, and his original manner of hesitating at the end of a line to get a correct rhyme, were all noted by the appreciative reviewers.

He had demonstrated his talents to his own satisfaction in three markedly contrasted rôles at the head of an important, if provincial, company. But he evidently felt the fret of the routine. Gypsying in the northern cities was ineffably wearying to one of his temperament. He felt, too, the lure of London. He wrote to America: "I am making a living, but I am not making progress." That note of dissatisfaction never left him. It was the whip of his ambitions. Already a career was coaxing him. That he was making a living was not enough. That he was doing admirably what he was doing was not enough. The call was too strong, and shortly after the holidays he handed in his resignation and returned to London, determined to become a metropolitan actor.

This was rather forcing the hand of Fate. That, however, seems to have been a game that he learned early and he played it all his life. He never waited for opportunity to hunt him up. It was his plan to create an occasion and then realize on it. The boys at Derby had named him "Cork" Mansfield.

London, however, appears not to have been waiting for him. Perhaps he had counted on this.

The curiosity of ambitious young come-

dians was at this time inevitably centred on the next product of the fertile imagination of the authors of "The Sorcerer," "Pinafore" and "The Pirates." Gilbert had for thirteen years been producing at the rate of four plays a year. Doubtless he wrote much also that was not acted. Here was a pen to watch, and there had been nothing from the miraculous nib for a twelvemonth. Gossip in the clubs and in the coffee-rooms began to be busy with rumors of an operatic satire on the reigning æsthetic fad.

Mansfield felt himself peculiarly adapted to play the exquisite. He decided again to beard the lion in his den. He was forth on this mission when he came face to face with the great Gilbert in the Strand. Before Mansfield could give greeting, Gilbert opened fire:

"Sir, they tell me you dared to change the business set down in my book. You shall never be cast in one of my operas again." And then he stalked majestically away, leaving Mansfield with the wind all spilled out of his sails, to drift as he could.

After a rudderless hour or two his friend George Giddens sighted him and towed him into the cosey harbor of the Savage Club. Under the sunny influence of his good friends there Mansfield soon forgot the recent squall and warmed to the spirit of the occasion. He sat down at the piano and presently had the room fascinated with his imitations, parodies, and instrumental absurdities.

After an hour or more of this a gentleman who had been sitting quietly in a corner throughout his performance approached Mansfield and introduced himself:

"I'm Frank Fairleigh——"

"And author of 'As in a Looking-glass,' are you not, Captain?" interrupted Mansfield.

"Yes," resumed Captain Fairleigh, "but what is more to the point I am one of the lessees of the Globe Theatre. My partner, Mr. Henderson, has in rehearsal a new opera comique by Offenbach. The company is completed but I think we can make room for you. Come to our offices tomorrow at noon."

Next day Mansfield repaired to the Globe and was admitted to the company. The operetta in rehearsal was Offenbach's "La Boulangère," the book being the work of the equally celebrated Meilhac and Halévy. The gentleman who was cast for Coquebert dropped out for some reason and Mansfield was given the part to make what was practically his first appearance on the stage in London, as the effort in St. George's Hall had terminated unfortunately before it had begun.

"La Boulangère" proved to be a Parisian bakeress who had made a fortune in John Law's Mississippi scheme. To improve her deportment she engages as her lackey, M. Coquebert, a gentleman in reduced circumstances. The fun of the lackey's part, as written, was somewhat anæmic, and Mansfield was allowed to enlarge his opportunity to amuse the audience. The piece was produced April 16, 1881, and Mansfield succeeded in making an impression. He rushed on, at one point, in manifest distress, and improvised a scene he was supposed to have just witnessed between the soprano, the tenor *robusto*, and the *basso profundo*, of a stranded Italian opera company. His Italian patter talk literally brought down the house.

In the autumn he moved to the Royalty. Burlesque had for a long time been the form of entertainment associated with this house, and the finest talent in England had been in evidence here. The management now changed its policy, however, and the stage of the Royalty was for a time devoted to the light forms of comedy drama.

The first offering was "Out of the Hunt," a fairly merry little play, founded on "Les Demoiselles de Montfermeil" of Barrière and Bernard, and produced on the eighth of October.*

It met with little favor. As Monsieur

* The cast indicates who were his associates at this theatre:

Jugurtha Brown	Mr. G. W. Anson
Lord Waverly Battleaxe	Mr. J. C. Taylor
Walton Weare	Mr. F. Everill
Monsieur Phillipe	Mr. R. Mansfield
Mr. Ap-hazard	Mr. Lytton Crey
Marshley Bittern	Mr. E. Sothern
Waiter	Mr. C. Parry
Chris Deverill	Mr. F. Rodney
Sir Babbleton Deverill	Mr. C. Clenny
Winsom Weare	Miss Lydia Cowell
Hazel Brown	Miss C. Arditi
Gerty Milford	Miss Maude Branscombe
Louise Ap-hazard	Miss Edith Vancher
"Ma"	Mrs. Bant
Josephine	Miss J. Compertz
Tipps	Miss L. Comyns
Orinthia Fitz-Ormond	Miss Lottie Venne

"E. Sothern" of this cast was Edward H. Sothern and this was his first London appearance. To be exact, he appeared first in a comedietta, "False Colors," which opened the evening's bill.

Phillipe, the proprietor of a hotel, Mansfield made an amusing sketch of a business-like little old Frenchman.

After a few days the parts of a new play were distributed and on November 12th the company acted for the first time on any stage Sydney Grundy's farcical comedy, "Dust," from the French of "La Point de Mire," by Labiche and Delacour. Mansfield played Herbert Olwyn. But he did not play it long. Whatever fun there was in the original play was dissipated in the adaptation, and "Dust" was retired after seven nights.

Comedy having failed, the Royalty returned to its old love—burlesque—by degrees. "Geneviève de Brabant," an opera comique, was first revived, Mansfield playing the Burgomaster, and then Henry Byron's "Pluto" was taken off the shelf, dusted up, and presented to its old friends on December 26th. This was preceded by "The Fisherman's Daughter," an original comedy drama in two acts by Charles Garvice. Mansfield played Old Sherman in the shorter piece, but did not appear in Byron's burlesque.

Early in the new year he experienced his first great sorrow. Returning home to his lodgings one night he found a cable dispatch which told him that his best and oldest friend, his confidante, his first audience, his severest critic, the repository of his jealously given affections, the one person in all the world who really understood the jangling discords of his complex nature —his mother—was dead.

The destroyer never before or after stepped between him and any one who was woven in the woof of his inner affections. The poignancy of his suffering was sharpened by the helplessness of distance, his isolation from any one with whom he could relieve his overflowing heart, and the unsparing brevity and literalness of the message.

During the early months of 1882, Mansfield played in two special matinée performances. His characters were Ashley Merton in "Meg's Diversion" and Brigard in "Frou Frou." The latter play was presented at the Globe Theatre for the purpose of introducing Miss Hilda Hilton. Beerbohm Tree played the Baron de Cambri and Arthur Forrest, who later played leading rôles with Mansfield for ten years, was the Henri de Sartoris.

The bill at the Royalty was changed on April 10 to "Sinbad," the burlesque, preceded by a domestic drama in two acts, by Arthur Mathison, entitled "Not Registered." Mansfield appeared in the latter piece supporting the rôle of Theophilus Woolstone. It was his last work at this house. He soon afterward moved to the Comedy Theatre, where "The Mascotte" was enjoying a long run. He was given an insignificant rôle, the innkeeper, and was on the stage less than five minutes in the last act. Yet he spent an hour and a half every night making up to play that five minutes.

Spring was at hand now and the season was waning. Almost any other young actor of five-and-twenty years would have felt some satisfaction with what he had accomplished. Not so Mansfield. He was disappointed with himself. The struggle had been hard and he was bitterly poor. One night, sick in body and depressed in mind, he left the stage and threw himself upon the rickety chair in his dank, noxious dressing-room. Too weary and listless to even take off the shell of the character he had been inpersonating, he did not hear the door slip quietly on its hinges or notice the figure in the doorway. But as the sharp, hearty, familiar, "Well?" broke the stillness, the young man was on his feet in an instant and had the warm hand of the other in his own iron grasp. It was his good friend, Eben Jordan, and the old gentleman was the first human being from that group of dear friends across the water whom Mansfield had seen since his mother died.

They supped together that night and the story of Mansfield's five years in England was rehearsed. The sun was threatening St. Paul's when they separated, but Mr. Jordan had persuaded Mansfield where his opportunity lay. The next day he resigned from the Comedy Theatre company and soon he was on the ocean bound for America.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXIX

DAY broke on the old Court House with its black port-holes, on the graystone jail, and on a tall topless wooden box to one side, from which projected a cross-beam of green oak. From the centre of this beam dangled a rope that swung gently to and fro when the wind moved. And with the day a flock of little birds lighted on the bars of the condemned man's cell window, chirping through them, and when the jailer brought breakfast he found Bad Rufe cowering in the corner of his cell and wet with the sweat of fear.

"Them damn birds ag'in," he growled sullenly.

"Don't lose yo' nerve, Rufe," said the jailer, and the old laugh of defiance came, but from lips that were dry.

"Not much," he answered grimly, but the jailer noticed that while he ate his eyes kept turning again and again to the bars; and the turnkey went away shaking his head. Rufe had told the jailer, his one friend through whom he had kept in constant communication with the Tollivers, how on the night after the shooting of Mockaby, when he lay down to sleep high on the mountain side and under some rhododendron bushes a flock of little birds flew in on him like a gust of rain and perched over and around him, twittering at him until he had to get up and pace the woods, and how, throughout the next day, when he sat in the sun planning his escape, those birds would sweep chattering over his head and sweep chattering back again, and in that mood of despair he had said once, and only once: "Somehow I knowed this time my name was Dennis"—a phrase of evil prophecy he had picked up outside the hills. And now those same birds of evil omen had come again, he believed, right on the heels of the last sworn oath old Judd had sent him that he would never hang.

With the day, through mountain and valley, came in converging lines mountain humanity—men and women, boys and girls, children and babes in arms; all in their Sunday best—the men in jeans, slouched hats, and high boots, the women in gay ribbons and brilliant homespun; in wagons, on foot and on horses and mules, carrying man and man, man and boy, lover and sweetheart, or husband and wife and child—all moving through the crisp autumn air, past woods of russet and crimson and along brown dirt roads, to the straggling little mountain town. A stranger would have thought that a county fair, a camp meeting, or a circus was their goal, but they were on their way to look upon the Court House with its black port-holes, the graystone jail, the tall wooden box, the projecting beam, and that dangling rope which, when the wind moved, swayed gently to and fro. And Hale had forged his plan. He knew that there would be no attempt at rescue until Rufe was led to the scaffold, and he knew that neither Falins nor Tollivers would come in a band, so the incoming tide found on the outskirts of the town and along every road boyish policemen who halted and disarmed every man who carried a weapon in sight, for thus John Hale would have against the pistols of the factions his own Winchesters and repeating shot-guns. And the wondering people saw at the back windows of the Court House and at the threatening portholes more youngsters manning Winchesters, more at the windows of the jailer's frame house, which joined and fronted the jail, and more still—a line of them—running all around the jail; and the old men wagged their heads in amazement and wondered

if, after all, a Tolliver was not really going to be hanged.

So they waited—the neighboring hills were black with people waiting; the house-tops were black with men and boys waiting; the trees in the streets were bending under the weight of human bodies; and the jail-yard fence was three feet deep with people hanging to it and hanging about one another's necks—all waiting. All morning they waited silently and patiently, and now the fatal noon was hardly an hour away and not a Falin nor a Tolliver had been seen. Every Falin had been disarmed of his Winchester as he came in, and as yet no Tolliver had entered the town, for wily old Judd had learned of Hale's tactics and had stayed outside the town for his own keen purpose. As the minutes passed, Hale was beginning to wonder whether, after all, old Judd had come to believe that the odds against him were too great, and had told the truth when he set afoot the rumor that the law should have its way; and it was just when his load of anxiety was beginning to lighten that there was a little commotion at the edge of the Court House and a great red-headed figure pushed through the crowd, followed by another of like build, and as the people rapidly gave way and fell back a line of Falins slipped along the wall and stood under the port-holes—quiet, watchful, and determined. Almost at the same time the crowd fell back the other way up the street, there was the hurried tramping of feet and on came the Tollivers, headed by giant Judd, all armed with Winchesters—for old Judd had sent his guns in ahead—and as the crowd swept like water into any channel of alley or doorway that was open to it, Hale saw the yard emptied of everybody but the line of Falins against the wall and the Tollivers in a body but ten yards in front of them. The people on the roofs and in the trees had not moved at all, for they were out of range. For a moment old Judd's eyes swept the windows and port-holes of the Court House, the windows of the jailer's house, the line of guards about the jail, and then they dropped to the line of Falins and glared with contemptuous hate into the leaping blue eyes of old Buck Falin, and for that moment there was silence. In that silence and as silently as the silence itself, issued swiftly from the line of guards twelve youngsters with Winchester repeating shot-guns and in a minute six were facing the Falins and six facing the Tollivers, each with his shot-gun at his hip. At the head of them stood Hale, his face a pale image, as hard as though cut from stone, his head bare, and his hand and his hip weaponless. In all that crowd there was not a man or a woman who had not seen or heard of him, for the power of the guard that was at his back had radiated through that wild region like ripples of water from a dropped stone and, unarmed even, he had a personal power that belonged to no other man in all those hills, though armed to the teeth. His voice rose clear, steady, commanding:

"The law has come here and it has come to stay." He faced the beetling eyebrows and angrily working beard of old Judd now.

"The Falins are here to get revenge on you Tollivers, if you attack us. I know that. But"—he wheeled on the Falins—"understand! We don't want your help! If the Tollivers try to take that man in there, and one of you Falins draws a pistol, those guns there"—waving his hand toward the jail windows—"will be turned loose on *you. We'll fight you both!*" The last words shot like bullets through his gritted teeth, then the flash of his eyes was gone, his face was calm, and as though the whole matter had been settled beyond possible interruption, he finished quietly:

"The condemned man wishes to make a confession and to say good-by. In five minutes he will be at that window to say what he pleases. Ten minutes later he will be hanged." And he turned and walked calmly into the jailer's door. Not a Tolliver nor a Falin made a movement or a sound. Young Dave's eyes had glared savagely when he first saw Hale, for he had marked Hale for his own and he knew that the fact was known to Hale. Had the battle begun then and there, Hale's death was sure, and Dave knew that Hale must know that as well as he; and yet with magnificent audacity, there he was—unarmed, personally helpless, and invested with an insulting certainty that not a shot would be fired. Not a Falin or a Tolliver even reached for a weapon, and the fact was the subtle tribute that ignorance pays intelligence when the latter is

forced to deadly weapons as a last resort; for ignorance faced now belching shot-guns and was commanded by rifles on every side. Old Judd was trapped and the Falins were stunned. Old Buck Falin turned his eyes down the line of his men with one warning glance. Old Judd whispered something to a Tolliver behind him and a moment later the man slipped from the band and disappeared. Young Dave followed Hale's figure with a look of baffled malignant hatred and Bub's eyes were filled with angry tears. Between the factions the grim young men stood with their guns like statues.

At once a big man with a red face appeared at one of the jailer's windows and then came the sheriff, who began to take out the sash. Already the frightened crowd had gathered closer again and now a hush came over it, followed by a rustling and a murmur. Something was going to happen. Faces and gun-muzzles thickened at the port-holes and at the windows; the line of guards turned their faces sidewise and upward; the crowd on the fence scuffled for better positions; the people in the trees craned their necks from the branches or climbed higher, and there was a great scraping on all the roofs. Even the black crowd out on the hills seemed to catch the excitement and to sway, while spots of intense blue and vivid crimson came out here and there from the blackness when the women rose from their seats on the ground. Then—sharply—there was silence. The sheriff disappeared, and shut in by the sashless window as by a picture frame and blinking in the strong light stood a man with black hair, cropped close, face pale and worn, and hands that looked white and thin—stood bad Rufe Tolliver.

He was going to confess—that was the rumor. His lawyers wanted him to confess; the preacher who had been singing hymns with him all morning wanted him to confess; the man himself said he wanted to confess; and now he was going to confess. What deadly mysteries he might clear up if he would! No wonder the crowd was eager, for there was no soul there but knew his record—and what a record! His best friends put his victims no lower than thirteen and there looking up at him were three women whom he had widowed or orphaned, while at one corner of the jail-yard stood a girl in black—the sweetheart of Mockaby, for whose death Rufe was standing where he stood now. But his lips did not open. Instead he took hold of the side of the window and looked behind him. The sheriff brought him a chair and he sat down. Apparently he was weak and he was going to wait a while. Would he tell how he had killed one Falin in the presence of the latter's wife at a wild bee tree; how he had killed a sheriff by dropping to the ground when the sheriff fired, in this way dodging the bullet and then shooting the officer from where he lay supposedly dead; how he had thrown another Falin out of the Court House window and broken his neck—the Falin was drunk, Rufe always said, and fell out; why, when he was constable, he had killed another—because, Rufe said, he resisted arrest; how and where he had killed Red-necked Johnson, who was found out in the woods? Would he tell all that and more? If he meant to tell there was no sign. His lips kept closed and his bright black eyes were studying the situation; the little squad of youngsters, back to back, with their repeating shot-guns, the line of Falins along the wall toward whom protruded six shining barrels, the huddled crowd of Tollivers toward whom protruded six more—old Judd towering in front with young Dave on one side, tense as a leopard about to spring, and on the other Bub, with tears streaming down his face. In a flash he understood, and in that flash his face looked as though he had been suddenly struck a heavy blow by some one from behind, and then his elbows dropped on the sill of the window, his chin dropped into them and a murmur arose. Maybe he was too weak to stand and talk—perhaps he was going to talk from his chair. Yes, he was leaning forward and his lips were opening, but no sound came. Slowly his eyes wandered around at the waiting people—in the trees, on the roofs and the fence—and then they dropped to old Judd's and blazed their appeal for a sign. With one heave of his mighty chest old Judd took off his slouch hat, pressed one big hand to the back of his head and, despite that blazing appeal, kept it there. At that movement Rufe threw his head up as though his breath had suddenly failed him, his face turned sickening white, and slowly

again his chin dropped into his trembling hands, and still unbelieving he stared his appeal, but old Judd dropped his big hand and turned his head away. The condemned man's mouth twitched once, settled into defiant calm, and then he did one kindly thing. He turned in his seat and motioned Bob Berkley, who was just behind him, away from the window, and the boy, to humor him, stepped aside. Then he rose to his feet and stretched his arms wide. Simultaneously came the far-away crack of a rifle, and as a jet of smoke spurted above a clump of bushes on a little hill, three hundred yards away, Bad Rufe wheeled half way round and fell back out of sight into the sheriff's arms. Every Falin made a nervous reach for his pistol, the line of gun-muzzles covering them wavered slightly, but the Tollivers stood still and unsurprised, and when Hale dashed from the door again there was a grim smile of triumph on old Judd's face. He had kept his promise that Rufe should never hang.

"Steady there," said Hale quietly. His pistol was on his hip now and a Winchester was in his left hand.

"Stand where you are—everybody!"

There was the sound of hurrying feet within the jail. There was the clang of an iron door, the bang of a wooden one, and in five minutes from within the tall wooden box came the sharp click of a hatchet and then—dully:

"*T-h-o-o-mp!*" The dangling rope had tightened with a snap and the wind swayed it no more.

At his cell door the Red Fox stood with his watch in his hand and his eyes glued to the second-hand. When it had gone three times around its circuit, he snapped the lid with a sigh of relief and turned to his hammock and his Bible.

"He's gone now," said the Red Fox.

Outside Hale still waited, and as his eyes turned from the Tollivers to the Falins, seven of the faces among them came back to him with startling distinctness, and his mind went back to the opening trouble in the county-seat over the Kentucky line, years before—when eight men held one another at the points of their pistols. One face was missing, and that face belonged to Rufe Tolliver. Hale pulled out his watch.

"Keep those men there," he said, pointing to the Falins, and he turned to the bewildered Tollivers.

"Come on, Judd," he said kindly—"all of you."

Dazed and mystified, they followed him in a body around the corner of the jail, where in a coffin, that old Judd had sent as a blind to his real purpose, lay the remains of Bad Rufe Tolliver with a harmless bullet hole through one shoulder. Nearby was a wagon and hitched to it were two mules that Hale himself had provided. Hale pointed to it:

"I've done all I could, Judd. Take him away. I'll keep the Falins under guard until you reach the Kentucky line, so that they can't waylay you."

If old Judd heard, he gave no sign. He was looking down at the face of his foster-brother—his shoulder drooped, his great frame shrunken, and his iron face beaten and helpless. Again Hale spoke:

"I'm sorry for all this. I'm even sorry that your man was not a better shot."

The old man straightened then and with a gesture he motioned young Dave to the foot of the coffin and stooped himself at the head. Past the wagon they went, the crowd giving way before them, and with the dead Tolliver on their shoulders, old Judd and young Dave passed with their followers out of sight.

XXX

THE longest of her life was that day to June. The anxiety in times of war for the women who wait at home is vague because they are mercifully ignorant of the dangers their loved ones run, but a specific issue that involves death to those loved ones has a special and poignant terror of its own. June knew her father's plan, the precise time the fight would take place, and the especial danger that was Hale's, for she knew that young Dave Tolliver had marked him with the first shot fired. Dry-eyed and white and dumb, she watched them make ready for the start that morning while it was yet dark; dully she heard the horses snorting from the cold, the low curt orders of her father, and the exciting mutterings of Bub and young Dave; dully she watched the saddles

thrown on, the pistols buckled, the Winchesters caught up, and dully she watched them file out the gate and ride away, single file, into the cold, damp mist like ghostly figures in a dream. Once only did she open her lips and that was to plead with her father to leave Bub at home, but her father gave her no answer and Bub snorted his indignation—he was a man now, and his now was the privilege of a man. For a while she stood listening to the ring of metal against stone that came to her more and more faintly out of the mist, and she wondered if it was really June Tolliver standing there, while father and brother and cousin were on their way to fight the law—how differently she saw these things now—for a man who deserved death, and to fight a man who was ready to die for his duty to that law—the law that guarded them and her and might not perhaps guard him: the man who had planted for her the dew-drenched garden that was waiting for the sun, and had built the little room behind her for her comfort and seclusion; who had sent her to school, had never been anything but kind and just to her and to everybody—who had taught her life and, thank God, love. Was she really the June Tolliver who had gone out into the world and had held her place there; who had conquered birth and speech and customs and environment so that none could tell what they all once were; who had become the lady, the woman of the world, in manner, dress, and education: who had a gift of music and a voice that might enrich her life beyond any dream that had ever sprung from her own brain or any that she had ever caught from Hale's? Was *she* June Tolliver who had been and done all that, and now had come back and was slowly sinking back into the narrow grave from which Hale had lifted her? It was all too strange and bitter, but if she wanted proof there was her step-mother's voice now—the same, old, querulous, nerve-racking voice that had embittered all her childhood—calling her down into the old mean round of drudgery that had bound forever the horizon of her narrow life just as now it was shutting down like a sky of brass around her own. And when the voice came, instead of bursting into tears as she was about to do, she gave a hard little laugh and she lifted a defiant face to the rising sun. There was a limit to the sacrifice for kindred, brother, father, home, and that limit was the eternal sacrifice—the eternal undoing of herself: when this wretched terrible business was over she would set her feet where that sun could rise on her, busy with the work that she could do in that world for which she felt she was born. Swiftly she did the morning chores and then she sat on the porch thinking and waiting. Spinning wheel, loom, and darning needle were to lie idle that day. The old step-mother had gotten from bed and was dressing herself—miraculously cured of a sudden, miraculously active. She began to talk of what she needed in town, and June said nothing. She went out to the stable and led out the old sorrel-mare. She was going to the hanging.

"Don't you want to go to town, June?"

"No," said June fiercely.

"Well, you needn't git mad about it—I got to go some day this week, and I reckon I might as well go ter-day." June answered nothing, but in silence watched her get ready and in silence watched her ride away. She was glad to be left alone. The sun had flooded Lonesome Cove now with a light as rich and yellow as though it were late afternoon, and she could yet tell every tree by the different color of the banner that each yet defiantly flung into the face of death. The yard fence was festooned with dewy cobwebs, and every weed in the field was hung with them as with flashing jewels of exquisitely delicate design: Hale had once told her that they meant rain. Far away the mountains were overhung with purple so deep that the very air looked like mist, and a peace that seemed mother-like in tenderness brooded over the earth. Peace! Peace—with a man on his way to a scaffold only a few miles away, and two bodies of men, one led by her father, the other by the man she loved, ready to fly at each other's throats—the one to get the condemned man alive, the other to see that he died. She got up with a groan. She walked into the garden. The grass was tall, tangled, and withering, and in it dead leaves lay everywhere, stems up, stems down, in reckless confusion. The scarlet sage-pods were brown and seeds were dropping from their tiny gaping mouths. The marigolds were frost-nipped and one lonely black-winged butterfly was

vainly searching them one by one for the lost sweets of Summer. The gorgeous crowns of the sun-flowers were nothing but grotesque black mummy-heads set on lean, dead bodies, and the clump of big castor-plants, buffeted by the wind, leaned this way and that like giants in a drunken orgy trying to keep one another from falling down. The blight that was on the garden was the blight that was in her heart, and two bits of cheer only she found—one yellow nasturtium, scarlet-flecked, whose fragrance was a memory of the Spring that was long gone, and one little cedar tree that had caught some dead leaves in its green arms and was firmly holding them as though to promise that another Spring would surely come. With the flower in her hand, she started up the ravine to her dreaming place, but it was so lonely up there and she turned back. She went into her room and tried to read. Mechanically, she half opened the lid of the piano and shut it, horrified by her own act. As she passed out on the porch again she noticed that it was only nine o'clock. She turned and watched the long hand—how long a minute was! Three hours more! She shivered and went inside and got her bonnet—she could not be alone when the hour came, and she started down the road toward Uncle Billy's mill. Hale! Hale! Hale!—the name began to ring in her ears like a bell. The little shacks he had built up the creek were deserted and gone to ruin, and she began to wonder, in the light of what her father had said, how much of a tragedy that meant to him. Here was the spot where he was fishing that day, when she had slipped down behind him and he had turned and seen her for the first time. She could recall his smile and the very tone of his kind voice:

"How-dye, little girl!" And the cat had got her tongue. She remembered when she had written her name, after she had first kissed him at the foot of the beech—"June *Hail*," and by a grotesque mental leap the beating of his name in her brain now made her think of the beating of hail-stones on her father's roof one night when as a child she had lain and listened to them. Then she noticed that the Autumn shadows seemed to make the river darker than the shadows of Spring—or was it already the stain of dead leaves? Hale could have told her. Those leaves were floating through the shadows and when the wind moved, others zigzagged softly down to join them. The wind was helping them on the water, too, and along came one brown leaf that was shaped like a tiny trireme—its stem acting like a rudder and keeping it straight before the breeze—so that it swept past the rest as a yacht that she was once on had swept past a fleet of fishing sloops. She was not unlike that swift little ship and thirty yards ahead were rocks and shallows where it and the whole fleet would turn topsy-turvy—would her own triumph be as short and the same fate be hers? There was no question as to that, unless she took the wheel of her fate in her own hands and with them steered the ship. Thinking hard, she walked on slowly, with her hands behind her and her eyes bent on the road. What should she do? She had no money, her father had none to spare, and she could accept no more from Hale. Once she stopped and stared with unseeing eyes at the blue sky, and once under the heavy helplessness of it all she dropped on the side of the road and sat with her head buried in her arms—sat so long that she rose with a start and with an apprehensive look at the mounting sun hurried on. She would go to the Gap and teach; and then she knew that if she went there it would be on Hale's account. Very well, she would not blind herself to that fact; she would go and perhaps all would be made up between them, and then she knew that if that but happened, nothing else could matter. . . .

When she reached the miller's cabin, she went to the porch without noticing that the door was closed. Nobody was at home and she turned listlessly. When she reached the gate, she heard the clock beginning to strike, and with one hand on her breast she breathlessly listened, counting—"eight, nine, ten, eleven"—and her heart seemed to stop in the fraction of time that she waited for it to strike once more. But it was only eleven, and she went on down the road slowly, still thinking hard. The old miller was leaning back in a chair against the log side of the mill, with his dusty slouched hat down over his eyes. He did not hear her coming and she thought he must be asleep, but he looked up with a start when she spoke and she

knew of what he, too, had been thinking. Keenly his old eyes searched her white face and without a word he got up and reached for another chair within the mill.

"You set right down now, baby," he said, and he made a pretense of having something to do inside the mill, while June watched the creaking old wheel dropping the sun-shot sparkling water into the swift sluice, but hardly seeing it at all. By and by Uncle Billy came outside and sat down and neither spoke a word. Once June saw him covertly looking at his watch and she put both hands to her throat—stifled.

"What time is it, Uncle Billy?" She tried to ask the question calmly, but she had to try twice before she could speak at all and when she did get the question out, her voice was only a broken whisper.

"Five minutes to twelve, baby," said the old man, and his voice had a gulp in it that broke June down. She sprang to her feet wringing her hands:

"I can't stand it, Uncle Billy," she cried madly, and with a sob that almost broke the old man's heart. "I tell you I can't stand it."

. . . . . .

And yet for three hours more she had to stand it, while the cavalcade of Tollivers, with Rufe's body, made its slow way to the Kentucky line where Judd and Dave and Bub left them to go home for the night and be on hand for the funeral next day. But Uncle Billy led her back to his cabin, and on the porch the two, with Ole Hon, waited while the three hours dragged along. It was June who was first to hear the galloping of horses' hoofs up the road and she ran to the gate, followed by Uncle Billy and Old Hon to see young Dave Tolliver coming in a run. At the gate he threw himself from his horse:

"Git up thar, June, and go home," he panted sharply. June flashed out the gate.

"Have you done it?" she asked with deadly quiet.

"Hurry up an' go home, I tell ye! Uncle Judd wants ye!"

She came quite close to him now.

"You said you'd do it—I know what you've done—You—" she looked as if she would fly at his throat, and Dave, amazed, shrank back a step.

"Go home, I tell ye—Uncle Judd's shot. Git on the hoss!"

"No, no, *no!* I wouldn't *touch* anything that was yours"—she put her hands to her head as though she were crazed, and then she turned and broke into a swift run up the road.

Panting, June reached the gate. The front door was closed and there she gave a tremulous cry for Bub. The door opened a few inches and through it Bub shouted for her to come on. The back door, too, was closed, and not a ray of daylight entered the room except at the port-hole where Bub, with a Winchester, had been standing on guard. By the light of the fire she saw her father's giant frame stretched out on the bed and she heard his labored breathing. Swiftly she went to the bed and dropped on her knees beside it.

"Dad!" she said. The old man's eyes opened and turned heavily toward her.

"All right, Juny. They shot me from the laurel and they might nigh got Bub. I reckon they've got me this time."

"No—no!" He saw her eyes fixed on the matted blood on his chest.

"Hit's stopped. I'm afeard hit's bleedin' inside." His voice had dropped to a whisper and his eyes closed again. There was another cautious "Hello" outside, and when Bub again opened the door Dave ran swiftly within. He paid no attention to June.

"I follered June back an' left my hoss in the bushes. There was three of 'em." He showed Bub a bullet hole through one sleeve and then he turned half contemptuously to June:

"I hain't done it"—adding grimly—"Not yit. He's as safe as you air. I hope you're satisfied that hit hain't him 'stid o' yo' daddy thar."

"Are you going to the Gap for a doctor?"

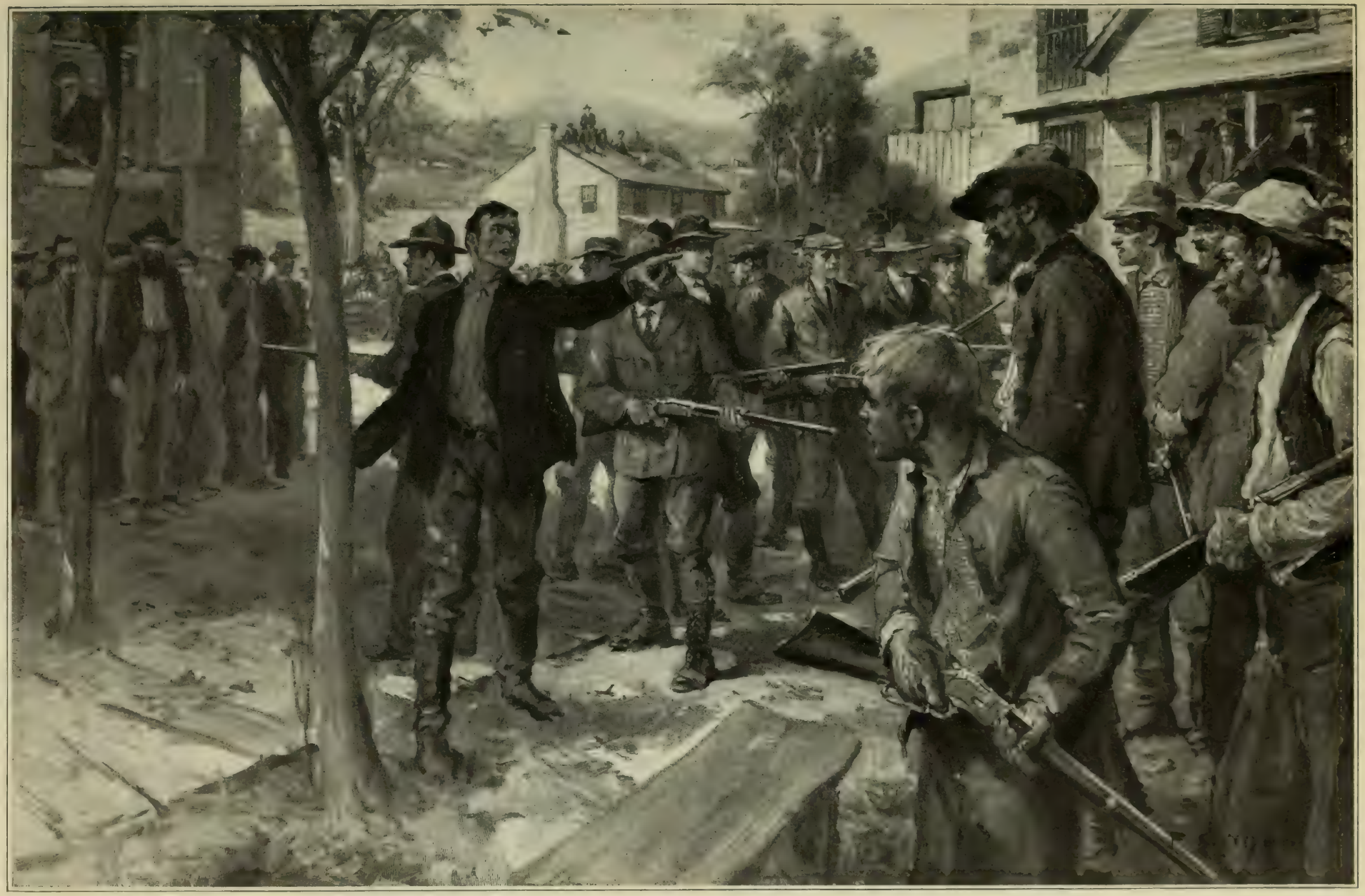
"I reckon I can't leave Bub here alone agin all the Falins—not even to git a doctor or to carry a love-message fer you."

"Then I'll go myself."

A thick protest came from the bed, and then an appeal that might have come from a child.

"Don't leave me, Juny." Without a word June went into the kitchen and got the old bark horn.

"Uncle Billy will go," she said, and she stepped out on the porch. But Uncle



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"We'll fight you both!"—Page 315.

Billy was already on his way and she heard him coming just as she was raising the horn to her lips. She met him at the gate, and without even taking the time to come into the house the old miller hurried upward toward the Lonesome Pine. The rain came then—the rain that the tiny cobwebs had heralded at dawn that morning. The old step-mother had not come home, and June told Bub she had gone over the mountain to see her sister and when, as darkness fell, she did not appear they knew that she must have been caught by the rain and would spend the night with a neighbor. June asked no question, but from the low talk of Bub and Dave she made out what had happened in town that day and a wild elation settled in her heart that John Hale was alive and unhurt—though Rufe was dead, her father wounded, and Bub and Dave both had but narrowly escaped the Falin assassins that afternoon. Bub took the first turn at watching while Dave slept, and when it was Dave's turn she saw him drop quickly asleep in his chair, and she was left alone with the breathing of the wounded man and the beating of rain on the roof. And through the long night June thought her brain weary over herself, her life, her people, and Hale. They were not to blame—her people, they but did as their fathers had done before them. They had their own code and they lived up to it as best they could, and they had had no chance to learn another. She felt the vindictive hatred that had prolonged the feud. Had she been a man, she could not have rested until she had slain the man who had ambushed her father. She expected Bub to do that now, and if the spirit was so strong in her with the training she had had, how helpless they must be against it. Even Dave was not to blame—not to blame for loving her—he had always done that. For that reason he could not help hating Hale, and how great a reason he had now, for he could not understand as she could the absence of any personal motive that had governed him in the prosecution of the law, no matter if he hurt friend or foe. But for Hale, she would have loved Dave and now be married to him and happier than she was. Dave saw that—no wonder he hated Hale. And as she slowly realized all these things, she grew calm and gentle and determined to stick to her people and do the best she could with her life.

And now and then through the night old Judd would open his eyes and stare at the ceiling, and at these times it was not the pain in his face that distressed her as much as the drawn beaten look that she had noticed growing in it for a long time. It was terrible—that helpless look in the face of a man, so big in body, so strong of mind, so iron-like in will; and whenever he did speak she knew what he was going to say:

"It's all over, Juny. They've beat us on every turn. They've got us one by one. Thar ain't but a few of us left now and when I git up, if I ever do, I'm goin' to gether 'em all together, pull up stakes and take 'em all West. You won't ever leave me, Juny?"

"No, Dad," she would say gently. He had asked the question at first quite sanely, but as the night wore on and the fever grew and his mind wandered, he would repeat the question over and over like a child, and over and over, while Bub and Dave slept and the rain poured, June would repeat her answer:

"I'll never leave you, Dad."

(To be continued.)



THE MONTH OF RIPENESS

By Wilfred Campbell

THOU languid August noon,
When all the slopes are sunny;
When with jocund dreamy tune,
The bees are in the honey;
When with purple flowers
Aflaming in the sun,
The drowsy hours
Thread one by one
The golden pleasaunces.

Then is heart's amusing time;
Then, of all the seasons,
Old Earth for inward rhyme
Is full of golden reasons;—
Then the ripening gourd,
The sunkissed garden wall,
The purpling hoard,
The flocks that call
Adown the distances.

Forego the saddening tear,
Thou month without alloy;
To younger seasons of the year
Resign the flag of joy;
But, thou, be what thou art,
Full brooding to the brim
Of dreams apart
And purlieus dim
Of leafy silences.



The bridge at Grez.

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS

By Will H. Low

With illustrations by the author and from his collections

THIRD PAPER

OUR WORK, OUR PLAY AND OUR THOUGHTS

WHAT was it that rendered our sojourn in Fontainebleau and its outlying villages so influential in our lives and of such compelling charm that, whenever after I met with Bob or Louis, we resumed our intercourse as though intervening time and the many accidents along the way were banished, and we were once more at the threshold of our life?

The common interest of our projected life-work was undoubtedly at the root of this close and enduring association, but probably the strongest factor was that though of nationality so dissimilar, of early influences so completely disassociated, we were, for the first time and in common, enjoying the large liberty of thought and action that in France is vouchsafed to the children of the arts. This was to us as is the breath of life, for no matter how sympathetic a restrained circle may be in other lands to the embryotic artist, no such environment can replace his universal acceptance and the dignity of the position accorded him, which for centuries has made that country the *alma mater* of the arts.

We know with what little favor the chosen vocation of Louis Stevenson was regarded at home, and how he had been obliged to adopt a profession esteemed more respectable. His cousin, to whom Louis wrote a few months before his death, "You wouldn't imitate, hence you kept free—a wild dog outside the kennel," never forgot those early days in Edinburgh.

Later in life when writing of Velasquez; in explanation of the independence of the Spanish master's art, upspringing like a flower in the arid soil of "a bigoted and fantastically ceremonious court;" he evidently reverts to his own experience. "Many old men, reared in the puritanical and hypocritical Edinburgh of the past, could tell you the private reactionary effect of that life of repression and humbug upon a decent genuine man. That you may not think at all, or act for yourself, is to add the very zest of piracy to experiment in life and originality in thought. Where public profession is manifestly a lie and public manners a formal exaggeration, life becomes a chest with a false bottom which opens into a refuge for the kindlier, wiser, and more ardent among human beings."

These conditions had borne hard upon my friends and, though in many ways my earlier lot had been happier, the neophyte in art in the days of my youth in our newer country was a little considered and solitary figure—his survivor even to-day having no very definite place in our social fabric. Hence, with something of the joy of colts let out to pasture, we had embraced the wider horizon, and above all the untrammelled liberty, that was unquestionably accorded to our kind in the pleasant land of France.



The village street at Grez.



"Under the walls of an ancient town."—Page 338.
The city gate and the inn at the bridge end, Moret.

In after years, according to the manners and customs of our several countries, we affronted existing conditions, and each in our way became very respectable dray horses; but when met together some whiff of keener air from the plains of Fontainebleau blew our way, and the coltish spirit of our youth was reawakened.

Art and life were such synonymous terms with us in those days, that to have as virtually our only associates men who almost without exception were devoted to some form of art, lent joy to existence; even when intimacy was foregone and the relations were purely formal. Their mere numbers, however, ensured enough variety of opinions to make the interchange of thought wholesome and to keep our minds active; while the prosecution of our actual work added the healthy influence of practice to theory.

There were few drones in this busy hive of art, but of these Louis was apparently the most consistent. We have learned since how many impressions of scenes and manners were garnered from this apparent idleness, and through what a formative period in his work he was passing at the time. But I never remember him withdrawing to the seclusion of his room on the plea of work to be done nor, in the long afternoons spent in his company—while I was industriously "spoiling canvas," as with more truth than I imagined we were wont to say with facetious intent—can I recall him as busy with paper and pencil. Even the book which was his frequent companion was more than likely left unopened. On the other hand, it is with gratifying frequency that I find in his published works ideas and reflections born of that time, and in many instances phrases and incidents that bring back some special place in the forest, or the life that we lived at Barbizon, Grez or Montigny-sur-Loing. Industrious idleness it was to him; for his mind was a treasure house, where every addition to its store was carefully guarded against the day of need. Many incidents of our common experience, long forgotten by me, I have thus met in fresh guise in after years; and in most cases I imagine that it was his memory and not his notes that served him—at least of

these last there was no visible evidence at the time. Despite our intimacy we lived so much in the present, each day bringing its quota of fresh experience, that it was long after in interchange of reminiscent talk that I learned of his earlier life, of the days when he was "ordered South," and of the storm and stress of his adolescent years.

Though it was considered "good form" in our circle to expatiate at length upon the work that we were doing, and to display it on every occasion in the most unblushing manner, he was an exception to the rule; vague mention of the few things he had published reached our ears, but no copies of them were produced; and it was not until the summer of 1876 that I first saw his work printed—the essay entitled "Forest Notes" in the *Cornhill* for May of that year.

I remember now a slight feeling of disappointment as I read this first specimen of his work; a feeling perhaps akin to that expressed by a little girl, the daughter of a well-known writer in New York, to whom a copy of the "Child's Garden of Verses" had been given: "Huh, I don't think much of those verses, *I think things just like them myself.*"

We were living the life described in this essay; one passage recalls the sketch of mine, that in color is the "only proof we have that Louis's hair was ever light"; and, though it admirably stands the test of his own definition of the difference between the work of the amateur and that of the writer master of his craft; "never to put into two pages the matter of one," it nevertheless appeared to me at the time to be less than I expected from the impression that his conversation and the charm of his presence had created.

The charm of his presence was both appealing and imperative and though for other friends—for Bob especially—the ties



Anthony Henley, a painter, brother of the poet. Bentz. Palizzi. R. A. M. Stevenson. Frank O'Meara. Ernest Parton.

A group in the garden of Chevillons Inn at Grez, 1877.



The plateau of the Bas Bréau—Fontainebleau.
Sketch in oils by W. H. Low.

that bind young men together and lay the foundations for life-long friendships were quite as strong; Louis, quite unconsciously, exercised a species of fascination whenever we were together. Fascination or charm are not qualities which Anglo-Saxon youths are prone to acknowledge, in manly avoidance of their supposedly feminizing effect, but it was undoubtedly this attractive power which R. L. S. held so strongly through life, and which, gentle though it may have been, held no trace of dependence or weakness; that led Edmund Gosse to exclaim, when I chanced to meet him at a crowded reception in New York long before Stevenson had attained a trans-Atlantic reputation: "I am told that you are a friend of Louis Stevenson. Do you know any one in



In the forest depths—Fontainebleau.
Sketch in oils by W. H. Low.

the world that you would better like to have walk in on us at the present moment?"

The charm therefore of the long afternoons spent with him in the woods, his book thrown aside, the long fingers twisting cigarettes of thread-like dimensions—I have never known any one to roll so thin a cigarette as Stevenson—and the constant flow of talk and interchange of thought come back to me like the opening chapters of a book which one has perused with increasing delight—only to find it at the end by "a wilful convulsion of brute nature" finished too soon.

This is the recollection of the time passed alone with him or when Bob was present; but, when our whole company was gathered together, the talk took a more

turbulent course and, generally, with good humor, but always with the "engaging frankness of youth" much banter was tossed to and fro. One witticism recurs to me that afterward attained respectability in the staid columns of the *Saturday Review;* that was, I believe, first provoked by the indignant protest of the gallophile of our party against the character of certain criticisms of the manners and customs of the land where we sojourned. "Don't mind him," drawled the insular critic, "he is *privately* a Frenchman."



From the arbor overhanging the river at Montigny-sur-Loing.

As already described the two Stevensons and the writer occasionally drifted out of the English-speaking circle and had experiences more tinged with the local color of the village life. One such experience I should hesitate to write, perhaps, as it seems like taking a posthumous revenge for the indiscretions of my friend; who did not scruple to portray an encounter that one may chanced to have had with the seductive qualities of the wine of Roussilon in the pages of "The Wrecker," and then make plain its reference in the Epilogue addressed to me. As this other experience was, however, unique in my long frequentation of the society of R. L. S. it may figure here as a detail in my portrayal of the man.

One morning Siron took the three of us aside and explained that that evening a dinner was to be given by him in honor of the baptism of his first grandchild, and that, as it was manifestly impossible for him to invite all the sojourners at his inn, he had flatteringly chosen us from their number, and desired our presence at the dinner. We had, however, a previous engagement to pass the evening with our friend La Chèvre; but, seeing Siron's evident disappointment, we promised to come in later and assist in properly launching the innocent grandchild upon the troubled waves of life.

When, after a pleasant evening with our friends at the end of the village, and the customary supper washed down with some excellent white wine, we arrived at the scene of the baptismal dinner, the festivities were at their height. The table had been spread at one end of the long garden behind the hotel and some forty guests



Springtime, Montigny-sur-Loing, 1876.
From the painting by W. H. Low, in the collection of Sir George Drummond, Montreal.

were present, including the proud parents, all the relations near or remote, and the chef and other servants of the hotel. Coffee had been served and song was in order, each of the guests in turn aiming to shine in sentimental or comic vein; the chef, already far gone in liquor, at once rising, ready to burst into melody as each singer finished his contribution, and being as promptly suppressed. The proud father of the babe was one of the forest guards, an Alsatian who, like so many of the sons of that unhappy province, had been given his choice after the annexation to leave his native province or remain and become a subject of the hated German Empire. He had chosen to remain French; and had been rewarded with his post as one of the guardians of the forest. Our arrival only temporarily checked the flow of song, more wine was brought, many toasts were drunk; and, as the whole atmosphere seemed charged with the vapors of a Gargantuan repast plentifully liquefied by an abundance of the juice of the grape, it was not long before we three, ordinarily temperate youths, rose to the festival heights where our friends were enthroned. The muse was largely patriotic, the wounds of the late war were hardly healed; and the presence of one who had given up the hearths of his fathers at the call of patriotism dictated

the choice of the postprandial *répertoire*. We heard thundered forth how at Reichshoffen death had closed up the ranks of the *cuirassiers*, and various other songs bewailing the sorrows of France and vowing vengeance on her enemies; when the forest guard rose precipitately, and with an embracing movement drew the three of us into the cool recesses of the garden. Once there he turned, the tears streaming down his visage and cried: "Now, *Messieurs*, we will weep together for the sorrows of France!" After that my memory is somewhat confused; though I have a continuing vision of the white-robed chef bobbing up serenely at stated intervals and beginning a song that as frequently was forcibly checked amid his expostulations; until at last we three found ourselves in the moonlit village street outside the inn.



Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Sketch from life, 1877.

It must have been long past midnight, but instead of seeking our beds, as prudence—and our condition—dictated, we sought the seclusion of the forest. There at the end of the long *allée*, checkered by light and shade, we came to a space more open, where the ground was silvered by the full flood of the high-riding moon. Here in the middle of the road we stretched ourselves at full length and discoursed—we could still talk—of many things; of grave import no doubt though they escape my treacherous memory at the present time. How long we stayed there in this beatific state I know not, but finally Bob, rising to a sitting position, made the surprising statement that we were three idiots and might better be in bed. Somewhat pained, we nevertheless agreed with his concluding suggestion and, without too much difficulty, retraced our steps to our lodging.

Here I have a vision of Bob waving a bedroom candle from the stair leading to his room, on the floor above that where Louis and I had ours, and sternly commanding me to see that his cousin got safely to bed. I took this command with a seriousness befitting the occasion, and at last, when Louis was properly robed for the night, I concluded my friendly service by carefully tucking in the covering. This I did in so conscientious a manner that my friend, smiling blandly from his pillow murmured: "How good you are, you remind me of my mother." In after years, though I am forced to admit that the version of this story given by R. L. S. varied from my own truthful recital, we have often laughed over the baptism of Siron's grandchild; and his shade may now be smiling at me as I write.

Perhaps it may be well to explain here how little intemperance played a part in all our student gatherings. What little there was, may be laid, I fear, at the door of the aliens; for, among my French comrades, it was virtually unknown. I can still see the extraordinary air of the

connoisseur adopted by one of these last—by my friend Cocles whose character I have described some pages back—when at the conclusion of a dinner he would consult the list of *vins fins*. "We will probably not order anything," he would gravely state, "but the very names of these wines have an aroma of their own." And then, lingering over the syllables, he would murmur half to himself the noble titles of the aristocratic offspring of the invigorating sun and the fruitful earth; concluding perhaps by ordering a modest half bottle of some well-known vintage; which, drop by drop, sharing with an appreciative friend, he would savor to the dregs.

With Stevenson, also, appreciation of the taste and the flavor of romance, which clings to the tradition of good wine, was as keen as his abhorrence of the intemperance that was common in Scotland. On the one hand, I remember his saying reflectively, over a final bottle of the Beaujolais-Fleury at Lavenue's on the eve of one of his visits home: "I wish that we could get this in Edinburgh, for you don't know how I dread returning there and adapting myself to the ration of drink usual in the land of my fathers." On the other hand, I remember his exclamation: "Don't that make you just love France," when I told him the legend that there was a standing order in the French Army, that no detachment of troops should ever pass the narrow strip of land on which ripens the noble *cru* of Clos Vougeot, without presenting arms.

Sins of omission and of commission were plentiful enough in my time among the students, as they had been probably since the first students sat on their tresses of straw and conversed in Latin in the rue de la Harpe, giving its name to the students' quarter, and as they are to-day within its enlarged boundaries; but over-indulgence in drink is not one of them, and it is as a somewhat extraordinary occurrence that I have ventured to tell this tale of "when the wine had done its rosy deed."



Self portrait of W. H. L. painted in "the vine-trellised arbor" at Montigny, 1876.

MONTIGNY AND GREZ

The following year our common existence experienced a change of scene, when a true Anglo-Saxon love of the water lured my friends to Grez, a village lying on the opposite side of the forest from Barbizon, and possessing, among other attractions, a small river flowing by the garden end of Chevillon's inn; where they elected domicile. A greater change in my own circumstances had occurred through my marriage; and, to be near our friends we had taken a small house in the adjacent village of

Montigny-sur-Loing, also with a garden overhanging the river. There, in a vine-trellised arbor, which R. L. S. has celebrated in eloquent prose, we entertained our friends, and our life went on, with less change, through the advent of a new member of our little circle—of the opposite sex—than might have been imagined.

Though not living in Grez, much of it I saw and part of it I was, not infrequently; for no better conclusion to a day's work could be had than the pleasant walk thither, above the river bank and past the mill. At the crowded table places would be made for the newcomers, and a part of interest fell to their share in all the trivial concerns that made up the life, apart from the leaven of work, of the sojourners at Chevillon's inn.

One evening, arriving thus at Grez, when the company was already seated, we took our places near Bob, quite at the end of the table. Looking toward the opposite end I was surprised to see two new faces—the faces of women. In answer to my query as to their identity, Bob informed me that they were my compatriots, Californians, art students, and friends of one of the men with whom my own acquaintance was slight. They were mother and daughter, I was told, though in appearance more like sisters; the elder slight, with delicately moulded features and vivid eyes gleaming from under a mass of dark hair; the younger of more robust type, in the first precocious bloom of womanhood. I was gratefully conscious that my own infraction of the unwritten law, that had held woman apart from our circle, had been quickly pardoned, but I was equally conscious that our continued welcome therein was due to the possession on our part of a certain amount of tact—a quality, as my friend Bob had informed the insufferable cad at Barbizon, more necessary in such a society than in one more formal in its customs.

Questioning Bob on this delicate subject, I was at once assured that the newcomers were "of the right sort"; that they had quietly taken their places and shared the life led around them with easy toleration; joining in some of its activities and avoiding others in very sensible fashion.

It seems curious to me to-day to think how little during the remainder of the summer was my acquaintance with these ladies, for, as wife and step-daughter they were to become so closely identified with the life of Louis Stevenson; the one by the tie of which he wrote: "As I look back, I think my marriage was the best move I ever made in my life," and the other as faithful amanuensis, taking down his last message to the world. Louis was absent from Grez at the time, and none of us present at the table that night could know what the future held in store; and so it was many years after, under our roof in Paris, that we were to meet more intimately and cement a friendship which has outlasted the life of the husband and friend around whom our affection centred.

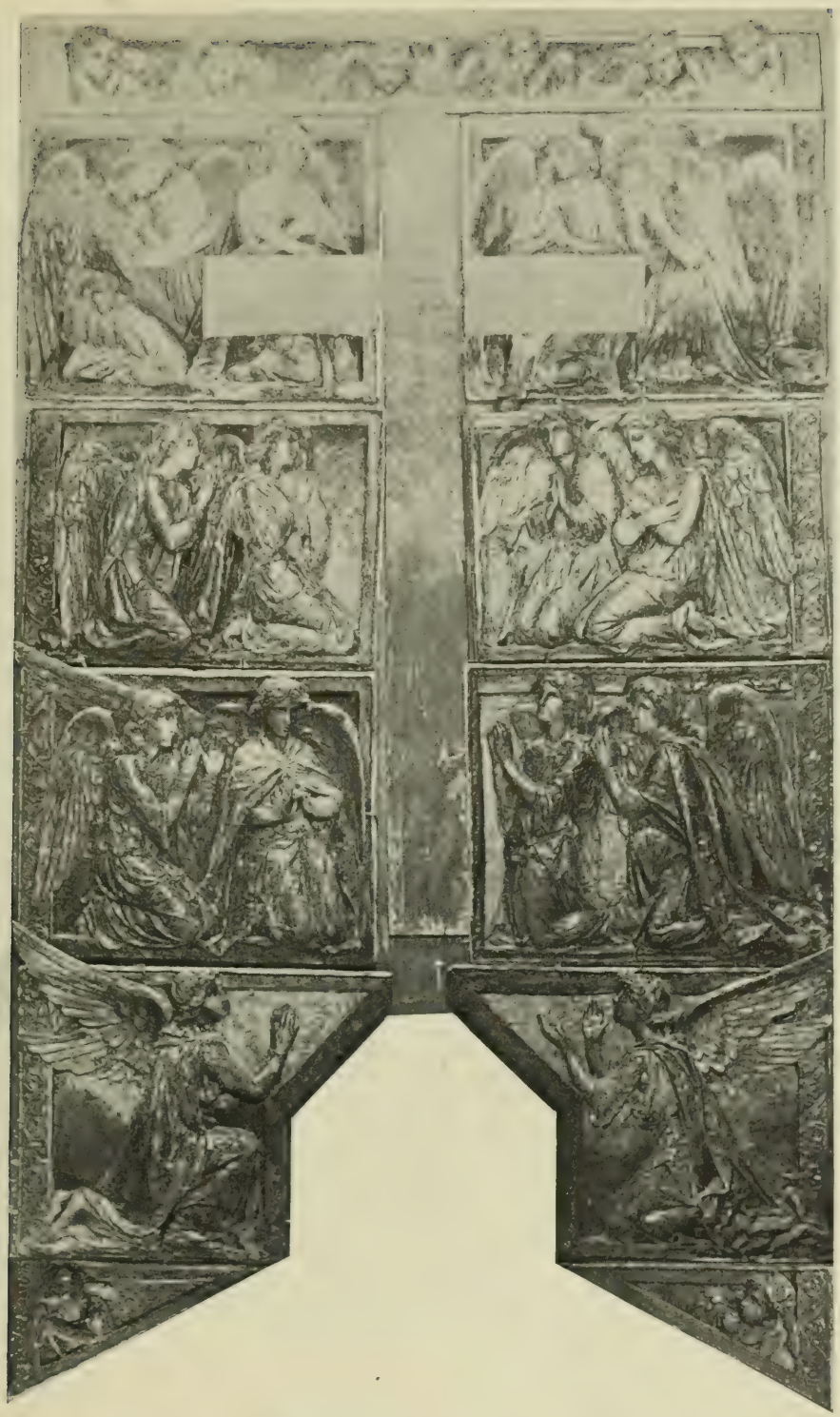
At the time it was natural enough, as Mrs. Low then ignored my native language. Consequently, the conversation, when she was present, was carried on in the idiom of France, and at the other end of the table English was in use for the same reason; as it was in that alone that the ladies there were fluent.

As I have said, Louis was not at Grez for some little time after the advent of the woman for whom he was to dare so much, to receive in turn such entire devotion; and to leave in prose and verse, as in his uttered words to all his intimates, a tribute such as few women have been privileged to receive.

He had been absent for some little time on a visit home that summer, for I think that his biographer, Graham Balfour, is mistaken in placing the meeting between Stevenson and his future wife at the time: "when Stevenson and Sir Walter Simpson, the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette*, returned from the "Inland Voyage" to their quarters at Grez."

He was with us at Montigny in the spring and early in the summer, but in the "Letters" (pp. 132–133, Vol. I) I find letters dated from Swanston Cottage, Lothianburn, in July. This coincides with my recollection, for about this time I was called to Paris by the necessities of my work. I had a picture under way for which I needed a model unprocurable at Montigny, and for a month I was at work in the city.

It was during this period that I remember Louis coming to Paris, and I recall his start of surprise and alarm as, among the events that had transpired during his ab-



Reredos by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

Modelled in Paris, 1877, for St. Thomas's Church (recently destroyed by fire) New York City. Photographed from the original models as placed on the studio wall in Paris.

sence from Grez, I reported the invasion of the theretofore Eveless Paradise.

I gave him what comfort I could, based on the information I had received from Bob, aided by my own observation of the general air of contentment that appeared to reign on the border of the river Loing; and assured him that he would find life there but little changed. All this seemed to avail but little to lighten the comic apprehension of the professed woman-hater. "It's the beginning of the end," he averred —little knowing how truly, nor in what sense of the truth, he spoke.

Of the events of the next few weeks I was not a witness; but on my return to the little house at Montigny, and on my subsequent visits to Grez, an inkling of the state



Rêverie—in the time of the First Empire. Salon of 1876 and N. A. D. exhibition, 1877.
From the painting by W. H. Low, in the possession of John Boyd Thacher, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

of affairs in so far as my friend was concerned, dawned on me. Soon after Louis and Walter Simpson departed on the "Inland Voyage," in early autumn the house at Montigny was closed, and on our return to Paris, when later in the season Louis appeared, his daily pilgrimages from our quarter to the heights of Montmarte told the story clearly; and for male companionship Bob and I were left alone.

As has been made manifest throughout this recital, project compared with accomplishment occupied a disproportionate place in the activities of our circle. So paradoxical indeed were the conditions under which we lived, that it seems almost logical that the most absurd of these projects should have come the nearest to realization. Its full history can never be written since its master projectors are all gone, but here and there in Stevenson's writings, there are slight references to the

scheme and, as its birth took place in the leafy arbor of our garden at Montigny, I may add my quota to its important history.

The conversation had turned upon what I may call fixed charges. Bob held that a gentleman, possessed of the requisite coin, could eat his dinner in comfort because the hour of payment was close at hand, but that many other periods of settlement, for value received, were so remote that it was but natural that one, with a brain occupied with other and more important matters, should forget these recurring periods, dispose of his substance otherwise, and find himself at the end without what "you Americans call 'stamps'" to pay his just debts. He accepted the correction that the system of long credits had worked beneficently in the case of inn-keepers in the country; but, in contrast, cited the Paris landlord, who was deplorably deficient in the virtues that had so endeared the Sirons and the Chevillons to our little band.

The remedy, however, he continued, he had evolved, after giving the subject much thought; and, like many other solutions of knotty problems, it was extremely simple. "In the first place, the requirements of a decent habitation called for water near at hand. The land was overcrowded, and the acquisition of realty and the subsequent bricks and mortar were not only expensive operations, but, if accomplished and your house paid for, you would always be tied down to one place like a mere banker."

On the other hand, the water ways were free, and a slight charge of demurrage,when you wished to stay for a period in one place, would hardly count. Barges were often owned by canal boatmen; a class that was notoriously as impecunious as artists and writers; and, consequently a barge, conveniently fitted up as a place of residence, would be well within the means of these last. Thus, in the fruitful brain of Bob the project had conception and, by his prolific elaboration of details, the embryotic idea grew until it looked to us all as though it might live. No one, for that matter, could be more industrious than my friend, when it came to the patient building up of something probable upon the airy foundation of the impossible.

I remember an even more ingenious scheme for avoiding the fogs of London, of which he wrote in later years: "We live wrapt in Cimmerian gloom. Fogs as dense as gruel hang above the city. Painting is impossible. Gas goes all day. All rational pursuits are interdicted and alcoholic intoxication is the sole recreation suitable to this condition of things." The simple solution of this problem was to be found in an artistic colony, living and pursuing its avocations in captive balloons, high above the strata of fog!

The barge project was more seriously studied; and, even in the face of failure, it has its possibilities which I generously pass on to the present generation of dreamers.

Maps were consulted and canal and river routes over the greater part of Europe were laid out, the cost of wharfage in Paris and various cities was learned, and the charges for towing barges were inquired into. Visits to various ship yards and centres of construction were made, and figures tabulated that were so mendaciously encouraging that the avoidance of this superior manner of residence by the majority of mankind was difficult to understand. We were all intensely interested, I, who had absolutely no available capital, no less than the others. These calculations occupied Bob during the summer at Grez; but, after the return of Louis and Simpson from the "Inland Voyage," their practical study of the subject along the canals they had traversed was pressed into service.

Simpson, who had not only the most practical mind, but was the only one at all liberally supplied with money, suggested the formation of a limited partnership; each member contributing an equal amount for the purchase and fitting up of a suitable barge.

The winter passed with the project still in our minds, but it was not until the summer of 1877 that the barge was purchased, one that was almost if not entirely new, never having served to carry coal or other cargo that would render its hold difficult to transform into habitable living quarters. Of the manner of its purchase I remember little, having two excellent reasons for non-participation in any transaction of that nature, the first of which was my inability to bear my share of the expense. The project of having a fairly large company who would live on the barge at intervals,

dividing their time of occupation, had been voted down, and the eventual ownership was vested in four persons: Bob, Louis, Simpson and Enfield. My second reason for remaining outside of the society was that it was essentially an enterprise for the unmarried; but, while in substance this was held to be sufficient to excuse a continued stay, my friends one and all insisted that as it was to be their permanent home a guest room was a primal necessity. Moreover it was proposed that the guest room should harbor married couples of good repute and congenial nature—and, to ensure my association with the enterprise, this room, to be known as the "bridal chamber," should be decorated by my hand.

It was even decided that the work which I should thus execute was to be taken in lieu of a material contribution to purchase my membership in the association.

"Pink cupids rolling around on pink clouds and that sort of ruck, the Boucher or Fragonard game," was Bob's cheerful suggestion; while Louis opined in favor of nothing less than a modern version of the "Voyage to Cythera" by Watteau.

The capacious hold of the barge was to be roofed over, partially with glass, the whole made sufficiently low to pass under the bridges along the canals, and to be in sections so that it could be taken down and awnings substituted in fine weather. Rooms were to be built at either end—four in number; the existing cabin at the stern was to be used as the "bridal chamber"—"flower pots in the stern windows," suggested one, "and a canary in a cage" added another; thinking perhaps of his visit to the barge on the Sambre and Oise canal. A large room was to be left in the centre to serve as studio and lounging room, "with lockers—plenty of lockers to store things." Trips were projected: "the South in winter, working up gradually to Paris for the opening of the Salon"; perhaps they could moor alongside the Cours la Reine in the rear of the Palais de l'Industrie?

Thus the dream acquired, or seemed to acquire, substance; each added detail making it appear more and more pausible. A steam launch, the gasoline variety was not then invented, was considered as a future acquisition—"think of the economy of towing," urged the archdreamer—until even now, as I recall these half-forgotten elements of the carefully elaborated scheme, it seems more than half plausible.

The barge in truth became a reality. It was taken to Moret, a river town near Grez, and work actually began on the changes by which it was to emerge from its humble condition as a goods-carrier to a more glorified state; when it would be freighted with youth, ambition, ideal friendship and genius—or at least with some of the kindest hearts, if not the wisest heads in Europe.

But it was not to be; "pink cupids on pink clouds," or their more serious prototypes were already busy with some of us; and the realities of life were closing in on us all. The projected "old age on the canals of Europe" when "we should be seen pottering on the deck in all the dignity of years, our white beards falling into our laps," affords no clew to the after experience of the puppets, who were thus allowed their merry May-day dance in company; only to be torn apart—each dangling at the end of his separate string—by the hand of destiny.

It was a number of years after that I learned the end of the story I have essayed to piece together, as it is told in the dedication to the "Inland Voyage." This dedication, to the address of Sir Walter Grindlay Simpson, Bart., is, for some reason unknown to me, not printed in the definitive editions, the Edinburgh and the Thistle, of Stevenson's works; though it is one of the most charming of his felicitous epistles to his friends. Therefore the conclusion of the episode can be told in better words than mine.

"That, sir, was not a fortunate day when we projected the possession of a canal barge; it was not a fortunate day when we shared our day-dream with the most hopeful of day-dreamers. For a while indeed the world looked smilingly. The barge was procured and christened, and as the *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* lay for some months the admired of all admirers, in a pleasant river and under the walls of an ancient town, M. Mattras, the accomplished carpenter of Moret, had made her a centre of emulous labor, and you will not have forgotten the amount of sweet champagne consumed in the inn at the bridge end, to give zeal to the workmen and

speed to the work. On the financial aspect I would not willingly dwell. The *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* rotted in the stream where she was beautified. She felt not the impulse of the breeze; she was never harnessed to the patient track-horse. And when at length she was sold, by the indignant carpenter of Moret, there were sold along with her the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette*, she of cedar, she, as we knew so keenly on a portage, of solid-hearted English oak. Now these historic vessels fly the tricolor and are known by new and alien names."

"YOUTH NOW FLEES ON FEATHERED FOOT"

The autumn of 1876 saw the end of the constant companionship, the daily meetings, and the material identity of life of our little circle. I was, and should have been, the last to complain, for in some way I had set the example, and found compensation in a closer tie for all the brave joys that the friendships of youth afford. Louis in his journeys to and from a strange quarter, for it is curious what a *terra incognita* Montmarte was to us dwellers on Mont Parnasse in those days, was, however, the most conspicuous delinquent. Not that there was anything changed in our spirits on the rarer occasions when we came together, but Bob and I both recognized how serious a passion held him all impossible of realization as it then appeared to be; and whatever sympathy we could express was only mutely shown in respectful recognition of that greatest problem in life which a man must solve for and by himself.

There were still cakes and ale on these rarer occasions and one such incident may be told here; typical in its sequel of that gift of the fitting word, that was constantly evident in the talk and even in the most carelessly written letters of Louis Stevenson.

We were dining with him at the Café of the Musée de Cluny, then one of the famous restaurants of the *rive gauche* on the Boulevard St. Michel, and it amused Louis to describe to the young wife an apocryphal incident in her husband's career.

It happened, *selon* R. L. S., that we were dining together in some restaurant famous for its cellar, and, though the greatest care had been taken to select the very best wine on the card, and though Stevenson professed that his simpler taste had been amply satisfied; yet his critical companion insisted that lurking somewhere in the cellar there must be a bottle of rarer vintage. To settle the question the head-waiter was called and, at the very first words of the inquiry, he paled and said, with visible perturbation: "Gentlemen, this is a question that cannot be decided by me—I must call the proprietor."

When this worthy appeared, he first gave a searching glance to decide whether the two *convives* were worthy of the supreme effort that was demanded, and then, after a brief consultation with the head-waiter, he said with a sigh, "The gentleman has divined our secret; if he will be pleased to wait a moment, his commands shall be obeyed." After a period, a procession appeared, headed by the *sommelier*, carrying a bottle on a velvet cushion, followed by the proprietor and the whole staff of the restaurant, including the cooks and all the waiters. Here Stevenson gave a most minute description of the *sommelier* or cellarman, describing a venerable person bent with age, with beard reaching to his knees, cob-webs in his hair, and with eyes blinking in the unaccustomed light, for he had lived many, many years underground. The description of the venerable bottle was no less minute; a painstaking intricate bit of still life, such as a Dutch master would have delighted to paint.

The *personnel* of the restaurant ranged themselves around the two friends; but, before opening the priceless bottle, the proprietor made one more appeal; asking with emotion if we felt ourselves really worthy to partake of this glorious vintage? To this the victim of this fairy tale was said to have replied "with that fatuous proud look of his" that *that* went without saying. *Bien*, assented the cowed proprietor and with infinite precaution the wine was opened; and two slender-stemmed glasses were filled.

The solemn moment when the wine first touched our lips—for, hardened epicures that we were, even we were moved—was then described with consummate art, conveyed with easy spontaniety in my friend's precise, measured, but perfectly idiomatic, French.

"As a smile of satisfaction replaced the critical frown on your husband's counte-

nance," he concluded, "a long-drawn sigh of relief went up from the restaurant force —a prolonged Ah-h! like that of the crowd when the first rocket illuminates the upturned faces at a fireworks show."

Thus the rough draft of my friend's spontaneous invention, as he told it, with mock seriousness and appropriate gesture, over a bottle of less precious vintage than that which he described, one evening in the winter of 1876–1877, for the temporary amusement of his guest.

Ten years later, in the summer of 1886, again at dinner—but this time in our little house in the rue Vernier in Paris, where Stevenson and his wife were staying with us—Mrs. Low asked him if he remembered the story that he had "made up" to amuse her. "Made up!" exclaimed Stevenson, "it was Gospel truth"; and then and there, to both of our memories recalling the slightest incidental detail, apparently without the change of a word, the tale was retold. We listened intently, his feminine hearer absolutely entranced till at its conclusion, until then keeping close to his text, he added after the long-drawn Ah-h: "the *sommelier* dropped dead" The words were hardly uttered before he caught on my wife's face the shadow of surprise at this divergence, and as instantly replied to her unspoken objection, "that last about the *sommelier* isn't true; the rest is Gospel!"

Here was the survival of the child who entertained himself with pirate stories in bed; the stickler for accuracy, in later life, looking up from his writing to another child who, tired of playing Crusoe on his island within the limits of a sofa, slid to the ground and started to walk away. "For Heaven's sake; at least *swim;* remonstrated the imaginative realist.

The march of time finally brought the moment when I must return home, and the summer of 1877 saw me busied with the preparations for newly affronting the conditions of life as I would find them in our new land—reluctantly enough as I now look back—though I hasten to add that the subsequent years have shown me that fate had kindlier intention than was disclosed to me at the time.

How little we ever know what fate has in store for us! Here was a youth who had become, as may be gathered from the preceding pages, strangely alien to his native country and to his early associations, whose active life seemed centred in a foreign land, and whose dearest friends by a cruel decree—which he as openly resented as he blindly obeyed it—were to be separated from him by three thousand miles of ocean for a long period—perhaps forever.

Yet, while thus deploring the sundering of these ties, a new friend was already on the ocean, voyaging almost unwittingly to my door; one who in these subsequent years has been a precious influence in our art, whose friendship has been no less precious and stimulating to me and to others; and to whom—or to fate—I was to open my door at "eighty-one" one morning that summer.

The wise proscription, that we must not speak of the living, leaves many blanks in this record, the names of good men and good women who have been my friends; but, as I have sought to weld together the loose links of the chain that leads backward to my student days, one name was in later time so closely linked to that of Louis Stevenson, that I was determined to break this rule in his case. I had foreseen and rehearsed the arguments by which I would overcome his essential modesty; would wrest his permission to treat him, in the eminence which he had attained, as a public character concerning whose personality a genuine and legitimate interest was permissible—within certain bounds—which he might trust me not to transgress.

All these precautions are useless, now that "the noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched" (in the words which Louis might well have written of our friend, words so often applied to and typical of himself), "when trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred full-blooded spirit" has shot "into the spiritual land." It was Augustus Saint-Gaudens to whom I opened my door that summer morning, and who, with that straight-forward simplicity that he retained through life, greeted me:

"Your name is Low, is it not? You had a bully picture in the Academy of Design last spring, and I wanted to come and tell you so. My name is Saint-Gaudens." "Come in," I replied, "*I know you very well.*"

And so in fact I did. From the earliest

days of my sojourn in Paris, often, when the question of the talent of any of the younger sculptors came up among my French friends, the remark would be made: "So and so is very well, but do you know, or do you remember, Saint-Gaudens?"

The curious reputation of the ability of a man in his student days; the place which among the younger painters, John Sargent so rapidly acquired, and which, later, Saint-Gaudens' brilliant pupil Macmonnies inherited in a large degree, had been awarded Saint-Gaudens in the atelier Jouffroy, where he had studied, and the appreciation of his talent had been handed down as a tradition of the schools.

I had heard of it before I left New York, from Warner, and, once when with him, in the old Knoedler art gallery, then at Twenty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, he had left my side to greet another visitor; and then, calling me over, had introduced the stranger by the name which I at once recognized as that of the crack-student of whom Warner had so often spoken—a meeting which I afterwards learned had passed from Saint-Gaudens' memory.

But it was not many hours before we knew each other well; his long absence from Paris, his residence in Rome, and his sojourn in New York—whence he was newly arrived, bearing a commission to model the statue of Farragut—had little changed him; and we might have been students of our respective ateliers meeting for the first time, and establishing that almost instantaneous footing of intimacy which between kindred spirits was not unusual in those days.

And soon, not at once, but gradually unfolding before my mental vision—as my new friend in the days that followed described incidents and conditions in the art life of that strange city of the new world, whence he came and where I was to go—a new outlook on life was presented to me.

Vividly presented, for in a manner unlike any I have known Saint-Gaudens had a gift of making one "see things." He, in all simplicity, believed himself to be virtually inarticulate; and for any personal exercise of the spoken or written word, he, quite honestly, professed much the same aversion as he, the skilled artist, would feel for the bungling attempt of the ignorant amateur.

But it was precisely because he was so intensely an artist that his mental vision was clear, and that which he saw, he in turn made visible, there is no other word, to others. How, it is hardly possible to describe, but I have heard many others who by common consent would be accounted better talkers than he, endeavor to repeat some story or incident, originally told by Saint-Gaudens; and the contrast was painful between the vivid full-colored image of the one and the pallid copy of the other.

At the time of our meeting he was filled with interest in the revolutionary movement in art that was then gathering weight in New York.

It is ancient history now: the story of the six or eight young Americans who, without preconcert, had sent home pictures, the first fruit of their study abroad, to the spring exhibition of the National Academy in 1877. Their reception from the Academicians of those days who, lulled to ease in their handsome Venetian palace had to some degree ceased to put forth the continuous effort that alone ensures the well-being of art, was discouraging; while the press, unaccustomed to the bolder efforts of the newcomers, was equally hostile.

This evidence of a probably hostile reception at home was not calculated to cheer a returning pilgrim, as my picture, "Reverie—in the Time of the First Empire," which had gained me his friendship, was counted among the offenders; but Saint-Gaudens brought other news of a more comforting nature.

He told of a circle of younger artists, with whom he had been intimately connected, and who, in company with some of the more liberal spirits in the Academy, had formed a new Society to hold exhibitions, where art upon the ideal basis of "Art for art's sake," was to find expression. It was still in the first stage of formation when he had left New York, but he held out to the home-goer the prospect of finding kindred spirits who would welcome him to their ranks, and drew a cheering horoscope of the future; which had the result of creating a hope that, as a worker in such a cause, a larger and more useful field of endeavor lay before his hearer than he could ever hope for as an alien in a strange land.

The shackles of independent, unrelated effort were weakened, and the virtually selfish desire of the artist to perfect his own production, and leave the general advancement of art to take care of itself, appeared for the first time in less alluring colors than they were wont to wear, and gradually the conclusion forced itself upon me that in whatever measure I could be of use, the activities of art in our new world held compensation in some degree for the superior civilization by which I had lived surrounded.

Fini de rire, yes, laughter and many delights were to be put by; but there was work to do, and I knew that in some of it I should be allowed to assist—probably counting on doing it better than the event has proved—and so I prepared to enter into a new world—a new phase of life.

A NEW FRIEND, AND HIS WORK

Fortunately for me, the return home was to be delayed for three months; for in that interval I saw much of Saint-Gaudens. The lease of my studio at "eighty-one" lapsed soon after our first meeting and, not to renew it even for a short period, my new friend invited me to share the large studio which he had taken in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and live in the little apartment on the Boulevard Pereire where he had set up housekeeping. In this daily contact it may be imagined that our intimacy progressed rapidly; and I soon knew his whole life history; narrated during the progress of our work in the studio, with the picturesque presentation of which he was master.

I saw the little New York boy who lived down town in Varick or Lispenard Street, in a part of the city which was already "old-fashioned" in the later days of the Civil War. I shared his delights in following, as fast as small legs could carry him, the exciting progress of the "Masheen," on its way to a fire, pulled by the heroes of the Volunteer Fire Department; for like glories had been mine in my inland town in my own day of "short pants." Escapades on the docks, and the thousand and one adventures of the public-school boy, of which he had a fund of recollections, followed. Born in Dublin, of mixed French and Irish parentage, Saint-Gaudens was not only American, but he was one of the very few genuine New Yorkers that I have ever found—for like Paris, which proudly shows, in niches along the façade of its Hôtel de Ville, the statues of one hundred and ten noted Parisians, of whom only a small proportion were born within its walls; many are called to New York, but few are in fact the children of the city.

Through his apprenticeship to a cameo-cutter—less an artist than an artisan—the development of his talent through working at night in Cooper Union, and in the school of the Academy of Design; through the awakening of his ambition which finally landed him in the atelier Jouffroy in Paris, his recital went on bit by bit. Of course, this was quite without autobiographical intention; but I was anxious to learn all that I could of New York, for, despite my two years experience there, the city seemed exceedingly remote in the nearer memories of my five years in Paris. Interchange of confidences carried my friend along to tell me of his student life in Paris; where, meagrely supported by his cameo-cutting, his hardships had been such that I found my experiences were as nothing in comparison. An early commission had taken him to Rome, where he had executed what he called, "the necessary mistake of every American sculptor—the figure of an Indian." This, a statue of "Hiawatha," was the only nude figure that he ever finished, with the exception of the "Diana," which soars so proudly over Stanford White's beautiful Sevillian tower on Madison Square. Another statue of "Silence," he modelled about this time, or a little later, in Rome, and years after, swearing me to secrecy, he took me where it stood in the Masonic Temple; in a semi-public position here in New York. I should keep the secret, even now, but many of my readers will have seen it, before these lines are printed, in the Memorial Exhibition of the works of Saint-Gaudens, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and will have found it to be a more than creditable work; which, in common with the "Hiawatha," the sensitive sculptor persistently undervalued; for the comparison which he made, with later and more mature work, was eminently unjust. In banter, the "Silence" was dubbed the "dark secret," and the threat of its disclosure was enough to excite very real distress on the

part of the sculptor, whose self-criticism of his production grew with his years.

I watched with interest the first work which I saw him undertake, the first measure of his talent that I could form, for he had arrived in Paris almost empty-handed, so far as his previous efforts were concerned —some small portrait medallions being the only examples of his art which he had brought.

This first work was, to my delight, decorative in character, and was to be placed as a reredos, between two large canvases by John La Farge, in the chancel of St. Thomas's Church in New York. The reredos consisted of a composition of angels kneeling, symmetrically disposed two by two in panels one above the other, around a cross extending from the top to the bottom of the united and superimposed panels. It was to be cast in cement, and to overcome the contrast of its whiteness in juxtaposition with the painted decorations which flanked it on either side, Saint-Gaudens proposed to gild it, and then tone it down to harmonize with La Farge's work.

To this I proffered the objection "that it would look like a sham bronze" and suggested that a treatment of the surface in polychrome, avoiding any naturalistic tinting of the flesh or draperies, but giving the whole a vari-colored subdued tone would be better. Saint-Gaudens at once adopted my suggestion and asked me to treat the surfaces of his bas-reliefs in color as I proposed; thus affording me my first opportunity to put into practice the decorative theories of which in an instinctive and vague fashion I had long enjoyed a monopoly among my comrades, all more interested in realistic work than I.

I admired from the first the easy competence of my friend for the task before him. The figures in the relief were of life size, and their attitudes were similar as they all knelt in adoration of the cross. Without a preliminary sketch, not using a living model I watched the bevy of angels grow, and, by a turn of the head here, a variation of the attitude there, by differing dispositions of the hands or the folds of the drapery, sufficient variety was obtained to break the rigidity of a voluntarily formal composition.

Destined to be seen in a subdued light, strong accents were left, and little subtlety of form was attempted; but, as I saw the clay become vitalized under the deft touch of the sculptor, I realized that the tradition of the school concerning his talent reposed on a firm foundation, and that he possessed his *métier*, as I knew very few, even of my French comrades, possessed theirs; although this quality was more common in the French sculpture of that period than with any other nation or at almost any previous epoch of art.

I insist upon the facility of Saint-Gaudens's work at that time, as well as upon the extreme rapidity of his execution of this reredos, because later in his career, when in the tide of production of the great works by which his name will be preserved, he became the fable of the studios and the despair of the committees; who were forced to wait months and years while the fastidious sculptor apparently hesitated, changed his purpose, tore down all but completed work and, but for the complete success with which he emerged from this cloud of indecision, appeared to retain but little of the direct method of his earlier work. But it is to be remembered that he was then comparatively fresh from school; where technical qualities are alone considered important; that the reredos was, with all its charm of sentiment, merely an enlarged sketch of decorative intent; and that few of the graver problems of his nobler work were present before him as, with a fine facility, these angelic figures fairly sprang into existence.

The type of the figures thus evolved possessed a strange charm; an early evocation of one which in his later work became thoroughly his own; and which, with differing expression and variety of character, can be traced in the Victory preceding the grim general on his march to the sea; in Death hovering over the boy-warrior at the head of his negro soldiers; or in the enigmatic figure that guards the tomb in Washington.

In these later evocations the Celt can be discerned—I have seen a drawing which the son made of his Irish mother, in which something of this wistful beauty of expression was latent—though an element of resourceful serenity, a confident outlook upon life, also present in this composite type, I would fain claim for America.

And so these figures grew; one for each day's work. The sculptor meanwhile chatted gayly, first in French, then in English, with idiomatic command of the slang of either language, with graver intervals when he told of the projects of the little band at home, and the purposes of the new Society. He had much to say also of the painter whose works were to form the major part of the decoration in which his bas-relief was to figure, to which I listened intently, for before I had left New York, a single visit to the studio of this painter, and the few works which I had seen by him elsewhere, had given him a high place in my appreciation. He told me of the decoration of Trinity Church in Boston, under the control of this master, aided by a number of the men I knew or had heard of; among them Saint-Gaudens himself, for the time being, turning painter—and as he told the story it sounded like some tale of Renaissance times taken from the pages of Cellini or Vasari.

When the various panels of the bas-relief were finished in the clay and cast in cement, they were placed on the wall at the end of the studio, arranged in the order they were to be seen in the chancel; and my part of the task began. Gradually the chalky white of the cement gave way to a more sombre richness of hue, and high on my ladder, with Saint-Gaudens at the other end of the studio directing me to darken an accent in one place, or lighten a plane in another, I tasted for the first time the sweets of working upon a generous scale, and of harmonizing masses of color to form a rich pattern over a great surface.

One evening, when the coloring was finished to our satisfaction, we made a visit to several neighboring grocery stores and purchased a large part of their stock of candles in order to try the effect of the artificial light, under which the work was to be seen in the chancel of St. Thomas's Church. The candles were set up in lumps and strips of clay, as temporary holders, and then lighted. We opened the big studio doors looking out on the passage way to the street in order to judge the work from a distance; and the soft illumination of the candles, they were more than a hundred, was extremely satisfactory to the two decorators.

This illumination naturally created a certain interest among the rare passers-by, one of whom, an old woman, promptly dropped to her knees and uttered a prayer. Saint-Gaudens asked her, when she rose, if she liked the work—he welcomed, then and after, the *naïve* criticisms of the ignorant—and she exclaimed: "*Mon Dieu, comme c'est beau!* It is like Heaven!"

Saint-Gaudens was occasionally absent from the studio, of course, and it so happened that on three or four occasions I was visited by either Bob or Louis Stevenson when he was away; so that he never met Bob, and ten years were to elapse before he and Louis were to become friends.

Like Charles the Second, I had been long in relinquishing my hold upon life—the life of Paris—but at last the moment came. I had one more long and serious talk with Louis Stevenson, seated on a bench in the Parc Monceau. None of our many confidences have left so strong an impress, save one other; when on a star-lit beach we walked and talked, the night before he was to leave the quiet countryside by the sea, where we had passed a happy month, to cross the Continent and take ship for the South Seas. This farewell over, one evening Saint-Gaudens accompanied me to the Gare St. Lazare. There we said good-by to each other and I left Paris—the richer for a newly gained friend.

(To be concluded.)



A MISTAKEN JEST OF MONSIEUR BONAMY

By William R. Hereford

Illustrations by Anita LeRoy

IF you ever go to Zunderdam on the Zuyder Zee (and I commend it to your distinguished attention as an ultimate Haven of Rest) you will undoubtedly lodge at Mynheer van Delen's Family Hotel, and, in that, you will be doubly fortunate. Indeed, I find myself envying you your prospective pleasure, for you will meet Papa van Delen and Mamma van Delen and their five lovely daughters: Johanna, Francina, Rika, Kaatje and Aaltje; as fine girls, I venture, as can be found in all Holland; rosy-cheeked and fair and smiling, and such story-tellers as you have never heard. You will like them and I am sure they will like you, for they like all who are not uncharitable or sour or dull, and you will quickly be made one of the large family that gathers in the summer under Papa van Delen's rambling, hospitable roof. You will meet also artists who have come from Paris or Vienna or London or New York to paint pictures of Zunderdam fishermen and their wives and children in the quaint Zunderdam costumes: the men with the fur caps, bright jackets and wide trousers, and the women and children with the stiffly starched lace caps that curve in points about their ears, all wearing, of course, the inevitable sabots, as you have seen them in a hundred pictures. In the evenings, when it is too dark to paint, the artists gather in the great hall that serves as reception-room, billiard-room, sitting-room and bar of Papa van Delen's Family Hotel, and there, with much laughing, some famous stories are told.

Papa van Delen is a good story-teller, as one should be who is a master-mariner, descended from master mariners as far back as that Willem Schouten who named Cape Horn after his native town. In a direct line, too, Mynheer van Delen counts his ancestors from that Dirck van Delen whose masterpiece hangs in the art gallery of Haarlem; and if to have sailors and artists for one's forebears should not make of one a good story-teller, then I know of

nothing that should. Papa van Delen's daughters can tell a story as well as he; better, say many of the artists. They have all lived in London and New York and Paris and, so, have learned something of the world, but they weave their best stories, not so much from their knowledge of distant lands as from the experiences of their daily lives, colored by a lively good humor which is, after all, I take it, the true art of the story-teller.

This story may be Rika's, or it may be Miss Mary McCabe's, or it may be Walter Pennington's or, indeed, it may be Monsieur Bonamy's. I have never been able to determine to my own satisfaction, whose story it is. I fancy that very young girls will say at once that it is Mary McCabe's and no one else's, but that older girls will consider it Rika's, while men generally will maintain it is, of course, Walter Pennington's. A few old bachelors, it may be, will argue that it is Monsieur Bonamy's story. For my own part, I think that, perhaps, it belongs to all of them; to one no more than to another, but of that you must judge for yourself. Here is the story:

When Walter Pennington, standing before Dumay's justly celebrated painting of Zunderdam in the Luxembourg in Paris, decided that he would rather go to Zunderdam than to any other place in the world, he telegraphed to the Hotel van Delen for rooms, an extravagant thing for an artist to do, as all the artists at Papa van Delen's, discussing his telegram, agreed. Bonamy, whose jests had long since passed into a proverb, hailed Pennington's despatch with glee.

"I make not a doubt, Mees McCabe," he said in his best English, an accomplishment of which he was boyishly proud, "that thees Meestaire Pennington is a countryman of you. He is vairee reech, of course, or why does he send a telegram when a *carte postale* for two sous would do as well? Only the Americans send the telegrams to Zunderdam. How happy we shall be to have *un milliardaire américain.* Ah! We shall make great fun with thees Meestaire Pennington."

Monsieur Bonamy blew the smoke from his cigarette and followed it upward with his droll brown eyes, allowing a chuckle of content to escape him as he stroked his big brown beard. Under his smiling taunt Mary McCabe reddened. A ripple of rose raced under the tan from her chin to her straight eyebrows.

"Oh! no;" she said, with an assumption of indifference which the acute Bonamy was quick to detect. "An American, but not a millionaire. Mr. Pennington is one of the exceptions."

"You know heem, then?" Bonamy asked, the raillery suddenly gone from his voice.

"Y-es; n-o," Miss McCabe hesitated. "That is," she explained, "I did know him when I was a little girl, a very little girl, which was a long, long time ago."

Mathewson and Varden, two English artists, starting with "Oh! I say," rushed together at the obvious opening with such unwonted impetuousity that every one laughed, and when Miss McCabe spoke again her color had died away to the faintest pink and there was no trace of her recent hesitancy. She felt out of patience with herself that she should remember at this late day her humiliation when a sturdy, wilful little boy in inappropriate velvet, teased by an indulgent father, had stoutly declared he would never, never marry Mary McCabe and that he would rather be put to bed than have to play with such an ugly little girl.

"Mr. Pennington's father, however, is a '*milliardaire,*'" she continued, smiling directly at Monsieur Bonamy; "so you were not so far wrong. Mr. Pennington, himself, is, I believe, an artist. They do not get along very well together. The father does not approve of artists."

There were delighted cries of "Bravo," and a chorus of laughter.

"Like an American who was here one summer," Rika began, "who said artists were in trade just as much as shoemakers or butchers and that, although they talked in a high-falutin way about working for fame and glory—I give you his own words—they were all really working to get higher prices for their pictures. He tried to buy some of the pictures hanging on the walls here, which the artists gave Father, and when Father refused to sell, he said that proved his contention."

Pennington came to Zunderdam by *trekshuit,* which, indeed, is the only way you can come unless you walk along the level



"Rika," he stormed furiously, "Rika! Why is it you make so long?"—Page 348.

road that skirts the canal. The cabined canal-boat loomed up in the darkness, out of all true semblance to its real diminutiveness, and the man propelling it with a pole from the bank, humming a sprightly tune as, bent to his task, he trudged along, stood out blackly against the night. It was late when the boat arrived at Zunderdam, and Pennington was led rather than guided by the boatman to the hotel. As the door was swung open a block of light fell upon the paved dike, half-blinding Pennington, so that he stumbled and almost fell into the main room. He was cross from hunger and delay, and the titter his precipitate entrance caused did not conduce to better temper. He went to his room, but was soon down again, demanding dinner of his host.

"Rika, Rika," roared Papa van Delen. "The American gentleman is hungry and would eat. Conduct him to the dining-room." Again there was a suppressed

titter, but Pennington was far too absorbed in the problem of getting dinner to pay much heed. The hot onion soup, the fish, fresh caught from the Zuyder Zee, the *fève des marais*, the roast and the red wine went far toward obtaining Pennington's forgiveness for the merriment his advent had caused.

"Did they find me amusing?" he asked Rika, who, having served him, was seated across the table from him as he drank his coffee.

"You were so terribly angry," she laughed, "and no one is ever angry here." It was delectable to have her smile so frankly, and Pennington lingered.

"So you are Rika?" he mused. "It is a pretty name. What does it mean?"

"The Laughter of Life," she smiled.

"The Laughter of Life," he repeated after her slowly, and might have gone on repeating it had not Monsieur Bonamy thrown open the door.

"Rika," he stormed furiously, "Rika! Why is it you make so long? You are lazy. You talk too much. You are a vairee good-for-leetle girl!"

Now, of course, Pennington had no way of knowing that this was only one of Bonamy's mad pranks, but I think the Frenchman's studious care to use English and his exaggerated wrath should have made any one suspicious; but, instead, Pennington grew hot all over and, as Bonamy continued to storm, could, at last, bear it no longer.

"May I ask, sir," he blurted out, "by what authority you speak in this manner?"

"Autorité, autorité!" gasped Bonamy, apparently surprised past coherence by the interference; "autorité! I am thees girl's grandfather!"

At that Rika giggled openly, for any one could see that Bonamy, despite his big beard and his deep voice, was very young. "I mean," corrected the artist, "I am her step-father."

"Your behavior is true to traditions," said Pennington icily, "but if you wish to continue your abuse, I warn you not to do it in my presence, for, frankly, I do not like it."

"You do not like it," Bonamy sneered; a fine, curling sneer that never failed to set the studio in a roar. "Ah, no, you do not like it; but you do like Rika, eh?"

"You are insufferable, sir," retorted Pennington. Then, turning to Rika, he said gravely, "I am very sorry if in any way I have brought this upon you." But by that time Rika and Bonamy were laughing so that they could no longer dissemble.

"Fine," applauded Bonamy, "vairee fine."

"It's just a joke," the girl explained, when she found breath. "Always when a new artist comes the others have their joke as they do in the *ateliers*, and this was the joke they arranged for you. This is Monsieur Bonamy. I am not his step-daughter, I am glad to say," she added maliciously. "He is only an artist come here to paint, like yourself."

They shook hands all together and Bonamy called in Mathewson and Varden and Schreibel and Lacroix and the other artists from the salon, and he whirled Rika round the room for good measure. When at last she was released and came to the seat beside him, breathless but with the most entrancing scarlet flushing her cheeks, Pennington asked her the question that had been puzzling him.

"Rika, how did you know that I was an artist and that I had come here to paint?"

The girl was visibly embarrassed. "Oh," she temporized, "all who come here are artists and they come here to paint. Besides," she added with more deliberation, "there is some one here who knew you when you were a little boy—Mary McCabe."

"Mary McCabe, Mary M—— Oh! I remember a Mary McCabe who used to live in New York and who is now an artist, with medals and diplomas and all sorts of things. Is she the one?"

Rika nodded. "So you haven't entirely forgotten her?"

"Not entirely," confessed Pennington, "but I dare say I shouldn't know her now. I remember her as a little thin, brown-haired girl, inclined to freckles and with long, thin legs."

"She wasn't pretty, then?"

"Not as I remember her," Pennington admitted with brutal frankness. "But then that was, let me see——" The door opened.

"This is Mary McCabe," said Rika. Pennington rose as the girl came toward him. She was smiling and rosy and blond

"So this is Mary McCabe," he echoed, rising and holding out his hand toward her. "No, I shouldn't have known her."

Miss McCabe was vastly amused, and so was Rika, and Pennington found their amusement contagious. Later they told every one in the great room about it, and one or two called it Monsieur Bonamy's jest, which puzzled Pennington, but Bonamy, raising his shoulders and rolling his droll eyes, said that only a part of the jest was his, and that the best part belonged to "Mees McCabe." And in that, as you will see, he was nearer right than he knew.

That night Pennington dreamed of a beautiful girl in a Zunderdam costume, wearing wooden shoes, who said her name was Mary Rika McCabe and who tearfully begged him to protect her from an irate step-father.

It was only natural after that first evening that Rika and Pennington should become excellent friends.

"You were very funny—terribly funny," she had said to him soon after the night of his arrival. "But, just the same, it was fine of you to want to protect me and I am as grateful as if there had been real need of it."

"I fear you and the incorrigible Bonamy succeeded in making me only ridiculous," had been Pennington's comment—he had shown no disposition to revert to the affair—"but if you and he will forgive me for being stupid, I'll forgive you and Bonamy for making me ridiculous and agree to cherish no scheme for revenge."

They shook hands as a pledge of good faith.

Often, when the steepled villages and windmills on the western horizon were etched by the late afternoon light against a copper sky, and the intervening meadows lay cool and damp and clean, Pennington would swing his easel over his shoulder and trudge with his models back to Papa van Delen's, there to seek out Rika, and together they would walk along the great dike that protects the lowlands from the treacherous waters of the Zuyder Zee. On rare occasions—occasions Pennington remembered glowingly long afterward—Rika went with him and they painted together. Such days were like the singing of birds in his heart.

"You were born to be a great artist, Rika," he told her one day in an outburst of enthusiasm. "You *are* great, and it seems a pity that you should occupy yourself with the work of the hotel when you can do this." He pointed with the pride of a discoverer at her canvas.

If, however, these shortening days brought high spirits and the joy of life to Pennington, they were far from having the same effect on Bonamy and Miss McCabe. Monsieur Bonamy spent much time alone and it was now weeks since any jest of his had produced more than a tolerant smile. Miss McCabe had grown reserved, and she, too, was much alone. True, Papa van Delen had still the same sly wink for Monsieur Bonamy when they passed, and the same smile of secret understanding for Miss McCabe, but their answering smiles were weary and forced, as if the jests to which Papa van Delen's wink and smile referred, whatever they might have been, had run their course. Mary McCabe and Rika, formerly inseparable, were now rarely seen together. Another change that was noticeable was that Miss McCabe seemed to avoid Pennington who, puzzled not a little, contrived excuses for seeking her company. After the first few questions, the girl had shown no apparent desire to resume discussion of the brief period of their acquaintance as children, shifting the subjects of their talks to days less remote, and to circumstances that concerned him rather than her. One day he found her on the dike, painting in rain-swept clouds above the gray waters of the Zuyder Zee. There had been a shower, but the sun had reappeared, and now fell dazzlingly on the white and dully on the red and black sails of the distant fishing boats. He sat at the foot of her easel, his legs stretched upon the stones that armor the dike. He had heard much of her success as a painter, but her work seemed to him uncertain and monotonous, and, although he tried to avoid the comparison, inferior to Rika's.

"I see very little of you these days," he began. "When I first came, I thought we were to be great friends, but, of late, you are never to be found."

Her color had heightened at the personal trend of the conversation, but she showed no disposition to divert it. "You have looked for me?"

"Yes, often," he answered, without a trace of embarrassment, adding quickly: "See that white and magenta sail on the same boat."

He did not notice her frown of annoyance, or that she did not reply. He watched the curious effect of light and shadow for some time before speaking again. "Yes," he said eventually, unconscious of his own interruption. "I have looked for you more than once. It was foolish of me, perhaps, but I even suspected you were trying to avoid me."

"Would it be so foolish in your opinion, then," she asked, her mirthless tone carrying the insult with it, "if one should seek to avoid you?"

He looked quickly up and then rose. "I beg your pardon," he said simply, "I didn't mean to—I hope you don't think I'm quite such a conceited ass as that." He held out his hand. "We are fellow countrymen, but—you don't like me. Good-by."

Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. "I am sorry," she faltered, "I didn't mean it; really I did not. It was unkind of me, but—I haven't been at all well lately—I have not been myself. I hope you'll not think I meant it. I do like you. We should be friends."

He released her hand. "Do you wish me to stay?"

"No," she answered quickly, "not now. Do go."

The tears welled again to her eyes, and when his distant figure was a small and indistinct silhouette on the dike, she threw herself forward on her easel and wept.

After that, Pennington saw less and less of Mary McCabe, and, partly in consequence, more and more of Rika. The days wore into October, and still he tarried in Zunderdam. Other artists departed, but Pennington, Bonamy, Schreibel, who always remained late, and Miss McCabe lingered. The days when Rika and Pennington sketched together became more frequent, and to Papa van Delen's sly questionings as to the probable length of his sojourn, the American gave indefinite answers.

Now I or you, or any one else, could have told him he was in love; but there are certain things every man must learn for himself, and that is one of them; but it is a strange thing, I take it, that when a man is in love, he is the last one in the whole world to know it. Pennington may have realized his condition dimly, but it was not until October was waning, and winter's prophecy was in the air and in the faded green of the grass, that he admitted it to himself. He and Rika had gone to the island of Marken in a small sail-boat which Pennington had purchased early in the summer from Aert Pietersen, a daring young sailor, whose recklessness was the scandal of the staid Zunderdam mothers, but whom Pennington liked and trusted and had more than once befriended. Returning, there was a strong fair wind, and Pennington leaned against the tiller as the boat rippled through the water. He had been talking of leaving, and Rika had taunted him lightly for remaining so long. There had been many silences, and it was after one of these that Pennington blurted out without warning:

"I love you, Rika; I love you. I can't help it, but I love you."

Now I hold that when a man loves despite obstacles, when the strength of his passion breaks down the barriers opposing it, like an ungovernable flood, the woman he loves should consider herself more highly honored than if love came to her as a following tide, a current flowing easily, and without interruption toward its goal. That, I take it, should be the logical attitude, but logic and woman I have found, alas! are in different volumes of Life's dictionary. Rika was mightily offended, or else, pretended to be.

"Help it?" she demanded with a fine show of scorn. "And would you help it?"

Pennington looked straight at her hopelessly. "Indeed, I would if I could. I have caused my poor father no end of uneasiness as it is and now, Rika, can't you understand, when I tell him I have fallen in love with a girl who is not rich and is not an American, how disappointed he will be? And when others tell him, for you can be sure he will spare no pains to have it all put before him in as unfavorable a light as possible, that, besides that, her father is the proprietor of a small country hotel which she helps him manage, poor Governor, poor old man—you must not blame him, Rika, these are his traditions—I fear his heart will be broken."

The girl heard him through with impatience. "So you are ashamed?"

"Not ashamed; proud," he interrupted, but she paid no heed.

"Does not your father know that the van Delens have their traditions and are as proud as he, and that we were distinguished when his ancestors were in obscurity?"

"But—" protested poor Pennington.

Rika waved the explanation aside. "I wish to hear no more of it. I consider such a declaration of love shameful."

They said no more, and Pennington brought his boat through the narrow entrance of the harbor and made it fast in silence. There was a curious fever of excitement manifest in Rika's face, and her eyes betrayed the joy she sought to hide, but Pennington, occupied with his defeat, saw neither her beauty nor the light of victory that enhanced it.

"Good-by," he said solemnly, as she stepped upon the narrow planking that led from the boat's mooring to the shore.

"Good-by," she flung after her.

At the dinner-table Pennington's place was vacant, and he did not appear during the evening. Monsieur Bonamy strove in vain to coax mirth into the small assembly gathered about the great stove. The wind, which had freshened during the afternoon, had now risen to a gale from the north-east, bringing with it wintry cold from the North Sea. There had been general comment on Pennington's unusual absence and, in spite of Papa van Delen's assurance that he must have decided suddenly to go to Amsterdam, there was present an apprehension which Rika's assertion that she had left him standing on his boat in the Haven did not serve to allay. Rika, pleading fatigue, had withdrawn from the little circle early, and she was followed almost immediately by Mary McCabe. Papa van Delen went often to the door to watch the rising storm.

"The first bad one of the winter," was his weather-wise verdict. "The waves are already coming over the breakwater. It's likely to be a bad blow."

Monsieur Bonamy smoked a great deal, yawned, drank a second *petit verre*, which was unusual for him, and presently went whistling off to bed, the gay tune of his melody converted into a thin and melancholy air by the contrasting emptiness of the great house, and the fury of the wind beating against the windows.

All night it blew, and the first pallid lifting of the dawn showed fisherwomen watching with strained eyes from the protected inner shore of the little Haven for signs of their husbands' boats. Early as it was there were rumors of disasters, and one vessel that had crept into the Haven early in the night reported having passed a Zunderdam sloop, believed to be that of the two Spaander boys, apparently in distress. At their own peril these men had put about, but the blackness of the night, unrelieved by lightning, soon hid the other vessel, and they saw her no more.

Papa van Delen was early astir, assuring the patient watchers. It was no new thing to him. He had beheld on many similar occasions this mute martyrdom of Zunderdam fisherwomen who accept bereavement as they accept their other trials, with silent stoicism. He knew that all night they had not slept, and that extra candles were burning before the altar of the little church whose gentle priest had kept open his door for consolation when the danger of the storm had become apparent.

As he passed among the women he heard that which made his heart leap to his throat in a panic of apprehension. Pennington, the evening before, had started out of the harbor in his little sloop with Aert Pietersen, the dare-devil.

"They'll never be coming back, I'm thinking," crooned an old dame. "And that'll be the last of Aert Pietersen."

"Hold your tongue," commanded Papa van Delen. "Aert Pietersen we can spare, but not the man who has so foolishly gone with him."

He hastened to the hotel with the news. Mamma van Delen and Rika gave way to tears, but Mary McCabe went up to her room and pressed a frightened face against the window that looked out upon the sea.

By now the entire village was alarmed, but immediate danger gave little time to dwell on the problematic fate of those at sea, for great waves, driven before the continuing hurricane, were pouring over the dike and sweeping down upon, round and into the clustered houses lying low on the other side. As the breakers came roaring in-shore, they seemed to be lifted up by the force of the tempest and hurled with the

crash and groan of sentient things against the dike, hissing as they fell back into the churning waters at its base. At a distance these walls of water appeared to be moving slowly, stealthily, like harmless leviathans rolling their length lazily toward shore, but, as each wave grew nearer, its speed seemed greatly to increase until at last, leaping, frothing, it sprang suddenly forward, casting its immense weight upon the dike, as if to crush this sole barrier to the level lands stretching beyond as far as the eye could reach. Occasionally, rushing in from sea, a wave larger than the others would tower above the dam and flood across it, foaming into the houses of the frightened peasants and surging through the canals, terrifying the cattle which ran bellowing from the unwonted peril. Such things had not happened before in two generations.

Organized by Papa van Delen, men and children, and women whose own houses were not threatened, worked to repair the dike where the water had worn a passage, and rivulets were pouring down the other side.

During all that day the storm continued with unabated violence. No vessels came into the harbor and the watchers waited in vain for tidings. Rika and Mary McCabe, who had been much apart, were now constantly together, and, with arms round each other, remained during the afternoon and until darkness fell, at a corner of the Haven, where, partially protected from the wind and rain, they could watch the entrance of the harbor. From time to time they were joined by Schreibel and Bonamy. If you remember Schreibel's genre painting which he has called: "Waiting for news," and which is probably his greatest work, you will recall that little corner of the Haven where Rika and Mary McCabe watched. Indeed, it was then that the idea for the painting was born in Schreibel's brain. Poor Bonamy, I fear he was too much perturbed about other things to think of pictures.

While Papa van Delen directed the men in the work of saving the dike that night, candles burned in two rooms of the hotel, and two women with white faces looked out over the blackness of the turbulent waters. On the next day the wind moderated, but the sea was still high, and the waves beat heavily against the dike. As soon as it was light Mary McCabe took up her station at the Haven and was presently joined by Rika. Out far to the east, a fleet of vessels that had ridden out the storm could now be discerned.

The boats were too distant to make out their identity but joy illumined face after face as the men, straining their eyes for familiar lines, hazarded opinions as to those surely safe. While they were watching it became apparent that one boat had hoisted a small sail and, standing away from the others, was running before the wind toward the shore. In that treacherous water it was dangerous to risk a lee-shore, and one or two old men who had hobbled out of sick-beds to get the first tidings, shook their heads. "He ought to stand farther away till the blow is over. He's comin' too close," said one old man. As the boat came nearer she was recognized as Pennington's.

"It's Aert Pietersen's sloop!" The announcement was made by half a dozen at once. "It's Aert Pietersen's boat sure, and Aert's at the tiller."

As the small boat came racing on, now lifted to the crest of a wave, now lost in the valleys, every one in the village gathered to watch its perilous progress, even the men and women engaged upon the dike quitting their work. Driven by the hurricane, the sloop, triple-reefed as she was, would occasionally be forced through the opposing mountains of water like a wedge and then it seemed that, surely, no human being could retain his place on the deck. The question framed itself on a hundred lips.

"Aert's lashed himself to the tiller," explained a watcher. "And there's a man with him. They're both tied to the tiller. It's the stranger up at van Delen's," he announced as a lifting wave brought the sloop more clearly into the field of his glass.

"Pennington's with him. They are lashed together," repeated Monsieur Bonamy to the two girls.

There was a babel of voices above the tempest.

"He's going to try to come in! He's going to try to come in. Only Aert Pietersen's fool enough for that!"

"My God! I hope he will not attempt it," said Bonamy under his breath. Mary McCabe turned quickly up to him a face



Pennington would swing his easel over his shoulder.—Page 349.

full of pathetic inquiry, but now, in the excitement attending the peril of Pennington and Aert Pietersen, Bonamy had forgotten her presence, and his straining eyes saw only the small sloop and the two men lashed to it. The opening of the Haven was very narrow and wave after wave was sweeping over the breakwater on which stood the light-house that marked the harbor's entrance. A miscalculation, even minute, would send the sloop in among the breakers to be dashed to pieces, for, staunch as she was, she could not have lived in that maelstrom. Even in fair weather it required more than ordinary seamanship to bring a vessel into Zunderdam harbor, but to attempt it now seemed to be courting certain destruction. There

was, however, no room left to doubt the young skipper's intention. He had pointed the sloop almost straight for the light-house against which waves were dashing up to the high landing round the light, falling back in cataracts of foam.

"They'll be lost," declared the men on shore, veterans of many a storm. "They'll be swept against the light."

One man, moved to ecstasy by his fears, trumpeted through his hands, to the imperilled boat: "Don't do it, Aert! For God's sake keep her off!" His frenzied words were swept away by the wind, but Mary McCabe and Rika heard them and understood.

Even had it been possible to send a warning to those on the sloop it was now too late, for the little boat was already in the seething torrent of waters that lashed the light-house. As the cockle-shell was swept along like a helpless cork, Aert Pietersen and Pennington were seen throwing their combined weight against the tiller, and then boat and men were lost to sight as the deluge curled and fell over them with a crash that was heard above the storm. A moan of pity and horror rose from the groups of watchers.

"They're lost," wailed the women.

The spray and foam had swallowed the craft so that no part of her was visible. Rika buried her face in her hands as if to shut out the tragedy. With features set and gray, Mary McCabe instinctively grasped Schreibel's hand in her mute agony, her nails cutting into his flesh. Bonamy, breathless with excitement and oblivious of his surroundings, stared dumbly at the spot where the boat had disappeared. Then, when hope had been nearly abandoned, the watchers saw the sloop coming up as if from under the sea. Aert Pietersen and Pennington, standing in water to their knees, were still struggling with the tiller and pulling hard at the main-sheet. The great effort they were making was easily discernible from the near shore and, involuntarily, men stretched forth strong hands to them as if to aid. The tiny vessel quivered, came about, the reefed sail flapped for a moment as if exhausted, then filled and the sloop, keeling far over, swung into the calmer waters behind the light and came safely into the harbor. As Pietersen and Pennington brought the boat to the dock there were many ready to aid them, the men having run swiftly to the water's edge, cheering as they ran.

"Go fetch a doctor and quick," shouted Aert. "We've picked up Willem and Jan Spaander and they're hurt about the head."

Several departed at once to do his bidding, and others were soon aiding in removing the two unconscious men from the cabin. When it was learned that a rescue had been effected and the hazardous run to port had been made to obtain urgently needed surgical attendance for the two men, the taciturn fishermen surrounded Aert, silently grasping his hand, and shyly touched their caps to Pennington as he came ashore. Papa van Delen at once took Pennington in charge and, allowing little more than a hand-shake of greeting to the members of the small group that had been waiting for him, escorted him to the hotel and there insisted on putting him to bed and administering hot grog and gruel.

"There's nothing like hot grog when you've been wet," remarked the old man, "and there's nothing like hot gruel when you're tired."

Mamma van Delen lent her practised hand, and Pennington, exhausted by his recent experience, soon succumbed to their gentle ministrations and fell into a deep slumber from which he did not awaken until evening.

As Pennington stood that night in the glass-covered veranda and watched the moon and stars shining peacefully above the sea he had so lately battled with, some one came and stood beside him.

"It was foolish and very wrong of you to start out to sea in that fashion," she said, but though the words held a reproof, there was in the tone only an infinite tenderness and solicitude.

"Perhaps," he confessed, "but I found Aert ready to go and, of course, we did not know there would be such a storm."

They stood looking out into the night and neither spoke. Presently the girl ventured: "It was very brave of you to bring those two men home."

"It was all we could do," he answered. "It was only what any Zunderdam fisherman would have done. It was really



Drawn by Anita LeRoy.

Rika and Mary McCabe were now constantly together.—Page 352.

Aert," he added. "He knew better than I whether we could make the harbor. If it hadn't been for his assurance I should not have risked it, but I had confidence in his judgment."

Again there was a long pause. "Will you forgive me for a stupid joke?" the girl asked.

"A joke, Rika?" He turned toward her for explanation.

"I am not Rika."

She tried to meet his wondering gaze bravely, but failed.

"Not Rika?" he cried.

"No, I am Mary McCabe. Oh, if you will forgive me! It didn't seem such a stupid practical joke at first. We heard you were coming—your telegram told us—and I told them I had known you when I was a little girl and had not seen you since and—and—" In her effort to play out the explanation very fast the thread was becoming tangled. "Monsieur Bonamy—he is forever joking, and he suggested that Rika and I change places to confuse you and to see if you would recognize me. We had done it before and, when I consented, I thought it would be only for the first evening you were here, but you got so angry at Monsieur Bonamy, and when you said you remembered me only as a little girl with freckles and long thin legs, I—I—determined I would go on pretending to be Rika."

Pennington had not spoken. He was thinking of a hundred little things, clear enough now, that should have revealed the trick to him.

"Do you forgive me?" she asked at length.

"But on the boat," he interrupted; his mind and his heart, fearful, were accepting the revelation slowly.

"I was only carrying out the part. I am very sorry."

Looking at her, he saw that tears were in her eyes. He held out his arms toward her, and together they watched the moon and stars above the Zuyder Zee.

"How proud it will make the Governor," he laughed, when she had repeated over and over again the story of her masquerade. "It will be the return of the Prodigal Son."

Then he asked abruptly: "But about Rika, the real Rika, and Bonamy? Let us go and find them."

Rika and her sisters, and Bonamy and Schreibel and Papa and Mamma van Delen were all together in the great room, going over again the story of the day's adventures. Pennington made a little speech which called for hurrahs and bravos and cheers from everybody, Mamma van Delen included. Papa van Delen got out many bottles of his oldest Burgundy and drank the health of nearly every one in Zunderdam. Pennington stood on a chair by Bonamy's side and placing his hand on the head of the jester, announced a toast.

"To the health of Bonamy whose joke this was—to Bonamy and to the real Rika."

Monsieur Bonamy smiled bravely, but in his eyes was a mist that blinded him for a moment, and, in his throat, a pain that choked back the words. It lasted no longer than a shadow lasts on the surface of a lake when rippled by a vagrant breeze, and Monsieur Bonamy took the hand Pennington stretched down to him. His voice was even as he said:

"My fren', you haf *beaucoup de chance* —what you call lucky dog. My felicitations."

Then he went to Mary McCabe and held out his hand.

"I hope you will be vairee, vairee 'appy." He spoke slowly and solemnly, and, it may be, that he had not meant to say the second "vairee" at all, but that he repeated the word just to hide a catch in his voice.

Then he looked at Rika and smiled bravely again and, if there was a suspicious rain-cloud in Rika's eyes, no one saw it except Bonamy, who sees everything. He walked to her side and, slipping his arm gently through hers, raised his glass.

"I drink to the health of the true, the *vraie* Rika who has helped me in so vairee many good jokes. And there ees one beeg joke for her yet, eef she will change her name again; eef she will become Madame Bonamy."

Poor Monsieur Bonamy, he was forever jesting.

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AN OLYMPIC VICTOR

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. CASTAIGNE

XI

AN instant later warning signals were uttered, the pistol cracked, and the race had begun. For a few moments it was a great congestion of arms, shoulders and legs, but presently that was remedied. Even the most nervous and most unreasonable realized that the advantage of a few yards at the start was not likely to affect the result of a race of forty-two kilometres. Soon the runners settled smoothly to their task. There was evidence of a general desire to give as well as take.

All except the Frenchman took things more easily after the pistol cracked. He, with a backward look and call of defiance, went off like a wild goat in the lead; followed, and this after a moment of hesitation, by the Irishman, leaping like the puck of his own fairy tales to the challenging call, and by two or three less notable ones, who could see no better way to win this race than never to be far behind any leader, regardless of how that leader might act.

Behind that small first flying group came perhaps a dozen who proceeded rapidly enough, and with a moderation and judgment that boded dangerously for antagonists. Among them was Vanitekes. Behind that second group the men ran less compactly; in small clots of two, three or four for a time, yet so close together as to seem at a distance like one man; and here and there between these lesser bunches were many who ran singly, as if planning an independent pace, from which they were not to be diverted by the actions of would-be rivals.

Midway in the entire body were Loues and Christovopulous, the latter leading Loues by a shoulder and himself led by a party of four, on the heels of the last of whom he almost trod at every stride.

Back among these undistinguished ones Loues was well content to remain for some time, in obedience to a plan which he had determined after some process of thought as this: There is a certain average of pace which a man may maintain throughout a long race. What that pace is each man must judge for himself. On the truth of his judgment would largely rest the outcome of his efforts. Should he fall away from that pace, he would lose distance that he might never be able to make up; should he go beyond that pace, he would so rapidly deplete his reserve stock of energy, which he well knew would decrease in geometrical ratio to the demand beyond the normal—deplete so rapidly that there would be no replacing it if an emergency should soon after arise. And yet local and temporary disturbances, the force and direction of the wind, temperature, condition of the road, his own condition or distress—all would severally interfere with any set schedule of speed he may have made, and would have to be allowed for.

Far beyond any mechanical limitations or estimates it was more important to Loues that he have that clear knowledge of his larger self, of those inner feelings which inform a man far more accurately than any prescribed test of formula whether or no he is performing wisely; and no matter how distressed he might be he must not lose heart; and above all he must never quit.

All this was even more a matter of intuition than of reasoning with Loues, whose acquaintance with training for long-distance running had been acquired during his comparatively brief preparation for this very race; but he had pondered largely over what he had gleaned during this brief period from the related experiences of many of the strangers while within the Grecian borders for this race also. Above all he had learned from these strangers in these talks—and this was the most valuable thing they taught him—that the race was most likely to go, not most surely to the swift and strong alone, but to the swift and strong with whom nothing went wrong; that the

most prolific source of defeat was the insane desire which seemed to possess men in the excitement of competition to run themselves off their feet, to give way to the temptation to which mettlesome men particularly incline, to allow nobody to pass them unchallenged on the road, to be a leader at every stage of the race, even though in their overwrought minds was running a premonition that their course was leading to disaster.

Loues' own notion of his own chances was that if nothing went wrong with him he *might* win, and therefore his main thought was to see that no accident occurred, to see that he ran well up to his limit of endurance at all times, but never entirely up; above all never to strain to go beyond it, if he should be so fortunate as to remain in the running to the end. And nearing that end to forget everything, if it had to be everything, but run, run, on and on, and on again, until nature failed or the goal was attained.

And so he forged along at such a moderate pace as to win from acquaintances who passed him an objurgation to hurry up. Heeding no advice he continued to run with greater caution, forgetting not that for three-quarters of the distance to Athens the road was somewhat upgrade, and hence all the greater danger of cramps and other disabilities to whomever should overexert himself in the beginning.

The first of the race was entirely in the keeping of that wild Frenchman and his recently made friend, the Irishman. The Irishman, accepting the Frenchman's challenge soon after they had freed themselves from the crush of the start, had said, "If nobody else will, then I'll go with you, Frenchie," and jumped up beside the Frenchman; and side by side the two ran, neither failing to beat time to a tread of the other with one of his own. Chck-k—chck-k—feet pounding the hard road for upward of twenty kilometres—they ran stride for stride; which was most foolish on the Irishman's part, for he was a heavy man, eighty kilograms, or about 175 pounds as we say; almost too heavy a man for a long race. And he with shoes (again the national carelessness showed) that did not fit him, but with every stride allowed the flesh and seams of leather to grind together, until long before they reached the half-way khan large blisters had formed on his feet, and from them the blood welled up above his shoes and spread over the instep.

This is mentioned in detail, because the story of the first half of the race is the story of the duel between these two men, the one short and slender and frenzied with liquor, the other tall and powerful and of a spirit that could brook no challenge, even though in accepting the challenge the future interests were sacrificed to the present vanity.

For all his moderation the first half of the race was not without its travail of body and spirit for Loues. There was the early troublous half-hour when the organs were striving to adjust themselves to the abnormal demands, when lungs and heart were pumping furiously, the lungs expanding as if they would never find room, as if they would burst the walls of his chest; and the heart, like the tightly enclosed piston-rod of some fiercely driven engine, ever seeking to burst through to where it might find freedom. But that was a slight matter and preliminary to the real work. That all were suffering in much the same way, he knew; and plodded on steadily, keeping ever in mind the thought that it remained for him to hold the unfaltering but not over-feverish pace.

Some there were who did not go far in that race, who even at eight kilometres were forced by their distress to stop. And, seeing them, idle spectators along the road could not forbear to exclaim against their presumption in entering the race at all. Even Christovopulous could not suppress a word against these weaklings. Loues too might have had scorn for these feeble ones, but recollecting how it had been with himself in the trial, when he too had almost succumbed early, he could not join his friend in this adverse judgment. They, too, might have had their trouble of spirit, of which none knew but themselves; and thereafter he found it not hard to spare a word of cheer or encouragement for the broken ones as he passed them on the road.

XII

Ten kilometres from the start Loues was no better than the thirtieth man in the race, but from that post on, as the others began to quail under the stress, he rapidly improved his position. Man after man he picked up and dropped. At eighteen kilo-

metres he began to draw away from his friend Christovopulous. Thereafter he made no count of them, but so frequently and regularly did he leave them behind that he was prepared for the news which greeted him as he entered the refreshment room at the halfway post. "You are tenth," said the man in charge, and most joyfully because of the Greek flag on his breast.

There it was that Loues found the Frenchman, who was sitting in a chair with his head swaying helplessly toward the table beside him. His attitude was that of the utterly exhausted man, fagged in brain and body, completely dead to the fact that his chances for the race were gone.

"He had come in," explained the keeper of the khan, "he and the Irishman running wildly abreast, and he asked for a glass of cognac, and then another; after drinking which he had sunk into the chair, from which he was unable to rise, but there stayed, as you see him now, shouting gay songs senselessly."

There, it seems, the Irishman himself, refusing refreshment of any kind, had demanded a basin of water for his bleeding feet, and then decided that there was not time for that. "Good-by, Frenchie," he said, or so it was translated afterwards, "good-by, and good luck to you, though you and your cognac-healths and your wild bog-leaping have been the ruin of me, I fear."

This gossip Loues was treated to while hastily bathing his face in a wet towel and rinsing his mouth with the juice of two oranges and as much wine as a man might put in a gill measure. Trickling down his parched throat that drink was like nectar, in which he could then and there have bathed in delirious joy, but no more than that meagre measure would he take.

Deliberately, it was remembered later, Loues absorbed this gargle. Nothing seemed to worry him that day. Indeed, even then, he was wondering what Marie was doing at the moment. The khan keeper marvelled that he was not more disturbed. "Hurry, Loues, if you would hope to overtake them —" though plainly his tone was not that of one who had the least notion that this lad had the slightest chance to win. "Hurry, there is the Irishman, the Australian, the American, and Vanitekes, and Georgandus of Crete and some others—nine in all before you—hurry, hurry."

To Loues it seemed as if another man than himself were running this race. "How long ago was it that the soldier of Marathon paused here for breath?" he queried tranquilly. "Do not worry, friend—if it is in me I shall win. As the Irishman said—'It is a long road to Athens.' But now I go—adieu."

It was a picture of Marie before the altar in the church at Marousi that hurried Loues from the refreshment booth. Even now, doubtless, the multitude in the Stadium was awaiting anxiously for word of the runners.

Calmly enough for three kilometres or so Loues ran after that brief rest. Even on seeing one immediately ahead of him he did not increase his pace. If it were but a few kilometres that remained—but eighteen or twenty, that was another matter!

He passed that one, a countryman, and even then rolling from side to side in pain; but heeding not the advice of an attendant who was beckoning him to rest a while. With the brief word, "Courage," Loues passed on.

"No, no, Athens," mumbled the poor fellow, and then seeing that it was a rival who spoke, groaned as if he would say, "And yet another who outruns me." Loues felt for him, but was unable to help him, except that half turning back, he tossed to the attending friend one of the peeled oranges which he had taken with him from the refreshment tent.

Something further on was a hill to ascend. Up the sides of it were now toiling three men. Loues used them to measure his rate of speed; and discovering that he gained on them his heart grew light within him. But if he gained much ground in the ascent, they made up for it on the descent of the other side. Reaching the top he saw them flying down, at such a pace indeed that one of them could not remain upright on his enfeebled legs, but fell prone, and from there was unable to rise.

After the other two Loues went then, and making use of them as kilometre posts, to mark how the road was falling behind, he passed them on the next up-grade, which was slight enough, but too much for them after their foolish headlong flight down the slope behind. One of these was a Swede, who broke into raving as he collapsed, and, still shrieking, was carried to the shade

of a convenient magnolia tree by two of the patrols.

There were five now before Loues. Came first a Hungarian, whom he overtook after a struggle that extended over two kilometres. He, too, crumpled up suddenly, but making no sound as he sank, only from out of the gray-white face, to be seen where the streams of sweat had washed away the dust, glowed two deep-set, shrunken, hopeless eyes.

Loues felt sorry for that poor fellow—such a pathetic glance as he caught in passing; but his work lay ahead. Now was Vanitekes and at least another Greek before him. The Irishman he knew could not last, despite his enormous vitality and courage. For as he grew more tired, his weight would fall more heavily and pound his feet to pulp on the hard road. No flesh and bone could bear up under that. And so it proved. A turn of the road and Loues came on him suddenly in the hands of some countrymen of his who had come out on the road to greet him, and finding him in such a pitiable condition, were bearing him off bodily. As Loues passed they were forcing him into a carriage. He was raving and striking at them; but they insisted, and really it was humane. The marks of suffering on his face were touching, and his bloody feet thrust out stiffly from his struggling legs were painful to look at. Loues felt sorry for him, but it could not be helped, and surely it brightened the outlook for Greece. The Irishman's friends gave Loues a cheer as he passed, and he replied with a wave of the hand.

It was Georgandus, the Cretan, who fell next. A broad-shouldered bulky body of a man, whom Loues remembered very well as a great patriot. He had come from his mountain fastness of his little island to run in this race. He was hardy as a stag, but again it was the story of a person too bulky to be carried over a forty-two kilometre course. A large man would need be of a superhuman endurance to do it, and, besides, men of medium weight or muscular development are apt to be toughest. He smiled weakly, did this Cretan friend, as Loues loped on.

And now Loues was aware of an immense fatigue. Had he given way to his weaker feelings he would have dropped beside the Cretan or rolled into the shade of the nearest tree, and there lain and given himself over to sleep. He was as tired and worn as that. And this despite the power that he had during the entire course been husbanding so skilfully. He was sensible, too, of a great drumming within his head, which was not strange, as he had been exercising his brain full as actively as his legs since the race began; and the sun, too, was intolerably hot, and the dust from the trampled road was beginning to choke his mouth and throat so that he found difficulty in breathing.

But he remembered, and it helped to give him courage, that he was not yet in the forlorn condition which had been his during the trial race. He could go further yet, and even at a more rapid gait if necessary. And coming onto the heels of the Australian in that frame of mind, he essayed a trial with him, who, poor fellow, could hardly lift his legs. One, Loues noted, seemed to be cramped. At Loues' coming to his shoulder he gathered himself together and ran on in the lead for perhaps half a kilometre, by which time he was leading Loues fifty metres. And then he looked back. And by that Loues knew that he was overcome. The man who looks back in a race when there are yet some ahead of him has given up all hope of victory. He is striving only for a place. He would come back, and rapidly, that Loues knew. And so it was. Less than another kilometre and Loues was beside him, and this time the Australian suffered the Greek to lead him, and once in advance Loues found it no trouble to draw away, for though the other had it in mind to stay with Loues his cramped left leg, which he carried bent at the knee, would not allow of it.

And now remained the American and Vanitekes, and the American fell to Loues at the next up-grade. The distance was proving too much for him also, for his style of running was not suited for a long race. He lifted his knees too high and he rose too far on his toes to endure a long going. Every step he took was agonizing to him; and suddenly, even as Loues was studying him, he keeled over, and, after an attempt to rise, which he did once, to his hands and knees, he sank down on the road again. The dragoons lifted him, as they had done many another that day, to a carriage, and there he was as Loues passed. He knew

Loues, even smiled at him; but such was his humiliation, nevertheless, that he was motioning the guards to draw off his jersey, on the breast of which he wore the flag of his country. That flag he did not want to be seen on him, as he, a defeated man, was being driven into the city.

"Truly," thought Loues, "this pride of country, it adorns like a laurel wreath. No wonder the Americans are a great nation."

And now but Vanitekes was before him; and if no accident happened the victory was surely to Greece. And, exulting, Loues leaped on. Only eight kilometres remained and the steepest hills behind them. And they came to a village where was a great din with Vanitekes still in the lead, perhaps here by a hundred metres. Along the entire road during the race had been a few scattered peasants here and there; but approaching the city the spectators were thickening, and now at this village they were in such force as to line the course solidly for half a kilometre. Here was also erected across the road a triumphal arch, and under the arch Vanitekes passed as a victor, the populace hailing him wildly. They had remembered well that he had won the trial race and that he had been hailed from the first as the chief hope of Greece. Some ran before him now for a hundred paces or more, casting flowers before his feet as he ran. Even girls in numbers did this.

And Loues, seeing that, began to experience a sinking of his heart. 'Twas not alone that he felt jealousy; not alone as if the race were already over and this the ceremony of the flowers a tribute to the victor. It was not that; rather as one in a dream he saw that; for by this time he had reached the point where his limbs were working but automatically and his brain in a sort of haze. Here for the first time he began to fear that he might not finish the race. Another kilometre and he had not gained a foot on Vanitekes, who was still a hundred paces before him. Here again were villagers in force, and as Vanitekes drew near they handed him the victor's wreath of wild flowers, which he held in his hands for a moment and then with a significant gesture cast from him. They understood and bore no resentment; even cheered him. "Vanitekes ! Vanitekes—Nike, Vanitekes !"

Nike, Vanitekes! Loues would see. He shook his head, as might a horse with entangling mane. He who first crossed the line in the Stadium would be the victor, not he who led at seven kilometres away. With the vision of Marie waiting in the Stadium not far away, he set out deliberately to close in on Vanitekes. He had been content to lag that hundred paces behind, but now he was in a fever to be beside his rival, shoulder to shoulder, elbow to elbow, and with him run stride for stride, till one or the other should succumb. And so, insensibly to the other, Loues drew up, and at six kilometres from the Stadium he was within ten paces, where he stayed for perhaps another half kilometre, when—it was at the foot of a long ascent—he began to move rapidly up to the other's shoulder.

Vanitekes heard the heavy breathing and turned. He was startled to see who it was. "You !" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied Loues, whereat Vanitekes ran with lengthened strides until he once more led decisively—by twenty paces or more. Loues did not worry, nor hurry, at that. An inner intelligence told him that the other would fall back. And so he did presently, even though Loues did not increase his pace. Vanitekes simply had to decrease his. And again Loues was at his shoulder and their hot breaths mingled.

But Vanitekes could not brook that. Again he ran ahead and when he had secured a good lead looked back; and by that looking back Loues knew that if his own heart but bore up he would get him; and soon was gaining again and presently was once more to his shoulder. And now, summoning all his energy and will, he for the first time in the race forced himself. And Vanitekes likewise forced himself.

Both were now exerting themselves beyond prudence. And now was the real race. All preceding this had been not much more than a test of physical stamina and endurance. Now it was a trial of spirit. Legs were trembling, knees were shaking, hearts pounding, lungs expanding to such an extent that the walls of the chest seemed as if they would truly burst under the pressure; and with that was a stew of muscle, nerves and flesh; as if the spinal column would dissolve and the stomach tumble in beside it; as if the eyes would melt in their sockets and the brain above go mad for

very aching; and down the face, neck and shoulders and breast and back, over every square inch of the body, ran streams of, not mere summer sweat, but of sweat that was salty, that smelt of dissolving blood, that was maddeningly thirstful where it touched lips and tongue. Respiration was becoming an agony, every lifting of the legs torture. 'Twas doubtful if the heart would stand it much longer—if the protesting lungs would not really burst their walls and let out at last the boiling blood. But this was for the glory of Greece, the love of woman, the proof of the better man, and so sometimes smiling, sometimes squirming, stride for stride, shoulder touching shoulder again, elbows knocking, the two raced up the incline.

And, arrived at the top of the hill, Loues involuntarily paused: for Athens lay before them—Athens with, foremost, the ancient immemorial Acropolis and, secondly, the now glorious Stadium. Not that he could see the beautiful new structure, but the banners from the flag-staff he could see and the people on the hills about, and evidently waiting.

Waiting for what? For whom? Why, waiting for—for sight of whomever first might reach the goal! And who would first reach it? For the first time in all the race the concrete picture of it stood clearly out in the fancy of Loues. For the first time he saw the actuality of the vision—himself first in the Stadium—himself or—he turned to Vanitekes—for the first time their eyes met fairly.

"Not you—" gritted Vanitekes.

"If not me, then you," retaliated Loues. His throat was dry and cracked as any bit of the hot, parched road itself—he spoke with effort—"if not me, then you. If not you, why not me?"

"Never you," snarled Vanitekes.

"Rather a Turk than you." And exciting himself incredibly ran ahead once more; and Loues, though he feared it was ill-judged ran to overtake him.

XIII

At eight o'clock in the morning of this last day of the Olympic Games there were five thousand people in line waiting for the opening of the ticket offices, this even though the Stadium was not to be thrown open until the noon hour, and the exercises not to begin until two o'clock. Even more prominent than the calm English or the impatient Americans in this long line were the country people from the hills, and dressed in the national Greek costume, which for this festival seemed so appropriate, although some foreigners there were who seemed to think this costume a great joke.

"But why?" murmured Euripides resentfully. Euripides had arrived in Athens by ten o'clock, and with Gouskous was wandering about the streets of the city.

"Why, Gouskous?" demanded Euripides.

"Heaven knows," responded the great one. "Possibly because it differs from their own."

"A foolish reason that. I know I am proud to wear it. "Look, there is one—" Euripides turned, and to the stranger in question, one who was regarding him impudently, he flashed a gaze most insolent. "And I feel upborne in my opposition, Gouskous, by the recollection that centuries ago, when the greater part of Europe was sunk in the brutality of the primeval ages, my ancestors and yours were enjoying what these foreigners must even now recognize as a high state of civilization. Since then we have been conquered and degraded; but every great nation of the past had to suffer that, as every nation of the present will, almost certainly, in time; and so it is good to remember that once to be a Greek was to be an honored man. And I know that through the minds of most of our countrymen there must be flowing some such idea; for they are bearing themselves, our peasants and shepherds of the hills, as though they were all chiefs and these upstart men and women in modern dress their vassals."

And truly, it was almost as Euripides boasted: to see them in the red fez with the tassel, the gold and black velvet coats, all back and no front, with the puffed-out white frilled satin shirt, the yards of white linen in folds; from the waist the great wallet hanging from the belt, and then the long black or white tight-fitting drawers, with the red slippers, stitched in colored threads and the gay blue pompon on the up-turned toe—truly these really seemed the only people appropriate to an Olympian festival.

Euripides and Gouskous found that the

streets which led to the Stadium were jammed for a quarter of a mile from the gates. All people except royalty and the athletes were compelled to halt their carriages and proceed on foot the last two hundred paces to the entrance, where a double row of soldiers saw that order was preserved and a number of officials attended to the taking of tickets.

At two o'clock, the hour appointed for the opening of the games, the King and Queen and attending royalty alighted within the double file of soldiers and proceeded on foot down the centre of the Stadium to the raised seats, which, covered with heavy red robes, had been set apart for them. There was then an immense concourse of people within the Stadium, and another immense body of people, too late or too poor to get seats, looking on from the hills about. The outer wall of the Stadium, the great marble circumference which separated the structure from the hills about, was gay with the head-dresses of the patient thousands who had perched there early that morning to be certain of a point of vantage for the day. Above the wall were various flag-staffs from which floated the ensigns of all the nations represented by the competing athletes, and between were myriads of smaller flags with the larger ensigns repeated over and over again. Down below, in the centre of the Stadium, was the lofty flag-staff from which was to be flung the flag of the country of a victor, one after the other, as the events were decided. Just to look at it caused the heart of Euripides, and doubtless of every patriotic Greek there, to throb painfully and to wonder would ever the flag of Greece float from there because of any deed that day. And surrounding the immense flag-staff were a dozen of the best bands of Greece, three hundred pieces in all, consolidated into one harmonious body.

When the King and Queen were seated and all was quiet, a herald blew a long bugle call. A moment's awesome silence and then the great band broke solemnly into the strains of the Olympic March, composed especially for the games. The people with uncovered heads gave a hushed attention, and that ended, harkened to the Crown Prince, who, as referee of the games, delivered an address to the King; who, in turn, replied befittingly, and then the games began.

On that afternoon Marie and her father arrived early in the Stadium and took seats in the front row of that kerkide which was nearest the tunnel and almost opposite the line set for the finish of the race. Less than a hundred feet away sat the King and Queen. In the row behind Marie were Euripides and Gouskous. All four were thus assured a good view of whatever might happen. They came in good hour, but were amazed at the numbers before them.

At three o'clock, when the pole-vault, the last event to take place entirely within the Stadium, was begun, upwards of seventy thousand persons were admitted by ticket, and circulating around on the walk between the outer edge of the running track and the great marble base of the seats were several thousand more; and in addition to all these the wall above them was lined with an eager row of faces, so thickly set that not a patch of the white marble on which they leaned could be discovered at an ordinary glance; and the slopes and crests of the hills outside were also jammed with people. Altogether a hundred and fifty thousand men and women must have been there awaiting the outcome of the Marathon Race. The pole-vault was still undecided (although there was but small doubt as to its termination, for the superior skill of the American representatives was shown in every move) when the word was passed that a courier was arriving with news of the race. He was soon seen, a dust-enveloped man on a bicycle, and way was made for him. Soon his report was common property. He had been at the start of the race and had stayed with the runners until the fifteenth kilometre post was past.

"The Frenchman and the Irishman lead, then the Australian, next the American and Vanitekes together, with Georgandus, the Cretan, coming behind." Marie caught up the echo, "Ah, the Irishman and the Frenchman, and another terrible American!" and sighed. But more hopefully spoke the father, remembering the confidence of their late guest. "But Vanitekes, he is strong. Wait yet."

Marie sighed, and over her shoulder cast an appealing look at Euripides. Rather by her eye than her lips she asked: "And no word of Loues?"

Euripides shook his head.

Again another courier, and again the air

full of gossip. This one had come from the twenty-one kilometre post, the half-way house. There the Frenchman had collapsed; but the Irishman, the Australian and the American had run on. The Irishman, however, had been forced to halt in an effort to heal his bruised feet. "Ah," they sighed, "one fearful foe is removed."

"But the Australian and the American had run strongly together. Vanitekes and the Cretan were yet behind, but running boldly."

Marie's father, at word of Vanitekes, was moved to rise upon his seat and proclaim to his neighbors his opinion. He was but one of some tens of thousands who were similarly occupied. "Mark me," he announced, "this Vanitekes of Megara—he is a very goat."

"Zeito Vanitekes!" shouted those who heard.

A long wait followed, and the spectators watched the pole-vaulting competition, in which was left only one Greek representative, whom they cheered incessantly, although it was almost certain he could not win.

At a quarter past four a courier arrived, and his message electrified the great audience. "At thirty kilometres the Irishman had been dragged from the race by his friends. Vanitekes then was but a short distance behind—in fourth place. But more—" upraised hands demanded silence —"at thirty-two kilometres the American dropped exhausted and the Australian had gone ahead. Only one man now between Vanitekes and the goal."

"The brave Vanitekes!" shouted Anninoe, and leaped into the air. "Zeito Vanitekes!"

"Zeito Vanitekes! Zeito Hellas!" cried the multitude.

Marie's father again leaped to his feet. "I know well this Vanitekes—he is my dear friend," exclaimed Anninoe. All about hastened to utter words of esteem for the friend of Vanitekes.

"But Loues, where is Loues?" queried Euripides feverishly.

"Hush, listen—" it was Gouskous quivering—Euripides was on tip-toe. "Listen."

"Not far behind Vanitekes was the Cretan, and closing in on him yet another Greek, running bravely."

"Who, who?" inquired everybody, but the courier did not know. "He was so covered with dust that at the distance, one hundred paces, I could not tell."

"God give him strength!" called several. From all over the Stadium were uttered prayers for the unknown Greek who was coming on so bravely. Gouskous gripped the thin shoulders of Euripides, who turned to see the great eyes glistening. "Something tells me that it is Loues."

"God grant it!" breathed the shoemaker, and Marie, unexpectedly turning, showered the big man with tearful smiles.

The silence became intense, painful. The Greek in the pole-vault failed in the final try, and the people groaned. "So will it be in the Marathon Race, and our country will be dishonored," said voices everywhere. "Greece that in ancient times was——"

Again a courier. "I come from thirty-four kilometres," he announced, "and the Australian is beaten."

"Such a yell! And then silence, followed by cries of "But who leads—who is it that leads?" while a thousand other voices implore, demand, threaten if silence is not held, and at once. "At thirty-five kilometres I looked back from a hill, and it was Vanitekes who led."

"Zeito Vanitekes!"

"Hush—hush——"

"And running two hundred paces away," resumed the courier, was——"

"Georgandus! O the brave Cretan!" anticipated the masses, and cheered the name of Georgandus anew.

"No, not the Cretan, but Loues, Loues of Marousi!"

The heavy hand of Gouskous smote Euripides. "What did I say, friend?"

Euripides solemnly kissed him. Marie extended her hand. Gouskous took it in both his own and patted it kindly, bent low and brushed it with his lips.

And now a courier dashed in and whispered to the judges. But what it was, the judges would not repeat. Insisting cries rent the air, but the judges only shook their heads—"Nothing—nothing—" they repeated with upraised arms, but so despairing were their looks as they said it, and conferring among themselves so earnestly were they, that the people would not believe. And soon the rumor spread. "Vanitekes and Loues have both fallen—almost at the entrance to the city. Overcome by exhaustion

after a terrific struggle up the last hill, they fell together and could not arise, and rapidly coming up then were a group of foreign runners—the Australian, the Hungarian with strength regained—a Swede—" and so ran the rumors, and the people relapsed into utter gloom.

Boom! and again boom!

"The runners are at the city's gates." The word brought the crowd to their feet. Their necks craned toward the entrance to the Stadium. There the excited movements of the jammed multitude and the sharp actions of the soldiers on guard indicated that the runners were near at hand. The last courier to precede the runners dashed in. All gave him passage.

"It is the American—one of those terrible people again!"

"Or the long-bounding Australian."

"Or the great Irishman."

"No, no—it is a Greek—Vanitekes—or Loues—I cannot say which."

"Vanitekes of Megara!" and "Zeito Vanitekes—Zeito Loues!" roared the multitude—"Zeito Hellas!"

"God be praised!" panted Euripides—"Loues at last."

"Way—way—" came in tremendous tones from the Stadium entrance. "Way—way—" and the soldiers, with their muskets horizontal, pushed back the surging crowds.

"They come! they come!" was the cry rising like waves of the sea. "And who is it?" roared the ones less fortunately placed.

"In the lead is one tall and light bounding."

"H-m—the American and the Hungarian are tall and the Australian——"

"Tall? Vanitekes! Zeito Vanitekes, thou son of Greece! Zeito—Hellas! Hellas! O Vanitekes!"

And in another instant they caught sight of the figures. They saw through the dust, the grime and the sweat, the blue and white colors.

"It *is* a Greek! Zeito Hellas! Zeito!—a Greek who wins." And into the Stadium he came, streaked from head to foot and panting like an exhausted dog under the stress of it.

"Who—who—who—Loues or Vanitekes?"

But Euripides knew. "Loues! Loues!" he gasped. "My little Loues, O little heart child! Gouskous. great friend, I faint."

"Courage, father, courage—but a moment now."

Marie gazed about from one face to the other. It could not be true. Loues? A dream it must be.

And the people? With his entrance between the gates of the Stadium they rose together and in an instant a hundred and fifty thousand Zeitos! rent the air, and a hundred thousand little Greek flags flew wildly, and a hundred pure white doves were released and fluttered around the enclosure, from the seats on one side to the seats on the other; and wherever they alighted they were at once tossed aloft again every one with a beautiful little blue and white ensign of Greece trailing from the beaks. Women cried and caressed one another. Men hugged one another, tossed their hats into the air, and did not look to see whether they came down again or no. Strangers grabbed one another and kissed cheeks.

And down the track came Loues, the hero of Greece. His eyes were deep-set—hollow they looked—and his mouth open as if he could not get breath, but his legs were moving, and through all his weariness he smiled. And with one hand he waved the flag of his country. Glory to Greece! Was it not magnificent! Soul-weary, his very marrow aching it must be, but strength and courage he had summoned to wave the flag. "A man? No, a god! Soul of Homer, a god—yes."

"Loues! Loues! Loues!" It was like the ceaseless commotion of the surging sea, the incessant roaring, and the leaping and struggling multitude. "Loues! Loues! Loues of Marousi! Zeito! Zeito! Zeito! God in Heaven, but was it not a day!"

The Crown Prince, with Prince George the statuesque, and minor princes with the royal suite, rushed up to meet him at the entrance, and, circling about, they ran with him the last steps of the race, the length of the Stadium track, with arms extended, awaiting the moment when he should cross that they might grasp him. And as he passed along, men and women, young and old, ancient grandmothers and panting girls, leaned forward from their seats as if to draw him to them. The wealth they showered! Money, jewels, gold, one a diamond-studded watch. But to all this he paid no attention, only as he crossed the

line and his form was enveloped in a shower of rose-leaves, he turned to where he knew Euripides and Gouskous and Marie should be sitting, and, though he could not see them, smiled—the smile of a man who is tired to death, but such a smile that all who saw cheered for the blessing of it.

Not a step beyond the finish line was he allowed to run. They bore him off the earth, the Crown Prince and his suite. Carried him up the steps, lifted him up bodily and stood him up where was the King, who arose and shook his hand and gave him words of praise. And the Queen arose and took his hand—and he a Greek peasant—and told him what a wonderful thing he had done, and how Greece was proud of him. And the King, laying a decoration on the sweat-covered breast of his jersey, was about to pin it on, when Loues, looking down and noticing where, raised a protesting hand.

"Not there, Your Majesty, but at this side, if it please you," and on the right side the order was pinned. That heart side—that was sacred to Marie's token.

And then the Queen placed in his arms a bundle of laurel, and Loues started for the dressing-room. And it was not until then, until he was almost in the shadow of the tunnel that led to the baths, and a mob about him were tearing the laurel from his arms—"A moment, a moment, O Loues!" they were crying—"A twig of that laurel that it may hang in my home an honored heirloom forever—" Not until then was he aware that the flag of Greece had gone to the top of the great flag-staff, and the great band of three hundred pieces was playing with wonderful energy the National Hymn, and surely a hundred thousand voices joining in. Not until then did the tears fall.

"Make way for Loues of Marousi," called the voices, and they parted to let him pass. "You should well be happy, O Loues," cried those about him, "for this day you have won the great honor for Greece."

"Truly I am happy," murmured Loues, and passed on through the tunnel.

Presently clear of the tunnel and treading the low-fenced path which ran to the dressing room, he was seen by the people of the hills, they who had not the money or were too late to purchase seats inside the Stadium and who now rushed tempestuously down that they might approach nearer to the hero. "Nike! nike!" cried these, men and women both, and tried to grasp his jersey, or his hand to kiss it; but blushingly he evaded them and ran to where the cooling bath and luxurious after-rub awaited him.

XIV

In the inmost room of the tesselated marble baths, ushered there by the adoring door-keeper, was Loues, now welcoming the delicious streams which from a hundred perforations in the silver-mounted piping poured over his dust-laden body. Not ten minutes were passed since that wonderful scene in the Stadium, and he was still smiling like a happy child in a happy dream when in rushed Gouskous.

But, at the very door hesitated this Gouskous who had it in mind to overwhelm his friend on sight, but did not. For it was a transfigured Loues he saw. Vivid hues of joy, pale shades of weariness, the light of wonder—these and the essence of a dozen holy beatitudes illumining the face of Loues, made Gouskous pause at the door; for a long instant it might be, and then—reverence fled before mortal friendship.

"Loues, Loues—to think that it is you—you who won. I said it from the first—but to have it happen so—O great soul—" and rushed on him and gathered him, all dripping and lathered though he was, and kissed him, one cheek and the other, again and again, and the tears meantime running into his dark beard.

Loues, struggling, crying and laughing too, called out—"But Gouskous—away from the shower—you will ruin—you have ruined your fine new uniform——"

"And what matter? A thousand such are reposing on dark shelves of the flag-ship. In a dungeon-like compartment below the water-line they are rotting away. Pff—mere money will buy them. But Loues, you Zeus-descended, you miracle, what shall Greece say to you this day?"

What she had to say she said in no uncertain tones. Not that day alone, but for many days. Thus there were banquets. At the royal palace for one place, during which all the visiting athletes rose and drank his health alone, and during which the King, after a long chat, asked him what

he wished he should do for him, to which Loues answered that there was nothing; that he counted himself a fortunate one who brought a small merit to his country. And there were receptions and picnics by the royal princes; by various ambassadors and lesser dignitaries—mornings, afternoons—in one week more than two score. And a great ball, to which Loues did not go because in the meantime he could get no word in Athens of Marie, and he would not go where he might have other than his heart's desire for a partner. Everywhere he was proclaimed. Did he but drive through the streets—and during all that week he was not suffered to walk a step—everywhere the people cheered him. Nowhere his carriage appeared but it was tossing hats and loud acclaims always, not alone by frenzied men, but by outspoken women also—glances of flame and words more than friendly. And his picture, large as life, in every shop window; and not alone his picture but that of Euripides, because he was Loues' godfather—by day draped in the national colors by night decorated in white and blue electric lights; and never a window wherein his picture might be seen that the glass was not in danger of being crushed in for the pressure of the gaping crowd without. And when Euripides drove out with him he also was cheered and Gouskous likewise. And if the hero but entered into a shop to purchase a trifle, immediately the passers-by grew to the proportions of a mob, which had to be dispersed by the police before traffic could be resumed in the street. And he had no need to pay for whatever he purchased. One shop-keeper said: "All the clothes you wish for a year are yours, Loues." Another wished to be allowed to furnish him shoes for a year; another linen; and so on—collars, handkerchiefs, hats, canes. Even the barbers said: Let us shave you. The very newsboys refused pay from Loues. His mere glance was an honor, his word of greeting a decoration.

But this was not what the soul of Loues pined for. He enjoyed it—every breath of it. He was beginning to understand that phrase of his godfather's the evening before the race. "The purple light of youth," his godfather had said. But when he was given an hour for reflection he saw what it might mean.

"Oh, Gouskous," he said—they had escaped for the moment from a brilliant reception at what was said to be the finest residence in Greece, and were now in the garden, in a shaded portion farthest from the house. "Oh, Gouskous, I have had enough of this."

"Enough? but you are enjoying it?"

"Enjoying it too well—altogether too well."

"Then what is wrong?"

"It is not good for me. These ten days past it has been nothing but adulation, worship almost, wine, entertainment—by men and women, old and young, friends and strangers—and it is not good. Me, a peasant who was merely fortunate. And who has not himself to thank, but his friends, his counsellors, his—Ah—Gouskous—it is what our friends and family have been to us that makes us what we are, is it not so?"

"True, Loues—our friends, our own people—they are the inspiration of victory."

"Inspiration? Aye, the very *breath* of victory. And what have I done to requite them? Oh, Gouskous, but do you know during these ten days I feared at times that I would drift from them. There were hours when in my inflamed vision Marousi seemed but a most humble place. And not alone that but the monstrous thought has come that the companionship of the great ones of the world will afford me greater pleasure, joy, an outlook on a greater life than Euripides—or—or anybody in Marousi could give me. But in other hours, thank God, I don't think that. And now while I do not think it I am going back to Marousi. I have learned, Gouskous—I am not too young—that no doubt he is a great man who meets and conquers temptation, but he surely is a wise man who turns aside to avoid it."

The strains of the music came to them from the great mansion; soon came running down the broad steps young men and women, men of position, with decorations on their breasts, women in low-necked gowns—beautiful, clever, witty women—"Loues—Loues—where is Loues?" they called.

The seekers were nearing the refuge of the pair, but as yet they could not be seen. Loues looked about—above. The marble wall, without crack or crevice, twelve feet in height, loomed up.

"Gouskous—a hand."

Without a word, the giant placed a palm under the upheld instep. A spring, a shove, a scramble and Loues was astride the coping. He looked down at his friend—"I go —at once—to Marousi. Good night."

"But to-morrow, Loues, they are to present you with the purse of gold—the fifty thousand francs of gold—think of it, Loues! —a hundred thousand drachmæ of our money—you will need never to work again. And to-morrow morning also the reception at the wealthy Madam Herikler's."

"There is one that the wealthy Madam Herikler will find much more to her liking when she comes to know him, Gouskous. She cannot help liking you, Gouskous. Everybody does. Good night, great friend."

Gouskous heard the crashing of the bushes outside the wall. "P-sst—" he muttered, "but such a passion for dropping from heights! I would not drop that distance to escape a million amazons."

XV

With flying feet, after the lights of Athens were behind, Loues made his way over the road to Marousi. It was his first step in a hurry since the race, and he never ran faster. In his impatience the road to Marousi seemed but a short jaunt.

He appeared before Euripides; and slept in the little back room that night, and in the morning was early abroad; but did not call at Marie's house then. A day by himself in communion with the old primeval forces was what his instinct told him he needed ere he should look on Marie's face again; and in the quiet of the woods, in the breath of the hills, under the light of heaven that fever disappeared—Marousi tugged at his heart-strings now. Late in the afternoon he descended the hill and knocked at the door of Marie's house.

It was her father who came to the door; and, seeing the idol of the mob, bowed low. "Welcome, hero of Marathon—welcome."

"It is no hero—" his eyes looked past the father—"no hero of Marathon, but Loues of Marousi who is come home again."

His voice trembled. "I've come to see Marie, if she will see me." The father, delighted, pointed the way, and Loues waiting till the father had retired, stepped noiselessly across the floor to the porch.

He saw her, sitting forlornly in the arbor of the little garden. He stepped nearer. His impulse was to fold her in his arms, but he still had doubts. After all, who was he that after ten days—? His fingers could hardly grip his cap, and he feared for his voice. But at length he managed.

"Marie!"

She leaped to her feet. "Loues—" and looked at him. "O Loues, Loues, but I thought you were never coming back," and the tears ran down her cheeks, and he held off no longer.

And there they were found by the Committee from Athens, the Mayor of Marousi and Gouskous, with Euripides as guide. And they made speeches, and handed Loues a check for the fifty thousand francs, payment in gold, which check, after a single glance, he handed back.

"I ran for no gold."

"What!" said the Mayor—who was also a capitalist—"a peasant's wage for a hundred years, and all in one lump!"

"I care not if it were a King's income—I ran for no gold."

"But what shall we do with it?"

"What? I care not. Anything but give it to me."

"But you must say what—it is yours."

"Then—m-m—endow some public building. Yes, that is it. Build a gymnasium with it, and encourage our youth to live as did our people of old. They will be better men for it and Greece a greater nation."

"Ah there were men then—and, please God, this will be a great step toward our having men again," breathed Euripides.

"And the wealthy Madam ——?"

Loues turned to Gouskous, smilingly.

"Ho, Gouskous! Ho, ho, Diagoras!" The Mayor poked the big one as little ones in power will. "Hah, I did hear something of that—You are to quit the Navy, they say."

Gouskous glowered at the Mayor.

"It is true at least that soon I am to be given, by virtue of the influence of our Admiral, an honorable discharge from the Navy."

And then the Mayor was for poking the giant again in the ribs, but Gouskous gently intercepted the hand. A slight grasp, a gentle pressure, and the mayor thought his wrist would crack.

"Madam Herikler has not, to my knowl-



Athens lay before them.—Page 362.

edge, placarded her preference on the walls of Athens," said Gouskous, and a new dignity of manner swathed him like a becoming garment; after which the Mayor addressed himself more directly to Loues.

"And nothing we are to be allowed to do for you?"

"Nothing now," replied Loues, "but later—perhaps—if I can have the water privilege of Marousi. If one politician proves to have no more influence than another, and you think, Mr. Mayor——"

"It is but an humble position, Loues."

"It will suffice. By it I can live. The time has come for me to settle down. I have been but a careless youth, but now I must work—" he half looked toward Marie —"or others will starve."

And so it came about. Loues and Marie were married in that same little church wherein, on the day before the race, the two had received communion together. And the water privilege was granted him, and now any morning at dawn you may see him setting out from Athens with his little cavalcade, the four donkeys and four little carts, each loaded with the goat-skins of water; and if you follow him far enough you may see, long before you come to his home in Marousi, standing in the door the still young Marie, mother of his children; and those children, too—such as are old enough to be awake at that hour—you will see them come running down the road to meet him.

And Euripides? For the quality of his work Euripides is more renowned than ever. And commands great prices, for since the days of the Olympic Games he has been tre-

mendously advertised; all without effort on his part, for the pair of shoes which Loues wore in the great race have become objects of reverence to Greece. And his time should be valuable, for he is one who trusts to no hireling; not a stitch from the time the green skin comes to his shop until the beautiful finished shoes go out that old Euripides himself does not begin and complete. And so his time *is* valuable, as he will tell you. He has now to work with a purpose; those children of Loues' and Marie's for instance. Even as he speaks there are probably two or three of them running about the shop. And he may even then be scolding them. But though his tongue may chide, his eyes will be regarding them rapturously. Those children—they must be looked after! The things they need!

And surely his time *is* valuable, but put to old Euripides, at any hour of the day or night the vital question, but let drop even the most casual comment on the overpowering subject, and at once all obligations are forgotten. The Mayor of Athens himself may be waiting—he will have to wait. At once are cast aside awl and needle, out from the glass case come the honored shoes, and away goes Euripides. And once again is rehearsed—and he goes clear back to the time that Loues and Marie, two wide-eyed little children, used to come toddling to his open door, and so on till it is all told, the story of that wonderful Marathon race which was so marvellously won by Loues. Ah-h—a man—for all his dreaming and gentleness, that Loues of Marousi! Aye—Loues his godchild!



Glory to Greece! was it not magnificent!—Page 365.

GRAY MISTS

By Robert Alston Stevenson

Illustrations by Oliver Kemp

BILLY stood on the dock and looked out over the lake. A soft, thin mist drifted across the still water, sifted into the pines on the opposite shore and rolled in long, lazy stretches over the valleys beyond. The slopes of Catlin melted into the gray-blue reaches of Santanoni and the top of Mt. Seward melted into the bigness of a soft, gray day. It was a quiet, gentle, gray day; other gray days he had known came to him; days that made the woods worth while; days one sees in the fireplace in winter. He felt himself a part of it all and knew that out there in the rolling mist somewhere he could find what he had often found before—lazy contentment and friendly silence.

He turned and climbed the bank to the camp above. The tents stood white and ghostlike against the spruces. A thin, blue ribbon of smoke rose straight into the air from the battered smudge pail and the embers of the camp fire lay desolate and forlorn. Even the fire in the camp kitchen crackled solemnly and deliberately, in response to the efforts of the guide who was fanning it with a frying-pan.

"John," said Billy, "I'm going fishing. It's my last day."

"Yes," answered the guide and continued waving the frying-pan. John was always brief in the morning.

"I'll get my duffle together while you get breakfast," said Billy.

"Eggs?" asked John.

"Two," answered Billy. "And what fly do you think——?"

"Good morning!"

Billy turned. Coming towards him from her tent was the girl who the night before had told him gently, but very firmly, that she could not play the game of living with him.

"Good morning!" he said, trying to be natural. "Bully day, isn't it?"

"Do you like it?" she asked, turning to the lake.

"Yes," said Billy. "Look at that birch over there poking its head through the mist."

"I see," she answered. "And how spooky the canoes look, huddled in the bushes. I've never been able to discover what overturned canoes look like. They look like something alive—but asleep."

"Yes," said Billy, but he was not looking at the canoes. He was looking at the girl in front of him. He liked the felt hat with the Parmachenee Belle in the bandanna band he had given her. He liked the dull-red mackinac jacket. He liked the rough skirt and the heavy boots. He liked the way she stood, with her hands in the pocket of her jacket, straight and tall, looking out into the day. He knew she appreciated it, understood, and that was one of the reasons why he had taken her out the evening before—but that was all over now.

"Fried or boiled?" asked John abruptly, from the kitchen.

They took their places at the table as they had often done before and, while they ate, watched the white layers of fog drift through the trees behind the camp.

"Let's go fishing!" said Billy finally. "Days like this should not be neglected."

"You'd talk and spoil the day," she said thoughtfully.

"You can't talk on a day like this," he answered. "You think."

"Promise!"

"I promise," said Billy. "We'll take our lunch. The rest won't mind. They'll play bridge and wonder why they ever came to the woods."

"I shouldn't think you would want to take me. Why do you?"

"Because I do not have to give you a diagram to make you understand what all this means." He pointed to the lake. "Besides——"

"Besides?"

"It's the last chance I'll have to take a trout this summer and you know how to behave in a canoe."

"Oh!" said Betty. "I'll go."

She met him at the dock a little later, took the paddle he handed her, and together they drove the canoe off into the mist.

Betty paddled well—Billy had taught her—and as the canoe slipped silently along, the shore line fading behind them, he watched her rhythmical stroke—the steady pull, the quick recover, her blade taking the water true and strong, and he felt comfortably sad. She was a good pal in the woods and he had discovered that she knew them as well as he, their moods and gentle influences, and all the plans he had made for just such days were now as misty and fading as the day about him.

"Betty!" he said.

She trailed her paddle and turned towards him. Something in his look caused her to shake her head, and holding up a warning finger she turned again to her paddle.

"All right," said Billy, taking a long breath, and once more the canoe glided on its way.

Around them the mist trailed slowly into their wake; the trickle from their paddles seemed loud in the damp, soft air; the tumble of a little brook into the lake off the slope of Catlin sounded now like the roar of a water-fall; and they both rested when out of the stillness behind came the weird note of John's breakfast call, made on a broken bottle, and they waited for the echo they knew would come from the cove to the left.

As they neared the inlet Betty shipped her paddle, and Billy, intent on the narrow channel, felt the canoe quiver. It was a signal he had taught her, and meant quiet and caution. Tense and silent, she was pointing towards the shore. Billy nodded, and they glided noiselessly towards the splash, splash, that came from the lily-pads. The splashing stopped suddenly. Betty signalled again, and Billy, with a final shove, sat motionless. Ahead, seemingly taking form from the drifting mist, a doe faced them. Raising her head gradually from the lily-pads, she took one step backwards as they floated towards her, and then catching the upper scent, she turned and floundered to the bank. Again she stood, alert yet rigid, then whistled angrily and thrashed into the underbrush. A moment later the canoe grounded softly at the landing for the Fish Pond trail.

"Isn't this a dreamy day?" said Betty, as Billy shouldered his pack.

"It's queer," he said, "how the woods get into one sometimes. I had a day like this on the Tobique last summer. You seem to get nearer to things."

"I know," said Betty, following him into the woods.

Out on the lake there was space and sky; they had lured her thoughts to the full enjoyment of all she liked and felt in the open. But here, on the trail through the hard wood, the dim shadows and narrow outlook forced her thoughts in, and she thought of Billy who was trudging ahead. It was only fair to him to send him away. She had wondered and wondered for three long months; she liked him better than any man friend she had, but she couldn't give him what he wanted—all the free life that was hers. It wasn't fair, she had told him. She liked him too much to pretend, and why couldn't they go on being good, understanding friends.

"Because," Billy had said, "I won't. I'll take my medicine."

And she knew that he was taking it as he broke trail for her through the wet ferns and the long grass, as he helped her over the rough places, as he swung down the hill from the dense woods into the burnt timber by the stream. Suddenly he stopped and waited for her.

"Isn't this weird?" he said, when she came up.

Around them the trees, blackened by the fire, stood straight and still, their roots exposed in strange, gnarled forms. There was no murmur of the breathing branches. The mist, rising now, drifted through their tops, and a Peabody bird, somewhere in the distance, whistled its plaintive call.

"What is it like?" asked Betty simply. "I always feel it, but it eludes me."

"It's like walking through a lot of lost memories," said Billy. "But——"

"What?"

"Don't you think we are talking too much?" He reached for his pipe.

"Perhaps," answered Betty. Billy put his pipe back in his pocket and trudged on.

He did not stop again until, dropping down a little hill, they caught the glimmer of Fish Pond through the trees and came out to the landing.

"We'll set up our rods here," he said.



Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

Slowly she coaxed the trout to Billy's net.—Page 374.

"There's a whale of a trout in the spring hole off the end of the pine stub."

"I really believe," thought Betty, as she drew her rod from its case, "that he's getting excited about the fishing." Billy was deep in his fly book.

But Betty was a fisherwoman and, notwithstanding her moods and the day, the old excitement of preparation came and, when she stepped into the canoe, carefully guarding the dry flies, she was thinking of the trout. As they neared the hole she prepared to cast and was measuring the distance when from behind she heard Billy say tensely:

"Betty!" She turned quickly.

"He strikes once and that's all."

"Oh!" said Betty, and just then she did not care whether she hooked the trout or not. He might at least be interesting!

When she faced the fishing again her spirits rose. She felt the day, and with her first cast she knew that her wrist was right, and that brings joy. With lengthening line she felt for her trout, the canoe answering her every move—Billy was certainly a good paddle—and she was glad they were there alone. At last she dropped her fly just on the spot where she knew the flash would come. It was like the word that need not have been spoken, the answer she knew was coming. She knew the trout was hers before she struck and then—she felt the canoe back away into safe water, Billy never overran her fish—a wild wish to get the trout seized her; if only to show him that she was the good sport she knew he thought her.

Only once did she fear the lily-pads as she fought carefully, glad of the sport, the lonely lake, the quiet, gray day. Slowly she coaxed the trout to Billy's net and with his "All right" she dropped her rod and watched him as he deliberately untangled the fish and held it up. It was her first really big trout.

"Billy," she said, "if you had spoken I would have jumped into the lake."

"I promised not to talk," he answered. "That boy," he added critically, "weighs three pounds. But I did talk."

"I didn't hear you."

"I said 'You're all right, Betty,' eleven times."

"I'll paddle now," said Betty.

"All right," he answered, and reached for his rod.

As she paddled slowly along the lily-pads a lazy feeling of comfort stole over Betty. She watched Billy's slow, lazy casts; she followed the line curving gracefully into the back cast and forward again, dropping with the gentle spread he was so proud of. Without a word she netted his fish, glad to be the good comrade.

And the day! One soft tone sank into another. Billy's green mackinac shirt blended into the ragged spruces along the shore line; the gray-green slopes melted into the soft sky; and all around was the silence of the lonely lake. She knew he was lost in the day and his thoughts—as she was. No other pal she had seemed to know how she liked the open, how she liked to take in the bigness, the lovableness of deserted places. He always understood without asking. Why hadn't she been able to make up her mind! Perhaps they would have done this sort of thing together! Perhaps, if Billy had been willing to wait—but he was so final. She saw herself tramping and fishing with him, and somehow the picture kept coming back through the long morning. She found contentment in it and more peace than she had known for days. At times she found herself regretting that she had asked him not to talk.

"Betty," he said suddenly, as if in answer to her half-formed wish.

She leaned forward, waiting.

"Have you got a match? My box fell into the water."

She handed him her match-box—one of the things that attracted him when he first met her was the fact that she always carried matches in the woods.

"This is fine," he went on, as the blue curls from his pipe drifted lazily over the pond.

"Let's go ashore and get luncheon," said Betty. And as Billy reeled in his line, a loon, aggressively mournful, laughed from the opposite shore.

After their luncheon they sat watching the fire Billy had made. With her hands behind her head Betty leaned against a tree and followed the smoke which, driven by the breeze that came down now from the slopes above, eddied and twisted into the woods. There was something in the quiet, in the isolation of the spot, in the comradeship,



Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

"They have been good days," said Betty.—Page 376.

that seemed to be answering the questions that had worried her so long. She looked at Billy. He was leaning against a tree trunk, his hat drawn over his eyes, gazing at the fire. She wondered whether he, too, was thinking of the things that might have been.

"This is the sort of thing I thought we would do often," he said abruptly. "Do you know," he went on, "I was foolish enough to plan out our wedding-trip. A long canoe trip with days of the woods and —you."

Betty did not answer.

"And," continued Billy, "it was a dream. Something that will come back, as to-day will come back and the other days we have played together."

"They have been good days," said Betty.

"But they're over now. Day after to-morrow I'll be hanging to a strap in the Subway." He rose suddenly. "Do you know it's raining?"

"No!" answered Betty almost impatiently. She felt that she had lost something. She thought of the woods with Billy gone. This was their last day together and already he was drawing the canoe into the water, just because of a little rain. They had often fished for hours in the rain.

"Come on!" he called. "We'd better make for camp.

"I'm ready," said Betty, taking her place in the bow, with a feeling of loneliness that hurt.

When Billy shouldered his pack at the trail she turned to the lake. The fog was rolling down from the hills in heavy clouds and settling into the spruce tops; a little ripple fled before the wind; the loon laughed again from out of the driving rain; and the pines above began to murmur. It was all her own fault! She had told Billy that it was best for him to forget and now that he was forgetting she could not blame him. He was going away and she felt with a sudden, deep realization, all that he was taking with him. All the gladness, all the sweet dependence, all the sympathies and tenderness of their fellowship came to her with a quick rush of memory, and she followed him up the trail with a warm glow that she had never felt before. She could not do without Billy.

And when they came to the burnt timber she thought of what he had said about lost memories. The trail seemed alive with them now. The day they climbed Attean; the day they were caught in the storm; the wild half-hour in the driving wind; the day they waded the brook; the long camp-fires; the evenings on the lake when they had watched the sunsets; Billy's thoughtfulness for her; his understanding; his care for her.

"Billy," she said, stopping, "I understand now about the lost memories. Look at them." She sat down on a log by the trail.

Billy turned, hesitated, and then sat down beside her.

"I'm glad you stopped," he said. "I wanted to." He slipped his pack and together they sat for a moment without speaking.

"Look at them," Betty repeated, pointing to the dead trunks. The trees seemed to be floating by in a white river of mist, gently, quietly.

"They look like ghosts, lonely ghosts," said Billy.

"They've haunted me all day," said Betty.

"They—have?" Billy looked at her quickly. She was looking into the mist.

"Yes!" she said slowly. "And I understand what you meant this morning."

"Do you, Betty?" Billy was almost afraid to trust his voice. "Then won't you let me try again? Won't you let me try to make you feel as I do? I've kept my promise all day. Won't you let me talk?"

He leaned towards her and waited for his answer. The woods seemed very still then.

"Please do," she said, turning to him, away from the lost memories.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

ONE of the most familiar and plausible of Matthew Arnold's generalizations is that one which sets forth that "literature is a criticism of life." But also it is one of those of his generalizations which most easily lend themselves to disparagement, and may come to seem *dicta* highly *obiter*—"superior" remarks, like "I do not even call Carlyle a great writer;" remarks which might make the disinterested "Continental," to whom, in fact, Arnold was always implicitly and often explicitly appealing, reflect upon the extent to which the Britannic "morgue" had succeeded in imposing itself and its really provincial estimates. Remarks which recall Crabb Robinson's "criticism" of their author: "Probably the ablest, and certainly the most consequential, of all the young persons I know;" or even Tennyson's demurrer to meeting him: "I said I didn't much like dining with gods."

"Criticism" or "Escape"

Even as to acknowledged masterpieces, which have stood the test of time, in what sense, to what degree, can you call the "Arabian Nights," criticism of life? "Howin" is the Faerie Queene, with all that it connotes, a criticism of life? Howin, again, does the definition square with its own author's description of the *milieu* of poetry, a description which carries instantaneous conviction: "The rest is a world of divine illusion."

At the same time, it has to be acknowledged that the definition belongs to an order of ideas which is just now circulating around the world, or in the literary circles thereof, the notion that a man is "responsible" for his literary pleasures, and that he has "no right" to take pleasure in trash. Careful statisticians estimate the amount of time that the average, let us say "commuter," wastes on newspapers, railroad whist, and yellow literature as we say now, or yellow-covered as we said a generation ago—and compute how in six months he might have put that squandered time to use in, let us say, mastering Gibbon. They exhort the commuter to repent and straightway addict himself to Gibbon, or author "to that effect." They assure him that if he will addict himself to the acknowledged masterpieces, he may become even as they, not apprehensive of the fate of the temperance reformer in the "Bab Ballad" who offered that inducement to the navvy, only to be assured that the navvy had not the slightest desire to resemble him.

Truly, the concern of the average busy man in his hours of ease is not to "criticise" life. He leaves that to persons whose vocation and not avocation it is. His concern is to get away from life. It is quite likely that he may not "admire rightly." A demonstration that he didn't, if he followed it, would not annoy him much. He might, if he knew enough, quote the great Goethe to the effect that wonder-working pictures are commonly bad paintings. At any rate he would have got his particular equivalent for the bad book he had read, or the bad play he had ignorantly admired, and would be in a position to snap his fingers at the cognoscenti. He would tell them that he read or went to the theatre to be amused, and that he had been amused in spite of them. Only the other day, a man who had been pathetically unlucky in life remarked: "I find I can lose myself only in Homer." All the better for him. He was getting some equivalent for the expensive education which possibly accounted in part for the unluckiness. In that case the expensive education owed him something in the way of consolation. All men are not so. As Stevenson hath it, "We do not all feel warmly towards Wesley or Laud, we cannot all take pleasure in 'Paradise Lost.'" But what though? Because some are exigent, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Because one declines to go on "criticising life" after the business hours in which he has been criticising it to the extent of speculating whether the man who was trying to sell him something, or to buy something of him, was or was not lying, and why, shall he therefore have no literary or dramatic recreation?

On this point the "secure world" has already judged, and keeps on judging, every generation for itself. And the man reproached in 1908, upon the ground that the book he has been reading, or the play he has been looking at, will not probably be read or shown in 1958, has his answer ready. It has amused him for its hour. It has not made him think, but it has kept him from thinking. If literate enough, which by hypothesis he is not, he might

come down on his critics and those of "life" with the ponderous equine sense of Dr. Johnson,—"No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures." After all, what better, what else so good, can you say of a book than, or as, that it has helped you over a bad hour? This equally of the responsible literate and the irresponsible illiterate. It is true that this confession and avoidance cannot decently be pleaded by that "monstrous regiment of women" who read current trash, not as an avocation but as a vocation, if any. "But," says Mr. Kipling, in that lovely introduction to the Outward Bound Edition, "but the chief part of our business lies with men who are wearied at the end of the day." Also "but," it can be pleaded by busy persons of either sex. A famous and hard-working British judge of the last century recreated himself with great quantities of the fiction of his day after taxing his brain very severely in his judicial work. Probably his fiction was not "select." What then? It had served its turn.

In fact, a paradoxer, and not so very paradoxical, might make a plausible case with the thesis that bad literature has been more beneficent than good. We all remember Lord Macaulay's pretty little letter—to his niece, wasn't it?—professing his gratitude for his unfailing interest in reading. Again, according to Matthew, he did not read to much purpose. But he never wrote more sincere, and not often more eloquent, words, than those in which he celebrated literature, not as a criticism of life, but as a refuge from life. "Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens."

Travellers' Letters

I AM not a travelling person, but many of my friends are, and as the season of the year arrives when they are saying good-by and departing to the ends of the earth, I am depressed. Let no one misunderstand me. I am not depressed because of the good-bys. I love my friends, and it gives me a pang to see the gang-plank pulled in, but after they are gone and I have taken up my placid way again, I am well content in a realization of their existence and their welfare. Nor is it the outward ceremonies, the pomp and circumstances of departure that I envy them. My small contributions to it—boxes of candy, baskets of oranges, modest pints of champagne—these I send cheerfully, nothing grudging, though I confess to regret when they miss fire, or are absorbed by the steward on the way.

Nor, lastly, do I envy them their travels. The ends of the earth to which they wend are, no doubt, pleasant; but my end is pleasant, too, and I do not repine that my summer paths are the quiet, homely ones of old New England.

No, my depression arises from none of these things. It comes—I hesitate to confess the brutal truth—from the thought of the letters my Summer-in-Europe friends will write me. There! It is told!

And yet, I insist, I am really not a brute. I love my friends dearly, and when they go away to certain places—Maine, or the White Mountains, or Cape Cod—I love to get letters from them. But not when they go to Europe. There is something about Europe—and, I may add, California and all World's Fairs—that works mortal havoc with the friendly letter. I might almost say that so far as I am concerned a real, genuine friendly letter *from Europe* does not exist, unless the writer has settled down and lived in Europe until it has become home. Perhaps this is the real trouble. My friends galloping about the map are not at home. They are alert, beset with outward experiences to which they are giving continuous, restless response, and their letters are correspondingly rapid, restless, external, full of places and things and people, viewed rapidly and superficially; and all, no matter from whom, bear a strong family resemblance—they are travellers' letters. They reek of hotels and trains, they suggest monuments, museums—in a word—"sights."

Now, I have no objection to "sights" as such, nor to hotels and trains and museums. Monuments, indeed, of all sorts—except the Pyramids—I do hold in execration, but I try not to be unpleasant about them, and it is only when these things are offered me as a substitute for friends that I protest.

I am not unreasonable. I do not expect all my friends to be brilliant letter writers. A dull letter from a dear friend is one of the commonest—and pleasantest—things in life. But I want to feel my friend, not Europe, at the other end of the letter. If she is at home, in her habitual courses, she writes me little, pleasant humdrum things about her life, gives me a glimpse of her moods, of her real welfare. She does this even, as I have said, if she is at Cape Cod, or down in Maine. But abroad

she cannot do it—instead she tries to serve up Europe to me! And Europe I can do without, at least Europe in just this form. Parts of it I, even I, have seen. And for the rest I am content to wait, or if, meanwhile, I grow impatient, and wish to learn more about Venice or Paris or the Tyrol, about this picture or that cathedral, I know several ways of finding out. From my friends abroad, all I ask is a friendly letter now and then, but, ah me! this is the very thing I never get! Why, it passes me to say. Is European travel a universal leveller, blotting out all individuality, an encouragement of the commonplace and the external? Is every one uninteresting away from home? I have sometimes thought so, as I have surveyed a steamerful of people or an automobile-load of tourists. And yet this does not seem wholly probable. At all events, though I cannot account for them, I am sure of my facts. Already I feel in anticipation the dreariness of those first letters that will come travelling back to me—letters written usually in pale ink or in pencil, on very thin paper, and usually cross-lined. Perhaps, now I think of it, this adds a last touch of exasperation to my feelings—this thin paper and bad ink. If they would only use a good, thick, cream-white sheet and write half the amount, I should take it kindly, but I find it doubly irritating to spend an hour, in a good light, deciphering things that are entirely indifferent to me when read. It tries me, when I want to know from Beatrice whether Hero's hair is growing in curly or straight after her fever, to work painfully among cross hatchings, only to discover that "we took the train at five P.M. and arrived at seven, in time for supper on the summit—the view was magnificent—wish you were with us!"

There are, of course, exceptions. One of my friends once spent a long summer in a tiny village in the Black Forest. She wrote comfortable, homey letters about nothing in particular, and I treasured them. But this exception only proves my point—she did not write travelling letters because she did not travel. Again, another friend once sent me a letter from Florence that was a gem. Pictures? Monasteries? Olive groves? No, none of these were remotely mentioned—thank fortune! Her letter was one long tirade against the habits of a certain group of foreigners—I will not say of what nation—in regard to their use of the toothpick! She was in such a state of exasperation when she wrote it that she was absolutely herself. I felt as if she had sat beside me, temper and all, and I had heard and seen her talk. I did not care in the least about foreign manners, but oh, that was a good letter! Which again, I think, proves my point.

Yes, my summer letters are dreary affairs. And of late years my troubles are aggravated by that last insult to friendship, the "souvenir" post-card. At this point language fails me. I have no words in which to speak of this abomination. It symbolizes the triumph of the commonplace, of the cheap-and-easy, the utter capitulation of individuality. And they will pour in upon me—post-cards in black and white, post-cards in colors, post-cards of all the famous pictures, of all the cathedrals, views, mountains, hotels, donkeys, peasants, in all tourist-Europe, and occasionally, horror of horrors, comic post-cards! On their edges will be scrawled flying words, and some initials, and as I decipher them I can see the counter where the things were purchased—the crowd of tourists choosing "sets," some for collections, some for poor absent friends like me; I can see them scribbling their messages, with ink and pen furnished by the provident shop-keeper, and then hurrying on to their trains or their boats or their trams. Souvenir post-cards indeed! To me who loathe the very name of souvenir! To me who so dearly love a quiet letter from a friend, written infrequently, perhaps, but in peace of spirit!

There seems to be no hope ahead. As the summers pass my trials of this sort grow greater rather than less. The letters grow more and more rapid, more and more restless, more and more external, and the post-cards pile up *ad nauseam!* I have never protested before, except in spirit. I can do so now only under the shelter of anonymity. If I criticise my friends it will pain them, and, I persist, I love my friends dearly. And so as the season comes round, I am depressed. Some summer I may even be driven to go to Europe myself!

What's in a Name?

FOR a man of letters a strong name of striking originality is a precious possession; it is a pearl beyond price, the attainment of which is well worth a resolute effort. An author is fortunate if it is given to him by descent and by baptism—John Milton, for example, or Francis Parkman, names combining vigor with a certain distinction. He is lucky if he can achieve it by arbitrary suppression of a superfluous given name, as Bret

Harte did and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He is even justified, if he manufactures it for his own need as Josh Billings did and Artemus Ward. And it is difficult to chide the songster of Sierras when he cast away the Cincinnatus H.—whatever the H. may have portended—which had been inflicted on him by his godparents. After all, Joaquin Miller is more like the name of a poet than ever Cincinnatus H. Miller could have been. Even though poets must be born, their names can be made, if the intending poet knows how to go about it and if he has the courage of his convictions.

Lowell did not hesitate to express his belief that Keats was sadly handicapped by his name. "You cannot make a good adjective out of Keats—the more pity," he declared; "and to say a thing is *Keatsy* is to contemn it. Fortune likes fine names," and "Fame loves best such syllables as are sweet and sonorous on the tongue." There is a noble stateliness in *Miltonic*, a restful dignity in *Spenserian*, and a distinguished lordliness about *Tennysonian*. Beside these lofty adjectives, poor *Keatsy* trembles into insignificance. Even *Burnsy* is better than *Keatsy*, pitiable as it is in itself—pitiable and yet harshly sibilant. And what is the adjective that describes the cunning craftsmanship of Alexander Pope. Is it *Popeian?*—a monstrous vocable; or is it *Papal?* Nor is Poe any better off in this respect; the most one can do is to make shift with *Poe-like*, an unsatisfactory subterfuge.

It is in this same essay on his favorite Keats that Lowell suggested that when the fairies came with their gifts to the cradle of the born poet, one of them, wiser than the rest, should "choose a name for him from which well-sounding derivatives can be made, and best of all, with a termination in *on*." But even a termination in *o* will serve on occasion, and *Platonic* is as elevated a title as *Napoleonic*. It is in another essay of his, on another of his favorites, Walton, that Lowell recurs to this thought and asks "how should Brown or Smith or any other dingy monosyllable of Saxon indistinction compete for conjuration with Pelopidas or Timoleon? Even within living memory Napoleon had a prodigious purchase in his name alone, and prettily confirmed the theory of Mr. Shandy." Indeed, Napoleon is a style and title that swells imperially. Beside it how thin and watered is the name of his pinchbeck nephew, Louis Napoleon. Perhaps it was because they could not deny the loud-sounding majesty of *Napoleon* that the British opponents of the Corsican adventurer, a hundred years ago, insisted on calling him *Buonaparte*.

Besides being sonorous a man of letters, whether a poet or a prose-man, is blest when his name is also aggressively individual, when it belongs to him and indicates him, and him alone, and no one else. Is it mere fanciful association that makes us feel the eternal fitness of the stalwart Mark Twain to the beloved septuagenarian who has made it a household word? Is it merely an *ex post-facto* discovery that Rudyard Kipling is exactly the name that ought to belong to the author of the "Jungle Book," and that Rider Haggard is exactly the name that ought to belong to the author of "King Solomon's Mines"? For some of us it will be a sad day when the ex-pilot no longer marks twain and when the rudyards cease from Kipling.

If it is a misfortune for a man of letters to be born with a dingy Saxon monosyllable for his name, it is a double misfortune if he has to share both of his names with some other seeker after fame. Smiths and Browns there are plenty, and of an inexpugnable indistinction—but Sidney Smith and Sir Thomas Browne managed to snatch victory from prenatal defeat. Even with a dingy monosyllable something may be achieved, from time to time, but what misfortune and disaster follow fast and follow faster a couple of men who have only one name between the two of them! There is a certain American man of letters with leanings toward politics who has the same names, family and Christian both, as a certain British politician with leanings toward literature. Who shall distinguish Dromio of New Hampshire from the Dromio of Birmingham? As the American girl in Paris said after she had matched her own hair with a borrowed braid, *On ne peut pas dire qui est qui.*

THE FIELD OF ART

MODERN FOREIGN PAINTINGS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL

THE FIELD OF ART has already devoted several papers to the American paintings at the Museum, and it is the purpose of this department to pass in review the most important acquisitions by modern foreign masters.

It is perhaps the French School which has most strongly influenced the art that is now practised by our painters.

The French is the one single nation here most largely represented in its art; but even in this school there are vacancies which it is most desirable to see filled. These occur rather in the art of the early decades of the century just passed, but are also to be remarked among the experimentalists of the *fin-de-siècle* period, while among the later painters it may be a cause almost for astonishment that one becomes aware of the fact that the Metropolitan Museum does not own a single example of Jean François Millet. As these notes are made only on the actual permanent possessions of the institution, this star in the firmament of French art of the nineteenth century may not be described, as it is irrelevant to the subject in hand.

Of those, however, that are here, and for which we are duly thankful, we look to see other and more fully representative examples. For instance, there was a time, before their reputations demanded a constant output, before indeed, they became fashionable, when Gérôme and Cabanel painted works of an intellectual and artistic vigor and sincerity that quite surpassed the skilful but more or less perfunctory canvases that they produced in their later years.

This cannot be said of Millet, who was always profoundly moved before nature and sought to express his emotions to the last. Cabanel and Gérôme, well-trained draughtsmen, achieved a virtuosity that possessed a market value, but in their younger days did actually more than this; and it is examples of this period that it would be most interesting to see here.

The dignified portrait by Cabanel of Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, for whom the Wolfe galleries are named, is in line with the serious work of this portraitist *à la mode*.

The elegance and distinction of pose, the workman-like qualities of drawing, modelling, and differentiation of textures mark it as a fine example of this popular painter. But when we go on to "The Shulamite," a subject painted to order, illustrating verses from the Song of Solomon, we see Cabanel in all his perfunctory annual-Salon manner.

In striking contrast to the above painter we have here Manet, he who infused new blood into painting at a time when Cabanel was nominally and officially the head of French art. Without the academic correctness of men trained as were Bouguereau, Hébert, Gérôme and Cabanel, Manet, on the other hand, looked nature squarely in the face and painted facts as he saw them. The result was that human beings existed before you in all the vividness of life. He believed it was the business of the painter to paint; and so his "Lady in Pink" and the "Boy with a Sword" are masterpieces of frank vision achieved by means of pigment. Faulty often in drawing, he built up his presentations by sound construction and faithful color, attaining in the course of this effort certain captivating passages of paint that recalled at times a no less skilful manipulator than that wizard of eighteenth-century art, Fragonard himself. One has but to study the integrity of color in his "Boy with a Sword," the tonal quality of floor, background, and blue hose, and the marvellous painter-like quality of the half-peeled orange in the "Lady in Pink" to become conscious of his faculty for painting which I am endeavoring to suggest. It belongs to the great traditions of the painter's craft.

We find in Gérôme in the "Prayer in a Mosque; Old Cairo" an excellent example of this most intelligent painter. Although not gifted with a sensitive color sense, Gérôme, by close observation did much truth-telling of the more obvious kind; and the logical folds of rich materials, the metallic or lithic qualities which he gave to respective substances gained for him a public of enthusiastic admirers. He was more than a technician, however, for

in his best canvases he has shown a splendid sense of graphic composition. The painting of the figures and the details of the architecture in this picture are worthy of all praise.

Fromentin, that sensitive and brilliant writer as well as painter, is well seen in a little picture entitled "Arabs Crossing a Ford." His palette vibrates with delicious and pure color, in spite of a certain *ficelle* or method of painting which he has evidently evolved to secure particular effects, namely, the superposing of atmospheric tones on an under preparation of tender browns for mountains and distances. This method pervades all his work; but it must be admitted that in his hand it is highly successful. The movement, the delicate drawing of horses and riders, and the opalescent charm of the color make of this picture a veritable gem.



Boy with a Sword, by Edouard Manet.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

Jules Breton, that happy painter of French rural life, is represented by two canvases. The larger and more characteristic was fully described in these pages on the occasion of his death, 1906. The other, a small work, "Peasant Girl Knitting," is not so successful in the luminous quality of out-of-doors, as Breton in many of his pictures has led us to expect from him. It is rather heavy and dark in color, but honest in sentiment and feeling.

And while we are on the rural side of French painting we must pause to admire the partly mystical but largely realistic work by Bastien-Lepage, the "Joan of Arc" which, at the time of its production seemed the last word in *plein air* painting. Has it grown darker with time, or are our eyes, through Monet and others, keyed to a lighter scale of color? It is full of treasures of observation, and is of the intimate and familiar school of what might be termed *heroic genre*. In any case it is a memorable work for any age.

There was a painter whose technical achievement was perhaps as great as that of any contemporary Frenchman, who for long years pursued his profession undisturbed by the task of imparting his knowledge to a following of pupils such as Bonnat, Gérôme, and Cabanel directed by choice and an apparent desire to instruct. This man was Meissonier. For ability to impart to small pictures a largeness of handling that partook of the amplitude of life, Meissonier was unrivalled. Not always fine in color, he was usually a good colorist, while for strength of drawing and vigor of action he was singularly impressive. A picture here, small in dimensions, "General and Adjutant," is a marvel of sunny breadth and largeness of painting. The heads are constructed in a massive manner, with a landscape of admirable quality and truthful observation. His "Friedland, 1807," is a canvas more important in size than is usual with Meissonier; no finer in quality than the little canvas, mentioned above, although better known. Here is seen the great Napoleon at the zenith of his glory at the battle of Friedland, a little removed from the field of actual engagement, receiving the enthusiastic salutes of his Cuirassiers as they dash before him through a field of unripe wheat. It is said that to study the lie of the grain thus trampled on the artist paid a farmer for a field of growing wheat near his studio in the country, and secured a company of cavalry from a neighboring army post to charge through the field. From this havoc of the harvest he made studies for the foreground of this work.

In spite of this apparent desire to be faithful to the facts of nature his pictures are examples of astonishing technical skill, without any great constructive use of chiaroscuro enveloping and uniting the whole.

In striking contrast to Meissonier is the earlier Delacroix, whose delight in massive composition and vehement presentation is often at the expense of fidelity of form. There is nothing of the deliberate correctness and security of touch which always mark the work of Meissonier; nor of the diminutive size in canvas; but where the latter leaves you cold Delacroix stirs the emotions by even the nervous agitation of his stroke. He is too much carried away by his theme to be troubled by lapses in vocabulary, so to speak; but he moves by his eloquence.



Prayer in a Mosque, Old Cairo, by Jean Léon Gérôme.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

"L'enlèvement de Rébecca," a subject from Scott's "Ivanhoe," is a newly acquired work, and is a fairly good illustration of this virile painter. Delacroix led French art as opposed to the colder and more correct method of Ingres; and it is to be regretted that the Museum has no work of that valiant conservator of form who, at a time when the newer impulse of Delacroix was felt in French painting, kept unswervingly to drawing and beauty of line.

Coming on later than Delacroix, but reaching his apogee early, it was to the surprise of many that in 1879 they heard of Couture's death. He had influenced a number of Americans who admired his method and who had followed him to his retirement. The picture here by him is a characteristic one. Although somewhat sentimental in subject, "Day Dreams" exemplifies all this painter's mannerisms. Painted on a prepared canvas in which warm brownish tones predominate, the lights loaded and the shadows transparent, the picture is agreeable in color, but, from the present attitude of painters toward natural effects, not veraciously "seen."

Of Bonnat and Bouguereau there are canvases that represent them in their more or less popular and mercantile light; accomplished work of accomplished men, but yielding little that is distinguished in subject or color.

It is among the landscapists such as Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Jules Dupré that we must now look for appreciative and emotional expressions of nature.

Corot is seen in a typical view, "Ville d' Avray, near Paris." The general tone of this picture is of that silvery-gray which is what Corot loved to paint, although at times he was very happy with a lighter and gayer aspect of nature. It is to be hoped that the Museum will later extend its examples of this joyous and fine temperament and secure some of those in which his sentiments toward the outside world have a wider and fuller expression.

Jules Dupré was attracted by a richer and more dramatic appearance of the world. Powerful color, stormy skies, massive foliage

appealed to him and he manages to make them appeal to the spectator in a powerful and graphic way. "The Hay Wagon" is a good specimen of his opulent sense of form and color.

Daubigny is a lyrical poet of the country. His painting is of the finest quality at times and, while subtle and rare in color, possesses a charm of pigment and swiftness of touch that mark the craftsman of high order. His "On the River Oise; Evening," is of this united quality of sentiment and workmanship —it is poetical in feeling and full of charm for the professional painter.

Rousseau's penetrating glance at the world, his vigorous feeling for the constructive forms of natural objects in landscape, be they of tree, rock, or sky, or the organic mass of all these, as felt in the retreat of a plain or the general physiognomy of a country-side, where no salient foreground is made use of for pictorial effect— this glance, this well-defined feeling of corporeity and volume of a scene in nature, is well given in the canvas by him entitled "Edge of the Woods."

The dark, yet well-modelled group of massive trees to the right, the brilliant and vital sky, so light that it seems to throw the terrestrial portion of the picture into a low-toned structural mass of brownish-green, give an impression of solidity and force that hints at the longevity and slow growth of the planet itself.

There are few such draughtsmen to be found among landscape painters, and few such sturdy craftsmen as Rousseau. In addition to his sound sense of color, he gives the feeling, in all he does, of being dominated by a mighty will.

This account of the French painters to be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art has to do with names of long-established reputation and long-established practice. Nothing has been said of new methods and the new sense of "seeing"; and for the very obvious reason that this new school is not to be found among the possessions of the institution.

What of Degas, Monet, of Sisley and Cézanne; what of Besnard, Carrière and Carolus-Duran?

There is nothing by them here, the only one of the school being by Renoir, rather recently acquired—a vibrating portrait group.

Let us hope for more work by these men to whom modern painting is largely indebted.

FRANK FOWLER.



Edge of the woods by P. E. T. Rousseau.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

ON THE OCTOBER TRAIL.

(A Navajo family.)

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RICHARD MANSFIELD

II—THE FIRST SUCCESS

By Paul Wilstach

WHO can say what brave dreams were or were not in Mansfield's heart when he decided to throw his gauge on the American stage? There is much to support those who contend that the early eighties furnished a period in the American theatre not surpassed by any other epoch of any other stage in the world. The artists of every other country found a welcome here, such as their own stage did not offer the foreigner, and native talent was questionably near its zenith.

A. M. Palmer was closing a memorable tenancy of the Union Square Theatre with Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Frederick de Belleville, Owen Fawcett, Eleanor Carey, J. H. Stoddart, John Parselle, Maude Harrison and Sarah Jewett.

Wallack's new theatre boasted John Gilbert, Rose Coghlan, Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards, William Elton, Madame Ponisi, Effie Germon, Fannie Addison Pitt, Arthur Forrest and Herbert Kelcey.

Augustin Daly's list was equally formidable, with Ada Rehan, John Drew, Charles Leclerq, Mrs. Gilbert, Henry Miller, Otis Skinner, James Lewis, Charles Fisher, Bijou Heron, Digby Bell, W. J. Le Moyne, Harry M. Pitt, and Isabelle Evesson.

Edwin Booth was at his best. Lawrence Barrett was never in better form. Joseph Jefferson had accomplished and was acting with his ripest comedy the rôles that were to give his name endurance. Clara Morris enjoyed the fullest possession of her powers and popularity and Mary Anderson was her loveliest.

Bernhardt made her first appearance in New York in 1881. Tomaso Salvini, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry came in 1882. The great Ristori followed only two years later. Modjeska and Janauschek had both entrenched themselves in American positions of eminence. Macready, Forrest and Cushman were not so remote but that their attainments were in the personal experience of many of the generation which were to judge the new aspirant.

It took courage and confidence of a stern mettle to enter these lists. But Mansfield never did the easy thing and his belief in his own destiny was fixed, though he had as yet done nothing by which to command others to accept his own estimate of himself.

It cannot really be said that he preferred difficulties, but they had a subtle attraction for him. He met them always fearlessly, firmly, struggled with them and mastered them. It was characteristic of him to scent afar the smoke of the artistic battle waging in New York—by comparison with which London's theatrical atmosphere was positively lethargic—and to rush into the arena.

He came to believe afterward that he had made the one mistake of his life in coming to America. Public opinion here he believed to be provincial, and as such he believed the other nations gauged us; in the sense that a career in America meant nothing abroad, it gave no real position to the artist who ventured before foreign audiences, whereas a foreign artist who appeared in New York was acclaimed before he spoke his first line, and had the responsibility not so much of making as of not breaking his reputation. Mansfield felt that had he attained his position in England the con-

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quest of America would have been a hundredfold easier. In other words, in America a foreign artist was assisted by his reputation at home, whereas the judgment given an alien in Europe is hard and fast on merits according to local standards and precedents.

When he arrived in New York he found his reputation, such as it was, had preceded him—a drawing-room entertainer and a provincial comic-opera comedian. Wallack, Daly, and Palmer declined his services with thanks. From theatre to theatre and from manager to manager he went full of self-assurance, declining to consider any other than important parts, but his self-assurance was lacking in conviction for men who did not want a provincial comic-opera comedian. Having exhausted the dramatic field, he was forced by dwindling means to forego his ambition and take what he could, and not what he would.

Among the many theatres he haunted was the Standard, where an operatic company was organizing to play a recent London success, and, determined to be content only with the best, he applied for the leading rôle. On such visits he saw no reason for self-depreciation through a false sense of modesty. He told what he believed to be the truth about his capacity at the expense, in most cases, of a general impression of undisguised conceit.

D'Oyly Carte's interest in the company may have oiled the hinges here, for in this instance the door opened to him and he was cast for Dromez, the miller, in Bucalossi's "Les Manteaux Noirs," or "Three Black Cloaks," as it was afterward Englished. The Standard Theatre stood opposite Greeley Square on Sixth Avenue, and was afterward known as the Manhattan Theatre. Entirely unknown to the public, Mansfield here made his first appearance on the professional stage in America, September 27, 1882.*

His success that night with his audience, who after his first song and scene greeted his every reappearance with applause, was echoed in the critical chorus of the next day. His fun was of ripe and mellow quality, though delightfully inconsequential and unforced. The appeal of his performance was not the phenomenal fashion in which his voice ranged in several registers, or his naïve fashion of trailing his text through several languages, or his toes' agility at impossible angles, but in the fact that he took the trouble to act Dromez as well as to make him up and costume him. Mansfield understood an audience's respect for sincerity, and he never found anything too difficult to do or too trifling to slight. In this instance his performance of the old miller was as perfected as the slender opportunities permitted. He was the success of the opera, but it was as an actor that he made his hit.

In a night he established himself as a comedian, and he might have played in comic opera successfully the rest of his life had he been content.

Unfortunately the enterprise as a whole had no endurance. Its life was forced over four weeks to enable the company to perfect itself in a new piece. On October 28th, almost the identical list of singers gave renewed energy to the business of popularizing the new Planquette operetta based on Washington Irving's legend of "Rip Van Winkle." The book of the opera was "written" by Meilhac, "adapted" by H. B. Farnie, and "revised" by Dion Boucicault.

Mansfield was given the rôle of the old Dutch innkeeper, Nick Vedder. But he also persuaded the management to allow him to play Nick's son Jan in the last act. The willingness of a leading artist to do double service caused some amusement. Evidently this new arrival was manifesting "eccentricities." But neither then nor after was it his custom to take others into his confidence about his intentions or hopes.

Invariably, before this production, and again after, the success of this fable on the stage has been the opportunity of the actor playing Rip to appear first as a youth and later as a grizzled old veteran. On this occasion, however, the attention of the audience was for two acts riveted on an ingenious bit of senile characterization by Mansfield as old Vedder, and in the third act they were further astonished by his re-

* The cast is as follows:

Don Luis de Rosamonte	W. T. Carleton
Don Jose	A. Wilkinson
Dromez, the Miller	R. Mansfield
Nicolas	W. Gillow
Manuel	William White
Palomez	J. Furey
Don Philip of Aragon	J. H. Ryley
Isabel, Queen of Castile	Fanny Edwards
Clorinda	Joan Rivers
Gomez	Billie Barlow
Lazarillo	Mina Rowley
Girola	Mme. Selina Delaro

appearance as Nick's own son, Jan, a round-faced, hearty, happy, lusty, nimble-heeled, dashing young Dutchman of about twenty. The finish with which each character was played, the marked contrast between the two, yet the trace of the old father in the youthful son, were the values duced and admirably sung by Mr. Mansfield, was in the surrounding gloom like a ray of light in a shady place." The management decided to retire "Rip" as soon as something new could be made ready.

The choice fell on the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera which these authors at first



Richard Mansfield.
From a photograph made in Boston, 1884.

he depended upon for his favor with his audience. And he won.

It cannot be said that he carried the piece to any success. However happy he was in his work, it was but an incident, though he worked with prodigious interest. One chronicle credited him with having written the comedy scene in act two between Nick, Katrina, and the Burgomaster. The *Dramatic Mirror* found that "the little German *Volkslied* 'Gestern Abend,' introcalled "Perola." This title was afterward changed to "Iolanthe, or the Peer and the Peri," and in this they departed from the initial "P" for the first time since they started on their career of comic-opera collaboration. They evidently had the alliterative trilogy—"Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance" and "Patience"—in view when they picked "Perola, or the Peer and the Peri." The superstitious may believe that "Iolanthe" would have been more fortu-

nate with its earlier name. Other authors followed routine in naming their plays. Tom Robertson's list is distinguished by titles of a single short word—"Home," "School," "Caste," "Dreams," "Society," "Progress," "Ours," "Play"; Charles Hoyt's farces always began with the article, "A"—"A Tin Soldier," "A Hole in The Ground," "A Brass Monkey," "A Trip to Chinatown," "A Temperance Town," "A Texas Steer"— Augustus Thomas at one time gave promise of naming each of his delightful plays after one of the states of the Union.

Mansfield was under discussion for the leading comedy rôle of the Lord Chancellor in the New York production of "Iolanthe." He was sent instead to Philadelphia to join the D'Oyly Carte Company preparing to present the same opera there, acting in "Rip" until he left New York in the middle of November.

"Iolanthe" was produced in Philadelphia December 5th, without Mansfield in the cast. Presently another company was organized to tour in this opera, and the D'Oyly Carte management lent him to play the Lord Chancellor. He was soon again in health and appeared in this character first on Monday evening, December 18th, in Baltimore.

It is a rôle which requires remarkable agility in dancing. The début was accomplished in a wholly gratifying manner, and his success threatened him with a career on tour in the lesser cities of America, a mere continuation of the routine in England from which he had fled.

If ever a blessing came disguised as a calamity, it now befell Mansfield. On Wednesday night, on the occasion of his third performance of the nimble Lord Chancellor, that ankle which he had sprained two years before in Edinburgh again betrayed him. In spite of the severity of the sprain he finished the performance in great agony, but after the opera he insisted on taking the midnight train for New York. What impelled him, penniless, to resign and beset again in the middle of a winter season the apparently hopeless New York situation?

He may have had in mind a previous talk with A. M. Palmer, when he applied for a place in the celebrated Union Square Stock Company. Mr. Palmer was suavely diplomatic and generously courteous at all times. He had told Mansfield there was "no opening at present," but invited him to "inquire again."

On his arrival in New York, Mansfield had the cabman put him down at the door of the Union Square Theatre. For two hours he waited for Mr. Palmer to arrive at his office. Finally the great manager admitted him. Fearful that a knowledge of his real condition would prevent his engagement, Mansfield walked and stood before him on the swollen foot in spite of the pain. When he left he limped across the icy pavements into Union Square and fell fainting on a park bench.

But he had not come in vain. Palmer had given him a bit to act, the small part of Tirandel, a young swell, excessively ennuyé, in a play then in rehearsal, "A Parisian Romance," translated from the French of Octave Feuillet, by A. R. Cazauran, a most accomplished literary attaché of Mr. Palmer's staff.

The rehearsals were easy, for Tirandel never stands up except to sit down. The ankle mended rapidly. Mansfield was delighted with the group of distinguished artists in which he found himself as a member of one of the most celebrated companies the American theatre boasted.

But contented he was not, he could not be. His ambition was always reaching out. Years afterward he said to the writer during a lull in a dress rehearsal: "This responsibility and fatigue is overwhelming. See that bright, care-free, contented young fiddler there! He only plays a second violin, yet he is happy. I can't understand it. If I played second fiddle I should want to play first. Then I should want to lead. But I should next want a bigger orchestra, and yet a bigger. One who conducts must be able to compose, and I should want to write magnificent music. If I attained success as a composer I should not be satisfied if I were not able to take first place."

"And then?"

He was silent for he did not prefer always to admit practical conclusions. In a moment he sighed and confessed:

"Then I should not be content."

He entered with spirit into the interpretation of Tirandel, an easy morsel for him, but he watched another rôle with consum-



Richard Mansfield as Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance."

ing avarice. In his heart he yearned to play the Baron Chevrial, already assigned to J. H. Stoddart, one of the most accomplished and popular artists in any New York company.

The story of the memorable sequel is told by Mr. Stoddart himself in his published "Recollections of a Player":

"The peculiar attributes of the part caused Mr. Palmer some doubt, for a time, as to a correct and judicious cast for it. Mr. Mansfield had been engaged, but as he was comparatively untried in legitimate work, his position in the theatre was thought to be a minor one. After the reading of the play the company were unanimous in their opinion that "A Parisian Romance' was a one-part piece, and that part the Baron, and all the principals had their eye on him. After some delay and much expectancy the rôle was given to me. I was playing a strong part in 'The Rantzaus,' and my friends in the company congratulated me upon the opportunity thus presented of following it up with so powerful a successor. Miss Minnie Conway, who was a member of the company and had seen the play in Paris, said that

she thought the Baron a strange part to give to me. 'It's a Lester Wallack kind of part,' she said.

"This information rather disconcerted me, but I rehearsed the part for about a week, and then, being convinced that it did not suit me, I went to Mr. Palmer and told him I felt very doubtful as to whether I could do him or myself justice in it. He would not hear of my giving it up, saying that he knew me better than I did myself; that I was always doubtful; but that he was willing to take the risk. He also read a letter which he had received from some one in Paris giving advice regarding the production, in which, among other things, it was said that Baron Chevrial was the principal part, that everything depended on him, and that 'if you can get Stoddart to look well in full dress, he is the man you must have to play it.'

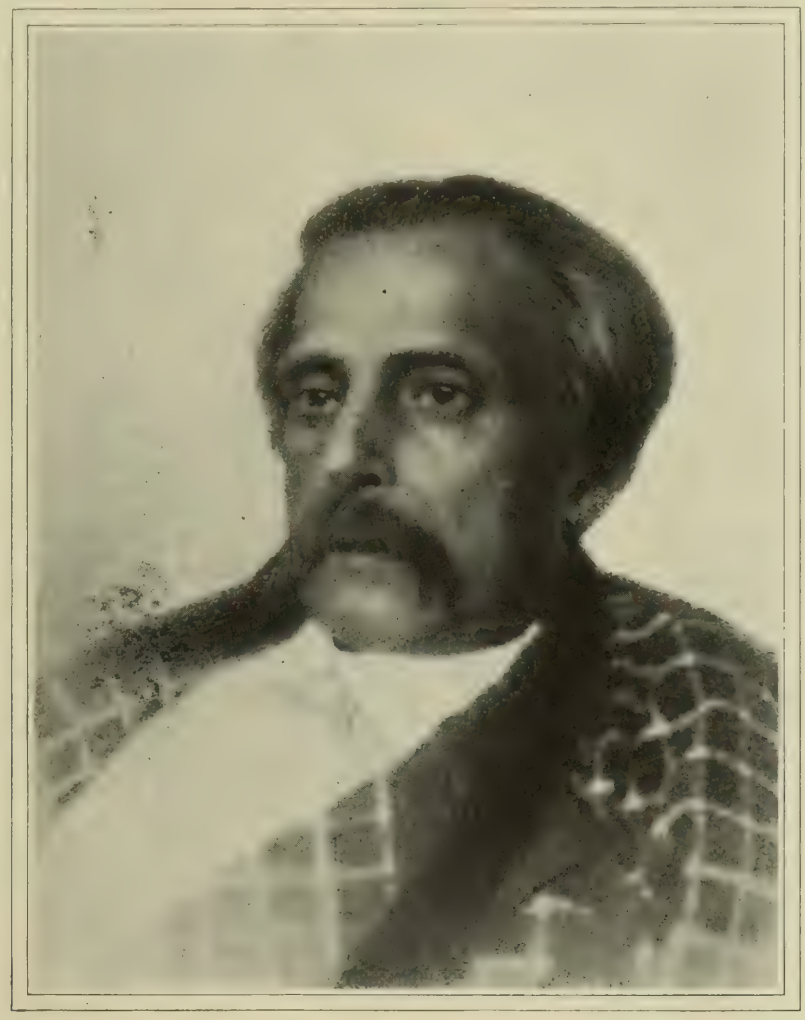
"I left Mr. Palmer, resolved to try again, and do my best. Mr. Mansfield was cast in the play for a small part, and, I discovered, was watching me like a cat during rehearsals. A lot of fashion-plates were sent to my dressing-room, with instructions to select my costume. As I had hitherto been, for some time, associated with vagabonds, villains, etc., I think these fashion-plates had a tendency to unnerve me more than anything else. So I again went to Mr. Palmer and told him I could not possibly play the Baron. 'You must,' said Mr. Palmer. 'I rather think Mr. Mansfield must have suspected something of the sort, for he has been to me asking, in the event of your not playing it, that I give it to him. I have never seen Mr. Mansfield act; he has not had much experience here, and might ruin the production.'

"At Mr. Palmer's earnest solicitation, I



A. M. Palmer, manager of the Union Square Stock Company.

promised to try it again. I had by this time worked myself into such a state of nervousness that my wife interfered. 'All the theatres in the world,' said she, 'are not worth what you are suffering. Go and tell Mr. Palmer you positively cannot play the part.' Fearing the outcome, I did not risk another interview with my manager, but sought out Mr. Cazauran, and returned the part to him, with a message to Mr. Palmer that I positively declined to play it."



A. R. Cazauran, translator of "A Parisian Romance."

When the part of Chevrial was given him, Mansfield was fascinated with his opportunity, but he kept his counsel. He applied every resource of his ability to the composition of his performance of the decrepit old rake. He sought specialists on the infirmities of roués, he studied specimens in clubs, on the avenue and in hospitals; and in the privacy of his own room he practised make-ups for the part every spare moment. The rehearsals themselves were sufficiently uneventful. He gave evidence of a careful workmanlike performance, but promise of nothing more.

While he was working out the part, Mansfield scarcely ate or slept. He had a habit of dining with a group of young Bohemians at a table d'hôte in Sixth Avenue. The means of none of them made regularity at these forty-cent banquets possible, so his absence was meaningless. One evening he dropped into his accustomed chair, but tasted nothing.

"What's the matter, Mansfield?" asked one of the others.

"To-morrow night I shall be famous," he said. "Come see the play."

His friends were accustomed to lofty talk from him. His prophecy was answered with a light laugh, and it had passed out of their memories as they drifted into the night. This was one of those intuitions to which he often confessed, and it told



From an oil painting by Edgar Cameron.

Richard Mansfield as Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance."

him that the years of apprenticeship were behind him and the artist in him was on the eve of acknowledgment.

A. M. Palmer's tenancy of the Union Square Theatre furnishes one of the bright chapters in the history of the American theatre. It reflected in a notable degree the sound intelligence, shrewd judgment, graceful character and irresistible personal charm of its director. Across his stage passed a harmonious procession of distinguished artists. For upward of a dozen years one successful play followed another in a sequence that was extraordinary. He rarely disappointed the high expectations raised by his previous performances, and each time that he opened his doors on the first night of a new work a list of those present furnished a digest of all who were most able, brilliant, and fashionable in the life of the metropolis.

So on the night of January 11, 1883, the theatre was radiant with an expectant audience—half convinced in advance by the record of the Union Square's past, but

by the same token exacting to a merciless degree—to see their old friends in the first performance in America of "A Parisian Romance."*

Mansfield made his entrance as the Baron Chevrial within a few moments after the rise of the curtain. It was effected in an unconcerned silence on the part of the audience.

There were, on the other hand, the deserved "receptions" of old favorites by old friends, as Miss Jewett, Miss Vernon, Miss Carey, Mr. De Belleville, Mr. Parselle and Mr. Whiting came upon the scene.

When Chevrial, finding himself alone with Tirandel and Laubanière, exposed his amusingly cynical views of life and society, some attention was paid to a remarkable portrait of a polished, but coarse, gay, though ageing voluptuary. The scene was short and he was soon off, though not without a little impudent touch, in passing the maid in the doorway, that did not slip unnoticed. The dramatic disclosures which followed brought the act to a close with applause that augured well. Henri, Marcelle, and Mme. De Targy were called forward enthusiastically.

The second act revealed the Baron's chambers. With the exception of two minutes he was on the stage until the curtain fell. The Baron's effort, so precisely detailed, to reach and raise the dumb-bells from the floor; the inveterate libertine's interview with shrewd Rosa the *danseuse*, who took the tips he expected would impoverish her and thus put her in his power, for the purpose of playing them the other way; the biting deliberation of his interview with his good Baroness and Henri, who comes to ruin himself to save his family's honor—all held the audience with a new sensation. As he pushed his palsied arms into his coat and pulled himself fairly off his feeble feet in his effort to button it, turned up to his door humming like a preying bumble-bee, faced slowly about again, his piercing little pink eyes darting with anticipation, and off the trembling old lips droned the telling speech: "I wonder how his pretty little wife will bear poverty? H'm! We shall see"—the curtain fell to applause which was for the newcomer alone. He had interested the audience and was talked about between the acts.

Mr. Palmer rushed back to his dressing-room and found him studiously adding new touches to his make-up for the next act. "Young man," exclaimed the manager, "do you know you're making a hit!" "That's what I'm paid for," replied Mansfield without lowering the rabbit's-foot.

The third act was largely Marcelle's. The Baron was on for an episodic interval but succeeded in that he did not destroy the impression already created.

The fourth act revealed a magnificent banquet hall with a huge table laden with crystal, silver, snowy linens, flowers, and lights. At the top of a short stairway at the back was a gallery and an arched window through which one looked up the green aisle of the Champs-Élysée to the Arc de Triomphe dimly visible in the moonlight. The Baron entered for one last glance over the preparations for his *petit souper* for Rosa and her sisters of the ballet at the Opera.

The effectiveness of his entrance was helped by his appearance behind a colonnade, and there he stood only half revealed, swaying unsteadily while his palsied hand adjusted his monocle to survey the scene. There was a flutter of applause from the audience but, most appreciatively, it quickly hushed itself. He dragged himself forward. The cosmetic did not hide the growing pallor of the parchment drawn over the old reprobate's skull. He crept around the table and, with a marvellous piece of "business" by which he held his wobbly legs while he slowly swung a chair under him, collapsed. The picture was terrible but fascinating. People who would could not turn their heads. His valet was

* The cast was:

Henri de Targy	Mr. Frederick De Belleville
Signor Juliani	Mr. Joseph W. Whiting
Dr. Chesnel	Mr. John Parselle
The Baron Chevrial	Mr. Richard Mansfield
M. Tirandel	Mr. Walden Ramsey
M. Laubanière	Mr. G. S. Paxton
M. Vaumartin	Mr. Owen Fawcett
M. Trevy	Mr. A. Kaufman
M. Falaise	Mr. A. Becks
M. Duchalet	Mr. W. Morse
Ambroise	Mr. Charles Collins
Pierre	Mr. W. S. Quigley
Marcelle de Targy	Miss Sarah Jewett
Madame de Targy	Miss Ida Vernon
Rosa Guerin	Miss Maude Harrison
Baroness Chevrial	Miss Eleanor Carey
Mme. De Luce	Miss Nettie Guion
Mme. De Valmery	Miss Eloise Willis
Maris	Miss Nellie Wetherill
Gillette No. 1	Miss Florence Levian
Bertholdi	Miss Annie Wakeman
Gillette No. 2	Miss Nellie Gordon
Lombardi	Miss Flora Lee
Bochsa	Miss Jennie Stuart
Adela	Miss Estelle Clinton

quick with water and held the glass in place on the salver while he directed it to the groping arm. The crystal clinked on Chevrial's teeth as he sucked the water.

Presently he found his legs again and tottered up to the staircase. The picture of the black, shrivelled little man dragging his lifeless legs up to the gallery step by step was never forgotten by any one who saw it. At the top he turned and said in thrillingly ominous tones: "I do not wish to be disturbed in the morning. I shall need a long sleep"—and dragged himself out of sight. He had been on the stage five minutes and had said scarcely fifty words. The picture and the effect were unmistakable. The audience capitulated. There was a roar of applause which lasted several minutes.

The whispered discussion of this scene was such that scarcely any attention was paid to the stage until the Baron returned. Almost immediately afterward the ballet girls pirouetted into the hall in a flutter of gauze, and the places at the table were filled. No one listened to the lines, all eyes in the house were focussed on the withered, shrunken, flaccid little old Baron who sat at Rosa's right, ignored by every one about him as they gorged on his food and drank his wines.

Soon he drew himself up on his feet and raising his glass said, "Here's to the god from whom our pleasures come. Here's to Plutus and a million!"

The gay throng about the table echoed the toast: "To Plutus and a million!" and Chevrial continued:

"While I am up I will give a second toast. Here's to Rosa! The most splendid incarnation that I know!"

Placing the glass to her lips for a first sip the lecherous old pagan's own lips sought the spot, sipped and he sank back into his chair.

What else went on till he rose again no one knew or minded. No eye in the house could wander from the haggard, evil, smiling but sinister old face. Presently he was up once more and with his raised goblet brimming with champagne, he offered a third toast:

"Here's to material Nature, the prolific mother of all we know, see, or hear. Here's to the matter that sparkles in our glasses, and runs through our veins as a river of youth; here's to the matter that our eyes caress as they dwell on the bloom of those young cheeks. Here's to the matter that —here's to—here's—the matter—the matter that—here's——"

The attack had seized him. Terrible and unforgetable was the picture of the dissolution. The lips twitched, the eyes rolled white, the raised hand trembled, the wine sputtered like the broken syllables which the shattered memory would not send and the swollen tongue suddenly could not utter. For one moment of writhing agony he held the trembling glass aloft, then his arm dropped with a swiftness that shattered the crystal. Instinctively he groped up to the stairs for air and light. He reeled as if every step would be his last. Rosa helped him up to the window, but recoiled from him with a shriek. Again his hand flew up, but there was neither glass, wine nor words. He rolled helplessly and fell to the floor dead. The curtain fell.

It was probably the most realistic detailed figure of refined moral and physical depravity, searched to its inevitable end, the stage had ever seen. For a moment after the curtain fell there was a hush of awe and surprise. Then the audience found itself and called Mansfield to the footlights a dozen times. But neither then nor thereafter would he appear until he had removed the wig and make-up of the dead Baron. There was no occasion to change his clothes, he wore the conventional evening suit. The effect of shrivelled, under-sizedness was purely a muscular effect of the actor. The contrast between the figure that fell at the head of the stairs and the athletic young gentleman who acknowledged the applause was no anti-climax.

Mansfield had come into his own. The superb art of his performance had dwarfed all about it; the play was killed, but he was from that moment a figure to be reckoned with in the history of the threatre.

Next day the papers acclaimed him, but with the studied conservatism which can scarce believe what it has seen; with the understanding which is not sure of itself and hence fears to betray itself.

In the audience, however, was old Maurice Strakosch, who knew the artists of both hemispheres. He fairly ran across to Irving Place and up to a house full of musical celebrities, several pupils and friends of Madame Rudersonoff, Bohe-

mians who dared offer welcome to a midnight caller. Emma Thursby was among them, and she tells how the great man, crimson with enthusiasm, trembled with his agitation as he called every one about him to give his criticism of the event in the broad sweeping affectionate terms of one who knew whereof he spoke, and really knew that he knew:

"I have to-night witnessed a wonderful event. I have been to see 'A Parisian Romance.' The actor who played the Baron Chevrial was unknown till to-night. To-morrow he will be famous. My friends, it is the birth of a great career, the coming of a great artist! A GREAT artist! And do you know who he is? He is Richie, our Richie, Richie Mansfield!"

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustrations by Philip R. Goodwin

THIS is a story about my guide, Josef Vezina. He's a corking guide and a wonder at hunting, and all sorts of a good fellow besides, but he's a French-Canadian *habitant*, and that means that he's blind as a bat to some ideas perfectly evident to us. So he did a stunt last autumn one day, all out of kindness of heart, which came near getting me into a nasty hole, and would, if my friend Arthur Shackleton, my roommate at college last year, hadn't been the best ever, and too square himself to think unsquareness of another fellow. It turned out only a joke on me after it was straightened out, but I was feeling rather shy for a while along at first.

I ought to give some idea of the sort Josef is. Well, to look at he's a tall, lean, powerful chap of twenty-four, with slim hips and big shoulders, and black hair, and large, light blue eyes which are simply marvellous. They are wide open always, and snap back and forth over everything like lightning, and there isn't a visible object for miles that they miss. Why, one day out on the lake in a canoe, fishing, Josef said, in his soft respectful voice:

"M'sieur Bob!"

And I answered "*Oui*—what is it, Josef?'

"If M'sieur will look—so—in the line of my paddle"—he held it out as lightly as a pencil—"*V'là un oiseau-de-proie*"—hawk—"on the tree across the lake."

I looked till my eyeballs popped, and not a blessed bird could I see for minutes, and then, with much directing from Josef, I caught sight of a lump with a wriggle to it, on the top branch of a spruce like a thousand other spruces, halfway up a hillside.

It's a treat to see him bend over a dim footprint in the moss, deep in the woods, and to watch those search-light eyes widen and brighten, and notice how he puts his rough fingers down as delicately as a lady. Then in a minute he'll blink a quick glance and say quietly:

"*Un orignal*, M'sieur Bob—a moose. There is about an hour that he passed. It is a middle one, and he was not frightened. He but trotted."

At first I used to say "Gosh! how can you tell all that, Josef?" and he would shrug his shoulders and look embarrassed.

"But it is easy—*c'est facile*—M'sieur. The print is not large or deeply sunken—*calé*—so the animal is of medium size. The marks are close together—he did not jump long jumps as one does to hurry, when *effrayé*. And the left hind foot and right fore foot come side by side—an animal trots so."

"And the hour, Josef?"

For the life of him he can't exactly explain that, but two or three times his guesses have been exactly verified. He murmurs something about whether the fern is withered which the moose crushed into his step, and whether a leaf or little twigs have fallen into it, but he lets a lot go

unexplained. I reckon it's judgment that's come to be instinct by practice and thinking about it. For I believe he dreams hunting, he's so crazy on the subject, and he's sure a shark at it too.

He's a shy fellow and won't talk to most people, but he's got used to me because we've gone off on trips. Being in the woods alone with a person, camping in one tent at night, and tramping in one another's steps all day long; putting up with short rations and discomfort, and then having the fun and glory of killing a caribou, or getting a five-pound trout together—that game makes you feel as if you knew the other fellow pretty well. Especially if it rains—Holy Ike! We did have rain on one trip to drown a frog. Three days of it. We were off to find a lake up the right branch of the *Castor Noir* river, and we didn't find it at all that "*escousse*"—as the guides say—and we got wetter every step and didn't get dry at night so you'd notice it, and altogether it was a moist and melancholy excursion. But Josef was such a brick that I had a good time anyway—I've discovered that there are many varieties of good times and there's one tied up in about every package, if you'll look hard, and shake it out. So we used to have lots of fun building a whooping blaze at night near some little green-mossy arrangement of a brook, and making it go in spite of the rain—Josef's a wizard at that. We'd get the tent up and chop for the all-night fire, and dry out our clothes and things—it's wonderful how much you can. And then we'd have supper, and I never hope to taste anything as good as that fried bacon with corn-meal flapjacks. Maple sugar's fine mixed right in too—we didn't stop for courses. I've had meals at Sherry's and they're not in it with our bacon and flapjacks. Then Josef would fumble in his soggy pocket and bring out an old black pipe, and fumble in another pocket and bring out a marbled plug of tobacco, and slice off some with his ferocious hunting-knife, out of the caribou-skin case with fringe of the hide, which he wears always on his belt. Then, when he'd lit up, he'd start in to amuse me—I think he was deadly afraid I'd get bored before we found that lake. He'd tell me anything on an evening off in the woods like that by ourselves—especially, as I said, if it rained. He told me about his sweetheart who died, and about the hundred dollars he'd saved up in five years and then had to pay the doctor from Quebec when his father was awfully ill. He's had a hard time in some ways, that Josef—yet he has his hunting, which is a great pleasure. I'd tell him about college and big cities, where he's never been in his life, not even to Quebec, and he'd ask the simplest, most child-like questions about things, so that sometimes it made me feel sorry and a bit ashamed somehow to have had all the chances.

After we'd talked a while that way I'd get him to sing for me, for he's got a corking voice and they are all musical, these *habitants*. Some of the airs were fascinating, and the words too, and afterward I got him to write down a few for me. The one I liked best began this way:

> Les grands bêtes se promenent
> Le long de leur forêt—
> C'est aux bêtes une salle—
> Le forêt, c'est leur salle;
> Et le roi de la salle
> C'est le Roi Orignal.
>
> Chanceux est le chasseur
> Et louable, qui est capable
> Vaincre le Roi Orignal.

I had a bit of trouble making out the words because he spells his own style and splits up syllables any way that it sounds to him. I'd like to give some of it the way he wrote it, for it sure was queer, but I'd feel as if I were playing a mean trick on poor old Josef if I did that. When he brought the songs to me, written on a piece of brown paper that came around a can of pork-and-beans, he shrugged his shoulders in an embarrassed way and blinked those enormous light eyes half a dozen times fast, and said:

"*Sais pas*, if M'sieur is capable to read my writing. I do not write very well—me." Then the shoulder stunt. "M'sieur will pardon, as I have had little of instruction. I was the eldest and could go to the school but two years. It was necessary that I should work and gain money. Therefore M'sieur will pardon the writing." And you bet I pardoned it, and you see I can't make a joke of it after that.

All this song and dance is just to explain how Josef and I got to be a good pair, so that he'd get up any hour of the night to hunt with me, and jump at the chance; and would always manage to get me the best



Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

Never once touched the trigger.—Page 398.

pool on a river for fishing, and never let me realize that I was hogging things till after I'd done it. Sometimes the other guides were up in the air at him, but Josef didn't mind. However, the one chance that was apparently the ambition of his life he'd never yet been able to give me, and that was to kill a moose. I'd been pretty slow at getting even a caribou, and missed one or two somehow—they're darned easy things to overshoot, for all they're so big. But that I'd finally accomplished, and I drew a good head with thirty points to the *panaches*—horns—so Josef's mind was at rest so far. At the present moment the principal reason he was living—you'd think—was that I should get "*un orignal*," and I didn't have any objections myself either.

That's the way things stood when Arthur Shackleton came up to camp. Shacky's the best sport going, but a greenhorn in the woods—he'd tell you so himself promptly. I saw Josef sizing him up with those huge shy eyes, as Shacky stood on the dock and fired my 30-40 Winchester at a target before we started out on the trip I'm going to tell about. Josef had one foot in the canoe, loading pacquetons into it, busy as a beaver and silent as the grave, and almost too shy to glance at the bunch of "Messieurs" who were popping the guns—all the same he didn't miss a motion. He knew perfectly that Shacky had to be shown the action of the Winchester—how you saw the guard to load, and then saw it again to throw out the shell and put in a fresh cartridge. If it had been the Archangel Michael, Josef wouldn't have taken much stock in a fellow who didn't understand the Winchester action, and that afternoon poor old Shacky settled himself. We'd been travelling all day, paddling in canoes and tramping on portages, and we'd gone through two or three lakes and were now working up a little river full of rapids, but with long "*eaux morts*" between them. We were getting to the end of such a dead-water, and Shacky's canoe was in front, with a guide in bow and stern, and him in the middle, with a rifle. We were behind, but neither of Shacky's guides, Blanc or Zoëtique, saw the caribou till Josef gave a blood-curdling whisper that waked them up:

"C—caribou. C—caribou!"

And, sure enough, there it was, but so hidden in the branches on the left bank that no eyes but those big microscopes of Josef's could have picked out the beast. The stream narrowed just there and a ripple of water dashed over the stones between alders on one side, where the caribou was, and a pebbly shore in front of alders, on the other. Of course the animal heard Josef's whisper—that couldn't be helped. And what do you think he did? They're crazy in the head, those caribou. He gave a leap out of the alders that hid him, and jumped across the rapids with a tremendous splashing, and stopped on the pebbles in full sight of the audience, and stared at us. I suppose he didn't know where the trouble was coming from—or else he didn't know it was trouble, and liked our looks—but that question can't be settled this side the grave. Anyhow, Zoëtique swung the canoe around with one mighty stroke so that Shacky had a nice left-hand shot, and the caribou stood as if trained and waited for him to be good and ready; and poor old Shacky proceeded to profit by my lessons on the Winchester. He put the rifle to his shoulder and sighted with care, and started in and worked the lever back and forth, back and forth, till he'd loaded and thrown out all five cartridges—and never once touched the trigger. The caribou stood petrified with astonishment while he went through with this supporting performance, making a most unholy racket of course. And when he'd quite finished, and the last cartridge lay in the bottom of the boat—they rained all over him—then the beast stuck out his nose and took to the underbrush, a perfectly good caribou still. It sounds like an impossibility, but it's an absolutely true tale—it was a pure case of blue funk of course. And he wasn't used to guns—it's an outrage to bring a boy up like that.

Well, old Shacky was as game as they make 'em about it, and apologized profusely for wasting good meat, and never whined a whine on his own account. But that didn't help with Josef. I explained at length how the M sieur was new to the gun, but when his big eyes lighted on Shacky I saw such contempt in them I was dreadfully afraid Shacky'd see it too. He'd queered himself all right, and I believe Josef would have hated to guide for him at three dollars a day, he despised him so.

Yet that's putting it strong—there aren't many things the French-Canadians won't do for money, poor fellows. Anyway, as things were, Josef never looked at Shacky, and acted, as far as he decently could, as if he wasn't there.

We came to the lake where we were to camp, and the four men put up the tents, and we settled things, and then Josef sneaked off in a canoe alone to see what the signs were for game. We'd planned to hunt first on the *Rivière aux Isles*, the inlet to this lake, which was said to be broad and grassy in spots.

It was clean dark when Josef got back, and when he walked into the firelight his eyes looked like electric lights—blazing, they were. I never saw such extraordinary eyes. Some old cave-dweller that had to kill to eat, and depended on his quicker vision for a quicker chance than the next cave-dweller, may have had that sort—but I've never seen the like.

"Did you find good '*pistes*' Josef?" I asked him.

He had stopped on the edge of the light, shabby and silent and respectful in his queer collection of old clothes, his straight black hair sticking all ways, like a kingfisher's feathers, under his faded felt hat. I tell you he was a picture, with his red bandanna knotted into his belt on one side and the big skin knife-sheath with its leather fringe on the other. That knife gave a savage touch to his make-up. But he stood erect and light and powerful, a bunch of steel springs—there's nothing to pity Josef about on the physical question. He was shy because of Shacky's being there, but when I asked about the "*pistes*"—signs you know—up went his shoulders and out went his hands—he was too excited to think of anything but the hunting.

"*Mais des pistes*, M'sieur Bob! *C'est effrayant! C'est épouvantable!*"

Then he went on to tell me, with hands and shoulders going and his low voice chipping in with the cracking of the fire. It seems that, as there was a light drizzle falling, which would wipe out his scent, he had landed on the shore of the wide-water of the *Rivière aux Isles* near where he thought the beasts might come in. And he had found signs to beat the band—runways cut wide and brown with steady use, and huge prints of both caribou and moose.



"In that manner M'sieur Bob will kill a large moose."—Page 400.

But what excited him particularly was that, according to his statement, there was a big moose which watered there every day.

"He is there to-day about 10 o'clock in the morning. He was there yesterday. There is also a *grosse piste* of day-before-yesterday," he exploded at me in mouthfuls of words. "He walks up the pass—I have seen his steps all along—I have followed. It is necessary that M'sieur Bob shall go there of a good hour to-morrow morning and wait till the great one comes up the river. It is a shot easy for M'sieur Bob from the wide-water to the place where that great one comes. In that manner M'sieur Bob will kill a large moose—*crais*—but yes."

"Hold on there a second, Josef," I halted him. "M'sieur Shackleton's got to have the first chance—he's my guest," and then I stopped, for not only was Josef looking black murder, but Shacky threw his boot at me.

"No you don't," said Shacky. "No more ruined chances and healthy wild beasts for mine. I won't go, and that's all. If you've got a good harmless spot with one caribou track to amuse me, and you'll let me sit and work a crank, I'll do that fast enough. But as for throwing away any more meat, I plain won't."

"Oh, cut it out, Shacky," I adjured him. "It was only a cow caribou any way, and you'll be steady as an old soldier next time"—but he wouldn't listen to me.

Then I labored with him, and finally after much agony we came to an agreement. There was a place, *Lac M'sieur*, a little pond to the east, which we had every reason to believe would be fine hunting. It was good country, and might beat out Josef's place, only we didn't know for sure. So I terrorized Shacky into a consent to draw lots, the winner to have the choice. We drew, and I won the choice. Josef stood there waiting, his eyes snapping and gleaming and watching every movement—he could understand enough English to follow, though he couldn't speak any. He saw that I had the long stick and he flashed a glance of unconcealed rapture at me.

"At what hour is it light, Josef?" I asked him.

"One can see enough to go *en canot*—in the boat—at three hours and a half,"—he answered happily. "I will wake M'sieur Bob at that hour, is it?"

I really hated to disappoint the chap, he was so tickled to death and so certain I'd get my moose. So I spoke very gently. "I'm sorry, Josef, but we're not going *en canot*, you and I. M'sieur Shackleton and Zoëtique will go to the river and we'll go to *Lac M'sieur*, and rake out a moose before they do."

"Oh come," burst in Shacky. "This is a crime. I simply can't"—but I interrupted.

"Shut up, dear one," I said politely. "You talk like a tea-pot in early June. It's my choice, and I choose *Lac M'sieur*."

Josef bent over with a quick swoop, and picked up the two sticks and held out the long one. "Pardon, M'sieur Bob. It is this one that M'sieur drew?"

"Yes," I said. It came hard to rub it into the fellow and I was just a little sick myself, I'll own, to have to throw away that moose on Shacky's fireworks. "Yes," I said.

"And it is for M'sieur to choose?" he asked, blinking.

"Yes," I agreed again—I let him fight it out his own way.

"Then—*Mon Dieu!* M'sieur Bob will choose the river. It is certain that M'sieur will there kill the great moose."

Well, I had to send him off sulky and raging, and entirely uncomprehending. He simply couldn't grasp why, when I had fairly drawn the choice, I should throw it away on such a thing as Shacky. I couldn't put a glimmer of it into him, either.

At gray dawn, out of the underbrush there was a low call of "M'sieur!" repeated more than once before it got us up. We crawled shiveringly into our clothes by a smoky fire kicked together from last night's logs; we had hot chocolate and not much else out in the open; and off we went, Shacky and his guide up the lake in a boat, and Josef and I through the woods that seemed to have a deathly stillness in them as if all the little wild creatures were sound asleep that make an underbuzz in the day time.

A little cold light was leaking, up in the branches, but down where we walked it was dark—mostly I couldn't see the *plaques*—blazes on the trees, *plaques* are. But you couldn't fool Josef—he went straight from one to another as if it was a trodden portage. My! but he sure was in an ugly

temper. Once when he whipped his axe out of his belt and clipped a branch in our way, I just knew he wished it was Shacky he was chopping at. The light brightened as we went and before we got to *Lac M'sieur* I could see the sights of my rifle. As we came to the lake, the tree trunks stood black and sharp against a white wall of mist hanging solid on the water; above that the mountains showed black again, on the sunrise—only the sun wasn't risen. The marsh grasses were stiff with frost and when you stepped the marsh was crisp. We walked to the east side to get a good watch; we settled ourselves, and the sun came up behind us as we sat shivering with cold. First it lit the tops of the mountains across, and then crawled down the trees and lay on the water in a band. The stiff grasses suddenly stood up white in masses, and then as the sun hit them the frost melted, and they turned yellow. I wish I could tell how pretty it was and describe the feeling it gives you of the world's being just made that morning expressly for you to play with.

We watched there till the light shone high and came shooting through the branches where we sat straddling two logs, and the minute it touched us it grew so warm we had to shed our sweaters—about seven o'clock, I think. And about then Josef got restless. He picked twigs, and he crawled about, and he kept looking at his big silver watch as if he had a train to catch. Finally, he took out his pipe and began feeling in his pockets for tobacco—the flies were chewing us by then. But I couldn't have that—it's a crime to smoke on a hunt, because the caribou have wonderful noses and scent things a long way off if the wind is to them.

"*C'est bien dangereux*," I whispered.

Then Josef whispered back that this lake was no good—he didn't think we'd see anything.

"What can we do about it?" I asked him. I didn't agree, yet I trusted Josef's judgment more than my own, and he knew it, blame him. He shrugged his shoulders.

"*Sais pas!*" he said, and then he changed his manner. "If M'sieur Bob wishes, there is another pond where one might have a chance."

"What distance?" I asked.

"*Sais pas*," said Josef. "It might be an hour, it might be more. I believe well that M'sieur will kill a moose if he should go to that pond."

"All right," I said. "Come on."

So we crept off through the beaver meadows edging the lake, where every step comes "galoomph" out of soggy moss. Josef gave me a peach of a walk that morning. The sun went under and he had the compass, so I lost directions and we had a lot of bad going—windfalls and spruce thickets and marshes—all sorts. We walked forever, it seemed to me, more than an hour any way. But finally, we came out, around nine o'clock, on a little pond like a million others in Canada, which looked the real thing. There seemed to be quite a big inlet up at the end where we were. Here's a map to show how the thing lay.



We watched at the cross-marked spot and from there you could shoot all over the pond and up the opening which seemed the inlet.

I could judge at a glance that the place was good for game. Opposite us, two hundred yards across water, lay a bank of mud with lily-pads and grass, and that bank was trampled like a cow yard. From where I stood I could see huge sunken hoof-prints, lapping, and the mud thrown up on the edges, not caked or dry even—done inside a few hours. The big roots of the water-lilies had been dragged up—they look like snake pineapples—and partly eaten and left floating—that's the stunt of only a caribou or moose. I patted Josef on the shoulder silently, and his big eyes flashed as if he was satisfied. We selected a stump with some thin bushes in front, where I was screened, yet could swing my gun all around the place, and Josef effaced himself back of me, and we sat there and waited.

Not long. We hadn't been there over five minutes, and I hadn't stopped jumping at the sound of the water on a big stone below, and the sudden breeze through the trees back of me, and a squirrel who kept breaking twigs sharply and then scolding me about it—when all at once there was a thundering, unmistakable crack across the pond, in the trees close to the shore. My heart gave a pole-vault—I reckon every-

body's does at that sound—and I heard a breath from Josef:

"*Orignal.*"

Neither of us stirred a finger. It was still as the grave for a second. There was another great crack, and then a huge rustling and breaking together, unguarded and continued. My eyes were glued on the thick screen of alders, and the alders parted, and out from them stepped the most magnificent brute I ever saw alive—a huge moose with spreading antlers that seemed ten feet across. As big as a horse he was, and looked bigger because he stood higher and because of the antlers. My! what a picture that made. He waded grandly into the water, making a terrific rumpus of splashing, and then, as I sighted down the barrel, I felt Josef's finger light on my arm.

"*Il va marcher*—he's going to walk up the shore. Wait till he turns."

It was plain that he wanted me to have a broad-side shot, and while it wasn't flattering, yet I didn't care to take chances on this moose myself. I lowered the rifle. The beast put down that gorgeous head and tore up a lily and tossed it on the water, and then bit off a piece of the root and munched it. It was hard to wait while his lordship lunched; I was so afraid I'd lose him I nearly exploded. But in a minute he turned and began to wade again arrogantly and deliberately up stream—it was plain he felt himself cock of the walk and the monarch of the forest all right. Then Josef's finger touched me again, and he grunted—I think he was beyond words. I lifted the rifle and held on to the back of his head and pulled the trigger. The stillness sure was smashed to pieces by the roar of that rifle shot. I reloaded instantly, but Josef yelled:

"*Vous l'avez*, M'sieur Bob—you've got him."

It was so, you know. Of course it was a fluke, but I hit him in the back of the head where I'd held, and he dropped like a log. Well, for about five minutes things were mixed. Josef and I talked to each other and listened to ourselves and both of us were mad to get across that pond to where the big moose lay, still and enormous—but we hadn't any boat. We didn't dare start to walk around it, for fear the moose might not be quite dead and might get up and make off while we were in the woods. So we stood and waited, ready to plunk him if he stirred.

"Where the dickens in Canada are we, anyway?" I burst at Josef in English—but he understood.

"It is a place not too far from camp, M'sieur Bob," he answered quietly. "If but we might have a canoe, *à c't heure—mais v'là*"—he broke off.

And, please the pigs, I lifted my eyes and there *was* a canoe paddling down the inlet, and in the canoe sat old Shacky and Zoëtique.

"Where in time did you drop from?" I howled, and then, with my hands around my mouth, "I've killed a moose! I've killed a moose! There he is!"

Not a sound from Shacky or Zoëtique—I couldn't understand any of it. Why were they there? Why weren't they surprised to see us? Why didn't they answer? However, they paddled steadily on, and as they got close I saw that Shacky was looking rather odd.

"What's up," I asked. "Can't you talk English? Aren't you glad I've killed him?'

"Fine!" answered Shacky with a sort of effort about it that I couldn't make out. "Whooping good shot!" he said, and the boat ran in on the bank and I squatted on the bow to hold her. Shacky proceeded to get out, but he didn't look at me, and Zoëtique, who's generally all smiles and winning ways, was black as thunder—there was something abnormal in the situation which I couldn't get on to. "Corking good shot," he went on in a forced sort of way. "The moose went down like the side wall of a church."

"How do you know?" I threw at him, for his manner irritated me.

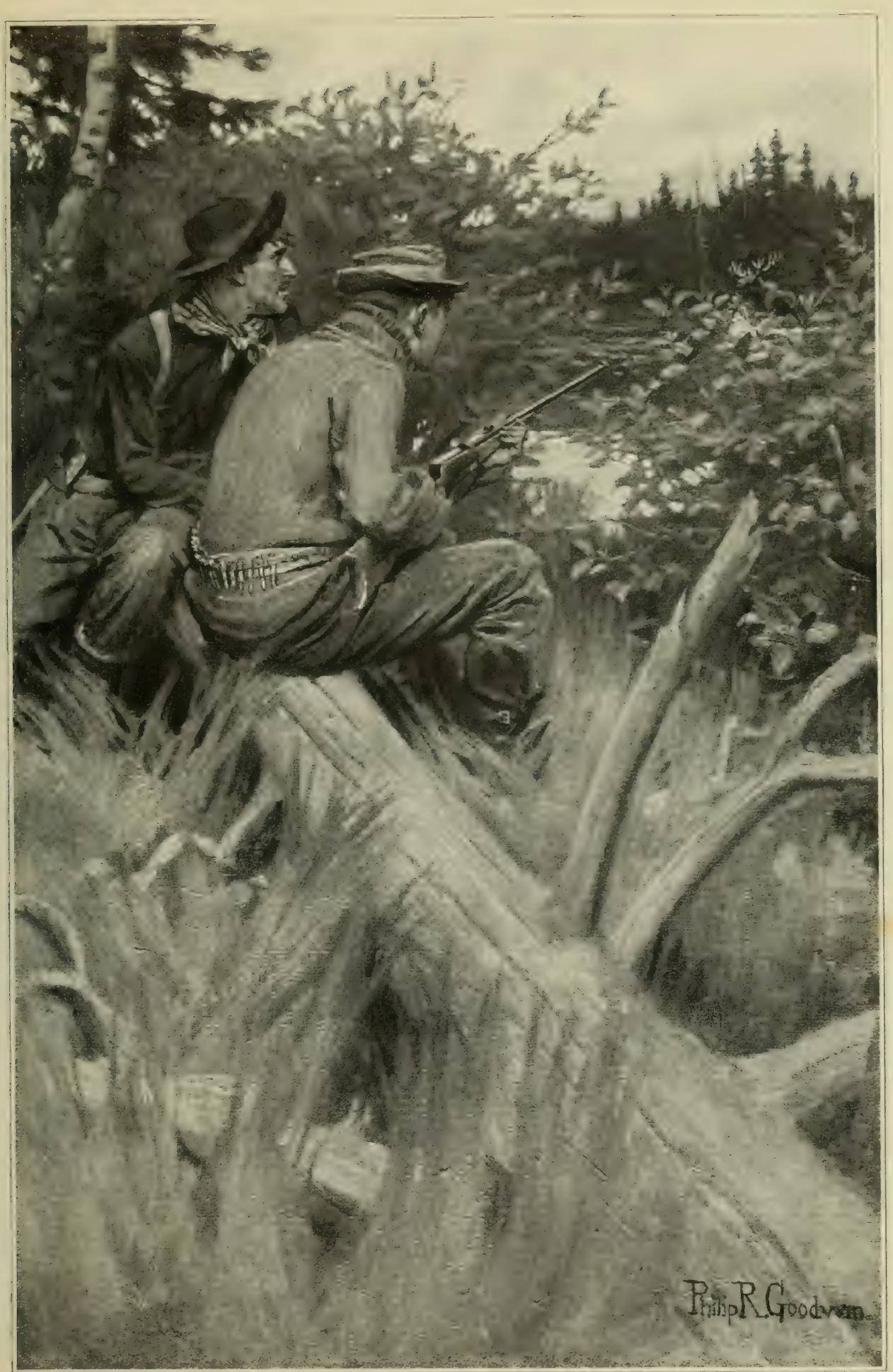
"Know?" Shacky laughed a queer laugh. "Of course I know. Didn't I see him?"

"See him?" I repeated. "Where were you? What's this lake anyway, and what are you doing here?"

Shacky looked at me hard enough then. "What in thunder do you mean?" he asked with an astonished stare.

"Mean? I mean that," I yapped. "There's something about this I don't grasp. Do you know what this pond is? For I don't."

Shacky's lower jaw actually dropped, the way you read about in books. He stood and gaped. "What! you don't—know—where you are?" he jerked out. "Why,



Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

The alders parted, and out from them stepped the most magnificent brute I ever saw alive.—Page 402.

this is the lower still-water of the *Rivière aux Isles*—just below where you sent me to watch, you know:"

I gave a gulp; he went on:

"We've been listening to that moose an hour—he walked in from away up the mountain—we've heard him crack all the way—he was just in sight around the turn when I heard you shoot and saw him fall. I had my gun cocked and was waiting till he got a few yards nearer."

With that Zoëtique could no longer control himself, but burst in with voluble, broken-hearted indignation. "*C'est b'en malheur!*" he moaned, gurgling like an angry dove. "M'sieur had well the intention to shoot straight—he would not have missed this time—M'sieur. M'sieur had examined and practised the movement of the *carabine* constantly—he now knows it *comme il faut.* Also I remarked the arm of M'sieur, it had the steadiness of a rock—I say it as at mass—it was in truth the moose of M'sieur. He would have gained great credit—also me his guide. So that it was a hard thing to have that moose torn from us at the point itself of gaining. *C'est b'en malheur!*"

Now here's the rest of the map to show how it was, and how we were both holding on that moose around a corner from each other. That beast's last day had come all right, but I got the first crack at the trumpet of doom. Here's the map:



When the business had filtered into my intellect I whirled on Josef.

"You knew where we were? You knew this was M'sieur Shackleton's hunting ground? You brought me here to get that moose?" I flung at the fellow in nervous French, never stopping for tenses.

Josef shrugged his shoulders just a touch. "*Sass peut*" (*Ça se peut*) he murmured irresponsibly—which is Canadian for "It may be."

I could have choked him. To make me play a trick like that on poor old Shacky! And with that Shacky spoke up like the white man he is.

"I guess we're both stung, Bob," and he banged me on the back. "But it's a thousand times better you should get it. I'd probably have missed again. It's the reward of virtue; you gave me your chance. Only I did want to redeem myself. I really was steady, and I'd been fussing with the gun till I knew it by heart. I was going to do it right or bust—you'll give me credit for not being two fools, won't you, Bob? But it's the reward of virtue—that's straight."

I could nearly have cried. Poor old Shacky! when he was ready and nerved up, and that glorious moose within gunshot, to have me step in and snap him off his upper lip when he was almost tasting him.

I was afraid to speak to Josef for a minute, I felt so much like killing him. I simply hustled those two guides, without another word about it, into the canoe, and we crossed to where the moose lay, and the business of skinning the brute and cutting him up, and all that, took three good hours of hard work. But I was laying it up for Josef, I can tell you. I'd have dismissed him if it hadn't been that at lunch, when the men were off, Shacky took me in hand and reasoned with me, and made me see, what indeed I knew, that Josef had acted up to his lights. He couldn't understand our point of view if I talked to him a year, so it was no use talking. He had found that hunting place and he considered that he had a right to it for me, and that I should throw it away seemed to him pure childishness. By his code it was correct to circumvent me for my own good, and he had plain done it. Anyway I didn't dismiss him, owing to Shacky, and also because I'm fond of him.

But I did give him an almighty serious lecture, which did no good at all. He was bursting with joy and quite ready to face small inconveniences, so he just shrugged his shoulders and blinked his light, big eyes when I preached at him, and I don't believe he listened to much of it. Zoëtique was sore too, but Josef let the storm rage around him and was content.

And all the way down the river and through the lakes, as we went home in triumph with those huge antlers garnishing the middle of the boat, I heard old Josef humming to himself as he paddled stern, back of me,

> Chanceux est le chasseur
> Et louable, qui est capable
> Vaincre le Roi Orignal.

A JOURNEY TO JERASH

By Henry van Dyke

I

THROUGH THE LAND OF GILEAD

I NEVER heard of Jerash until my friend the Archæologist told me about it, one night when we were sitting beside my study fire at Avalon. "It is the site of the old city of Gerasa," said he,—"the most satisfactory ruin that I have ever seen."

There was something suggestive and potent in that phrase, "a satisfactory ruin." For what is it that weaves the charm of ruins? What do we ask of them to make their magic complete and satisfying? There must be an element of picturesqueness, certainly, to take the eye with pleasure in the contrast between the frailty of man's works and the imperishable loveliness of nature. There must also be an element of age; for new ruins are painful, disquieting, intolerable; they speak of violence and disorder; it is not until the bloom of antiquity gathers upon them that the relics of vast and splendid edifices attract us and subdue us with a spell, breathing tranquillity and noble thoughts. There must also be an element of magificence in decay, of symmetry broken but not destroyed, a touch of delicate art and workmanship, to quicken the imagination and evoke the ghost of beauty haunting her ancient habitations. And beyond these things I think there must be two more qualities in a ruin that is to satisfy us: a clear connection with the greatness and glory of the past, with some fine human achievement, with some heroism of men dead and gone; and last of all, a spirit of mystery, the secret of some unexplained catastrophe, the lost link of a story never to be fully told.

This, or something like it, was what the Archæologist's phrase seemed to promise me as we watched the glowing embers on the hearth of Avalon, that winter night. And it is this promise that has drawn me, with my three friends, this April day, into the land of Gilead, riding to find Jerash.

The grotesque and rickety bridge by which we have crossed the Jordan soon disappears behind us, as we trot along the winding bridle-path through the river jungle, in the stifling heat. Coming out on the open plain, which rises gently toward the east, we startle great flocks of storks into the air, and they swing away in languid circles, dappling the blaze of morning with their black-tipped wings. Grotesque, ungainly, gothic birds, they do not seem to belong to the Orient, but rather to have drifted hither out of some quaint, familiar fairy tale of the North; and indeed they are only transient visitors here, and will soon be on their way to build their nests on the roofs of German villages and clapper their long yellow bills over the joy of houses full of little children.

The rains of spring have spread a thin bloom of green over the arid, sun-stricken plain. Tender herbs and light grasses partly veil the gray and stony ground. There is a month of scattered feeding for the flocks and herds. Away to the south, where the foot-hills begin to roll up suddenly from the Jordan, we can see a black line of Bedouin tents quivering through the heat.

Now the trail divides, and we take the northern fork, turning soon into the open mouth of the Wâdi Shaîb, a broad, grassy valley between high and treeless hills. The watercourse that winds down the middle of it is dry: nothing but a tumbled bed of gray rocks, the bare bones of a little river. But as we ascend slowly the flowers increase; wild hollyhocks, and morning glories, and clumps of blue anchusa, and scarlet adonis, and tall wands of white asphodel.

The morning grows hotter and hotter as we plod along. Presently we come up with three mounted Arabs, riding leisurely. Salutations are exchanged with gravity. Then the Arabs whisper something among themselves and spur away at a great pace ahead of us—laughing. Why did they laugh?

At noon we know. For here is a lofty cliff on one side of the valley, hanging over just far enough to make a strip of cool

shade at its base, with ferns and deep grass and a glimmer of dripping water. And here our wise Arabs are sitting at their ease, to eat their mid-day meal under "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Vainly we search the valley for another rock like that. It is the only one; and the Arabs laughed because they knew it. We must content ourselves with this little hill where a few hawthorn bushes offer us tiny islets of shade, beset with thorns, and separated by straits of intolerable glare. Here we eat a little, but without comfort; and sleep a little, but without refreshment; and talk a little, but restlessly. As soon as we dare, we get into the saddle again and toil up through the valley, now narrowing into a rugged gorge, crammed with ardent heat. The sprinkling of trees and bushes, the multitude of flowers, assure us that there must be moisture underground along the bed of the stream; but above ground there is not a drop, and not a breath of wind to break the dead calm of the smothering air. Why did we come into this heat-trap?

But presently the ravine leads us, by steep stairs of rock, up to a high, green table-land. A heavenly breeze from the west is blowing here. The fields are full of flowers—red anemones, white and yellow marguerites, pink flax, little blue bell-flowers—a hundred kinds. One knoll is covered with cyclamens; another with splendid purple iris, immense blossoms, so dark that they look almost black against the grass; but hold them up to the sun and you will see the imperial color. We have never found such wild flowers, not even on the Plain of Sharon; the hills around Jerusalem were but sparsely adorned in comparison with these highlands of bloom.

And here are oak trees, broad-limbed and friendly, clothed in glistening green. Let us rest for a while in this cool shade and forget the misery of the blazing noon. Below us lies the gray Jordan valley and the steel-blue mirror of the Dead Sea; and across that gulf we see the furrowed mountains of Judea and Samaria, and far to the north the peaks of Galilee. Around us is the Land of Gilead, a rolling hill-country, with long ridges and broad summits, a rounded land, a verdurous land, a land of rich pasturage. There are deep valleys that cut into it and divide it up. But the main bulk of it is lifted high in the air, and spread out nobly to the visitations of the wind. And see—far away there, to the south, across the Wâdi Nimrîn, a mountainside covered with wild trees, a real woodland, almost a forest!

Now we must travel on, for it is still a long way to our night-quarters at Es Salt. We pass several Bedouin camps, the only kind of villages in this part of the world. The tents of goat's-hair are swarming with life. A score of ragged Arab boys are playing hockey on the green with an old donkey's hoof for a ball. They yell with refreshing vigor, just like universal human boys. The trail grows steeper and more rocky, ascending apparently impossible places, and winding perilously along the cliffs above little vineyards and cultivated fields where men are ploughing. Travel and traffic increase along this rude path, which is the only highway: evidently we are coming near to some place of importance. But where is Es Salt? For nine hours we have been in the saddle, riding steadily toward that mysterious metropolis of the Belka, the only living city in the Land of Gilead; and yet there is no trace of it in sight. Have we missed the trail? The mule-train with our tents and baggage passed us in the valley while we were sweltering under the hawthorns. It seems as if it must have vanished into the pastoral wilderness and left us travelling an endless road to nowhere.

At last we top a rugged ridge and look down upon the solution of the mystery. Es Salt is a city that can be hid; for it is not set upon a hill, but tucked away in a valley that curves around three sides of a rocky eminence, and is sheltered from the view by higher ranges. Who can tell how this city came here, hidden in this hollow place almost three thousand feet above the sea? Who was its founder? What was its ancient name? It is a place without traditions, without antiquities, without a shrine of any kind; just a living town, thriving and prospering in its own dirty and dishevelled way in the midst of a country of nomads, growing in the last twenty years from six thousand to fifteen thousand inhabitants, driving a busy trade with the surrounding country, exporting famous raisins and dye-stuff made from

sumach, the seat of the Turkish Government of the Belka with a garrison and a telegraph office—decidedly a thriving town of to-day; yet without a road by which a carriage can approach it; and old, unmistakably old!

The castle that crowns the eminence in the centre is a ruin of unknown date. The copious spring that gushes from the castle-hill must have invited men for many centuries to build their habitations around it. The gray houses seem to have slipped and settled down into the curving valley, and to have crowded one another up the opposite slopes, as if hundreds of generations had found here a hiding place and a city of refuge.

We ride through a Mohammedan graveyard—unfenced, broken, neglected—and down a steep, rain-gulleyed hillside, into the filthy, narrow street. The people all have an Arab look, a touch of the wildness of the desert in their eyes and their free bearing. There are many fine figures and handsome faces, some with auburn hair and a reddish hue showing through the bronze of their cheeks. They stare at us with undisguised curiosity and wonder, as if we came from a strange world. The swarthy merchants in the doors of their little shops, the half-veiled women in the lanes, the groups of idlers at the corners of the streets, watch us with a gaze which seems almost defiant. Evidently tourists are a rarity here—perhaps an intrusion to be resented.

We inquire whether our baggage-train has been seen,—where our camp is pitched. No one knows, no one cares, until at last a ragged, smiling urchin, one of those blessed, ubiquitous boys who always know everything that happens in a town, offers to guide us. He trots ahead, full of importance, dodging through the narrow alleys, making the complete circuit of the castle-hill and leading us to the upper end of the eastern valley. Here, among a few olive trees beside the road, our white tents are standing, so close to an encampment of wandering gypsies that the tent-ropes cross.

Directly opposite rises a quarter of the town, tier upon tier of flat-roofed houses, every roof-top covered with people. A wild-looking crowd of visitors have gathered in the road. Two soldiers, with the appearance of partially reformed brigands, are acting as our guard, and keeping the inquisitive spectators at a respectful distance. Our mules and donkeys and horses are munching their supper in a row, tethered to a long rope in front of the tents. Shukari, the cook, in his white cap and apron, is gravely intent upon the operation of his little charcoal range. Youssouf, the major-domo, is setting the table with flowers and lighted candles in the dining-tent. After a while he comes to the door of our sleeping-tents to inform us, with due ceremony, that dinner is served; and we sit down to our repast in the midst of the swarming Edomites and the wandering Zingari as peacefully and properly as if we were dining at the Savoy.

The night darkens around us. Lights twinkle, one above another, up the steep hillside of houses; above them are the tranquil stars, the lit windows of unknown habitations; and on the hill-top one great planet burns in liquid flame. The crowd melts away, chattering down the road; it forms again, from another quarter, and again dissolves. Meaningless shouts and cries and songs resound from the hidden city. In the gypsy camp beside us insomnia reigns. A little forge is clinking and clanking. Donkeys raise their antiphonal lament. Dogs salute the stars in chorus. First a leader, far away, lifts a wailing, howling, shrieking note; then the mysterious unrest that torments the bosom of oriental dogdom breaks loose in a hundred, a thousand answering voices, swelling into a yapping, growling, barking, yelling discord. A sudden silence cuts the tumult short, until once more the unknown misery (or is it the secret joy) of the canine heart bursts out in long-drawn dissonance. From the road and from the tents of the gypsies various human voices are sounding close around us all the night. Through our confused dreams and broken sleep we strangely seem to catch fragments of familiar speech, phrases of English or French or German. Then, waking and listening, we hear men muttering and disputing, women complaining or soothing their babies, children quarrelling or calling to each other, in Arabic, or Romany—not a word that we can understand—voices that tell us only that we are in a strange land, and very far away from home, camping in the heart of a wild city.

II

OVER THE BROOK JABBOK

After such a night the morning is welcome, as it breaks over the eastern hill behind us, with rosy light creeping slowly down the opposite slope of houses; and before the sunbeams have fairly reached the bottom of the valley we are in the saddle ready to leave Es Salt without further exploration.

There is a general monotony about this riding through Palestine which yet leaves room for a particular variety of the most entrancing kind. Every day is like every other in its main outline, but the details are infinitely uncertain—always there is something new, some touch of a distinct and memorable charm.

To-day it is the sense of being in the country of the nomads, the tent-dwellers, the masters of innumerable flocks and herds, whose wealth goes wandering from pasture to pasture, bleating and lowing and browsing and multiplying over the open moorland beneath the blue sky. This is the prevailing impression of this day: and the symbol of it is the thin, quavering music of the pastoral pipes, following us wherever we go, drifting tremulously and plaintively down from some rock on the hillside, or floating up softly from some hidden valley, where a brown shepherd or goatherd is minding his flock with music. What quaint and rustic melodies are these, wild and unfamiliar to our ears; yet doubtless the same wandering airs that were played by the sons and servants of Jacob when he returned from his twenty years of profitable exile in Haran with his rich wages of sheep and goats and cattle and wives and maid-servants, the fruit of his hard labor and shrewd bargaining with his father-in-law Laban, and passed cautiously through Gilead on his way to the Promised Land.

On the highland to the east of Es Salt we see a fine herd of horses, brood-mares, and foals. A little farther on, we come to a muddy pond or tank at which a drove of asses are drinking. A steep and winding path, full of loose stones, leads us down into a grassy, oval plain, a great cup of green, eight or ten miles long and five or six miles wide, rimmed with bare hills from five to eight hundred feet high. This, we conjecture, is the fertile basin of El Buchaia, or Bekaa. Bedouin farmers are ploughing the rich, reddish soil. Their black tent-villages are tucked away against the feet of the surrounding hills. The broad plain itself is without sign of human dwelling, except that near each focus of the ellipse there is a pile of shattered ruins with a crumbling, solitary tower, where a shepherd sits piping to his lop-eared flock.

In one place we pass through a breeding-herd of camels, browsing on the short grass. The old ones are in the process of the spring moulting; their thick, matted hair is peeling off in large flakes, like fragments of a ragged, moth-eaten coat. The young ones are covered with pearl-gray wool, soft and almost downy, like gigantic goslings with four legs. (What is the word for a young camel, I wonder; is it camlet or camelot?) But young and old have a family resemblance of ugliness. They are the most ungainly and stupid of God's useful beasts: awkward necessities: the humpbacked ships of the desert. The Arabs have a story which runs thus: "What did Allah say when he had finished making the camel? He couldn't say anything; he just looked at the camel, and laughed, and laughed!" But in spite of his ridiculous appearance the camel seems satisfied with himself; in fact there is an expression of supreme contempt in his face when he droops his pendulous lower lip and wrinkles his nose, which has led the Arabs to tell another story about him: "Why does the camel despise his master? Because man knows only the ninety-nine common names of Allah; but the hundredth name, the wonderful name, the beautiful name, is a secret revealed to the camel alone. Therefore he scorns the whole race of men."

The cattle that feed around the edges of this peaceful plain are small and nimble, as if they were used to long, rough journeys. The prevailing color is black, or rusty brown. They are evidently of a degenerate and played-out stock. Even the heifers are used for ploughing, and they look but little larger than the donkeys which are often yoked beside them. They come around the grassy knoll when our luncheon tent is pitched, and stare at us very much as the people stared in Es Salt.

In the afternoon we pass over the rim of the broad vale and descend a narrower



Arch of Triumph, Jerash.

ravine, where oaks and terebinths, laurels and balsams, pistachios and almonds are growing. The grass springs thick and lush; tall weeds and trailing vines appear, a murmur of flowing water is heard under the tangled herbage at the bottom of the wâdi. Presently we are following a bright little brook, crossing and recrossing it as it leads us toward our camp-ground.

There are the tents, standing in a line on the flowery bank of the brook, across the water from the trail. A few steps lower down there is a well-built stone basin, with a copious spring gushing into it from the hillside, under an arched roof. Here the people of the village (which is somewhere near us on the mountain, but out of sight) come to fill their pitchers and water-skins and to let their cattle and donkeys drink. All through the late afternoon they are coming and going, plashing through the shallow ford below us, enjoying the cool, clear water, disappearing along the foot-paths that lead among the hills.

These are very different cattle from the herds we saw among the Bedouins a couple of hours ago; fine large creatures, well bred and well fed, some cream-colored, some red, some belted with white. And these men who follow them, on foot or on horseback, truculent looking fellows with blue eyes and light hair and broad faces, clad in long, close-fitting tunics with belts around their waists and small black caps of fur, some of them with high boots—who are they? They are some of the Circassian immigrants who were driven out of Russia by the Czar after the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, and deported again after the Bulgarian atrocities, and whom the Turkish Government has colonized through eastern Palestine on land given by the Sultan. Nobody really knows to whom the land belongs, I suppose; but the Bedouins have had the habit, for many centuries, of claiming and using it as they pleased for their roaming flocks and herds. Now these northern invaders are taking and holding the most fertile places, the best springs, the fields that are well watered through the year. Therefore the Arab hates the Circassian, though he be of the same religion, far more than he hates the Christian, almost as much as he hates the Turk. But the Circassian can take care of himself; he is a fierce and hardy fighter; and in his rude way he understands how to make farming and stock-raising pay.

Indeed, this Land of Gilead is a region in which twenty times the present popula-

tion, if they were industrious and intelligent and had good government, might prosper. No wonder that the tribe of Gad and Reuben and the half-tribe of Manassah, on the way to Canaan, "when they saw the land of Jazer and the land of Gilead, that, behold, the place was a place for cattle" (Numbers xxxii) fell in love with it, and besought Moses that they might have their inheritance there, and not westward of the Jordan. No wonder that they recrossed the river after they had helped Joshua to conquer the Canaanites, and settled in this high country, so much fairer and more fertile than Judea, or even than Samaria.

It was here, in 1880, that Laurence Oliphant, the gifted English traveller and mystic, proposed to establish his fine scheme for the beginning of the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. A territory extending from the brook of Jabbok on the north to the brook of Arnon on the south, from the Jordan Valley on the west to the Arabian desert on the east; railways running up from the sea at Haifa, and down from Damascus, and southward to the Gulf of Akabah, and across to Ismailia on the Suez Canal; a government of local autonomy guaranteed and protected by the Sublime Porte; a rich capital supplied by the Jewish bankers of London and Paris and Berlin and Vienna; and the outcasts of Israel gathered from all the countries where they are oppressed, to dwell together in peace and plenty, tending sheep and cattle, raising fruit and grain, pressing out wine and oil, and supplying the world with balm of Gilead—such was Oliphant's beautiful dream. But it did not come true; because Russia did not like it, because Turkey was afraid of it, because the rest of Europe did not care for it—and perhaps because the Jews themselves were not generally enthusiastic over it. Perhaps the majority of them would rather stay where they are. Perhaps they are not hankering for Palestine and the simple life.

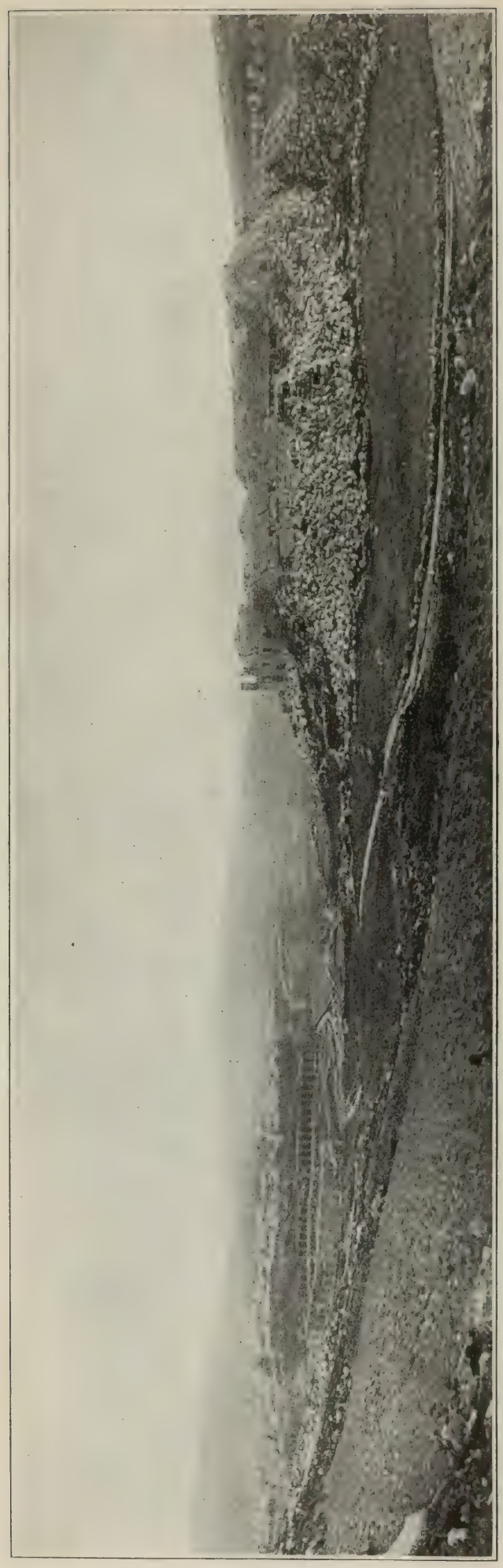
But it is not of these things that we are thinking, I must confess, as the ruddy sun slowly drops toward the heights of Pennel, and we stroll out in the evening glow, along the edge of the wild ravine into which our little stream plunges, looking down into the deep, grand valley of the Brook Jabbok.

Yonder, on the other side of the great gulf of amethystine shadows, stretches the long bulk of the Jebel Ajlûn, shaggy with oak trees. It was somewhere on the slopes of that wooded mountain that one of the most tragic battles of the world was fought. For there the army of Absalom went out to meet the army of his father David. "And the battle was spread over the face of all the country, and the forest devoured more people that day than the sword devoured." It was there that the young man Absalom rode furiously upon his mule, "and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between heaven and earth." And one came and told Joab, the captain of David's host, "Behold I saw Absalom hanging in the midst of an oak." Then Joab made haste; "and he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak." And when the news came to David, sitting in the gate of the city of Mahanaim, he went up into the chamber over the gate and wept bitterly, crying, "Would I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son!" (II Samuel xviii.)

To remember a story like that is to feel the pathos with which humanity has touched the face of nature. But there is another story, more mystical, more beautiful, which belongs to the scene upon which we are looking. Down in the purple valley, where the smooth meadows spread so fair, and the little river curves and gleams through the thickets of oleander, somewhere along that flashing stream is the place where Jacob sent his wives and his children, his servants and his cattle, across the water in the darkness, and then remained all night long alone, for "there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." Who was this "man" with whom the patriarch contended at midnight, and to whom he cried, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me"? On the morrow he was to meet his fierce and powerful brother Esau, whom he had wronged and outwitted, from whom he had stolen the birthright blessing twenty years before. Was it the prospect of this dreaded meeting that brought upon Jacob the night of lonely struggle by the Brook Jabbok? Was it the promise of reconciliation with his brother that made him say at dawn, "I have seen *God face to face*, and my life is saved"? Was it the unex-



The Forum and Street of Columns, Jerash.



The South-Theatre, Jerash.

pected friendliness and gentleness of that brother in the encounter of the morning that inspired Jacob's cry, "I have seen *thy face as one seeth the face of God*, and thou wast pleased with me"? Yes, that is what the old story means, in its oriental imagery. The midnight wrestling is the pressure of human enmity and hatred. The morning peace is the assurance of human forgiveness and love. The face of God seen in the face of human kindness—that is the sunrise vision of the Brook Jabbok.

Such are the thoughts with which we fall asleep in our tents beside the murmuring brook of Er Rumman. Early the next morning we go down, and down, and down, by ledge and terrace and grassy slopes, into the Vale of Jabbok. It is sixty miles long, beginning on the edge of the mountain of Moab, and curving eastward, northward, westward, south-westward, between Gilead and Ajlûn, until it opens into the Jordan Valley. Here is the famous little river, a swift, singing current of gray-blue water—Nahr ez-Zerka "blue river," the Arabs call it—dashing and swirling merrily between the thickets of willows and tamaracks and oleanders that border it. The ford is rather deep, for the spring flood is on; but our horses splash through gayly, scattering the water around them in showers which glitter in the sunshine.

Is this the brook beside which a man once met God? Yes—and by many another brook too.

III

THE RUINS OF GERASA

We are coming now into the region of the Decapolis, the Greek cities which sprang up along the eastern border of Palestine after the conquests of Alexander the Great. They were trading cities, undoubtedly, situated on the great

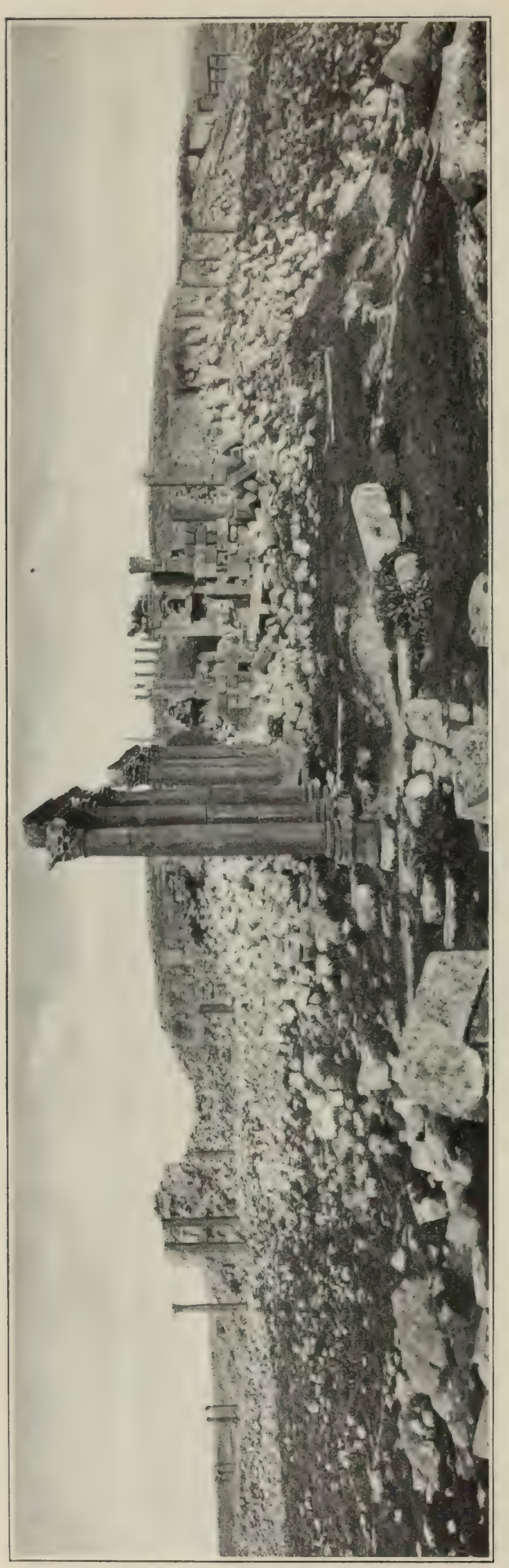
roads which led from the east across the desert to the Jordan Valley, and so, converging upon the Plain of Esdraelon, to the Mediterranean Sea and to Greece and Italy. Their wealth tempted the Jewish princes of the Hasmonœan line to conquer and plunder them; but the Roman general Pompey restored their civic liberties, B. C. 65, and caused them to be rebuilt and strengthened. By the beginning of the Christian era, they were once more rich and flourishing, and a league was formed of ten muncipalities, with certain rights of communal and local government, under the protection and suzerainty of the Roman Empire. The ten cities which originally composed this confederacy for mutual defence and the development of their trade, were Scythopolis, Hippos, Damascus, Gadara, Raphana, Kanatha, Pella, Dion, Philadelphia and Gerasa. Their money was stamped with the image of Cæsar. Their soldiers followed the Imperial eagles. Their traditions, their arts, their literature were Greek. But their strength and their prosperity were Roman, culminating in the second century.

Here in this narrow wâdi through which we are climbing up from the Vale of Jabbok we find the traces of the presence of the Romans in the fragments of a paved military road and an aqueduct. Presently we surmount a rocky hill and look down into the broad, shallow basin of Jerash. Gently sloping, rock-strewn hills surround it; through the centre flows a stream, with banks bordered by trees and a water-fall flashing opposite to us; on a cluster of rounded knolls, about the middle of the valley, on the west bank of the stream, are spread the vast, incredible, complete ruins of the ancient city of Gerasa.



Part of the South-Theatre, Jerash.

They rise like a dream in the desolation of the wilderness, columns and arches and vaults and amphitheatres and temples, suddenly appearing in the bare and



Ruins of Jerash, looking west. Propylæum and Temple terrace in the centre.

lonely landscape as if by enchantment. How came these monuments of splendor and permanence into this country of simplicity and transience, this land of shifting shepherds and drovers, this empire of the black tent, this immemorial region that has slept away the centuries under the spell of the pastoral pipe? What magical music of another kind, strong, stately and sonorous, music of brazen trumpets and shawms, of silver harps and cymbals, evoked this proud and potent city on the border of the desert, and maintained for centuries, amid the sweeping, turbulent floods of untamable tribes of rebels and robbers, this lofty land-mark of

"the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome"?

What sudden storm of discord and disaster shook it all down again, loosened the sinews of majesty and power, stripped away the garments of beauty and luxury, dissolved the lovely body of living joy, and left this skeleton of dead splendor diffused upon the solitary ground?

Who can solve these mysteries? It is all unaccountable, unbelievable—the ghost of the dream of a dream—yet here it is, surrounded by the green hills, flooded with the frank light of noon, neighbored by a dirty, noisy little village of Arabs and Circassians on the east bank of the stream, and with real goats and lean black cattle grazing between the carved columns and under the broken architraves of Gerasa the golden.

Let us go up into the wrecked city. This triumphal arch, with its three gates and its lofty Corinthian columns stands outside of the city walls: a structure which has no other use or meaning than the expression of Imperial pride: thus the Roman conquerors adorn and approach their vassal-town. Behind the arch a broad, paved road leads to the South-Gate, per-

haps a thousand feet away. Beside the road, between the arch and the gate, lie two buildings of curious interest. The first is a great pool of stone, seven hundred feet long by three hundred feet wide. This is the Naumachia, which is filled with water by conduits from the neighboring stream, in order that the Greeks may hold their mimic naval combats and regattas here in the desert, for they are always at heart a seafaring people. Beyond the pool there is a Circus, with four rows of stone seats and an oval arena, for wild-beast shows and gladiatorial combats.



Part of the Propylæum.

The city walls have almost entirely disappeared and the South-Gate is in ruins. Entering and turning to the left, we ascend a little hill and find a Temple (perhaps dedicated to Artemis), and close beside it the great South-Theatre. There is hardly a break in the semi-circular stone benches, thirty-two rows of seats rising tier above tier, divided into an upper and a lower section by a broader row of "boxes" or stalls, richly carved, and reserved, no doubt, for magnates of the city and persons of importance. The stage, over a hundred feet wide, is backed by a straight wall adorned with Corinthian columns and decorated niches. The theatre faces due north; and the spectator sitting here, if the play wearies him, can lift his eyes and look off beyond the proscenium over the length and breadth of Gerasa.

"But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,
All the men!"

In the hollow northward from this theatre is the Forum, or the Market-place, or the Hippodrome—I cannot tell what it is, but a splendid oval of Ionic pillars encloses an open space of more than three hundred feet in length and two hundred and fifty feet in width, where the Gerasenes may barter or bicker or bet, as they will.

From the Forum to the North-Gate runs the main street, more than half a mile long, lined with a double row of columns, from twenty to thirty feet high, with smooth shafts and acanthus capitals. At the intersection of the cross streets there are tetrapylons, with domes, and pedestals for statues. The pavement of the roadway is worn into ruts by the chariot wheels. Under the arcades behind the columns run the sidewalks for foot-passengers. Turn to the right from the main street and you come to the Public Baths, an immense building like a palace, supplied with hot and cold water, adorned with marble and mosaic. On the left lies the Tribuna, with its richly decorated façade and its fountain of flowing water. A few yards farther north is the Propylæum of the Great Temple; a superb gateway, decorated with columns and garlands and shell niches, opening to a wide flight of steps by which



The Temple of the Sun, looking North.

we ascend to the temple-area, a terrace nearly twice the size of Madison Square Garden, surrounded by two hundred and sixty columns, and standing clear above the level of the encircling city.

The Temple of the Sun rises at the western end of this terrace, facing the Dawn. The huge columns of the portico, forty-five feet high and five feet in diameter, with rich Corinthian capitals, are of rosy-yellow limestone, which seems to be saturated with the sunshine of a thousand years. Behind them are the walls of the Cella, or inner shrine, with its vaulted apse for the image of the god, and its secret stairs and passages in the rear wall for the coming and going of the priests and the ascent to the roof for the first salutation of the sunrise over the eastern hills.



Packing up our camp in the North-Theatre, Jerash.

Spreading our cloth between two pillars of the portico we celebrate the feast of noontide, and looking out over the wrecked magnificence of the city we try to reconstruct the past. It was in the days of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, in the latter part of the second century after Christ, that these temples and palaces and theatres were rising. Those were the palmy days of Græco-Roman civilization in Syria; and then the shops along the Colonnade were filled with rich goods, the Forum listened to the voice of world-famous orators and teachers, and proud lords and ladies assembled in the Naumachia to watch the sham battles of the miniature galleys. A little later the new religion of Christianity found a foothold here (see, these are the ruined outlines of a Christian church below us to the south, and the foundation of a great Basilica), and by the fifth century the pagan worship was dying out and the Bishop of Gerasa had a seat in the Council of Chalcedon. It was no longer with the comparative merits of Stoicism and Epicureanism and Neo-Platonism, or with the rival literary fame of their own Ariston and Kerykos as against Meleager and Menippus and Theodorus of Gadara, that the Gerasenes concerned themselves. They were busy now with the controversies about Homoiousia and Homoöusia, with the rivalry of the Eutychians and the Nestorians, with the conflicting, not to say combative, claims of Dioscurus of Alexandria and Theodoret of Cyrus. But trade continued brisk, and the

city was as rich and as proud as ever. In the seventh century an Arabian chronicler notes it among the great towns of Palestine, and a poet praises its fertile territory and its copious spring.

Then what happened? Earthquake, pestilence, conflagration, pillage, devastation —who knows? A Mohammedan writer of the thirteenth century merely mentions it as "a great city of ruins"; and so it lay, deserted and forgotten, until a German traveller visited it in 1806; and so it lies to-day, with all its dwellings and its walls shattered and dissolved beside its flowing stream, in the centre of its green valley, and only the relics of its temples, its theatres, its colonnades, and its triumphal arch remaining to tell us how brave and rich and gay it was in the days of old.

Do you believe it? Does it seem at all real or possible to you? Look up at this tall pillar above us. See how the wild marjoram has thrust its roots between the joints and hangs like "the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." See how the weather has worn deep holes and crevices in the topmost drum, and how the sparrows have made their nests there. Lean your back against the pillar; feel it vibrate like "a reed shaken with the wind"; watch that huge capital of acanthus leaves swaying slowly to and fro and trembling upon its stalk "as a flower of the field."

All the afternoon and all the next morning we wander through the ruins, taking photographs, deciphering inscriptions, discovering new points of view to survey the city. We sit on the arch of the old Roman bridge which spans the stream and look down into the valley filled with gardens and orchards; tall poplars shiver in the breeze; peaches, plums, and cherries are in bloom; almonds clad in pale-green foliage; figs putting forth their verdant shoots; pomegranates covered with ruddy young leaves. We go up to see the beautiful spring which bursts from the hillside above the town and supplies it with water. Then we go back again to roam aimlessly and dreamily, like folk bewitched, among the tumbled heaps of hewn stones, the broken capitals, and the tall, rosy columns, flushed with sunset.

The Arabs of Jerash have a bad reputation as robbers and extortionists; and in truth they are rather a dangerous-looking lot of fellows, with bold, handsome brown faces and inscrutable dark eyes. But although we have paid no tribute to them, they do not molest us. They seem to regard us with a contemptuous pity as harmless idiots who loaf among the fallen stones and do not even attempt to make excavations.

Our camp is in the enclosure of the North-Theatre, a smaller building than that which stands beside the South-Gate, but large enough to hold an audience of two or three thousand. The hemicircle of seats is still unbroken; the arrangements of the stage, the stairways, the entries of the building can all be easily traced. There were gay times in the city when these two theatres were filled with people. What comedies of Plautus or Terence or Aristophanes or Menander; what tragedies of Seneca, or of the seven dramatists of Alexandria who were called the "Pleias," were presented here? Look up along those lofty tiers of seats in the pale, clear starlight. Can you see no shadowy figures sitting there, hear no light whisper of ghostly laughter, no thin ripple of clapping hands? What flash of wit amuses them, what nobly tragic word or action stirs them to applause? What problem of their own life, what reflection of their own heart, does the stage reveal to them? We shall never know. The play at Gerasa was ended long ago.

A BURIAL ON PYRAMID

By Victor Henderson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. MAYNARD DIXON



And then the summit.—Page 422.

"TO live unknown and die forgotten—isn't that the best way?"

From the depths of the great leather arm-chair Gordon blew a contentful smoke-ring.

"Forgotten? No man's safe to stay decently forgotten with such grave-robbers abroad as we moderns."

"You're right," answered Gordon, "our museums overflow with mummies, matted-haired Peruvian heads, the skulls and skeletons of every people. The dead were laid to rest by loving hands, intrusted reverently to the kindly earth, and now we ghouls of to-day—I've a mound-builder's skull on my own desk, to hold my pipes—I've not even the rights of science to cloak my sins."

"Our funerals themselves are a disgrace to our civilization—a cruel exposure of grief, a gratification for vulgar curiosity, a heathenish superstition that the empty body signifies."

Gordon nodded assent.

"I've been mourner at one funeral," he answered, "that was exactly right. It was last summer, in the Sierras—but have you time to listen?"

"My wife's doing all the dancing for the family to-night."

"You're lucky." Gordon poked the log over, and a fresh blaze shot up.

"This one perfect funeral was last summer in the mountains. I'd been fighting a will case. It was all a muck of fraud and theft and scandal, and when we'd broken the forged will and won the grand-daughter the estate—but that story has nothing to do with this, and you know it already, anyway—I told my partner he had to run the shop by himself—I never wanted to open another law book or smell another courtroom.

"The mountain fever had broken out in me again. You know how it is. Your ears throb night and day with the sound of falling waters and windy pines, you loathe cities and all mankind. I sent my old chum, Cassidy, John Muir's latest book—and that did for Cassidy. Three days later we'd staged across the furnace of the San Joaquin valley, and up through the foothills to the first pines and then to the last logging camp, we'd hired our mules and packed them with our grub, and there we were in the Sierras, a million miles from anywhere or anybody, and just in bliss—except for the mules.

"We loafed along up the middle fork of Pyramid Creek, camping in delectable meadows, and catching no end of trout, and feasting on Cassidy's culinary marvels—beans, Spanish, with tomato sauce and prune pie baked in a Dutch oven and 'trembling death'—and finally we came to a lake eight thousand feet high, and so heavenly set in the midst of the snow-mountains that we settled down just to stay there forever. One after another the long June days went by, and we knew there was nothing in the world but our lake and our mountains and ourselves. When we'd left San Francisco, there was a European war-scare on. Now London and Paris might have been swallowed up by an earthquake for all we cared. We were six days' journey from the nearest telephone bell, eight days' from a railroad station; we hadn't seen another human being for two weeks.

"Only one thing disturbed my peace of mind—Pyramid Peak. A physician once told me my athletics at college had affected my heart—that if I valued my present rude health I'd better not overexert any more. For two summers I'd followed his advice—I'd contented myself with looking at mountains from the deck of an Alaska steamer, or with whipping trout-streams, and enjoying the peaks only from below. But now we were in an unexplored country, and there loomed Pyramid, one of the scores of unclimbed Sierra peaks—and fascinating! Cassidy wanted to climb Pyramid. I told him there was no real pleasure in going up four thousand feet just to come down four thousand feet, that we'd already climbed Ritter and Williamson and the North Palisade and Rainier and Hood and Sir Donald, and that it was a waste of his time taking a walk up any insignificant little twelve-thousand-foot hill like Pyramid.

"But one evening when the shadows had closed down on our lake and our tamarack wood and I lay there gazing up at the sunset glow on the peaks, my eyes began to climb Pyramid, picking the practicable way, up, up, up to a tiny snowfield lodged high on Pyramid, right under the pinnacle. Then I knew I couldn't help it—I had to climb that immense buttress ridge, and cross that snowfield, and inherit the earth from the summit.

"Half past three in the morning came. It was a heroic task to crawl out of my sleeping-bag into the icy night, but Cassidy had shamed me—I heard the crunch of crackling ice as he broke the film on the pool, to dip the water for our coffee—and June, mind you! As we started up the bed of the stream, we pressed our way through budding willow-shoots, filmed in ice from the spray. Then the stream had vanished, but we could hear it rumbling far beneath us, in caverns under the snow, while we followed easily along the frozen crust. We clambered up the rocky wall of the cañon to the buttress ridge, crossed snowfield after snowfield, hung there like thatching on the roof of the world, and



Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.

Feasting on Cassidy's culinary marvels.—Page 420.

came at last to the patch of snow I had seen gleaming rosy red at sunset. It was uneasily poised on the edge of a profound cirque, here nearly bitten through to a similar gulf on the other side. The sun had risen upon us now, and the softened snow gave us a chance to thrust our sticks stoutly in before moving hand or knee upward. We passed the last snow, squirmed uneasily through an aperture between two vast boulders, and found before us the ultimate ascent—an easy way over piled-up rock-fragments—sharp-angled masses the size of elephants. It was easy now, although laborious, and as we pulled ourselves upward in the sun, our hearts pumped hard. And then the summit—and we the first to tread it! It was the sort of peak I dreamed in nightmares when I was six years old, and by day—plain-dweller that I was—thought incredible. Tucked in a cranny between the rocks, we leaned over the edge of the vast cliff, and looked down, down, down into the snow-paved cirque, thousands of feet below us. In every direction lay tumbled ridges and sentinel peaks, gleaming white wherever snow could cling to the rock. Far westward the ranges softened in contour, their forested slopes all blue and velvety, and beyond, half lost in purple haze, we could divine the great interior valley of California, now in intensest summer.

"We munched our hardtack and sardines and cheese, our chocolate and dates, and drank the snow-drip slowly collected in a tin cup; we made panorama photographs of the far-flung mountains, and of our unworthy selves, against the rocks and the sky, and we set to work to build a little cairn, that we might leave a record of our visit, protected against weather in a sardine-can. And then, alas and alas! there under a stone was a bottle, and in the bottle a letter, pencilled on the edge of a piece of Argonaut that bore date of the previous October.

"'No, my dear friends,' said the scrawl, 'you are not the first to climb Pyramid. The foolishness of such an exploit could be exceeded only by the vulgarity of leaving your names here for the derision of the judicious. Pray follow my good example, for this my counsel shall remain unblemished by my name.'

"Cassidy read the note aloud. He held it out to me—but a gust of wind tore the paper from my fingers, and it went fluttering and shining away until it shrank clean out of sight. We wrote out the message once more as best we remembered it, told of the loss of the original, protested against what seemed to us the sentimentalism of the admonition, but declared our prompt accord with the desire of the proprietor-as-first-climber of the mountain for anonymity for his successors as for himself, and started for camp.

"We came to the first snowfield—or we didn't rather, for it had vanished. If we had started back a trifle sooner!

"Where it had lain, the ridge was now exposed—smooth rock, absolutely smooth, absolutely impassable. It was the one bridge to the mountain-buttress by which we had ascended, and now it was as impossible of use as Kehama's sword-edge causeway.

"We had to find another road. There always is one. But when we had descended a thousand feet below the summit the way began to grow more and more uninviting. It was now only a narrow chute, and ever steeper and more water-polished. We tried vainly to work over to the right or the left—all our efforts were sheer waste of time—and the afternoon was advancing. But we found a rusty knife—and that must mean the right road.

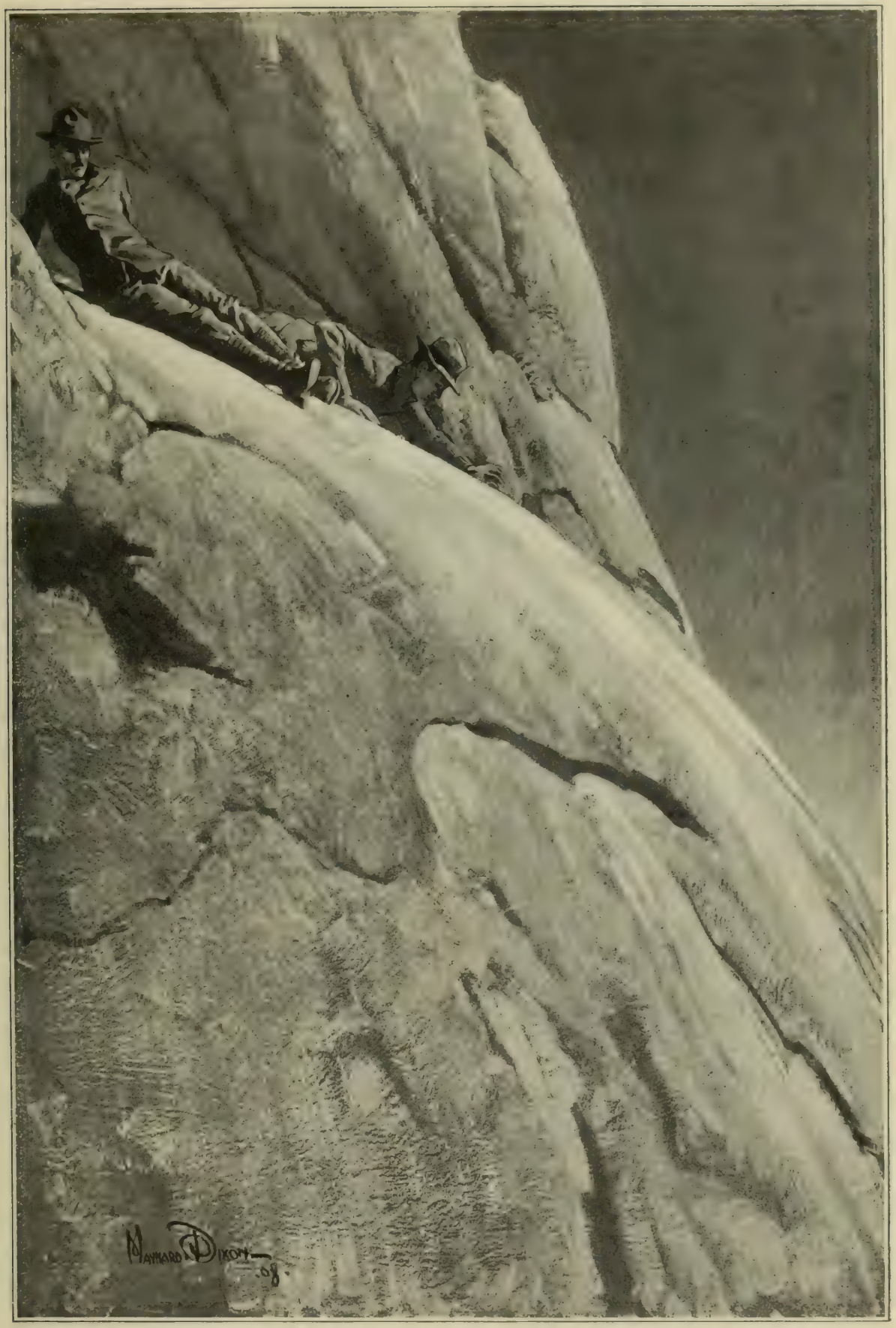
"We came to a descent so sharply inclined and bottomed by so narrow a cup that to jump down or climb down was equally impossible. I braced myself by the aid of crannies in the rock, took firm hold of Cassidy's home-made alpen-stock, and by this handle he let himself cautiously down the rock face. Idiot that I was, I gripped the iron shoe instead of the stick itself. Iron and wood parted company. Down shot Cassidy—and I turned sick with horror. Thank God, he saved himself—he flung himself forward, he gripped with his whole body against the rock, stuck, and crawled up in safety off the edge. If I'd killed him *that* way—by carelessness, stupidity!

"'We can't go on,' he cried.

"'What's the matter?'

"'There's a curved edge, and nothing beyond.'

"'It's impossible to go back,' I answered. 'I'm coming down. Stop me!'



Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.

The rock face curved away so that what came below could be neither seen nor guessed.—Page 424.



Faster and faster the polished rock surface slid under us.—Page 425.

"If I'd waited I couldn't have done it—but I just slid. Cassidy caught me—or there'd have been no stop at all.

"I staggered back upon a bank of snow lodged against the rock. My foot sank in—there was a dead man under the snow.

"We scooped away the drift. The body was perfectly preserved. He was a young Englishman, about twenty-two years old, I should guess, of athletic figure, and evidently he'd been fine-looking, cultured, a gentleman. Cassidy took his photograph—he said perhaps our camera might in time be recovered. There was absolutely nothing to reveal the dead man's identity—only an Argonaut of the previous October, with a piece torn from the top of one page. Here was our sole forerunner in going up Pyramid—in going up!

"His clothes were rough lumberman's or miner's things, corduroy and flannel picked up probably at some company store at the edge of the mountains. His underwear was of fine quality, but without any marks. His pockets contained an empty flask and a few unsignifying things such as he might have bought anywhere. On his body was no mark of wound or injury. He had died of exposure, preceded by no accident. He had waited there—and died.

"I crawled to the edge and looked over. The rock face curved away so that what

came below could be neither seen nor guessed. To go up was impossible. Right and left escape was barred by smooth rock. We were immured in a niche on the mountain wall. What was below us?

"In default of loose stones I threw masses of snow over the edge. We listened in vain for any sound from below.

"'There's only one way out,' I said to Cassidy.

"'Not his way!' answered Cassidy. 'Not starving, or freezing.'

"'Do you mean——?'

"'Yes,' said Cassidy, and pointed over the edge. 'Let him pioneer!'

"We dragged the dead man to the edge and slipped him over. He slid rigidly down, and disappeared. From below came no sound.

"'It's certain death!' I said.

"'How do you know?' answered Cassidy. 'He didn't bounce—only slid. Perhaps——'

"I looked over again, and then—let me confess my shame—my nerve forsook me. Shaking and dizzy, my heart in my mouth, my muscles softened to tallow, I sank down on the snowbank.

"'What a fool I was!' I cried. 'If I'd stayed above when you fell I might have got back to camp another way, might have come back with rope. What a fool I was!'

"'You were!' said Cassidy. 'Let's be going.'

"I begged and pleaded for delay.

"'What for?' asked Cassidy.

"'Someone might rescue us.'

"'In the past twenty-seven thousand years,' he argued, 'no one's been along here except *him*. I'm not going to wait. I want my dinner. The longer we hesitate, the harder to start. Come on!'

"Still I rebelled, while Cassidy argued. Then Cassidy went crazy, like the mad Irishman he always was.

"'I'm going,' he yelled, 'and I'm not going to leave you behind.'

"He tackled low. We fought together, madmen on the brink of death. Furious at his folly, I battled to restrain him, to save his life—and mine. I got him down on his back, I choked him, but with a last contortion he writhed upon the lip of the rock. I felt him slipping downward, and I was locked in his grip. Faster and faster the polished rock surface slid under us, the air whistled by, a white cloud rose from below—we floundered unhurt in the upper edge of a great snowfield, stretching in a heavenly unbroken slope down into the snowfield of the cirque itself. The road to life lay open.

"But the Englishman— On the edge of the snowfield we glued ourselves to a great overhanging rock, and looked below us. Far beneath was a terrace of the mountainside. There he lay, in snow, a thousand feet of cliff above him, a thousand feet below. As we looked, a vast rock in the cliff edge, broken by frost and now melted loose by the afternoon sun, fell from the cliff, a shower of detritus tumbling after. The avalanche filled the terrace—the burial was complete.

"The sky above was heavenly blue, the mountains in their snowy raiment seemed all compacted of light; mystical and awesome they gleamed, and yonder lay the purple valley, and cities, and men. And life was ours again. But my companion lay there looking down upon the far cliff-shelf.

"'When we go back,' he meditated aloud, 'there's dirt and poverty and disease and fraud and lies. And here it's just the mountains, the mountains, forever and ever. Who wouldn't envy his burial!'"

"But who was your Englishman?"

Gordon took out a slim wallet.

"Here's his photograph," he answered.

Against a background of snow and rock lay the contorted body of a dead man, pictured from the shoulders down.

"That focus shows how Cassidy felt," said Gordon. "And now it's too late. Unless some day, somehow——"

"Come on, Gordon, the german's going to begin!" Cassidy burst joyously into the room.

"All right, Cassidy, you light-minded ruffian! Coming!"

But as Gordon went, he whistled the Dead March.

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS

By Will H. Low

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM HIS COLLECTIONS

FOURTH PAPER

12 RUE VERNIER

THE little house at 12 rue Vernier was seldom without guests in the summer of 1886, when, after eight years absence, I returned to Paris; and though the days were devoted to sedulous and pleasant industry, at night the roof echoed the friendly hum of talk.

Not so often the roof, however, as the star-studded arch of the sky and the tapestry of the trees in the garden, for, following the customs of the country, we scorned to stay in-doors when the weather permitted us to dine in the open air. An iron garden-table stood permanently out-of-doors, and there we gathered our friends about us—old friends in renewal of our past sundered relations and new ones that—it appeared—we had somehow missed up to that time.

We had hardly unpacked our trunks, in our new quarters, before Theodore Robinson had been lured from Barbizon, and had been adopted as a quasi-permanent member of the household. The qualification is necessary, for with his independence nothing more was possible.

But we were always glad to have him at any time on any terms, and his presence added greatly to the crowning event of the summer; when, after the hesitation due to his state of health, and braving the dangers that affronted his slightest journey, Louis Stevenson and his wife decided to accept the pressing invitation that their friends in Paris had hastened to make, as a preceding and alternative project to their own visit to Skerryvore. July, meanwhile, had lengthened to August; when one morning there came, dated from the British Museum, or rather, and as usual, *not* dated, though the post-mark fixes the day as the 10th of August, 1886, a line that was equally and characteristically vague:

"We look to arrive in Paris Monday or Friday: till when 'R. L. S.'"

As this afforded no satisfactory clew to time or place of arrival, we simply awaited their coming, when a note came from W. E. Henley, whom I then only knew by name, that was more explicit. It appeared that Henley was in Paris for a time; and that Stevenson had promised to spend a night at the hotel where he was stopping, before coming to the rue Vernier; that our friends would arrive the following day; and that our first opportunity of seeing them would be by coming to the hotel.

Consequently the next evening we hastened to the Hotel Jacob, rue Jacob, where I found my old friends—and the Henleys, with whom, as in honor bound, we at once swore alliance—comfortably housed.

As we entered the room Louis came forward, moving swiftly, with the lightness peculiar to him, that was devoid of any appearance of haste; a gait entirely his own, that kept him constantly in motion without suggestion of restlessness; a quality of movement not unlike his speech, flowing swiftly yet measuredly. If, accepting Anglo-Saxon customs, our greeting was less demonstrative in word and action than many in which I had shared with my Gallic friends in the preceding weeks, it was no less heartfelt.

To my great joy, however, the appearance of my friend had hardly changed. The flush of his cheek, always and at all times richly colored with a complexion that one sees more often in Italy than Scotland, though there was nothing of the olive tone in the deep ruddiness of his tint, was as I remembered him. He was still "unspeakably slight" as in the earlier time, hardly more so, and of the two I, who had shared this quality when he had last seen me, was by far the most changed.

Everything conspired that evening to

wipe away the eight intervening years, and their many changeful events that had elapsed since we had bade each other adieu in the Parc Monceau. Henley, who in after years I have known in moods of cynical bitterness, was this evening, and during the rest of his stay in Paris, as blithe as a great overgrown school-boy on a holiday jaunt. He played the host within the limits of his *chambre meublée* with the genial largeness which became him so well; for he was ever a most hospitable soul. His great physical stature; his kindly eyes, in which proud self-reliance and a generous choler were latent also—though dormant for the moment—his resonant voice and ruddy viking type were strangely attractive, giving the impression of one born to command, a man of action cruelly fettered by his lameness. In the meeting of the two old friends he took an approving interest, devoid of jealousy or patronage; with a kindly paternal air; as who should say: "I am glad to have brought this about; bless you, my children, be happy!"

To add to this sense, of the renewal of the time of our youth, it chanced that Henley had a brother-in-law, living in the quarter and following the study of art, who, in honor of the occasion, had sought out and brought to this meeting three or four men of our student days who still lingered in Paris. These were ostensible students who, in a manner not unusual in this city of study, where there is no limitation to the age of the student or the duration of the anticipatory stage to the real activities of life, had remained, liking the profit and the kind of life of this Forest of Arden, in which we, too, had dwelt. They had been mere acquaintances in the past, as they now traversed the scene for a moment to vanish once more; but their presence in the chorus lent reality to our comedy of looking backward. One of them, in point of fact, had known R. L. S. so little in the past that, challenged to guess his identity, he, with much show of confidence, declared that he must be one who had been an innocent "duffer"—the butt of the quarter in the old time—and Stevenson's momentary discomfiture, as he gasped: "Oh, no, surely not he," added greatly to our gayety.

As a sequel to this happy meeting our friends were on the morrow lodged under our roof.

The Henleys meanwhile remained in Paris and were with us frequently.

At one of our dinners an incident occurred which, as a salutary correction to the manner in which the chronicler has on a number of occasions played the *beau rôle* in this narrative, my regard for veracity obliges me to relate. We were numerous at table; Louis and his wife, Henley, his brother-in-law and their wives, Robinson and ourselves. Our talk had drifted to the consideration of the peculiar qualities of American humor. Both through his marriage and his frequentation of all classes of people in California, Louis had a high appreciation and a subtle understanding of our national form of humor; and he proceeded to tell, for the benefit of our British friends, the well-known tale of the mongoos, that was being conveyed to a supposititious brother, in order that, according to the nature of the animal, it might devour the supposititious snakes that had been engendered in the brain of the supposititious brother. He had reached the climax: "This ain't no real mongoos, neither," when, ill inspired, I endeavored to cap his story with another of like quality.

This also has acquired a deserved reputation for its typical character—as well as a certain flavor of antiquity—but twenty years ago, it was less well known. I had heard it first in New York when a visitor at the Tile Club, that short-lived organization of which all its former members—and many who were only occasional guests—deplore the demise, and had heard it, moreover, from the lips of its godfather, if indeed he is not its natural progenitor; that versatile gentleman who in those days was an industrious tiler in addition to his activities as author, painter, and sea-wall contractor—in two of which varied avocations he is still, fortunately, busied.

It is the tale of the mate of a whaler, out of Nantucket, who sights "a snorter and a blower," and excitedly seeks his captain for permission to "lower" and give chase; to which his phlegmatic superior, not denying that "she *may* be a snorter and a blower," responds, "but I don't see fitten for you to lower." With the cetacean still in the offing, the mate again goes below to the captain, who, this time in response to

the fervent plea, pleasantly remarks that "*if* she's a snorter and a blower, Mr. Macy, you may lower and be —— to you!" Thus far I had proceeded glibly, but, from this point on it suddenly occurred to me that "our army in Flanders" were babes-in-arms in comparison with Capting Coffin and Mr. Macy—and there were ladies present.

Now in the pursuit of artistic verity I would not strain at a gnat, nor even a camel; and from two of these ladies I was reasonably sure of the large toleration that the quest of the fitting word, or the exact value of tone and color, often demands from the long-suffering spouses of the writer or painter. The two other ladies, however, were comparative strangers; they were Scotch, also, and—incongruous as the momentary thought seems now in the light of further acquaintance—no exactness of presentation might possibly pardon the considerable quantity of profanity, paradoxically contrasted to the most studied politeness, on which the whole structure of this particular story reposes.

Therefore I hesitated—and was lost. Stevenson, a most exacting critic of form, caught the waver in my voice, and, holding up a warning finger cried, "Stop!" Then turning to where Theodore Robinson sat, he asked: "Do you know that story?" and upon Robinson's nodded affirmative he settled back in his chair with a sidewise look of scorn for his host, saying, "then be so kind as to tell it in a proper manner."

As I have said I have heard this story supremely well told, but never so well as that time. The contrast between the calm dispassionate delivery in the husky voice, hardly more than a whisper, with only the gleam of his expressive eyes, to temper the implacable impartiality with which Robinson gave the variations, between the strong vernacular of the sea-faring men and the nice differentiation of rank and character of each of them, was delightful. He went on to tell of the triumphant return of the mate with the captured whale, the captain's change of tone as he greeted the victor as "a scholard and a gentleman" with "here's your whiskey and here's your seegars," and the noble reply of the mate: "Capting Coffin, I don't want your whiskey; nor no more your seegars. All I want is si-vility; and that of the commonest —— sort!"

I have often thought of Robinson's simple and straightforward rendition of this story, as being strangely identical with the best expression of his art; a direct attack, the main foundation firmly established, the difficult passages met and lightly indicated; rather than painstakingly rendered, and the whole carried to completion, with every part kept in the nicest balance, without faltering or the slightest sign of the means used to obtain the result. Such was the best of his painting; and this story, as it rippled from his lips in the broken cadence of his asthmatic voice, might have been told to a convocation of the clergy, possessing a sense of humor, without offence.

In our possibly less exacting circle the story found instant favor, even the Briton and his allied Scots showing appreciation of its humor, and Louis declaring that it was positively the best American story that he had ever heard; but that the man who would maim its fair proportions, as I was about to do, was quite unfit for publication.

One trait of British insularity, on the part of Henley, amused his American friends greatly, when one day he passed before a proof of Henri Lefort's fine etching of George Washington from Stuart's well-known original, which hung in the hallway of the house, with the remark: "That's a fine head. Who is it?" Suspecting an intentional assumption of ignorance on his part, I answered, with the voice of our national bird: "Well, if you don't know who that is, you'd better ask George the Third," only to be met by a stare of honest perplexity. Explanations following, it appeared that this man of wide knowledge had somehow never seen, or had failed to retain in his memory, any image of the much be-pictured father of our country.

PLEASANT DAYS IN THE CITY OF LIGHT

Even as the ancients conducted their feasts under the shadow of *memento mori*, our little circle showed little outward concern for the precarious state of health of its most cherished member. Yet this thought lurked near us and more than once have I seen Stevenson rise so quietly as not to attract the attention of others and slip out of our gay company, carrying his

handkerchief to his lips as he left the room, in prevision of a hæmorrhage. Fortunately these were always false alarms, and two minutes after, respited and apparently forgetful, his voice would rejoin the chorus of discussion or story.

In our journeys around the city, the easy-going open carriages of Paris permitted us to cover a wide range within the city walls. I was always careful to instruct the driver to take a roundabout course, so that we might follow the asphalted streets, for it was feared that jolting over uneven pavements might wake the sleeping enemy; yet, with this impending danger never absent, my friend contrived to be cheerful, and I could but imitate his example. The gallant recklessness with which he ever played the game of life was often brought into play in these rides. On entering the carriage he would say: "Now you must do all the talking; that is the only condition under which I am allowed to go out this morning." Perhaps for three minutes he would be silent and then speaking, he would be reminded of this condition. Another momentary silence; another infringement of the rule, this repeated perhaps once or twice more; and finally declaration that life was not tenable under such conditions; and the flood gates of talk would be loosed—never, fortunately, with ill results.

This skirting the edge of danger lent a peculiar zest to our rides through the beautiful city in the pleasant sunshine, which was clement to him during all the stay in Paris that was destined to be his last sojourn there, though we did not think of this at the time. "You must be 'a chronic sickist' to appreciate all the fun I am getting out of this," he said as we rolled along a tree-lined boulevard. Every sight of the streets pleased him, above all, the trim *Parisiennes;* grand ladies in fine equipages on the Champs Élysées; or, more often, bare-headed working girls tripping along on their way to their shops. "We can beat them in the way of men, I think, Low," was one of his comments, "but the Lord was on His mettle when He made the Frenchwoman. In America and England, at their best they're often angels and goddesses, but here they're real women."

Our destination one day was the bookshop of Callman-Levy; the publishers of a translation of my friend's "New Arabian Nights"; which he wished to procure for presentation to Rodin. On our way thither we had gleefully rehearsed the comedy of the unknown author, obtaining a gratuitous and unbiassed opinion from the vender of his wares; but, somehow, it failed utterly before the polite indifference of the salesman as to the quality of his offering. When we returned to our carriage we were quite crestfallen, and Stevenson remarked, "If I was getting any royalty from that translation, I suppose that it would have been my duty to go behind the counter and, you could have purchased the book while I could have expatiated on its merits; and between us we could have shown that young man a thing or two about dealing in literary masterpieces." We agreed that even this might have been useless, but upon our next quest we were more successful. This time we crossed the Seine to the fine old-fashioned shop of J. Hetzel & Cie., in the rue Jacob; whose imprint is to be found on all the myriad works of Jules Verne, and much other literature, adapted to the uses of the youth of France. This house publishes a good edition of "Treasure Island" in French, with numerous illustrations.

We entered Hetzel's together and Stevenson elaborately described the book he desired; not being quite sure of the title, or the author's name, except that it ended in son—"as so many of our English names do." But here the young man behind the counter rose to the fly in the most beautiful manner. The volume was brought at once, and the shopman, turning to the preface (prepared by another hand than the author's for this edition), read how Mr. Gladstone, returning from the House of Commons late at night, had picked up the book and, despite his fatigue and the entreaties of his family that he should seek needed repose, had read persistently until the dawn of day and the end of the story. This amused me more than it did the author; for to owe a part of his first popular success to the "G. O. M."—some such incident having occurred—was something of a trial to one who was not in sympathy with Gladstonian policies; indeed it was about this time that he meditated signing a necessary letter to the prime minister as coming "from your fellow-criminal in the

sight of God." Gliding over this dangerous ground, Stevenson next inquired if the moral tendencies of the work were such that it could be put into the hands of youth without danger; and was fervently reassured upon this point. Here I thought fully parried this thrust by saying, that it was evidently hardly necessary to remind gentlemen of our literary tastes that many authors of notoriously loose lives had written works abounding in moral qualities; and consequently that, though he did not doubt

Chère Madame Low,

Nous allons faire quelques petites fautes de Français, n'est ce pas? — C'est convenu! — Alors, me voilà content; me voilà à même de vous dire tout tranquillement que ce que nous avez à la main est une petite bêtise assez mal ecrite, assez bien traduite; et que je vous prie de l'accepter en souvenir du boulevard Montparnasse, de Montigny sur Loing et de la rue Vernier. Mille amitiés à vous et à Will.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Paris
12 Rue Vernier
18 Août 1886

that I might take a hand, and I blandly remarked that from a particularly intimate friend, who was at the same time one of the most noted of the younger English writers, I had heard some very damaging statements concerning Stevenson's character. We had some difficulty in keeping our faces straight as the book-seller skilmy report of Stevenson's character, he would guarantee that no trace of these regrettable defects would be found in the book.

"That's something like a salesman!" said my friend as we bore away the volume; which lies before me now, and from which I copy the charming dedication which he wrote in it the next day.

"Chère Madame Low:

"Nous allons faire quelque petites fautes de Français, n'est-ce-pas?—C'est convenu?—alors, me voilà content: me voilà a même de vous dire tout tranquillement que ce que vous avez à la main est une petite bêtise assez mal écrite, assez bien traduite; et que je vous prie de l'accepter en souvenir du boulevard Montparnasse, de Montigny-sur-Loing, et de la rue Vernier. Mille amities à vous et à Will.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."*

"Paris, 12 rue Vernier,

"18 Auôt 1886."

We were not always engaged in feasting, nor in driving around Paris, and some of the most interesting hours that we spent together were in the studio. Here, while I worked, Stevenson smoked his thin wisps of cigarettes and we talked as we had under similar conditions among the trees of Fontainebleau. He was much preoccupied by a "Life of Wellington," which he had undertaken to write as one of a series of the "Lives of English Worthies." and much of his reading at that time had been in preparation for that book.

Unfortunately it was destined to remain unwritten—from what circumstance I know not—but he was full of his subject, and his many tales of the Iron Duke made that theretofore-conceived (to me) rather wooden—or iron—hero, wonderfully living and human.

At the end of the month Stevenson and his wife left us, exacting a promise of a return visit to Skerryvore, from whence he wrote shortly after:

"We had the most delightful of visits, and left you with all and much more than all of the old affection; which is a fine thing to be able to say."

*In Graham Balfour's "Life" (Vol. II, p. 24) mention is made of this dedication and the statement at its beginning ("we are about to make some small mistakes in French") is followed by the quotation of an alleged remark of mine "as in fact he immediately proceeded to do." Is it possible that speaking from memory, far from my books—in mid-Atlantic to be quite precise—I made so sweeping a statement? Probably I did, for I am sure of the good faith—and would not question the veracity of a lady; who at that time made some notes for the biographer's use. But, for my own confusion, I reproduce this dedication in *fac-simile;* and the whole extent of my friend's linguistic transgressions can be seen to be thus limited to small errors of omitted accents and the like. Moreover, may I say once for all that it is far from me—though French is almost my household language and I have a kindly prompter at my elbow—to throw stones when another takes a fall in the gymnastics of that polite tongue; for in that respect I am abidingly conscious that my house is of glass.

LONDON—EN PASSANT

The lapsing of the summer, and a winter in Italy, brought us to the spring of 1887, *en route* to Skerryvore by way of London.

It had not proven possible to include Bob in the reunion of the previous summer, but we looked forward to meeting him with an eagerness which the memories of previous years intensified, now that our desire was on the point of fulfilment.

We were newly arrived at Charing Cross and, having put up at the caravansary contiguous to the station, were removing the traces of travel when word came that Bob awaited us below. We were not long in joining our friend who, accompanied by his wife, thus took the earliest opportunity of meeting us.

There was no shock of strangeness in meeting Bob beyond that of seeing him attired as a conventional citizen of London town; I believe that he had even donned a high hat in honor of the occasion, so that within a very few minutes we were deep in a resumption of intercourse that might only have been interrupted a few hours before. Again the long alienation from a common existence threw us back upon the firm ground of our earlier friendship, and all the years of struggle to gain a place in life, under conditions that differed so greatly that one was ignorant of the detail of the other's solution of the problem, vanished and made us grown men—each with a certain hold on our time and environment—youths once more. After our first eager exchange of inquiry and comment, the hour of dinner had arrived and, as what I presume to be the solid English comfort of the Charing Cross Hotel, promised little to the newly arrived, and quite visibly held but slight appeal to our friends; we resigned ourselves to their guidance for a quiet place where we could talk while dining.

The place was found, somewhere around Leicester Square, modest, somewhat dingy, and quite appropriately French. It was our intention to stop but a day in London and, after our visit to Skerryvore, to return for a short stay before sailing from Liverpool. But it soon transpired that our visit to Skerryvore must be given up. We learned that on the day preceding our arrival the summons—which, however, pre-

pared it may find us, always comes as a dolorous surprise—had come to Louis to hasten to Edinburgh if he would see his father alive. Louis and his wife had thus hastened northward, where the elder Stevenson, with whom all the differences of his son's youth had long given place to the most entire affection, lay dying, arriving only on the eve of his death.

Thus our plans fell about our ears, and with Bob we began at once to rearrange them for a longer sojourn in London.

I knew the city but little, and it was my wife's first visit there, so that we were literally in the hands of our friends. As Charing Cross is in the centre of London, Bob declared that it was miles from everyone and everywhere, and suggested an instant departure from the hotel. I had made some inquiries from Louis some time before, in view of a possible month in London, which the need of my presence in New York had made inexpedient, and had received this characteristic reply:

". . . There are piles of decent inns, and in none I believe does political opinion run high. Were you to stay a week or two, the cheapest way is lodgings; a man or a man and his wedded spouse can have damn bad rooms, including a private sitting-room, for a pound—5 dollars—25 francs—and the devil knows how many thalers, roubles or doubloons—a week. In the same spot he can be supplied with inferior vittles to the tune of ditto, or say one pound (or the answerable proportion of dollars, francs, thalers, roubles, asses, lire, zwanzwigers, moidores, etc.) a week. But I don't know the reasonable inns. I will try and find out."

Viewed in the light of practical information this leaves to be desired, and I was to find that with many other amiable qualities which Bob shared with his cousin, he, too, was but a slender reed to lean upon in matters practical.

Had we been left to ourselves we should have turned to Baedeker for relief, but, early the next morning, Bob appeared accompanied by Henley and assumed charge of the strangers within their gates. Two four-wheelers were procured and on these our luggage was hoisted and, personally conducted by our friends, we set forth in one of the carriages followed by the other, in quest of a place to lay our heads.

We finally landed before a small house of Henley's holding in what I was informed was Shepherd's Bush. We had been absent from home for over a year and, though as experienced travellers we pride ourselves on journeying with but little luggage, we had for our return voyage five or six trunks. "Are those what you call 'Saratogas'?" Bob inquired dubiously when, after creating a certain excitement in the quiet neighborhood, they had all been deposited in Henley's front hall; which, being of small proportion, they filled most generously. "Now," he added cheerfully, "we'll find you lodgings in a jiffy." Alas, my slender reed! We would stop before a house and Bob would opine that so-and-so lived there three years gone—but no, it was in the next square. Then we visited strange places, impossible places; while the cheerful cosey room with the tea-kettle singing on the hob—it was May, but chilly—seemed more and more a work of English fiction. In one place the condition that the landlady's daughter should be admitted to the sitting-room two hours a day, for her piano practice, seemed reasonable to Bob; at another his effort to convince his friend, by measuring with his cane, that a bed, not much above the proportion of a coffin, was ample for two fairly portly people was more enthusiastic than persuasive.

After covering miles in this fruitless quest, we returned to Henley's house, where the more capable member of my family took our guide, philosopher and friend under her direction and soon came back triumphant, having found very decent lodging in the immediate neighborhood; a natural result, as the perfidious Bob insisted of "knowing what you wanted when you saw it."

These lodgings were truly in the centre of things; being about midway between the apartment of Bob and the house of Henley; and the trifling disadvantage of a ten-mile ride on the Underground, to reach any other object of interest, counted for little, although, after one trial of the "vittles" at our lodging and finding that Louis's qualification was but too well justified, we were obliged to make this journey whenever we lacked an invitation to dinner. The hospitality of our friends rendered recourse to restaurants infrequent,



In the Garden at 12 Rue Vernier, Paris.

however, and, as the lady of my family was much interested in questions of the household, the opportunity to study typical English family life was eagerly welcomed, independently of the sentimental attractions of our kind reception. A few months later, when this student of economic conditions based some general conclusions on her observations at that time, I regret to say that Louis gave way to the most unseemly hilarity at the thought of Bob or Henley in the character of the typical British householder. But whatever these establishments may have lacked of conventionality, was more than made up by the good feeling that reigned in both, and in that of Bob's especially, where a girl child, rejoicing in the name of "Pootles," radiated joy that was not less deeply felt by her parents because its appreciation was whimsical and humorous.

Superficially Bob was somewhat changed undoubtedly. In the earlier days he had worn his heart upon his sleeve and, in the awakening from his speculative dream of life and in the assumption of its every-day responsibilities, the daws had pecked him to such purpose that much of his former buoyancy had given place to a subdued and slightly apprehensive manner. But experience gained in rubbing against his fellow-men in the struggle for existence had left Bob, after all, less dismayed than puzzled and, in his settled conviction, there was more of wonder at the prizes for which men fought than fear that he had missed something worth having, or regret that his share was no larger. He had always deplored ambition, holding that no man mounted high without trampling another, perhaps as worthy and only less self-centred, under foot. Now he maintained consistently that he wisely limited his effort to the amount of work necessary to the needs of his little family and, having in this the assent of its only other member who had arrived at years of discretion, the appeals of his friends to extend his influence, and achieve the position to which his talents entitled him, fell on a deaf ear. It is a notable instance of his constant depreciatory attitude to his work that, some years later, he described to me his then unpublished "Art of Velasquez," as a "little book that he had written to accompany a few reproductions of the master's pictures"; conveying the impression that it was mere hack work, instead of the most illuminating insight to a painter's achievement known to English letters.

But here space is denied me to linger over these or later memories of my friend or describe more fully a pleasant fortnight in London and so, traversing the Atlantic, I arrive at a date in the later summer when I received the following letter:

SKERRYVORE, Bournemouth,
August 6, 1887.

"MY DEAR LOW:

"We—my mother, my wife, my step-son,

my maid-servant and myself, 5 souls—leave, if all is well, Aug. 20th, per Wilson line ss. *Ludgate Hill*. Shall probably evade N. Y. at first, cutting straight to a watering place: Newport, I believe, its name. Afterwards we shall steal incognito into *la bonne ville*, and see no one but you and the Scribners, if it may be so managed. You must understand that I have been very seedy indeed: quite a dead body; and unless the voyage does miracles I shall have to draw it dam fine. . . . Till very soon, Yours ever R. L. S."

A HALT BEFORE SARANAC

The editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE can hardly have forgotten the 7th of September, 1887, for it was that day that we had received news that the *Ludgate Hill* was off Fire Island and would dock that afternoon; and it was in his company that I went to meet Stevenson. It seemed quite in character that the steamer, which had none of the smartness of the modish liners, should be boarded by means of a ship's ladder; and "Stevenson ahoy," seemed the most appropriate greeting for my friend. We found him on deck, and all his thoughts of stealing into the good city incognito must have been rudely shattered, for he was already surrounded by a dozen reporters.

One of these, in fact, having learned that, in his own estimation, he was merely an obscure British author, whose views could have but little interest for the public, had the effrontery to warn him, on our approach, to "look out for those fellows, they represent the Associated Press, and they'll worm all your secrets out of you."

The preliminaries of landing were soon over; the only delay being caused by Stevenson's scrupulous desire to declare some trifling trinkets, which he brought as presents, to the lone customs officer who had been detached for the service of the *Ludgate Hill;* who was quite visibly bored by this excess of virtue and received the few dollars of duty with an air of, "Nobody asked you, sir, she said."

I remained behind to arrange for the transfer of their luggage, and the whole party repaired to a hotel; where everything had been arranged for their reception by their kind friends, whose guests they were to be at Newport a few days after.

Upon their return from Newport we had arranged quarters for our friends in a quiet hotel in Eleventh Street, near University Place. Here in the early morning and late in the afternoon, when work was done, I would come to be with my friend and to aid his watchful family against encroachments on Stevenson's, of necessity imposed, privacy.

One of my greatest desires I was so fortunate as to realize before Stevenson left for the Adirondacks, where it was decided, soon after his arrival, that he was to pass the winter. The realization of this desire brought a new friend to Louis and had incidentally as a result the production of the medallion portrait of him by Saint-Gaudens.

The latter regretted greatly the mischance of missing his acquaintance in Paris, and had exacted from me the promise that if Stevenson ever came within speaking distance he should know him. This promise he recalled when he was on his way to this country, and said that if Louis would consent he would consider it a privilege to model his portrait.

The state of Stevenson's health was such that, though there were a number of my friends with whom I knew the pleasure of acquaintance would be mutual, I exercised a regretful but necessary self-control, with the approval of the guardians of his well-being, not to bring about meetings which I knew he would enjoy and to which his consent would, only too willingly, have been given.

With these vigilant guardians there was a momentary hesitation, lest the fatigue of sitting for his portrait should be more than he should be subjected to; but the first sight of Saint-Gaudens destroyed whatever share of this hesitation Louis might have felt, for the two men "took to" each other from the first.

"Astonishingly young, not a bit like an invalid, and a bully fellow," was Saint-Gaudens's answer to my query concerning his impression, as we came out together from their first meeting. "I like your sculptor, what a splendid, straightforward and simple fellow he is," was Stevenson's salutation, when I came to him later in the day. The sittings had been arranged at

this first interview, and, at Saint-Gaudens's request, I endeavored to be always present when he worked; and, thanks to our triangular flow of talk, I doubt if Louis ever felt for a moment the constraint of posing.

Thus for Saint-Gaudens the way was made easy. "I could not escape, if I would," said the sitter, for the sculptor's easel was drawn up near the bed where Stevenson was a prisoner. Never was dungeon more enlivened by talk, of which, as usual, it is difficult to give much idea, so constantly did subjects change; and so wide the gamut from serious consideration of serious topics to the lightest and wildest chaff.

The relief rapidly took the form in which it was first conceived, a circular composition suggested probably by the lines of Stevenson's figure sitting propped by the pillows at his back, his knees raised; his usual position to read or write in bed. The general composition was quickly indicated in masses, but the head alone was finished at this time; the hands being completed the following year from casts which Saint-Gaudens made during Stevenson's stay at Manasquan. By that time the whole medallion was advanced nearly to completion, and in this circular form it appears to me much to be preferred to the oblong relief which, about fifteen years later, was placed in position in the Church of St. Giles in Edinburgh —the Scottish Westminster Abbey where many of the greater men of the country are commemorated.



William Ernest Henley.
From the bust by August Rodin.

The memorial may, however, be taken as merely an official variation of the original conception which fortunately remains; a copy of it built into my chimney-piece looks down on me in my studio—where, surrounded by an ivy-wreath as an emblem of friendship, the sculptor, with a decorative sense of the beauty of an inscription that was peculiarly his own, has modelled in relief on the background the poem Stevenson addressed to me in acknowledgement of the dedication of my designs for "Lamia," with its frank acceptance of our common lot and its brave confession of abiding faith at the end:

"Life is over, life was gay,
We have come the primrose way."

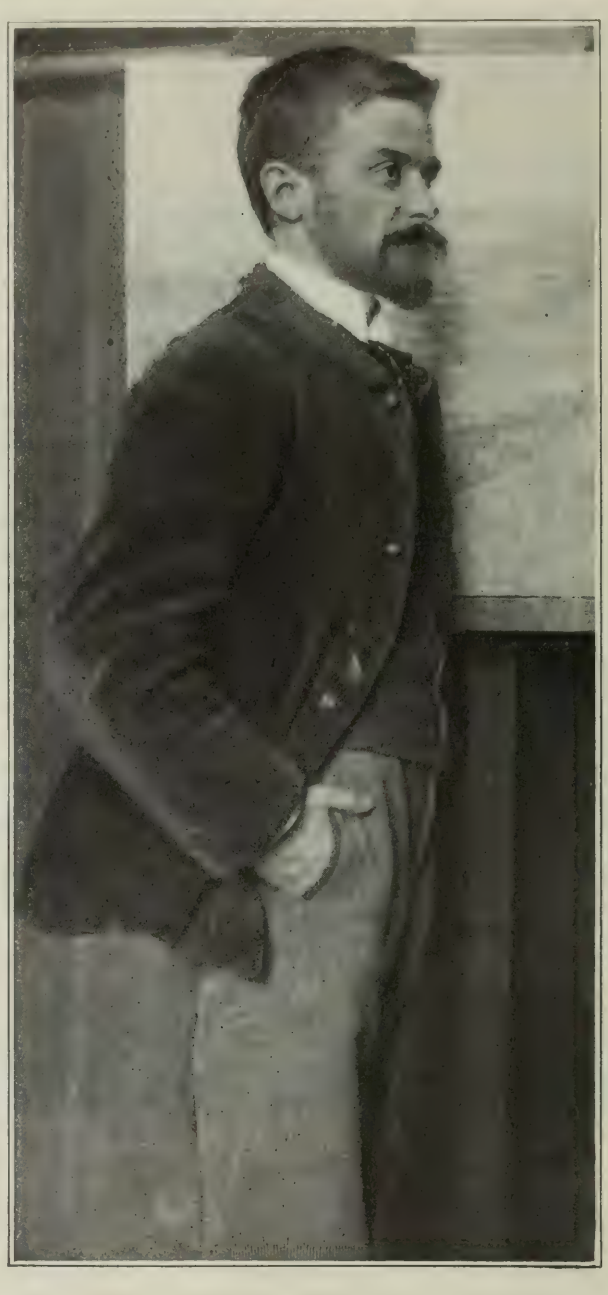
Life seemed held by but a slender thread for one of us in those days, but it was continuously gay by Stevenson's bedside as Saint-Gaudens's work grew apace.

One morning Louis attacked the conditions of American life as they appeared to him, urging that the tendency of a system like ours was to lower all men to a common level, or, as in deference to his hearers he expressed it, "raise them to a sufficiently high average"; but one which rendered difficult the expression of strong individuality.

He gave us a number of instances of the contrary effect of the civilization of the British Isles, some of which were suffi-

ciently amusing and denoted strong individual characteristics in the men he rapidly sketched for us. "But here," he concluded, "you cannot tell whether a man is from Boston or Denver, they may both be charming fellows, but they are generally as like as two peas."

In answer we insisted that his opinion was not generally held in either of the cities cited, and would probably meet with indignant denial in both. We were forced to admit that there was some truth in his assertion, so far as the superficial aspects of our people were concerned, but we asserted that this was only natural, as our newer conditions afforded none of the quiet backwaters, removed from the main current of life, that had survived in the older countries from earlier conditions and were doomed by the march of progress to disappear even there; but which meanwhile afforded a refuge where personal idiosyncrasy could develop without hinderance.



Theodore Robinson.

Moreover, in further refutal of Stevenson's contention we were certain that without going out of the circle of our friends, certainly keeping within that of our acquaintances, we could muster a number of our compatriots who for strongly marked individual characteristics would satisfy the most ardent lover of idiosyncrasies. Thereupon Saint-Gaudens and I projected an imaginary dinner of twenty-five or thirty covers to which Stevenson should be invited; and where each man, by artful contrivance, should be induced to advance his own private theories of life, morals, or art; and the only difficulty which we could foresee was that each one of the invited should be, for his proper safety, encased in armor.

As one after the other passed in rapid review, Saint-Gaudens's faculty for visualizing gave each character life, and Stevenson lamented that some such festivity could not take place; owning at the end that he had been led into a sin that he abhorred; of making a general statement upon insufficient knowledge.

At another time the conversation turned on the purely accidental avoidance of the nude on the part of Saint-Gaudens; who declared then, as I have often heard him say before or since, that "if he ever got a moment free" he would repair the omission. To fortify him in this resolve I quoted Emerson:

"The sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
"Because she still is naked, being dressed:
'The godlike sculptor will not so deform
"Beauty, which limbs and flesh enough invest."

These lines took Stevenson's fancy greatly, and for the rest of the time that they were together, and in his subsequent correspondence with Saint-Gaudens he was generally addressed or referred to as the "Godlike sculptor"—a form of ad-

My episode with Stevenson
has been one of the events
of my life and I ~~can~~
~~hardly~~ understand the
state of mind Gosse gets
in about people. This is
that healthy state



for makes me very happy and as
the pursuit of happiness is
an "inalienable right" "God gives"
"one and indivisible"



vide constitution of
United States

I'm damned if I don't think
I've a right to be so
puffed I don't injure any one

Yours ever
G.

The signature here shows Saint-Gaudens's amusing caricature of his *François premier* profile, a resemblance denoting the Provençal ancestry common to both, with which he frequently signed his more intimate letters.



A bit of the porch of the Union House.
(On the Manasquan River, New Jersey.)

dress which may have puzzled some of the readers of the "Letters."

Once or twice Saint-Gaudens asked me to take his place and criticise the work, or, as he put it, "to jump on it, just as I would to a pupil in the school." Thus invited, I scrutinized the model and compared the portrait without finding any but minor suggestions of detail to enhance closer resemblance.

In addition to its veracious character it is superfluous to speak of this medallion as a work of art; for whatever reservation may yet come to be made concerning other forms of sculpture by Saint-Gaudens, the series of relief-portraits which he modelled, where this one ranks among the best, are all characterized by absolute mastery.

It was with heartfelt regret, and many amicable protestations, that the two new friends parted when the moment came for Stevenson and his family to go to Saranac. I had formed the pleasant habit of sharing their life a part of each day, and, having been a pleased witness of the progress of this new relation between two men, for whom I felt such hearty affection, I regretted the cessation of work upon the medallion.

Soon after this I received a letter from



At the Manasquan Inlet.

Saint-Gaudens from which I extract these characteristic lines:

"WINDSOR, Vt., 29 *September*, 1887.

". . . My episode with Stevenson has been one of the events of my life and I can now understand the state of mind —— gets in about people. I am in that beatific state. It makes me very happy and as the pursuit of happiness is 'an inalienable right, God given, one and indivisible' (*vide* Constitution of the United States), I'm damned if I don't think I've a right to be, provided I don't injure any one. . . ."

Stevenson's parting message, as he left on his northward journey, was, "Don't forget to find out all you can about yachts for the summer. The Rhone trip didn't come off, but we may make a book together yet; and in any case you've never known what life is until you live on the sea."

And so in this spirit I left him on the Hudson River boat one morning in early October; not yet knowing that it was always to be my fate to bid him God-speed—and never to share his journey.

With frequent messages from Saranac, and the usual mixture of much work and a little play, the winter in New York passed quickly. Almost before the passage of time was realized April had come, and our friends were once more occupying their former quarters in the Hotel St. Stephen in Eleventh Street; which by this time had come to be known among the intimates as the Hotel St. Stevenson.



The Union House.

The room on the second floor with the open window is the one occupied by Stevenson.

During this stay in New York, Stevenson's condition showed the profit of his winter at Saranac, and he was able to meet an increasing number of interesting people. As carefully measured as were these indulgences, so prone was he to give even more than he received, they told upon his meagre store of strength. One morning I was greeted with: "Low, you must get me out of this"; and so, after consultation with his mother, it was decided that he should go to a quiet country hotel, closed at that season, but of which I felt assured



A copy of it built into my chimney-piece looks down on me in my studio.—Page 435.

that the kindly proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wainwright, would open a portion for the reception of my friends. Mrs. Louis had meanwhile gone to California; but, a few days after, Louis, his mother, Lloyd Osbourne, and the maid Valentine Roch, were established at the Union House, upon the border of the Manasquan River in New Jersey.

My own work, unfortunately, could not be prosecuted under the mobile conditions that Stevenson's could, but every moment that I could spare from it I was with him; though none of us realized, of course, how near was the time of our definite parting. Mrs. Low, who shared his affection with me, stayed at Manasquan, and the greater part of the time I arranged to be there; for I felt as never before, that, as to the members of his own family, he clung to us with a singular dependence; that measured the depth of his depression more eloquently than words. The weather was only intermittently good, from my point of view, but Stevenson found it to his liking, and was much out-of-doors. Aided and abetted by his stepson, his interest was centred by the catboat, a craft new to his experience. A work on sailing boats by Lieut. Qualtrough, of our navy, who was immediately rechristened Taffrail as more appropriate to the vocation, was eagerly studied, and theories about the proper management of the catboat were put to instant practical tests.

We sailed up and down the river, Stevenson being greatly pleased with the manner in which the laws of navigation were construed for our benefit; the draws in the three bridges which span the river in different places opening promptly for our cockleshell craft in response to the imperious toot of a tin horn which signified our desire to pass through. Once, when a train was detained on the railroad bridge, in order that we might pass, Louis declared that the sense of our importance shown by our having the right of way, was most gratifying. His spirits rose in these innocent adventures, each of which by contrast with his usual forced inactivity took on, or was endowed by him, with some spice of romance. One afternoon we landed on an island a little way up the river, whose shore upon one side was protected by a bulkhead. As the island was nameless, we proceeded to repair the oversight and christened it Treasure Island, after which we fell to with our pocket knives to carve the name upon the bulkhead together with our initials and the date. This inscription was there some years after, and, if the winter tempests have spared it, I am pleased to signal it for some one in quest of a Stevenson autograph; as it might figure as a unique specimen in almost any collection.

This obvious duty accomplished, we crossed the island and, stretching ourselves on the sandy beach in the sun, we discoursed, while the soft air and the sense of awakening nature that comes with the spring lulled us into an agreeable realization of the pleasures of indolence. From this the lengthening shadows recalled us to the homeward hour.

Our covert was sheltered from the wind, and on the other side of the island our boat was hard-a-ground, with a breeze on shore.

"There's work before us," said Louis, rising and stretching himself; but Lloyd was brisk upon his feet. "Here, let me go and sail the boat around to you," he cried. "You may," we cried in unison, settling back on the strand with one accord, as Lloyd ran in the direction of the boat. Louis followed him with his eyes and then shaking his head, said with solemnity: "Low, we're growing old. It's only a little while since we would have raced Lloyd for that privilege."

Louis had at that time taken up the "Wrong Box," which up to that point had been entirely written by Lloyd Osbourne, who, in his own words, says that Louis "breathed into it, of course, his own incomparable power, humor and vivacity and forced the thing to live as it had never lived before."

The text of this collaboration Louis read us one evening; and though I am forced to agree to some extent with the surviving author, that there is "a sense of failure" as one reads the book to-day, this element was not apparent when it was read aloud, as Louis read it.

His voice was rich, with a peculiar quality of vibration well under control, and as the various intricacies of the plot were deftly disentangled, and the absurdities of Joseph Finsbury and his kindred were disclosed, the colder criticism which the printed book evokes fell before it. The reader's enjoyment was as keen as ours; for, though he kept perfect control of the situation, while we were well nigh exhausted with laughter; he fairly beamed with joy.

Not the least wonderful (I use the word advisedly) quality of the performance was to see Louis, alert and masterful, making of this trivial task so complete and finished a representation, with such just measure of absorption and equal suggestion of reserve power, that a stranger, entering at that moment, would have found it impossible to believe that this easily competent comedian was one, "far gone," for whom "the lights were turned down"; around whose bedside some hours each day stood anxious watchers, striving as best they could to hide all trace of anxiety, and to equal in courage and cheerfulness the victim marked with a dread malady.

We had a few visits at Manasquan from chosen friends, notably a day with Saint-Gaudens, who brought his son and, at the request of the sculptor, Stevenson wrote the charming letter to Homer Saint-Gaudens that may be found on page 125 of the second volume of the "Letters," and which, sealed in our presence, was only opened after the writer's death; though the date of the boy's majority was fixed upon at the time as the humorous ceremony was concluded. Another day I had projected a return to New York, to figure at a dinner

given to John S. Sargent by some of his confrères, in recognition of the esteem in which they held him, and in partial return for a royal feast to which he had invited a large portion of the artistic fraternity some weeks before. Stevenson, however, would not hear of my going even for a day, so closely at the time did he cling to all those near to him; and said authoritatively: "I'll take the responsibility of keeping you, and will send Sargent a telegram to explain it." This was at breakfast, and shortly after, when we were already seated in the boat prepared for a morning excursion on the river, his mother came out and said, "Louis, you asked me to remind you that you wished to send a telegram." "Ah, yes," answered the son, tearing a leaf from a pocket-book on which to write it. "We'll send it in rhyme to soften the blow." Then in a moment he produced the following doggerel, which as I heard afterward was read at the dinner:

"I have here detained Will Low,
He cannot dine with you:
We send you from the *bord de l'eau*
A cordial how d'ye do."

"You've a devil of a name to rhyme with," laughed Stevenson, as we set out to sail up the river.

EXIT "R. L. S."

Into the trivial events of our daily life at Manasquan there was suddenly cast a more serious element; for Stevenson had been called upon to make a decision of the greatest import; though when the question was presented, and on the instant decided, he, no more than those about him at the time, knew that it was the hand of ultimate fate that cast the decisive die. All plans for the immediate future had been adjourned awaiting the return of Mrs. Stevenson from California; or, as the event proved, to be governed by conditions which she might find existing there.

We were at lunch one day when a telegram was brought to Louis, who uttered an exclamation of surprise and then, tossing the yellow paper across the table to where his mother sat, said, "Read that aloud." She passed it to me and I read, in its brief terms, that a servicable schooner-yacht could be had in San Francisco for a cruise in the Pacific. "What will you do?" was my query, and the answer came at once, "Go, of course." Before we left the table an answer was dispatched, and, virtually he, and during his life those nearest to him, "were from that hour the bond slaves of the isles of Vivien."

The die once cast, we continued to sail the placid Manasquan, awaiting the moment of the departure of our friends for California on the first of June. A new interest appeared in the life of Stevenson and his step-son, for they busied themselves at all times of the day, and at intervals of all other activities, in drawing up lists of stores for the voyage. Mild expostulation, or computation of the probable storage capacity of a schooner-yacht had no effect on these dreamers; they calmly proceeded with their interminable lists and scorned the criticisms of a mere landlubber. All conversation that was not of a nautical character failed to hold their interest, and "Taffrail's" enchanting pages usurped the place of all other literature.

Our quiet life, the open air and, above all, the glimmer of hope that the projected voyage inspired, had worked wonders with Stevenson's physical condition. His main physical activity was still the somewhat passive exercise of sailing; where Lloyd or I usurped what little manual labor fell to be exercised. Toward the end of his stay, however, he had been able to walk a little, though this form of exercise had been limited to short tours inland. One evening, after an early dinner, he proposed an excursion to the sea, and the two of us set out. The distance by land is about two miles, and the route lies along a low, sandy road, through patches of beach grass and over a number of little bridges that cross as many small inlets, where the sea has pushed its way into the level land. It was a balmy spring evening, the day just gone and the stars sparkling faintly overhead, as we walked. Stevenson's springy gait went lightly over the yielding roadway and I, solicitous that he should not overexert himself, linked my arm in his, though he would often withdraw his own to punctuate his talk by gesture.

We were speaking of Keats; of his single-purposed devotion to beauty and his equal conviction that it comprised truth; as expressed in the famous concluding lines

of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Louis quoted them:

"'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

"Keats was fortunate," he went on somewhat sadly, "in some mysterious way he belonged to an earlier age of the world, where such belief suffered fewer shocks than it does with us." "Nonsense," I retorted, "think of his birth and actual surroundings, of the men he knew, his pinchbeck old master Haydon, the seamier side of Leigh Hunt, and the actual state of taste in the England of his day." "There were Wordsworth and Shelley." "Wordsworth whom he admired and respected; but who was at the opposite pole from every intuition of Keats's nature; and Shelley, whom he avoided. No," I insisted, "mysterious as it is, John Keats did belong to an earlier age of the world, but if he looked at the world about him he could well have suffered more shocks than to-day, when we live in an age which he in part has inspired, and where the men who came after him have continued his influence."

Then I recalled to him a promise contained in one of his letters, to which I turn in order to quote his words correctly. It was written on the receipt of the "Lamia" with my drawings.

"The sight of your pictures has once more awakened me to my right mind; something may come of it, yet one more bold push to get free of this prison yard of the abominably ugly, where I take my daily exercise with my contemporaries. I do not know, I have a feeling in my bones, a sentiment which may take on the forms of imagination, or may not. If it does, I shall owe it to you, and the thing will thus descend from Keats—even if on the wrong side of the blanket. If it can be done in prose—that is the puzzle."

Thus reminded Louis said, "Well, as you see, nothing came of it. The 'Master of Ballantrae' is not precisely inspired by Keats." "'The Primrose Way' was inspired by more than my pictures, and is 'a thing of beauty—and a joy forever,'" was my prejudiced assertion. "The gratitude of the dedicatee," was the laughing response, and then, more gravely, "No, it is not in me, I can do the grim, I can do the Jekyll-and-Hyde sort of thing, but the trouble with me is that I am at bottom a realist." Here I exploded into wrath, quoting back at him Keats's lines; and demanding, if for a moment he thought that any work of art represented other than reality, *as the artist saw it.*

"Oh, I know," he replied with a sort of gentle impatience; "your old contention that love and hate, joy and sorrow, are the primitive qualities of man and the material with which the artist works; that since the world began these simply reappear, and that local conditions, more often than not, enfeeble and distort the typical character which they first assumed in the hands of the Greeks; all that is true enough, but it is the local conditions, the things of the moment and hour that strike the hardest. If it were not for Zola and his gang, who have spoiled the game, I should be a rank realist."

In this he persisted, meeting each contradictory instance which I could cite from his own work with an exasperating reiteration that none of these had really "come off"; that he had been "feeling his way"; that these were "tries" at various sorts of things—"various sorts of realities," I interposed, "but not done by a man with a note-book and tape-measure." "There is where you mistake," he rejoined eagerly. "That's just what I am really, the man with a note-book."

By this time we had reached the shore and were pacing the sand where the retreating tide had left it firm. Louis stopped suddenly, and put his hand on my arm. "Listen," he said, "and tell me if you think this beautiful."

Then he described, in a way that I wish he might be writing it instead of me, a scene which had impressed him from the window of a railway train, in some of the mining districts in England. It was a black, dismal country, the day was almost spent as the train wound its way by squalid villages set in a face of nature that was everywhere darkened by the coal dust. Here and there chimneys belched out smoke, that trailed like black plumes in the heavy air surcharged with gases from the furnaces, which flared from time to time, lighting the scene with a lurid copper-colored gleam that made the ensuing dusk more sinister than before. Scattered over the face of the landscape uprose miniature

mountains of the refuse from the mines and furnaces, and upon these, on their peaks and in their valleys, miserable hovels struggled for a foothold. From their doors women looked out, children stopped in their play to watch the passing train, or a hulking workman toiled up to what he called his home. There were no trees, no flowers, no sward, nor was there any vestige of the green country in sight, only the stark chimneys and these truncated cones; like the floor of some monstrous cavern of which the overhanging density of the charged atmosphere made a roof. "It was like looking into the mouth of a *cold* Hell," said Stevenson, "even the furnace fires gave no sensation of warmth or cheerfulness."

"Yet," he continued, "in these hovels men and women lived; marriages were consummated; children were born; the man went to his work in the morning, his wife watched from the door for his home-coming at night; the children had their play upon these grimy heaps, and growing up, all the old story of love was repeated; they in their turn took up life, as their parents, their eyes closed in death, were carried down to be laid in a church-yard—please God, a green church-yard."

All this and more had he seen from the passing train, for I can only give the merest outline of the finished picture which he, with deliberation, carefully elaborated. I was not a little impressed; but in a moment our discussion reverted to my mind.

"Have you ever returned to this place with your note-book? I thought not; yet all of this you saw (and felt) in the flash of a train and then, possibly not from one place but from a whole section of this country, you realized this scene and imagined its significance. How often have I heard you revile Zola, and even more Balzac for the slow piling up of detail extraneous to the movement of the tale. Don't you remember the morning in the rue Vernier, when I spoke of the impression I had gained of the country through which Alan and David fled in 'Kidnapped,' and your own proud assertion, which you insisted that I should verify from the book, that there was not a line descriptive of landscape in it?"

So far our talk resembled much of the disputatious converse to which we were prone, except for the description that he had given of his glimpse from the train window, which was more studied than his usual careless flow of talk, and in this vein it continued until I made the assertion that in "Treasure Island" he had written a tale of the sea, of ship and island adventures that all the accumulated detail of actual experience would not enable him to surpass.

Generally, we had been as of one mind on these trite questions, but that evening, undismayed by the evidence of his past work, Stevenson chose to disagree and repeated his assertion that, had the realism that was rife in the arts of that time chosen its themes more wisely, its practice would have given new life to art, and he would have willingly served in its ranks. "Zola and his crowd have spoiled the game, or very nearly spoiled it, I'll allow," he continued, "but wait until I get hold of all this new and splendid material, and you will see that every added truth, every touch of local color, every trait by which these island peoples resemble or differ from other races, sympathetically studied by one who thinks our civilization is a ghastly farce, will make a fine book."

Our argument had come to an end, leaving me—leaving us both, no doubt—quite unconvinced, as arguments will; though it is a fine exercise and one, when conducted in a temperate manner, that harms no one.

The tide was at the flow, the sea had turned once more to its ceaseless task, breaking in foam out upon the bar, foam of dim silver in the starlight, and rising ever nearer in circling shapes to die upon the sand at our feet. We had not spoken for a moment; and alone, we two, upon the beach, the world seemed very large, the sea boundless and the sky without limit; when Louis broke the silence, speaking at first as though to himself:

"England is over there," with a vague gesture seaward, "well, I bear her no grudge though she has cast me out. I cannot live there and—" turning to me almost fiercely— "Low, I wish to live! Life is better than art, to do things is better than to imagine them, yes, or to describe them. And God knows I have not lived all these last years. No one knows, no one can know the tedium of it.

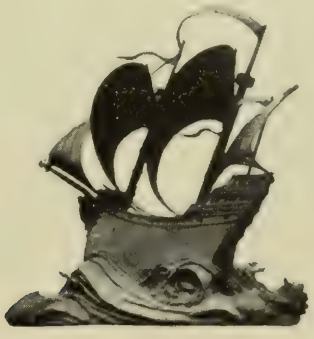
I've supported it as I could—I don't think that I am apt to whimper—but to be, even as I am now, is not to live. Yes, that's what art is good for, for without my work I suppose that I would have given up long ago, without my work and my friends and all those about me—I am not forgetting them; for, with all the courage I could summon, I would not be here to-day, if all their loving care had not added to my courage and made it my duty to them to fight it out. As long as my father was there I would never think of leaving; all our old troubles were long ago forgotten, and these last years we were much to each other; but, when he was laid to rest, I determined to make a new effort to live. Not as we lived at Fontainebleau, for youth was on my side then—remember how you never realized that I was less strong than the other men who were there with us—but to be the rest of my days a decent invalid gentleman. That's not a very wild ambition, is it? But it's a far cry from being bed-ridden. I'm willing to take care of myself, but to keep on my feet, to move about, to mix with other men, to ride a little, to swim a little, to be wary of my enemy but to get the better of him; that's what I call being a decent invalid gentleman and that, God willing, I mean to be."

"There's England over there and I've left it—perhaps I may never go back—and there on the other side of this big continent there's another sea rolling in. I loved the Pacific in the days when I was at Monterey, and perhaps now it will love me a little. I am going to meet it; ever since I was a boy the South Seas have laid a spell upon me and, though you have seen me all these weeks low enough in my mind, I begin to feel a dawn of hope. The voyage here, even with the bad weather off the banks, was life to me, and in a better climate on the Pacific, surely a better life awaits me."

He stopped for a moment and I was too moved to speak. Never had he spoken in other than in passing reference of his ailments, never to disclose the utter weariness that his voice, his gesture, and his words conveyed; at the same time that his slight figure, tense with his determination to conquer his ills, imparted a sense of hope, almost a latent certitude that on those far-off seas life, as he desired it, awaited him.

After a pause he resumed, in lighter tone, "Yes, it will be horrid fun to be an invalid gentleman on board a yacht, to walk around with a spy-glass under your arm, to make landings and trade beads and chromos for cocoanuts, and have natives swim out to meet you. If this trip really sets me up I'll come back a regular "Taff-rail" and never quit the sea. If it does all that I mean it to do, we will get some magazine to pay the shot and let us do a book together. The Ionian Islands, the Greek archipelago, that's more your game. We, too, will live in Arcadia, and listen out for the sirens of Ulysses." I was used to this transition from grave to gay and, not ashamed, but seeking after the manner of our race to hide our emotions, we walked homeward gayly. At the door of the inn his mother met us. "You've been gone a long while," she said; "I was beginning to be anxious." Louis laughed, "I'm not the least tired," he replied; "but we've been quite far. Low and I have been looking out from the shores of the Pacific."

A few days after, in New York, Louis said, "Don't see us off on the train. We can't lunch at Lavenue's but we'll go to Martin's and drink a bottle of Beaujolais-Fleury to our '*bon voyage.*'" So this we did, and so parted.





Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

In phantom guise my spirit flies
As the dream-blades dip and swing.

THE OLD CANOE

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

My seams gape wide so I'm tossed aside
  To rot on a lonely shore
While the leaves and mould like a shroud enfold,
  For the last of my trails are o'er;
But I float in dreams on Northland streams
  That never again I'll see,
As I lie on the marge of the old *portage*
  With grief for company.

When the sunset gilds the timbered hills
  That guard Timagami,
And the moonbeams play on far James Bay
  By the brink of the frozen sea,
In phantom guise my spirit flies
  As the dream-blades dip and swing
Where the waters flow from the Long Ago
  In the spell of the beck'ning spring.

Do the cow-moose call on the Montreal
  When the first frost bites the air,
And the mists unfold from the red and gold
  That the autumn ridges wear?
When the white falls roar as they did of yore
  On the Lady Evelyn,
Do the square-tail leap from the black pools deep
  Where the pictured rocks begin?

Oh! the fur-fleets sing on Timiskaming
  As the ashen paddles bend,
And the crews carouse at Rupert House
  At the sullen winter's end;
But my days are done where the lean wolves run,
  And I ripple no more the path
Where the gray geese race 'cross the red moon's face
  From the white wind's Arctic wrath.

Tho' the death-fraught way from the Saguenay
  To the storied Nipigon
Once knew me well, now a crumbling shell
  I watch the years roll on,
While in memory's haze I live the days
  That forever are gone from me,
As I rot on the marge of the old *portage*
  With grief for company.



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Very well, Helen," he said, "I think it is better that you should have your way."—Page 454.

THE EXECUTORS

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

SINCE the announcement of his engagement to Helen Trask, Wallace Stillwell Hamilton, or "Wallie" Hamilton as he was affectionately, and almost universally known, had become little better than a stranger to his numerous friends in town. Almost without exception, now, the late afternoon found him on his way from his office to the Grand Central Station, and his recently acquired knowledge of "expresses" and "locals" between Rye and Forty-second Street was worthy of the oldest commuter. On rare occasions he made his mother very happy by dining with her at her home in the country and going over later to the Trasks, but more often he dined and spent the evening with Miss Trask, and on such occasions Mrs. Hamilton was rewarded only by a fleeting glimpse of her son on his arrival from town and a hearty kiss just before he turned in for the night. "Wallie" Hamilton had always been accounted a good son and now he was cheerfully admitted to be the true type of the perfect lover and husband-elect, and this, in spite of the fact that he and Helen Trask had been neighbors and playfellows as far back as either of them could remember anything.

Neglectful as he may have been of his other friends and acquaintances in town, Hamilton's engagement seemed only to have brought him the nearer to his most intimate friend—Lloyd Druce. The two had grown up together as boys, gone to the same New England preparatory school, graduated at the same university, and later, now more like brothers than friends, had returned to New York to work as well as play together. Formerly, when neither of them had been dining out, they had generally spent their evenings together at their club, or more often at the theatre, but now, on the rare occasions when Hamilton remained in town, the two men dined quietly at some restaurant and afterward went to Hamilton's apartment, where they filled the cosey sitting-room with slowly drifting gray clouds of tobacco smoke and talked a little of the days to come and a great deal of those that had gone.

The wedding was but a week distant, the details had all been arranged, the gifts, for the most part, had been received and acknowledged, and for the last time Hamilton was spending the night in town as a bachelor. He and Druce had dined late, and now Hamilton was sitting before his desk in the little study, and his friend was stretched out in a deep leather chair before the open hearth. The two young men had talked but little, and during a long silence, Hamilton opened a small drawer of the desk, fumbled among some papers, and took out a silver key ring from which there was suspended a single key. From the bunch of keys, which he always carried, he took another key and twisted it on to the silver ring. Then he swung his chair around so that he could see his friend.

"Lloyd," he said, "the lease of these rooms doesn't run out until May, and I don't want to sublet them. They're no good for Helen and me, so I think I will give you these duplicate keys. It might amuse you to run in here once in a while to borrow a book or—or just for old-time's sake, and——"

Druce looked up and smiled. "Why, of course, I'd like to, very much." He held out his hand and Hamilton tossed him the keys.

"The larger one," Hamilton said, "is for the front door and the little one is for a drawer here in the desk. It's the lower one on the left—you can tell it because it's the only one that is ever locked."

Druce dangled the keys from his finger and looked up at his friend, interrogatively, as if he expected him to go on talking, but for a few moments there was silence, while Hamilton sat staring ahead of him, his brow wrinkled and his expression that of a man who was trying to reach a definite decision.

"Lloyd," he said at last, "if anything should happen to me—oh, I know," and he threw up his hand by way of protest—"of course nothing is going to happen—but I say if anything should happen, I wish you would come here and let yourself in and open the drawer that is locked and destroy anything you find there and—and don't waste any time about it."

Druce continued to twirl the key ring about his finger and then looked up suddenly and caught Hamilton's eye.

"Oh, I don't know, Wallie," he said, "it doesn't seem good enough to me. If you've got anything to destroy, why not do it now? You——"

"You don't understand," Hamilton interrupted.

"I know I don't understand. But I know that you, like every other man about to be married, are starting all over again—turning over a new leaf—not that the old one was damaged, at that. But for Heaven's sake, if you've got any closets with skeletons in them, now is the time to clean them out. At least, that's what I think."

Hamilton nodded and slowly rolled the end of his cigar between his lips.

"That's the trouble, Lloyd. That's what you think—that's pretty much what any one would think. Skeletons in my closets—bah! I never had any skeletons about me—I don't like them. I may have a decoration or two locked up, but no skeletons."

"What kind of a decoration?"

"Well, according to my ideas, there are all kinds of decorations. There are decorations of honor to the person who wins them as well as to the person who gives them, and there are decorations that reflect honor on the person who wears them and of dishonor on the one who awards them, and *vice versa*. Sometimes there is no tangible emblem—just a quarter of an hour—not that long, perhaps—but it's the quarter of an hour that means most in your life. There is nothing that can ever crowd out the memory of these decorations, and the worst of it is that to every one but yourself they are usually such foolish baubles—only tawdry pieces of junk that mean little or nothing—not even to the woman you are going to marry. And yet in our hearts we are forever turning back to them and the moment we won them. Do you suppose a man who won the Victoria Cross ever had the memory of that one brave act crowded out by any life of domestic happiness on the biggest estate in Great Britain? When I was a kid, I knew a boy who lived in a little town down on the Jersey coast, where I spent my summers, and he was the freshest, most unpopular boy in the village. He went to Princeton afterward and learned to race on one of those old-time high-wheeled bicycles. When he graduated, he went back to his native town and entered the mile bicycle race at the Spring Fair and licked the life out of all of his old enemies. He afterwards became mayor of the town and bred the best race horses in the country and married a rich woman. But he told me that often when the family had gone to bed he used to get out the dinkey medal he won at the Fair grounds and sit in front of the fire, and, by looking into the flames, he could see the boys on the other bicycles, with their matted hair and the sweat running down their white cheeks, and he could see the banks of faces of the crowd on either side of the track and hear them curse him as he crossed the line. I knew another man—about the best corporation lawyer here in town to-day—he showed me once an old revolver that had been given him as a fee for his first case in the town out West where he was born. His client was a murderer and things looked altogether hopeless, but my friend, the lawyer, made a wonderful speech, and the jury voted for acquittal. The murderer had no money, so he gave the lawyer the revolver he had killed the man with. That man's rich and famous now; but when he showed me that old gun, his eyes softened and he handled it as tenderly as if it had been some living thing that had been wounded. Whenever he looked at it, he said that his mind went back to the little, stuffy, crowded court-room out West and the lean, sorrowful looking face of the judge on the bench sitting all alone and the line of the twelve jurymen standing up, and at the end of the line the moon-faced foreman grasping the rail in front of him and saying 'not guilty.' That was *his* decoration; but what has it to do with the domestic life of the present great corporation lawyer? And yet, that was the best moment of his life. What do you suppose he would trade for that moment now?"



Hamilton looked down at his friend.

"I can't imagine," Druce said; "go ahead."

"And then," Hamilton continued, "there is another kind of decoration. Suppose a woman—I mean the one woman you remember when you are very ill, or when you have been in the open and away from civilization for a long time. Suppose just once she had put her arms about you—I don't mean, necessarily, pink-and-white, well-rounded arms, with dimples at the elbow, but arms with nerves in them—nerves that not only go down to the heart but up to the brain too. Or, suppose a woman had never put her arms about you, but had just written you a line of three words, 'I love you,' and suppose she had no right to write you that line, and the discovery of it would mean her finish, but she wrote it because it was the one real thing in her life, and because she wanted to show you she trusted you. That's another kind of decoration—of honor or dishonor, whichever you choose to call it. You can't forget it, and I don't believe it's human nature to want to destroy the insignia that went with it, because that is always good for one real thrill."

Hamilton got up and walked over to the fireplace and looked down at his friend.

"I tell you, Lloyd, there are a whole lot of different kinds of decorations, and pretty much every man has one. You can't always see it because it may be at home in his desk, or it may be that there was no emblem that went with it; but believe me he knows it's there—hanging on his chest—not very far from his heart either."

Druce stretched his arms above his head and blew a long cloud of gray smoke toward the ceiling. "All right," he said, "I'll keep the keys, but it's only because it's you."

Hamilton smiled. "It's only because you're you that I gave them to you."

. . . . . .

Five days later, and two days before the date set for the marriage, a farmer driving a vegetable cart to town in the gray light of the early morning, found what there was left of Wallace Stillwell Hamilton and his racing car. The accident had taken place near Rye at the bottom of a steep hill, half way between the young man's own home and that of the girl he was so soon to have

married. Hamilton was known as an occasionally careless, always fearless driver; the road had been rather slippery and the machinery of the car was demolished beyond the possibility of finding out the condition of the brakes at the time of the accident—that is, if it had occurred to any one to look at them, which, as a matter of fact, it probably had not.

Druce returned to town after the funeral, more genuinely depressed than he had ever felt before. Hamilton had been the best part of his life, and how much this friendship meant to him, how great was the void that no one else could fill, had begun to strike home. He wandered aimlessly into the club, but whenever he came near, the men drew long faces, and their words of sympathy only hurt him the more; and so he went out again and walked slowly along the streets that seemed the least crowded. It was late in February, but the air was warm and damp and there was a heavy mist; the sidewalks were wet with melting snow, and the streets and gutters ran deep in mud and slush. With no heed as to where he was going, Druce walked aimlessly on, occasionally nodding back to faces that smiled and nodded to him. The mist turned to a light drizzle and a little later the drizzle to rain, and the warm drops blowing against his face brought him back to his surroundings. It was quite dark now and the street lamps were lit and the sidewalks crowded with men and women going home from work. For a few more blocks he jostled along with the crowd, and then seeing an empty hansom pass, he hailed it and gave the driver the address of the apartment house where he lived. It was on his way there that he remembered the silver key ring and Hamilton's last request and his friend's injunction not to "waste any time about it." He found the keys at his rooms and set out for Hamilton's apartment at once, because he knew that the servant of his late friend was almost sure to be away at that hour and on this visit he wished to be alone and undisturbed. As a precaution Druce rang the bell, but as no one answered, he opened the front door and passed on into the sitting-room. He switched on the electric light and found that the shades of the windows which opened on the street were down and the curtains drawn. The air was damp and heavy with the odor of stale tobacco smoke, and the coal grate was half filled with gray cinders. It was evident that the room was just as its late master had left it. He closed the door, and walking very softly, as if afraid of disturbing the loneliness of the cheerless room, went over to the desk and sat down before it. For a moment he glanced about at the things on the desk he knew so very well—a small photograph of Helen Trask in a riding habit and a broad round sailor hat, and a larger photograph of Hamilton's mother; the old-fashioned silver ink-well and the green leather rack filled with the familiar note-paper. On the broad blotter there lay a pen, just where Hamilton had left it, and Druce hesitatingly picked it up and then quickly put it back just as he had found it.

The young man seemed to become suddenly conscious of the chill in the air, for the room was very cold, and he at once set about his task. He tried the little drawers of the desk until he had found the one that was locked, and then taking the keys from his pocket, inserted the smaller one in the lock. And, as he did so, he heard the rustle of a portiere opening behind him, followed by a low cry, and turning he saw the mother of his friend and Helen Trask standing in the doorway. Unconsciously he rose to his feet, and at the same moment Mrs. Hamilton recognized him and came toward him.

"Oh, Lloyd," she said, "I'm so glad it's you. We had no idea any one would be here."

Druce put his arm about her, for she had always been much like a mother to him, and led her to a big arm-chair at the side of the desk.

"I'm afraid it's very cold for you," he said. "I'll try to start a fire."

He turned, and as he did so he saw Helen Trask standing before the desk, her eyes resting on the key ring dangling from the locked drawer. For a moment the girl's face, white and as expressionless as marble against her broad black veil, remained unmoved. Turning toward Druce she inclined her head very slightly, her colorless lips moved in words of an unheard greeting, and then her eyes turned back to the locked drawer.

He went over to the fireplace, but there was neither coal nor kindling of any kind.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hamilton," he said, "but I fear a fire is impossible. It's really very cold. Do you think you ought to stay?"

"It's only for a minute. Helen and I were so terribly lonely out there in the country that we thought we would come to town and spend the night with my sister. And then Helen wanted to come here—we thought the servant might be in, but the caretaker says he has not been back since—that is, for several days—and so he opened the door for us."

Helen sat down in the chair before the desk and turned her colorless face toward Druce. There was a certain questioning look in her eyes, which seemed to ask, even demand some sort of an explanation. He walked over to the desk, and taking the key from the lock, dropped it into his coat pocket. Then he went back to his former stand before the fire.

"Mrs. Hamilton," he said, "I feel that I ought to tell you why I am here. Some time ago Wallie told me if anything should ever happen to him that I should come here and look for some papers, in a particular drawer in his desk, and destroy them. I suppose they were some business papers—probably notes from people to whom he had loaned money which he did not wish ever to have collected. You know how Wallie was always doing something for people and never wanting to have it known?"

The mother smiled at him and nodded her head. "Why, of course," she said, "I've no doubt that's what it was. Wallie was so good to every one and he never spoke of his charities even to me."

Miss Trask was looking away from Druce, her elbows resting on the desk and her chin between her palms. "Did you say, Lloyd," she asked, "that it was long ago that he told you this? Before—before Wallie and I were engaged, I mean?"

"Oh, yes, long before. Probably a year or so ago."

"I can't understand that," the girl said without looking up, "because this is a new desk; I remember the day he got it; we all came here to supper that night. Don't you remember, it was not more than a month or so ago?"

The older woman looked up questioningly at Helen and then at Druce. After all, what difference could it make now—her boy was gone and a few papers more or less could not matter very much. For some moments there was silence and then it was Druce who spoke.

"You're quite right, Helen," he said. "He gave me the keys very recently. It was just the other night—the last time we were together."

The girl turned and looked at him. "And what are you going to do with these papers?" she asked.

"Destroy them—of course," he said.

"Unopened?"

"Naturally—unopened."

For a moment the girl closed her eyes and brushed her forehead with the back of her gloved hand.

"I'm afraid," she said, "I don't quite understand. Why should he ask you to destroy these papers? Why should you try to deceive me about them!"

Druce clasped his hands behind his back and looked the girl evenly in the eyes.

"I don't know that they are papers. All I know is that he asked me to destroy something in that drawer. I am simply trying to carry out the last request of a friend. I do not believe that the papers, if they are papers, are of any great value to any one except to the man who left them."

"Value!" the girl repeated. "Has a name no value, has a memory no value? Wallie Hamilton gave his life to me—and I gave mine to him—and now all I have left is that memory. I believed that it was a life without blame, and that there was no secret he held from me, and yet you would destroy that memory? I am to go back to my grief with that suspicion always before me? Do you think that it is fair to throw up this barrier between his memory and my love for him, which is the most real thing in my life? You claim the rights of a friend—I claim the rights of the life that he gave to me."

"Helen," Druce said, "you are making it very hard for me. I only want to do my duty as I see it."

The girl rose from her seat at the desk, and going over to Mrs. Hamilton, sat at her feet and rested her head against her knee. The older woman gently brushed a loose strand of hair from the girl's eyes.

"I was his mother," she said, "his blood was my blood, and I am his legal executor. He was, I think, the best son a mother ever

had, and yet no mother could know all her son's life. My child, you are very young in the ways of the world and you are very tired, and you have suffered a great deal—more, I hope, than you will ever suffer again. I think you had better let me take you home."

The girl buried her head in the older woman's lap and cried softly to herself.

Druce turned away, and, resting his hands before him on the shelf over the fireplace, looked down on the cinders in the cold grate. For the first time he saw resting on the gray coals the charred remnants of a piece of paper—the fragile, twisted form in ashes of a burned letter—a breath would have blown it into a thousand flakes.

He went over to where the girl knelt and touched her gently on the shoulder. "Very well, Helen," he said, "I think it is better that you should have your way. You will probably find that the drawer is empty—he had no secret from you. Wallie always loved a joke."

He took the keys from his pocket and pressed them into the girl's hand. Then he bowed to the two women and went out and left them to their empty legacy.

When he had reached the street he stopped to look up at the familiar windows. On how many nights during the past few years, on his way home had he glanced up at the same windows to see if the lights were still burning.

"Poor dear old Wallie," he said half aloud, still looking up at the dark, forbidding house-front. "Poor old Wallie—I did the best I could for you. And now that it's all over, I wonder who is the proper executor for a man's secret!"

DIVERSIONS IN PICTURESQUE GAME-LANDS

THE WILDEST CORNER OF MEXICO

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED BY DR. D. T. MACDOUGAL AND JOHN M. PHILLIPS

THE desire to kill big game for sport in a region that is totally uninteresting and devoid of the picturesque, implies a genuine blood-lust that is fairly deplorable. There are men who can hunt the white goat in the Rocky Mountains and see nothing but the goat; and after the goat has been killed, the beautiful mountains are nothing.

On the other hand, there are men who think that killing great numbers of giraffes, rhinoceroses, zebras and hartebeests, waterbucks, gnu and gazelles on the flat and uninteresting plains of East Africa is very great sport.

To sportsmen who keenly enjoy the picturesque aspects of Nature, it is occasionally possible to become so fascinated by scenery and plant life that even the finding of big game becomes a secondary consideration. I am sure that had Dr. MacDougal, Mr. Phillips, and I been obliged to choose once for all between photographing the Pinacate region and the hunting of mountain sheep therein, we would unhesitatingly have chosen the picture records of that wonderland.

In that great lava field, and around it, the handiwork of Nature was weird and unearthly, beyond compare. That trip of ours was like a visit to the moon, or to Mars. To me there was not a shrub, tree, water-hole, valley, peak, nor even a blade of grass that was of a familiar type, save the few species of desert trees and cacti that we met on the way down the desert from Tucson, and found repeated on the lava. It was the first time in my life wherein I achieved surroundings in the plant world in which there was not even one old acquaintance. Even the prickly pear of New York

and Montana was totally absent, and in its place were various queer species of *Opuntia* that I never before had seen.

The penetration of that lava-and-dead-volcano district cost us many a long mile of desert travel. There was a time wherein it seemed as if we never would make an end of circling to the left around grim and black old Pinacate, at a radius of fifteen miles from its summit. At last, however, we did achieve the Tule Tank, seven miles into the lava field and eight miles from the summit of the Mystery. We were a long way from any tules, but with a good supply of delicious water in the lava-bound basin, and enough galleta grass for our horses, we cared naught for names. It was from that camp that we went to the summit.

I must pause here long enough to explain that we were bent on the exploration of an unmapped, undescribed, and unknown region in the north-western corner of Old Mexico. It is the angle that is formed by the north-eastern shore of the Gulf of California and the International Boundary. The trip was planned and led by Dr. D. T. MacDougal, Director of the Desert Botanical Laboratory at Tucson, and for companions in arms we had Mr. John M. Phillips, of Pittsburgh (and "Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies") and Mr. Godfrey Sykes, of Dr. MacDougal's official staff. At Sonoyta, Mexico, we were joined by Mr. Jefferson D. Milton, U. S. Inspector of Immigration, who entered with keen and intelligent interest into the various objects of the expedition.

Primarily it was a geographical exploration, with Mr. Sykes as civil engineer and geographer, and after that it was a botanical-zoological-big-game reconnaissance. With a record of more than 200 years for the little oasis of Sonoyta, the Pinacate region, fifty miles westward thereof, had remained a complete mystery; and the longer the Doctor sought detailed information at Tucson, the less he found out.

As we had suspected, we found that the reasons for the Mystery of Pinacate were water and grass. In dry years the water-holes are dry, the grass is burned up by the fierce heat, and the place is completely inaccessible, save to the Papago Indians. In any desert region the distance to which a horse can go and return, carrying water for himself and his leader, is not great. Most fortunately for us, the year 1907 was for that region "a rainy year," and we found enough water and grass so that we had no real trouble whatever. True, our horses and mules came out looking gaunt and thin, and feeling "used up"; but rest and plenty of food soon put them to rights again. We had a grand outfit—large enough to do everything required, but also small enough to be perfectly mobile.

When we struck the eastern edge of the great lava fields, at the point where the Sonoyta River also strikes it and turns southward to avoid it, we semicircled north-westwardly along its border. We kept on circling, until finally we discovered MacDougal Pass, the great crater at the south end of it, and came abruptly against a lava barrier so impassable that the wagons had to be abandoned. By pack train we went on to the Papago Tanks, found for us by Messrs. Milton and Daniels, and there we camped for a week.

It is a pity that those weird Papago Tanks—then well filled with delicious water—do not command the summit of Pinacate, and the shore of the Gulf; for if they did, they would form an ideal base. But, even though they are too far north for that, they form the key to a really grand situation. Four miles west of them is the end of MacDougal Pass, the group of gray-granite mountains that last week were formally named in my honor, the grand crater that so astonished us all, and the edge of the sand hills of the Gulf shore. Four miles north of the tanks there descend four more deep craters—one of them very deep—surrounded by various peaks of red lava that once were parts of active volcanoes.

The whole region down to the sand hills is *lava*, and nothing else! Its total diameter is about thirty miles, and from its centre rises, like a black pyramid, the group of highest peaks that is called Pinacate—after a big black beetle of the desert that always stands on its head when it is disturbed. The name is pronounced Pe-na-cat'ty. The central group of peaks is surrounded by a plain, which everywhere rises toward the centre. Mr. Sykes says that according to his best count, he estimates that the district, as a whole, contains at least 500 lava peaks and cones and deep craters, each of which represents what once was an active volcano.

It is painfully impossible to set forth within the limits of a dozen pages an adequate statement of even one-tenth of the interesting features of that weird region; and the utmost that I can do is mechanically to pick out a few scenes, and briefly throw them upon the screen. The natural features, and the works of Nature *in progress before our eyes*, so far surpassed in interest our mountain-sheep hunting that the latter seems in comparison quite trivial. The sheep, however, are to the zoologist and sportsman extremely interesting products, for they represent the great genus *Ovis* at one of its jumping-off places in America.

Crater hunting is most exciting sport. It beats mountain-sheep hunting literally "out of sight!" Mr. Sykes cared not a rap for hunting sheep with any other weapon than a camera, but as a crater-hunter he was great. His thrilling successes made our sheep episodes look like child's play. Each success was to him as the discovery of a new species is to a zoologist. And the way he went down to the bottom of every crater that he found, and measured it, and mapped it, and possessed himself of it for all time, actually filled the souls of the rest of us with unspeakable envy—as well as admiration. Now I would not have climbed down to the bottom of that "Deep," since named Sykes, Crater, 750 feet and 300 risks of a broken neck—"not for *no* money!"

As a spectacle, I am inclined to think the Grand Crater, close beside my mountains —the one that we afterward named MacDougal Crater—surpasses the Sykes Crater; and the cameras fully support this view. With four plates in a row the cameras got the former, but in the presence of the Sykes Crater they all bogged down completely. Even Dr. MacDougal's panorama fails utterly to convey an adequate conception of the reality. The camera that can go down 750 feet, at an angle of 70 degrees, and also catch the rim, has not yet been invented.

As a fair example of crater-hunting, take the rosy dawn of the morning after we camped beside my mountains, in the extreme southern end of MacDougal Pass.

No sooner had the hunters of the party scattered for their several ways than Mr. Sykes suddenly appeared again, riding rapidly toward Dr. MacDougal, Mr. Phillips and me, waving and shouting:

"Come up this way," he cried. "*There's a huge crater*, just at the top of this ridge! *It's grand!*" And back he went again, as fast as his horse could go.

We quickly turned and followed the geographer up a brown slope covered with small lumps of lava, toward the crest of what seemed to be a perfectly innocent ridge. On reaching its summit, like a picture thrown upon a screen, an immense crater suddenly yawned at our feet! Its rim was almost a perfect circle, two miles in circumference, and its top was nearly level. Its diameter at the top was about three-fourths of a mile.

Far below, a floor almost as level as a lake spread across the abyss. Its surface was of clean yellow sand, but a dark area in the centre looked like moisture that had settled there during a recent rain. Evidently the sand which covered the floor had blown in from the near-by sand hills of the Gulf littoral.

And that crater floor was most strangely planted. It was actually fascinating to see, with such clearness of detail, how Nature had gone about her work. Each item of the planting was so separate and distinct that with the aid of a moderately good glass one could have counted the individual plants, even from the rim. In places *the things were growing in rows*, radiating from the centre outward; and I particularly call upon the long lines of creosote bushes in the southern end of the crater to bear witness to the truth of what I say. I think this has been brought about by the wash of water from the steep sides of the crater flowing toward the central area.

The sandy floor was stippled all over with tiny creosote bushes, like dark-colored dots on pale-buff blotting paper, very far apart. This, evidently, is the most persistent and hardy Pioneer of the Sand. The mesquite had climbed down the walls of the crater, from every direction, and had marched about one-third of the distance out toward the centre. By and by, say in twenty-five years from now, they will meet in the centre. The eye easily picks them out by their greater height and larger mass than the creosote.

The oddest thing, however, was the invasion of the saguaro, or giant cactus. Its advance guard found it impossible to climb down the steep walls, but at the southeastern side of the crater they found



From a photograph by Dr. D. T. MacDougal.

The Sonoyta River.

Where the desert meets the northern edge of the oasis.

a deep notch, and through that breach they were swarming in. About fifty of them had "made good" by getting down upon the crater floor, and they were marching forward in irregular open order, to capture the place. A few skirmishers had ventured out fully half way to the centre, but the main body was back near the breach in the wall, as if to keep in touch with the one line of retreat. There was not one saguaro anywhere else (that I saw) on the crater floor. The invaders were just like so many soldiers in lightest fighting order—small, straight, and quite limbless.

Mr. Sykes lost not a moment in climbing down to the floor of the crater, taking its altitude, and measuring its diameter by pedometer. He reported it as being 400 feet in depth below the rim, 50 feet above sea level, and 1,200 feet in diameter on the bottom. As he paced across the floor, he looked like the terminal third of a pin, and it was with much difficulty that the unaided eye could pick him out. On the bottom he saw a jack rabbit, several doves and a small rodent.

This crater was not so very deep, and its sloping walls were in many places quite practicable for a good climber. There are many craters that are larger than this, and in comparison with such gigantic manifestations as Kilauea or Mauna Loa in Hawaii, this is a mere saucepan. For all that, however, as desert craters go, it is a big one, and the perfection of its modelling is thoroughly satisfactory. Excepting its floor, it is exactly as it was when the last ton of lava was thrown out, and the fire was permitted to go out because there was no more work for it to do. Unquestionably, on the western side of the crater, there is plenty of lava buried under the sands that have blown up from the Gulf; but at the present the only visible work of this crater, of any decided importance, is the lava field toward the east, which boiled out through the notch, and ran toward Pinacate for two miles or more.

That crater was the leading sensation of the day. When the teams arrived opposite the point of view, the men leaped from the wagons and fled up the lava-covered slope to the sky-line, for a share of the wonder. At imminent risk to the safety of "Bill" and "Maude"—the leading mules of our stock company—the whole



From a photograph by the author.

A great Organ-Pipe Cactus, 18 feet high.
Where the Sonoyta River strikes the eastern edge of the lava field.

party of men and dogs strung itself along the rim, vainly striving to absorb into their systems an adequate impression of the wonderful scene. Early in the game three photographers got busy, but it took Dr. MacDougal's heavy artillery to do the subject justice. Of course no camera could take in the entire crater, nor even the half of it, on one plate; so each of the real photographers made a three-section panorama. Their pictures are very good, especially when put together in a strip two feet long; but when an effort is made to reduce all that down to the length of a page illustration, the grandeur of it goes all to pieces, and the reduction is a tame spectacle.

It was while we were admiring the crater at the rate of twenty interjections per minute, and the two rapid-fire cameras were working their hardest, that we were startled by two thundering reports coming from the notch, just out of our sight, southward. As the roar of the shots rose on the still air, resounded through the crater, and undoubtedly travelled far beyond, we all looked at each other in astonishment.

"Who was that?"

"It must be Daniels and Charlie."

"They must have found some sheep in that notch!"

So they had. When Rube Daniels amused himself—quite contrary to the laws of the hunt—by "shootin' at some rocks over there," his shots raised five mountain sheep and also the largest disturbance that I ever saw in a hunting party. Incidentally they frightened the sheep quite out of that neighborhood, and nullified an otherwise fine hunt on the following day in the granite mountains that rose near by.

Though we should all live a thousand years, I am sure that no member of our party ever could forget the Papago Tanks —so named because their tiny oasis once was a favorite halting place for the Indians of the Sonoyta Valley as they journeyed to and from the Gulf shore for supplies of salt. I expected a muddy pool in an alkaline arroyo, bad water, and many wigglers



From a photograph by the author.

The beautiful Ocatilla, or "Devil's Chair."
In the Ajo Valley, 10 miles south of Montezuma's Head.



From a photograph by J. M. Phillips.

The Expedition in MacDougal Pass.

The great lava field embraces all the country to the left of the course.

among those present. As usual in that blasted country, nearly all the items of my bill of expectations were wrong!

We found three glorious pools of clear, cold water, in deep basins of speckless basalt—or lava rock, to be strictly precise—walled in most carefully by immaculate natural masonry. The walls of the upper pool rose about thirty feet above the water, but for the larger pool one side had most humanely been left open to admit mountain sheep, antelopes, coyotes, tired horses and thirsty dogs. The lava rock of the walls was of flinty hardness, dark bluish-brown in color, and it glistened like vitrified brick. The water in the horse's pool seemed abundant, but even during our short stay there we lowered it about eighteen inches. The supply could have been quite exhausted in six weeks. A bunch of thirsty range cattle could drink those pools stone dry in less than two weeks. The nearest water to the north is about twenty-five miles away, at the Represa Tank, and on the south the Tulé Tank is about eighteen miles distant—if you know where to find it. If you don't know, it may possibly be as far as from you to the Styx.

I never before saw cameras break down, and go all to pieces, as they did in those Pinacate lava fields. All told, we had five machines, of all degrees of difficulty, but not one of them succeeded in making a long-distance picture of the worst of those lava fields that was a genuine success. It was the dull-brown monochrome, only very slightly flecked by the green of mesquite and palo verde, that defied all the attempts of lenses and boxes to dig out their details. If cameras could think and feel, and our five could know the extent to which they were baffled by the conditions existing there—including the fine sand in the atmosphere—they would become raving maniacs.

Excepting for the little oasis below the Papago Tanks—of about a square mile's area—the whole Pinacate lava district, say thirty miles in diameter, was absolute lava and volcanic ashes, and nothing more in the line of soils. In places there were wide plains, three or four miles in width and generally level, on which the lava was so



From a photograph by D. T. MacDougal.

A cactus garden at the western edge of the lava field.



From a photograph by D. T. MacDougal.

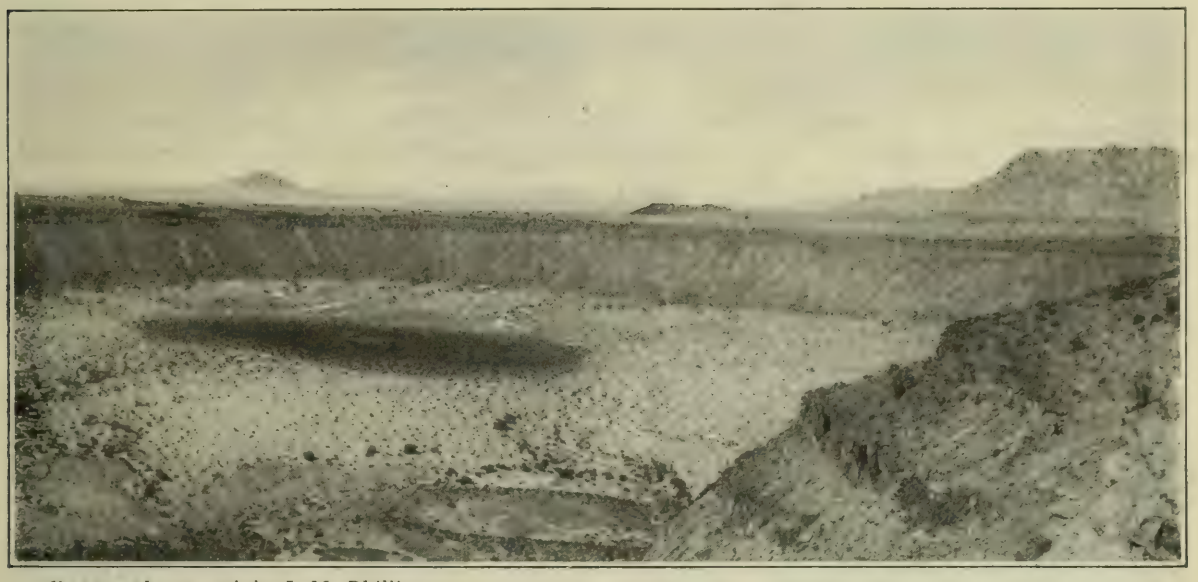
Characteristic vegetation on the side of a granite mountain.

The bush is Dragon's Blood (*Jatropha*) and the cactus on the left is the awful Bigelow Choya (*Opuntia bigelowii*). A Palo Verde tree thrusts a branch into the upper right-hand corner.

fine that horses could march over it very easily. In years enough, when the process of lava disintegration has gone much farther, those plains will be covered with what will appear to be soil.

But there are miles upon miles of clean, fresh, naked lava, almost destitute of trees and shrubs, whereon the roughness is indescribable. There are places over which it is impossible to lead a horse. We saw great ridges of lava, like the pressure ridges of ice in the far North, upheaved, contorted, ragged beyond words, and so fresh and sharp it seems to have cooled only yesterday. Clinkers and cinders and slag, forty or fifty feet of stature, branchless, and by the awful dryness of its surroundings reduced to a club-shaped stem only eight or ten feet high. On the lava field they grow very far apart—miles, mostly—but they climb up Pinacate to an elevation of 2,500 feet or more, and are in evidence within two miles of the highest summit. Bigelow's abominable choya cactus is even more persistent, and wherever found its room is better than its company.

Like promises of better days to come, the beautiful palo verde ("green tree") and the ever-welcome mesquite bravely claim their place, at wide intervals in every arroyo or



From a photograph by J. M. Phillips.

MacDougal Crater from the South-east.

The sand dunes rise into view in the middle distance, around the half-buried granite butte on the left.

fresh from an iron-mill, are no more rugged and ragged than the lava of those ridges that seemingly lie there glowering and cursing the sky in impotent rage.

Over this awful desolation, Nature is bravely and persistently striving to throw a soft green mantle of plant life. The struggle is magnificent, no less. On lava as naked and inhospitable as the steel-clad deck of a man of war, in defiance of the terrors of fierce heat, absolute thirst and blazing light, you will find the beautiful white brittle-bush (*Encelia farinosa*) gloriously growing as if all its wants were fully supplied. Each plant stands aloof and alone, its hemisphere of tender branches covered with a thick mantle of clean, white leaves. Ten feet away from it you may find a solitary giant cactus, shorn of its wherever any lava basin gathers water and holds it long enough to do good in this thirsty world. On the worst of the lava fields they are reduced to weak little bushes a yard high, but in the Papago Oasis, where water is held up for a time, they make trees fifteen feet high. The mesquite is the great wood-producer for the desert camp-fire.

The creosote bush successfully defies the sands and disintegrated granite of the desert plains, but it likes not the lava, and is hardly to be counted as a habitant of the volcanic district.

On the lava plains there grow picturesque clumps of the nigger head cactus, a small pine-apple-like species related to the famous barrel cactus (*Echinocactus*), covered with a tangle of long, curved spines.

The four-footed animals that inhabit lavaland are by no means too numerous to mention—but far be it from me to offer an "exhaustive" list. We saw the old-fashioned big-horn mountain sheep (*Ovis canadensis*), the prong-horned antelope (*Antilocapra americana*), the coyote (*Canis mearnsi?*), the Arizona jack rabbit (*Lepus californicus eremicus*), the desert cotton-tail rabbit (*Lepus arizonæ*), and the white-throated pack-rat (*Neotoma albigula collaris*). The desert kangaroo-rat, so common on the desert plains, especially in sandy situations, was quite absent from the lava, for obvious reasons. Its tiny paws were not fashioned for digging through lava. A flock of doves came to the Papago Tanks one evening at sunset and drank, and on the lava we saw a few Gambel quail.

So far as I can remember, the above enumeration includes all the mammal species that we observed in the lava region, and it is my impression that our list of the four-footed habitants of the lava is not far from being complete.

After nearly a week at the Papago Tanks we made up an extra-light pack-train, and made a long cast southward and south-eastward to find the tank of water which a Papago Indian had described to us as the Tulé Tank. "Tulé" means "marsh." We found no marsh, but luckily for us we did find the tank, and a fair supply of galleta grass within three miles of it; so we blithely went into camp. We were then within striking distance of Pinacate Peak.

By the time we reached the Tulé Tank, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Milton had each bagged two mountain sheep, but the Doctor and I had not yet scored; so, before climbing Pinacate, it seemed necessary for us to make good on *Ovis*, and get that feature of the trip out of the way. Mr. Phillips and I went hunting together, killed two big rams, and until the morrow left them lying where they fell. The next day



From a photograph by D. T. MacDougal.

The Papago Tanks.

Two of the pools in the clean, brown lava rock. Fifteen miles from Pinacate Peak.



From a photograph by D. T. MacDougal.

Camp in the Papago Tanks oasis.
All the trees are mesquites.

we all climbed Pinacate. After that, Mr. Phillips, Jeff Milton, and I bivouacked on the mountain, with a lava-ravine-bed to sleep in—or lie awake if we preferred—in order to get an extra early start on the morrow in skinning and otherwise preserving the two dead sheep that lay near us. This incident was quite unexpected, and we were none too well provided for bedding, but we fared very well. We had a grand camp-fire; and with plenty of sheep liver, artistically roasted over a bed of glowing coals and well salted, we surely "made out."

Very soon after sunrise, we took the dun mule and a pack-saddle, and foolishly *left our rifles at camp*, and laboriously picked our way over the rough lava northward around the foot of the red-lava mountain nearly a mile, to where lay Mr. Phillips' splendid ram. We intended to skin the entire animal, and preserve it for the Carnegie museum; but alas! the rascally coyotes of Pinacate had visited the remains, and left the body an unsightly wreck. The hind-quarters had been completely devoured, and the skin of the body had been ruined past redemption.

The head, however, was untouched. Although Mr. Phillips had entertained no fear of coyotes, in deference to a long-standing principle of caution, when he dressed the carcass he had collected large chunks of lava, and with them completely covered the head. That was all that saved the trophy. Fortunately, my ram had not been visited by the marauders—possibly because of our close proximity to it throughout the night.

We cut off the head and placed it upon "Polly" the mule, for the return journey. Mr. Phillips elected to leave us there, and went off northward for a solitary scramble through the lava, and a final return to camp by a new route. In five minutes the convulsed lava swallowed him up, and we saw him no more.

Mr. Milton and I started to hobble slowly back to our bivouac, and had picked our way over about half the distance when he asked me a question.

"Where did you say you were when you first sighted those two rams?"

I faced a quarter way round to the right, took my bearings, and finally said,

"We were up on the crest of that ridge, behind the tallest mesquite bush which you see, yonder."

Jeff looked, and said, with a satisfied air, "Oh, yes, I see." And a moment later he added in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable—"*But why don't you shoot that big ram, over there?*"

By all the powers, there stood in full view on the crest of a lava ridge, and not more than two hundred yards to the left of the bush at which I had pointed, a splendid mountain ram—a "bunger," for fair! He



From a photograph by J. M. Phillips.

The Carnegie Museum ram on the red lava peak.
Shot and photographed by John M. Phillips, four miles from the Papago Tanks.

posed on a high point, statue-like, head high up, squarely facing us, outlined against the sky, and staring at us with all-devouring curiosity. At that moment he was quite beyond fair rifle range; and we were without our rifles! What fools these mortals be!

I looked at him through my glass, and he stood as still as an iron dog. Not once did his gaze leave us, not once did he wink an eye nor move an ear; and, dear me! how grand he did look! It seemed as if he owned the lava field, and had caught us trespassing.

"What *fools* we were—not to bring a gun!" said Jeff, with an air of extreme irritation. I dare say it was the very first time in all his life that Jeff had found himself gunless in the presence of an enemy!

"Well, it don't matter," I said, "some other ram will serve my purpose quite as well."

"*I* believe he'll stay where he is until we can get our guns!" said Jeff hopefully. The wish was the father of the thought.

"Oh, impossible!" I said, "he *never* will wait that long! It's a long way yet to our camp; and he'll clear out in another minute."

"Well, now, he *may* not! Let's make a try for our guns, anyhow, and see if he won't wait. I'll tie this mule here, where his Nibs can see her, and we'll just quietly slip off after our shootin' irons. I wouldn't be one bit surprised if he'd wait!"

I thought that the effort was absolutely certain to come to naught, and that before we could get our guns and return with them, the ram would be a mile away. To follow him up would be out of the question—because of pressing duties ahead. But Jeff was so cheerful about making the effort that I could do no less than cheerfully join him, and take the chance. It was precisely like the occasion in the Hell Creek bad-lands when, to oblige old Max Sieber,



From a photograph by J. M. Phillips.

A halt on the lava plain for Prong-Horned Antelopes.

Two shot by Mr. Jefferson D. Milton.

who wished me to see where he "missed that big buck," I climbed after him to the top of a butte—and killed a fine mule deer, *in spite of myself!*

Milton's feet were almost as lame as mine were; but as fast as we were able we hobbled over the lava to our camp, caught up our rifles, and hiked back again.

"*He's there yet!*" said Milton, triumphantly, when we sailed up abreast of the yellow mule. "He'll wait for us!"

Then I began to feel an awakening of hope, and interest, and we applied ourselves seriously to the task of making a good stalk. An intervening mound of rough lava offered our only chance of an approach, and when finally we got it in line between ourselves and the ram, he was still there, gazing intently at the decoy mule.

The top of the mound was distant from the ram about one hundred and seventy-five yards. Mr. Milton was on my left, and he deployed in his direction, while I made off to the right side of the hill. We must have been about a hundred feet apart. There was no such thing as signalling each other, and it was agreed that the first man to secure a fair chance should fire. Knowing the quickness of my good friend Jeff in getting into action with a gun, I let no great amount of grass grow under my feet after we separated.

Evidently I was first to reach a coign of vantage, for suddenly I found the living-picture ram standing full in my view, within fair rifle shot, squarely facing Mr. Milton's position, and with his side in perspective to me. Aiming quickly yet with good care at the exposed front of the left shoulder, I let go; and like a quick echo of my shot, Milton's rifle rang out.

Instantly the ram wheeled to the right, and—vanished, as if the lava had swallowed him up!

Jeff and I were almost dumfounded



From a photograph by J. M. Phillips.

The Tulé Tank, eight miles from Pinacate summit.

In an arroyo of lava rock, like basalt.

with surprise. We expected a fall, a leap or at least a stagger,—anything but swift and total disappearance.

"*Well!* What d'ye make o' that?" said Jeff, with a troubled air. "Can it be possible that *both* of us *missed him?*"

"It begins to look like it," I answered.

With the best speed that we could put forth, we hurried over to the crest of the ridge, where the ram had posed so long, and so beautifully, and with eager glances swept the view beyond it. Not a living thing was in sight. Jeff was more puzzled than before; but for once, reason came to my aid. I said,

"Jeff, it is *impossible* for that ram to have run clean out of sight by this time. He must be somewhere near, either wounded or dead. Look for him lying down. He may jump up and run, any minute."

"We must trail him if we ever want to find him," said Jeff, gloomily.

"Trail nothing! I'm going to hustle off down yonder, the way he should have run, and see if I can't scare him up."

"Well, you go ahead; but I'll follow his trail. . . . See; here it goes!"

I figured that if wounded the ram would be certain to run down hill; so I ranged down and away, over the smoothest course I could find. In less than a hundred yards I turned a low corner of lava rock, and there, on a smooth spot, lay the ram—stone dead, without a struggle. He had been killed by a bullet that had entered close behind his left humerus, ranged diagonally throughout his vitals, and lodged so far back in his anatomy that my utmost efforts in dressing the carcass failed to locate it. He had also been hit by another bullet, but that shot was quite harmless.

Naturally, we were profoundly elated over our success; but I did not recover from the surprise of it for fully a month.

Previous to that day, I thought that I had learned some things about mountain sheep; but my best efforts failed to read aright the mind of that ram. But for the insistence of my good friend Milton I never would have taken one step to fetch my rifle, and stalk that animal; for I believed that the chances of his waiting for us were not more than one in a million.

And now, in the light of the final result, what shall we say of the mental processes of that animal? One man's opinion is as good as another's; and the Reader can judge quite as well as any one. As for myself, I have two thoughts:

First, I think that ram never before had seen men; he did not know what we were, nor that we were dangerous, predatory animals. Next, his bump of curiosity was inordinately developed, and he was fairly fascinated by that Naples-yellow mule *with a big sheep-head on her back!* I think he recognized the horns of a creature of his own kind, but the location of them—on the back of a strange mule—was to his simple mind an unmitigated staggerer. His efforts to solve the problem thus suddenly thrust upon him eventually cost him his life and gave me a trophy that will outlast its owner by half a century or more. The horns measured 15⅛ inches in circumference, by 33 inches in length, and their bigness was continued all the way from base to tip. The pelage of this sheep was thin, old and poor. It seemed to be in a shedding period—out of all season for such a change.

With two men, three big sheep-heads and two saddles of mountain mutton, our pack-mule and two saddle-horses were loaded down until Plimsoll's Mark was buried out of sight. In order to get on, I was obliged to carry my last sheep-head in my arms. At first I resolved to walk, and devote my horse to freighting the trophy; but Mr. Milton said severely,

"Oh, thunder! Get on to your horse, and make him carry you and the head, too. It won't hurt him a bit! Why, with my feet as lame as they are now, I wouldn't walk to that camp over this rough lava for all the mountain-sheep heads in Christendom!"

Even the ride to camp was tedious and tiresome. We arrived about noon, stiff and sore; and for my afternoon's rest and diversion I had to skin four sheep-heads, the whole buck antelope which Charlie had brought in (most excellently protected) from our incoming trail, and prepare about fifty pounds of meat for drying. The only thing that sustained me, and really saved my life, was Mr. Sykes' account of stalking a fine mountain-sheep ram that very morning on the north side of Pinacate. He said.

"I was on my way back from my work on the summit [his second trip], and while swinging around that north slope, quite near to the spot where I saw that bunch of sheep, I saw ahead of me a big ram. He was partly hidden by lava, but I saw his body quite plainly. He was lying down, resting himself, and I made up my mind to have him.

"When I first saw him he was about four hundred yards away, and the mountain-side there was very bare and open. Well, I tied my horse, well out of sight, got down on my stomach, and wormed my way over the lava until I got within about a hundred yards of where I had marked down my sheep. I raised my head, and saw that he was still there. Finding that he was quiet, and evidently hadn't twigged me, I decided to work up closer; and I did. Lying as flat as I possibly could, I wormed my way up fifty yards farther, to make *real sure* of getting him. I was pretty well blown by that time, and the rough lava was mighty unpleasant to my hands; but I thought the ram was worth it.

"At last, when I had finished a real good stalk and was *quite* near enough, I got good and ready, slowly raised my head and my rifle, and was *just about to pull trigger*, when —I changed my mind, and didn't fire!"

"What! You *didn't fire?* And why not?"

"I saw that I didn't need to. The ram was already dead! *It was the headless body of the sheep that the Doctor shot yesterday!* . . . Then I came home."



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Keep it safe, old Pine. . . And bless him, dear God, and guard him evermore."—Page 475.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXXI

BEFORE dawn Hale and the doctor and the old miller had reached the pine, and there Hale stopped. Any farther, the old man told him, he would go only at the risk of his life from Dave or Bub, or even from any Falin who happened to be hanging around in the bushes, for Hale was hated equally by both factions now.

"I'll wait up here until noon, Uncle Billy," said Hale. "Ask her, for God's sake, to come up here and see me."

"All right. I'll axe her, but—" the old miller shook his head. Breakfastless, except for the munching of a piece of chocolate, Hale waited all the morning with his black horse in the bushes some thirty yards from the Lonesome Pine. Every now and then he would go to the tree and look down the path, and once he slipped far down the trail and aside to a spur whence he could see the cabin in the cove. Once his hungry eyes caught sight of a woman's figure walking through the little garden, and for an hour after it disappeared into the house he watched for it to come out again. But nothing more was visible, and he turned back to the trail to see Uncle Billy laboriously climbing up the slope. Hale waited and ran down to meet him, his face and eyes eager and his lips trembling, but again Uncle Billy was shaking his head.

"No use, John," he said sadly. "I got her out on the porch and axed her, but she won't come."

"She won't come at all?"

"John, when one o' them Tollivers gits white about the mouth, an' thar eyes gits to blazin' and they *keeps quiet*—they're plumb out o' reach o' the Almighty hisself. June skeered me. But you mustn't blame her jes' now. You see, you got up that guard. You ketched Rufe and hung him and she can't help thinkin' if you hadn't done that her old daddy wouldn't be in thar on his back nigh to death. You mustn't blame her, John—she's most out o' her head now."

"All right, Uncle Billy. Good-by." Hale turned, climbed sadly back to his horse and sadly dropped down the other side of the mountain and on through the rocky gap—home.

A week later he learned from the doctor that the chances were even that old Judd would get well, but the days went by with no word of June. Through those days June wrestled with her love for Hale and her loyalty to her father, who, sick as he was, seemed to have a vague sense of the trouble within her and shrewdly fought it by making her daily promise that she would never leave him. For as old Judd got better, June's fierceness against Hale melted and her love came out the stronger, because of the passing injustice that she had done him. Many times she was on the point of sending him word that she would meet him at the pine, but she was afraid of her own strength if she should see him face to face, and she feared she would be risking his life if she allowed him to come. There were times when she would have gone to him herself, had her father been well and strong, but he was old, beaten and helpless, and she had given her sacred word that she would never leave him. So once more she grew calmer, gentler still, and more determined to follow her own way with her own kin, though that way led through a breaking heart. She never mentioned Hale's name, she never spoke of going West, and in time Dave began to wonder not only if she had not gotten over her feeling for Hale, but if that feeling had not turned into permanent hate. To him, June was kinder than ever, because she understood him better and

because she was sorry for the hunted, hounded life he led, not knowing, when on his trips to see her or to do some service for her father, he might be picked off by some Falin from the bushes. So Dave stopped his sneering remarks against Hale and began to dream his old dreams, though he never opened his lips to June, and she was unconscious of what was going on within him. By and by, as old Judd began to mend, overtures of peace came, singularly enough, from the Falins, and while the old man snorted with contemptuous disbelief at them as a pretence to throw him off his guard, Dave began actually to believe that they were sincere, and straightway forged a plan of his own, even if the Tollivers did persist in going West. So one morning as he mounted his horse at old Judd's gate, he called to June in the garden:

"I'm goin' over to the Gap." June paled, but Dave was not looking at her.

"What for?" she asked, steadying her voice.

"Business," he answered, and he laughed curiously and, still without looking at her, rode away.

. . . . .

Hale sat in the porch of his little office that morning, and the Hon. Sam Budd, who had risen to leave, stood with his hands deep in his pockets, his hat tilted far over his big goggles, looking down at the dead leaves that floated like lost hopes on the placid mill-pond. Hale had agreed to go to England once more on the sole chance left him before he went back to chain and compass—the old land deal that had come to life—and between them they had about enough money for the trip.

"You'll keep an eye on things over there?" said Hale with a backward motion of his head toward Lonesome Cove, and the Hon. Sam nodded his head:

"All I can."

"Those big trunks of hers are still here." The Hon. Sam smiled. "She won't need 'em. I'll keep an eye on 'em and she can come over and get what she wants—every year or two," he added grimly, and Hale groaned.

"Stop it, Sam."

"All right. You ain't goin' to try to see her before you leave?" And then at the look on Hale's face he said hurriedly: "All right—all right," and with a toss of his hands turned away, while Hale sat thinking where he was.

Rufe Tolliver had been quite right as to the Red Fox. Nobody would risk his life for him—there was no one to attempt a rescue, and but a few of the guards were on hand this time to carry out the law. On the last day he had appeared in his white suit of tablecloth. The little old woman in black had made even the cap that was to be drawn over his face, and that, too, she had made of white. Moreover, she would have his body kept unburied for three days, because the Red Fox said that on the third day he would arise and go about preaching. So that even in death the Red Fox was consistently inconsistent, and how he reconciled such a dual life at one and the same time over and under the stars was, except to his twisted brain, never known. He walked firmly up the scaffold steps and stood there blinking in the sunlight. With one hand he tested the rope. For a moment he looked at the sky and the trees with a face that was white and absolutely expressionless. Then he sang one hymn of two verses and quietly dropped into that world in which he believed so firmly and toward which he had trod so strange a way on earth. As he wished, the little old woman in black had the body kept up for the three days—but the Red Fox never rose. With his passing, law and order had become supreme. Neither Tolliver nor Falin came on the Virginia side for mischief, and the desperadoes of two sister States, whose skirts are stitched together with pine and pin-oak along the crest of the Cumberland, confined their deviltries with great care to places long distant from the Gap. John Hale had done a great work, but the limit of his activities was that State line and the Falins, ever threatening that they would not leave a Tolliver alive, could carry out those threats and Hale not be able to lift a hand. It was his helplessness that was making him writhe now.

Old Judd had often said he meant to leave the mountains—why didn't he go now and take June for whose safety his heart was always in his mouth? As an officer, he was now helpless where he was; and if he went away he could give

no personal aid—he would not even know what was happening—and he had promised Budd to go. An open letter was clutched in his hand, and again he read it. His coal company had accepted his last proposition. They would take his stock—worthless as they thought it—and surrender the cabin and two hundred acres of field and woodland in Lonesome Cove. That much at least would be intact, but if he failed in his last project now, it would be subject to judgments against him that were sure to come. So there was one thing more to do for June before he left for the final effort in England—to give back her home to her—and as he rose to do it now, somebody shouted at his gate:

"Hello!" Hale stopped short at the head of the steps, his right hand shot like a shaft of light to the butt of his pistol, stayed there—and he stood astounded. It was Dave Tolliver on horseback, and Dave's right hand had kept hold of his bridle-reins.

"Hold on!" he said, lifting the other with a wide gesture of peace. "I want to talk with you a bit." Still Hale watched him closely as he swung from his horse.

"Come in—won't you?" The mountaineer hitched his horse and slouched within the gate.

"Have a seat." Dave dropped to the steps.

"I'll set here," he said, and there was an embarrassed silence for awhile between the two. Hale studied young Dave's face from narrowed eyes. He knew all the threats the Tolliver had made against him, the bitter enmity that he felt, and that it would last until one or the other was dead. This was a queer move. The mountaineer took off his slouched hat and ran one hand through his thick black hair.

"I reckon you've heard as how all our folks air sellin' out over the mountains."

"No," said Hale quickly.

"Well, they air, an' all of 'em are going West. Uncle Judd, Loretty and June, and all our kinfolks. You didn't know that."

"No," repeated Hale.

"Well, they hain't closed all the trades yit," he said, "an' they mought not go mebbe afore spring. The Falins say they air done now. Uncle Judd don't believe 'em, but I do, an' I'm thinkin' I won't go. I've got a leetle money, an' I want to know if I can't buy back Uncle Judd's house an' a leetle ground around it. Our folks is tired o' fightin' and I couldn't live on t'other side of the mountain, after they air gone, an' keep as healthy as on this side—so I thought I'd see if I couldn't buy back June's old home, mebbe, an' live thar."

Hale watched him keenly, wondering what his game was—and he went on: "I know the house an' land ain't wuth much to your company, an' as the coal-vein has petered out, I reckon they might not axe much fer it." It was all out now, and he stopped without looking at Hale. "I ain't axin' any favors, leastwise not o' you, an' I thought my share o' Mam's farm mought be enough to git me the house an' some o' the land."

"You mean to live there, yourself?"

"Yes."

"Alone?" Dave frowned.

"I reckon that's my business."

"So it is—excuse me." Hale lighted his pipe and the mountaineer waited—he was a little sullen now.

"Well, the company has parted with the land." Dave started.

"Sold it?"

"In a way—yes."

"Well, would you mind tellin' me who bought it—maybe I can git it from him."

"It's mine now," said Hale quietly.

"*Yourn!*" The mountaineer looked incredulous and then he let loose a scornful laugh.

"*You* goin' to live thar?"

"Maybe."

"Alone?"

"That's my business." The mountaineer's face darkened and his fingers began to twitch.

"Well, if you're talkin' 'bout June, hit's *my* business. Hit always has been and hit always will be."

"Well, if I was talking about June, I wouldn't consult you."

"No, but I'd consult you like hell."

"I wish you had the chance," said Hale coolly; "but I wasn't talking about June." Again Dave laughed harshly, and for a moment his angry eyes rested on the quiet mill-pond. He went backward suddenly.

"You went over thar in Lonesome with your high notions an' your slick tongue, an' you took June away from me. But she

wusn't good enough fer you *then*—so you filled her up with your fool notions an' sent her away to git her po' little head filled with furrin' ways, so she could be fitten to marry you. You took her away from her daddy, her family, her kinfolks and her home, an' you took her away from me; an' now she's been over thar eatin' her heart out just as she et it out over here when she fust left home. An' in the end she got so highfalutin that *she* wouldn't marry *you*." He laughed again and Hale winced under the laugh and the lashing words. "An' I know you air eatin' yo' heart out, too, because you can't git June, an' I'm hopin' you'll suffer the torment o' hell as long as you live. God, she hates ye now! To think o' your knowin' the world and women and books"—he spoke with vindictive and insulting slowness—"You bein' such a —— fool!"

"That may all be true, but I think you can talk better outside that gate." The mountaineer, deceived by Hale's calm voice, sprang to his feet in a fury, but he was too late. Hale's hand was on the butt of his revolver, his blue eyes were glittering and a dangerous smile was at his lips. Silently he sat and silently he pointed his other hand at the gate. Dave laughed:

"D'ye think I'd fight you hyeh? If you killed me, you'd be elected County Jedge; if I killed you what chance would I have o' gittin' away? I'd swing fer it." He was outside the gate now and unhitching his horse. He started to turn the beast, but Hale stopped him.

"Get on from this side, please."

With one foot in the stirrup, Dave turned savagely: "Why don't you go up in the Gap with me now an' fight it out like a man?"

"I don't trust you."

"I'll git ye over in the mountains some day."

"I've no doubt you will, if you have the chance from the bush." Hale was getting roused now.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "you've been threatening me for a long time now. I've never had any feeling against you. I've never done anything to you that I hadn't to do. But you've gone a little too far now and I'm tired. If you can't get over your grudge against me, suppose we go across the river outside the town-limits, put our guns down and fight it out—fist and skull."

"I'm your man," said Dave eagerly. Looking across the street Hale saw two men on the porch.

"Come on!" he said. The two men were Budd and the new town-sergeant. "Sam," he said, "this gentleman and I are going across the river to have a little friendly bout, and I wish you'd come along—and you, too, Bill, to see that Dave here gets fair play."

The sergeant spoke to Dave. "You don't need nobody to see that you git fair play with them two—but I'll go 'long just the same." Hardly a word was said as the four walked across the bridge and toward a thicket to the right. Neither Budd nor the sergeant asked the nature of the trouble, for either could have guessed what it was. Dave tied his horse and, like Hale, stripped off his coat. The sergeant took charge of Dave's pistol and Budd of Hale's.

"All you've got to do is to keep him away from you," said Budd. "If he gets his hands on you—you're gone. You know how they fight rough-and-tumble."

Hale nodded—he knew all that himself, and when he looked at Dave's sturdy neck, and gigantic shoulders, he knew further that if the mountaineer got him in his grasp he would have to gasp "enough" in a hurry or be saved by Budd from being throttled to death.

"Are you ready?" Again Hale nodded.

"Go ahead, Dave," growled the sergeant, for the job was not to his liking. Dave did not plunge toward Hale, as the three others expected. On the contrary, he assumed the conventional attitude of the boxer and advanced warily, using his head as a diagnostician for Hale's points—and Hale remembered suddenly that Dave had been away at school for a year. Dave knew something of the game and the Hon. Sam straightway was anxious, when the mountaineer ducked and swung his left. Budd's heart thumped and he almost shrank himself from the terrific sweep of the big fist.

"God!" he muttered, for had the fist caught Hale's head it must, it seemed, have crushed it like an egg-shell. Hale coolly withdrew his head not more than an inch, it seemed to Budd's practiced eye, and jabbed his right with a lightning uppercut

into Dave's jaw that made the mountaineer reel backward with a grunt of rage and pain, and when he followed it up with a swing of his left on Dave's right eye and another terrific jolt with his right on the left jaw, and Budd saw the crazy rage in the mountaineer's face, he felt easy. In that rage Dave forgot his science as the Hon. Sam expected, and with a bellow he started at Hale like a cave-dweller to bite, tear, and throttle, but the lithe figure before him swayed this way and that like a shadow. and with every side-step a fist crushed on the mountaineer's nose, chin or jaw, until, blinded with blood and fury, Dave staggered aside toward the sergeant with the cry of a madman:

"Gimme my gun! I'll kill him! Gimme my gun!" And when the sergeant sprang forward and caught the mountaineer, he dropped weeping with rage and shame to the ground.

"You two just go back to town," said the sergeant. "I'll take keer of him. Quick!" and he shook his head as Hale advanced. "He ain't goin' to shake hands with you."

The two turned back across the bridge and Hale went on to Budd's office to do what he was setting out to do when young Dave came. There he had the lawyer make out a deed in which the cabin in Lonesome Cove and the acres about it were conveyed in fee simple to June—her heirs and assigns forever; but the girl must not know until, Hale said, "her father dies, or I die, or she marries." When he came out the sergeant was passing the door.

"Ain't no use fightin' with one o' them fellers thataway," he said, shaking his head. "If he whoops you, he'll crow over you as long as he lives, and if you whoop him, he'll kill ye the fust chance he gets. You'll have to watch that feller as long as you live—'specially when he's drinking. He'll remember that lickin' and want revenge fer it till the grave. One of you has got to die some day—shure."

And the sergeant was right. Dave was going through the Gap at that moment, cursing, swaying like a drunken man, firing his pistol and shouting his revenge to the echoing gray walls that took up his cries and sent them shrieking on the wind up every dark ravine. All the way up the mountain he was cursing. Under the gentle voice of the big Pine he was cursing still, and when his lips stopped, his heart was beating curses as he dropped down the other side of the mountain.

When he reached the river, he got off his horse and bathed his mouth and his eyes again, and he cursed afresh when the blood started afresh at his lips again. For a while he sat there in his black mood, undecided whether he should go to his uncle's cabin or go on home. But he had seen a woman's figure in the garden as he came down the spur, and the thought of June drew him to the cabin in spite of his shame and the questions that were sure to be asked. When he passed around the clump of rhododendrons at the creek, June was in the garden still. She was pruning a rose-bush with Bub's penknife, and when she heard him coming she wheeled, quivering. She had been waiting for him all day, and, like an angry goddess, she swept fiercely toward him. Dave pretended not to see her, but when he swung from his horse and lifted his sullen eyes, he shrank as though she had lashed him across them with a whip. Her eyes blazed with murderous fire from her white face, the penknife in her hand was clenched as though for a deadly purpose, and on her trembling lips was the same question that she had asked him at the mill:

"Have you done it this time?" she whispered, and then she saw his swollen mouth and his battered eye. Her fingers relaxed about the handle of the knife, the fire in her eyes went swiftly down, and with a smile that was half pity, half contempt, she turned away. She could not have told the whole truth better in words, even to Dave, and as he looked after her his every pulse-beat was a new curse, and if at that minute he could have had Hale's heart he would have eaten it like a savage—raw. For a minute he hesitated with reins in hand as to whether he should turn now and go back to the gap to settle with Hale, and then he threw the reins over a post. He could bide his time yet a little longer, for a crafty purpose suddenly entered his brain. Bub met him at the door of the cabin and his eyes opened.

"What's the matter, Dave?"

"Oh, nothin'," he said carelessly. "My hoss stumbled comin' down the mountain

an' I went clean over his head." He raised one hand to his mouth and still Bub was suspicious.

"Looks like you been in a fight." The boy began to laugh, but Dave ignored him and went on into the cabin. Within he sat where he could see through the open door.

"Whar you been, Dave?" asked old Judd from the corner. Just then he saw June coming and, pretending to draw on his pipe, he waited until she had sat down within ear-shot on the edge of the porch.

"Who do you reckon owns this house and two hundred acres o' land roundabouts?"

The girl's heart waited apprehensively and she heard her father's deep voice.

"The company owns it." Dave laughed harshly.

"John Hale." The heart out on the porch leaped with gladness now.

"He bought it from the company. It's just as well you're goin' away, Uncle Judd. He'd put you out."

"I reckon not. I got writin' from the company which 'lows me to stay here two year or more—if I want to."

"I don't know. He's a slick one."

"I heerd him say," put in Bub stoutly, "that he'd see that we stayed here jus' as long as we pleased."

"Well," said old Judd shortly, "ef we stay here by his favor, we won't stay long."

There was silence for a while. Then Dave spoke again for the listening ears outside—maliciously:

"I went over to the Gap to see if I couldn't git the place myself from the company. I believe the Falins ain't goin' to bother us an' I ain't hankerin' to go West. But I told him that you-all was goin' to leave the mountains and goin' out thar fer good." There was another silence.

"He never said a word." Nobody had asked the question, but he was answering the unspoken one in the heart of June, and that heart sank like a stone.

"He's goin' away hisself—goin' termorrow—goin' to that same place he went before—England, some feller called it."

Dave had done his work well. June rose unsteadily, and with one hand on her heart and the other clutching the railing of the porch she crept noiselessly along it, staggered like a wounded thing around the chimney, through the garden and on, still clutching her heart, to the woods—there to sob it out on the breast of the only mother she had ever known.

Dave was gone when she came back from the woods—calm, dry-eyed, pale. Her step-mother had kept her dinner for her, and when she said she wanted nothing to eat the old woman answered something querulous to which June made no answer, but went quietly to cleaning away the dishes. For a while she sat on the porch, and presently she went into her room and for a few moments she rocked quietly at her window. Hale was going away next day, and when he came back she would be gone and she would never see him again. A dry sob shook her body of a sudden, she put both hands to her head and with wild eyes she sprang to her feet and, catching up her bonnet, slipped noiselessly out the back door. With hands clenched tight she forced herself to walk slowly across the foot-bridge, but when the bushes hid her she broke into a run as though she were crazed and escaping a mad-house. At the foot of the spur she turned swiftly up the mountain and climbed madly, with one hand tight against the little cross at her throat. He was going away and she must tell him—she must tell him—what? Behind her a voice was calling, the voice that pleaded all one night for her not to leave him, that had made that plea a daily prayer, and it had come from an old man—wounded, broken in health and heart, and her father. Hale's face was before her, but that voice was behind, and as she climbed, the face that she was nearing grew fainter, the voice she was leaving sounded the louder in her ears, and when she reached the big Pine she dropped at the base of it, sobbing. With her tears the madness slowly left her, the old determination came back again and at last the old sad peace. The sunlight was slanting at a low angle when she rose to her feet and stood on the cliff overlooking the valley—her lips parted as when she stood there first, and the tiny drops drying along the roots of her dull gold hair. And being there for the last time she thought of that time when she was first there—ages ago. The great glare of light that she looked for then had come and gone. There was the smoking monster rushing into the valley and sending echoing shrieks through the hills—but there was no booted stranger and no horse issuing

from the covert of maple where the path disappeared. A long time she stood there, with a wandering look of farewell to every familiar thing before her, but not a tear came now. Only as she turned away at last her breast heaved and fell with one long breath—that was all. Passing the Pine slowly, she stopped and turned back to it, unclasping the necklace from her throat. With trembling fingers she detached from it the little luck-piece that Hale had given her—the tear of a fairy that had turned into a tiny cross of stone when a strange messenger brought to the Virginia valley the story of the crucifixion. The penknife was still in her pocket, and, opening it, she went behind the Pine and dug a niche as high and as deep as she could toward its soft old heart. In there she thrust the tiny symbol, whispering:

"I want all the luck you could ever give me, little cross—for *him*." Then she pulled the fibres down to cover it from sight and, crossing her hands over the opening, she put her forehead against them and touched her lips to the tree.

"Keep it safe, old Pine." Then she lifted her face—looking upward along its trunk to the blue sky. "And bless him, dear God, and guard him evermore." She clutched her heart as she turned, and she was clutching it when she passed into the shadows below, leaving the old Pine to whisper, when he passed, her love.

. . . . .

Next day the word went round to the clan that the Tollivers would start in a body one week later for the West. At daybreak that morning Uncle Billy and his wife mounted the old gray horse and rode up the river to say good-by. They found the cabin in Lonesome Cove deserted. Many things were left piled in the porch; the Tollivers had left apparently in a great hurry and the two old people were much mystified. Not until noon did they learn what the matter was. Only the night before a Tolliver had shot a Falin and the Falins had gathered to get revenge on Judd that night. The warning word had been brought to Lonesome Cove by Loretta Tolliver, and it had come straight from young Buck Falin himself. So June and old Judd and Bub had fled in the night. At that hour they were on their way to the railroad—old Judd at the head of his clan—his right arm still bound to his side, his bushy beard low on his breast, June and Bub horseback behind him, the rest strung out behind them, and in a wagon at the end, with all her household effects, the little old woman in black who would wait no longer for the Red Fox to arise from the dead. Loretta alone was missing. She was on her way with young Buck Falin to the railroad on the other side of the mountains. Between them not a living soul disturbed the dead stillness of Lonesome Cove.

XXXII

All winter the cabin in Lonesome Cove slept through rain and sleet and snow and no foot passed its threshold. Winter broke, floods came and warm sunshine. A pale green light stole through the trees, shy, ethereal and so like a mist that it seemed at any moment on the point of floating upward. Color came with the wild flowers and song with the wood-thrush. Squirrels played on the tree-trunks like mischievous children, the brooks sang like happy human voices through the tremulous underworld and woodpeckers hammered out the joy of spring, but the awakening only made the desolate cabin lonelier still. After three warm days in March Uncle Billy, the miller, rode up the creek with a hoe over his shoulder—he had promised this to Hale—for his labor of love in June's garden. Weeping April passed, May came with rosy face uplifted, and with the birth of June the laurel emptied its pink-flecked cups and the rhododendron blazed the way for the summer's coming with white stars.

Back to the hills came Hale then, and with all their rich beauty they were as desolate as when he left them bare with winter, for his mission had miserably failed.

His train creaked and twisted around the benches of the mountains, and up and down ravines into the hills. The smoke rolled in as usual through the windows and doors. There was the same crowd of children, slatternly women and tobacco-spitting men in the dirty day-coaches, and Hale sat among them—for a Pullman was no longer attached to the train that ran to the Gap. As he neared the bulk of

Powell's mountain and ran along its mighty flank he passed the ore-mines. At each one the commissary was closed, the cheap, dingy little houses stood empty on the hillsides and every now and then he would see a tipple and an empty car, left as it was after dumping its last load of red ore. On the right, as he approached the station, the big furnace stood like a dead giant, still and smokeless, and the piles of pig iron were red with rust. The same little dummy wheezed him into the dead little town. Even the face of the Gap was a little changed by the gray scar that man had slashed across its mouth, getting limestone for the groaning monster of a furnace that was now at peace. The streets were deserted. A new face fronted him at the desk of the hotel and the eyes of the clerk showed no knowledge of him when he wrote his name. His supper was coarse, greasy and miserable, his room was cold (steam heat, it seemed, had been given up), the sheets were ill-smelling, the mouth of the pitcher was broken and the one towel had seen much previous use. But the water was the same, as was the cool, pungent night-air—both blessed of God—and they were the sole comforts that were his that night.

The next day it was as though he were arranging his own funeral, with but little hope of a resurrection. The tax-collector met him when he came down stairs—having seen his name on the register.

"You know," he said, "I'll have to add 5 per cent. next month." Hale smiled.

"That won't be much more," he said, and the collector, a new one, laughed good-naturedly and with understanding turned away. Mechanically he walked to the Club, but there was no club—then on to the office of *The Progress*—the paper that was the boast of the town. *The Progress* was defunct and the brilliant editor had left the hills. A boy with an ink-smeared face was setting type and a pallid gentleman with glasses was languidly working a hand-press. A pile of fresh-smelling papers lay on a table, and after a question or two he picked up one. Two of its four pages were covered with announcements of suits and sales to satisfy judgments—the printing of which was the *raison d'être* of the noble sheet. Down the column his eye caught John Hale *et al.* John Hale *et al.*, and he wondered why "the others" should be so persistently anonymous. There was a cloud of them—thicker than the smoke of coke-ovens. He had breathed that thickness for a long time, but he got a fresh sense of suffocation now. Toward the Post-office he moved. Around the corner he came upon one of two brothers whom he remembered as carpenters. He recalled his inability once to get that gentleman to hang a door for him. He was a carpenter again now and he carried a saw and a plane. There was grim humor in the situtation. The carpenter's brother had gone—and he himself could hardly get enough work, he said, to support his family.

"Goin' to start that house of yours?"

"I think not," said Hale.

"Well, I'd like to get a contract for a chicken-coop just to keep my hand in."

There was more. A two-horse wagon was coming with two cottage-organs aboard. In the mouth of the slouch-hatted, unshaven driver was a corn-cob pipe. He pulled in when he saw Hale.

"Hello!" he shouted grinning. Good Heavens, was that uncouth figure the voluble, buoyant, flashy magnate of the old days? It was.

"Sellin' orgins agin," he said briefly.

"And teaching singing-school?"

The dethroned king of finance grinned.

"Sure! What you doin'?"

"Nothing."

"Goin' to stay long?"

"No."

"Well, see you again. So long. Git up!"

Wheel-spokes whirred in the air and he saw a buggy, with the top down, rattling down another street in a cloud of dust. It was the same buggy in which he had first seen the black-bearded Senator seven years before. It was the same horse, too, and the Arab-like face and the bushy black whiskers, save for streaks of gray, were the same. This was the man who used to buy watches and pianos by the dozen, who one Xmas gave a present to every living man, woman and child in the town, and under whose colossal schemes the pillars of the church throughout the State stood as supports. That far away the eagle-nosed face looked haggard, haunted and all but spent, and even now he struck Hale as being driven downward like a madman by the same relentless energy that once had

driven him upward. It was the same story everywhere. Nearly everybody who could get away was gone. Some of these were young enough to profit by the lesson and take surer root elsewhere—others were too old for transplanting, and of them would be heard no more. Others stayed for the reason that getting away was impossible. These were living, visible tragedies—still hopeful, pathetically unaware of the leading parts they were playing, and still weakly waiting for a better day or sinking, as by gravity, back to the old trades they had practised before the boom. A few sturdy souls, the fittest, survived—undismayed. Logan was there—lawyer for the railroad and the coal-company. MacFarlan was a judge, and two or three others, too, had come through unscathed in spirit and undaunted in resolution—but gone were the young Bluegrass Kentuckians, the young Tide-water Virginians, the New England school-teachers, the bankers, real-estate agents, engineers; gone the gamblers, the wily Jews and the vagrant women that fringe the incoming tide of a new prosperity—gone—all gone!

Beyond the post-office he turned toward the red-brick house that sat above the mill-pond. Eagerly he looked for the old mill, and he stopped in physical pain. The dam had been torn away, the old wheel was gone and a caved-in roof and supporting walls, drunkenly aslant, were the only remnants left. A red-haired child stood at the gate before the red-brick house and Hale asked her a question. The little girl had never heard of Mrs. Crane. Then he walked toward his old office and bedroom. There was a voice inside his old office when he approached, a tall figure filled the doorway, a pair of great goggles beamed on him like beacon lights in a storm, and the Hon. Sam Budd's hand and his were clasped over the gate.

"It's all over, Sam."

"Don't you worry—come on in."

The two sat on the porch. Below it the dimpled river shone through the rhododendrons and with his eyes fixed on it the Hon. Sam slowly approached the thought of each.

"The old cabin in Lonesome Cove is just as the Tollivers left it."

"None of them ever come back?" Budd shook his head.

"No, but one's comin'—Dave."

"Dave!"

"Yes, an' you know what for."

"I suppose so," said Hale carelessly. "Did you send old Judd the deed?"

"Sure—along with that fool condition of yours that June shouldn't know until he was dead or she married. I've never heard a word."

"Do you suppose he'll stick to the condition?"

"He has stuck," said the Hon. Sam shortly; "otherwise you would have heard from June."

"I'm not going to be here long," said Hale.

"Where you goin'?"

"I don't know." Budd puffed his pipe.

"Well, while you are here, you want to keep your eye peeled for Dave Tolliver. I told you that the mountaineer hates as long as he remembers, and that he never forgets. Do you know that Dave sent his horse back to the stable here to be hired out for his keep, and told it right and left that when you came back he was comin', too, and he was goin' to straddle that horse until he found you, and then one of you had to die? How he found out you were comin' about this time I don't know, but he has sent word that he'll be here. Looks like he hasn't made much headway with June."

"I'm not worried."

"Well, you better be," said Budd sharply.

"Did Uncle Billy plant the garden?"

"Flowers and all, just as June always had 'em. He's always had the idea that June would come back."

"Maybe she will."

"Not on your life. She might if you went out there for her."

Hale looked up quickly and slowly shook his head.

"Look here, Jack, you're seein' things wrong. You can't blame that girl for losing her head after you spoiled and pampered her the way you did. And with all her sense it was mighty hard for her to understand your being arrayed against her flesh and blood—law or no law. That's mountain nature pure and simple, and it comes mighty near bein' human nature the world over. You never gave her a square chance."

"You know what Uncle Billy said?"

"Yes, an' I know Uncle Billy changed his mind. Go after her."

"No," said Hale firmly. "It'll take me ten years to get out of debt. I wouldn't now if I could—on her account."

"Nonsense." Hale rose.

"I'm going over to take a look around and get some things I left at Uncle Billy's and then—me for the wide, wide world again."

The Hon. Sam took off his spectacles to wipe them, but when Hale's back was turned his handkerchief went to his eyes:

"Don't you worry, Jack."

"All right, Sam."

An hour later Hale was at the livery stable for a horse to ride to Lonesome Cove, for he had sold his big black to help out expenses for the trip to England. Old Dan Harris the stableman stood in the door and silently he pointed to a gray horse in the barn-yard.

"You know that hoss?"

"Yes."

"You know whut's he here fer?"

"I've heard."

"Well, I'm lookin' fer Dave every day now."

"Well, maybe I'd better ride Dave's horse now," said Hale jestingly.

"I wish you would," said old Dan.

"No," said Hale, "if he's coming I'll leave the horse so that he can get to me as quickly as possible. You might send me word, Uncle Dan, ahead, so that he can't waylay me."

"I'll do that very thing," said the old man seriously.

"I was joking, Uncle Dan."

"But I ain't."

The matter was out of Hale's head before he got through the great Gap. How the memories thronged of June—June—June!

"*You didn't give her a chance.*"

That was what Budd said. Well, had he given her a chance? Why shouldn't he go to her and give her the chance now? He shook his shoulders at the thought and laughed with some bitterness. He hadn't the car-fare for half-way across the continent—and even if he had, he was a promising candidate for matrimony!—and again he shook his shoulders and settled his soul for his purpose. He would get his things together and leave those hills forever.

How lonely had been his trip—how lonely was the God-forsaken little town behind him! How lonely the road and hills and the little white clouds in the zenith straight above him—and how unspeakably lonely the green dome of the great Pine that shot into view from the north as he turned a clump of rhododendron with uplifted eyes. Not a breath of air moved. The green expanse about him swept upward like a wave—but unflecked, motionless, except for the big Pine which, that far away, looked like a bit of green spray, spouting on its very crest.

"Old man," he muttered, "you know—you know." And as to a brother he climbed toward it.

"No wonder they call you Lonesome," he said as he went upward into the bright stillness, and when he dropped into the dark stillness of shadow and forest gloom on the other side he said again:

"My God, no wonder they call you Lonesome!"

And still the memories of June thronged—at the brook—at the river, and when he saw the smokeless chimney of the old cabin, he all but groaned aloud. But he turned away from it, unable to look again, and went down the river toward Uncle Billy's mill.

. . . . .

Old Hon threw her arms around him and kissed him.

"John," said Uncle Billy, "I've got three hundred dollars in a old yarn sock under one of them hearthstones and its yourn. Ole Hon says so too."

Hale choked.

"I want ye to go to June. Dave'll worry her down and git her if you don't go, and if he don't worry her down he'll come back an' try to kill ye. I've always thought one of ye would have to die fer that gal, an' I want it to be Dave. You two have got to fight it out some day, and you mought as well meet him out thar as here. You didn't give that little gal a fair chance, John, an' I want you to go to June."

"No, I can't take your money, Uncle Billy—God bless you and Old Hon—I'm going—I don't know where—and I'm going now."

(To be concluded.)

AN ERA OF RED AND GREEN

By Caspar Day

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

WHEN Fritz Rathmuller attempted Prussian discipline in his household, Emma (born a Mulvaney), was apt to discern her husband as a Hated Saxon and herself as a martyr to Home Rule. The obsession was unlucky and did not tend toward peace. Fritz was a patient, stubborn man, a better gardener than he was florist, a better citizen that he was salesman. His capital was small, his profits were small, and business did not grow rapidly out in the Liscomb Addition. Emma for her part admired a dashing, plunging business style; it was the only thing, she stated, fit to occupy a man of spirit.

February, 1906, was a dull month in the coal regions, because the miners' union talked strike and people were hoarding their wages against a lean year. Emma quarrelled steadily with Fritz for two weeks. Then came the letter from old Mrs. Mulvaney in St. Louis which brought their troubles to a climax.

"You'll not understand, though I should be all night tellin' you," Emma insisted. Her gray eyes shone with tears, her color deepened. "The Dutch hasn't a feelin' like it. It's only the Irish can love a green hill, an' the road through the bog that leads to it, an' a house an' a bit of a pasture, the way we do. So, when me mother's time's come, back she must go in her old age to the four walls she was born to. Makes no difference, where Ed lives, or Michael, or Jim. Your sons can be good boys an' give ye the fine home; but that ain't the stars an' the hills an' the father's roof you had at the first. So back she must go to die. She'd not make a good end nowhere else, indeed, with the longin' so hard on her."

"Her good healt'—" Fritz began.

"She's fixin' for death. An' acrosst the seas she'll not be goin' alone—me, her own daughter, an' her at *her* age! I'll go, I tell you, for all the Dutch that ever raised hand or foot to hinder their betters! You got the money. I seen it. Give me the ticket, an' a bit over."

"Three hundret dollars haf I set away——"

"Well, then!"

"—reserft."

"The dirty miser I'm married to! Och, to hear to him!"

Fritz turned his back deliberately. They were in the little dark office in front of his two glass houses; there were wire skeletons of wreaths and crowns and pillows and crosses hanging on nails about, and a fold of brown paper with its hank of twine, and a table with accounts and a tin cash-box. The steam of moist warm earth on the benches came through from the carnation house. It was mid-morning, and dull weather. They two were utterly alone, away from sight or sound of passers-by.

Emma's temper was Kerry-born, and twenty years of practice had perfected it as a high explosive. To-day those stupid, stolid Prussian shoulders turned upon her, dared her to do her worst. She caught a wire cross from a nail behind her. Down she brought it upon Fritz's head.

Fritz faced about, white, speechless—but even at this supremest moment, slow. Quite methodically he boxed Emma's ears. She could have dodged his open palm had she tried; but the reaction of astonishment held her still.

Fritz said nothing. He turned those stupid shoulders again: he opened the door and tramped away. Presently, his wife saw him crossing the unfenced land toward the river, sinking a little with every step in the soggy turf. He carried a fork; he was going, as he always did in thawing weather, to turn over his sod piles in the pasture. Emma (born a Mulvaney), cursed that rigidity of mind and muscle which could box a wife's ears and then proceed tranquilly to sod heaps.

Rathmuller came back at two o'clock—not, be it said, because he wanted to come back, but because two o'clock was the latest

possible hour for mending the greenhouse fires. What he would say to Emma or Emma to him had nothing to do with the unvarying needs of boilers.

Emma was not at the house. There was no dinner waiting. Emma's hat was gone, and much of her clothing, and a canvas portmanteau from a closet upstairs. In the kitchen lay the cash-box, broken open. The manila envelope which had contained two fifty-dollar notes, a hundred in small bills, and a single hundred dollar note, was torn and rumpled.

"Careless—veree careless," said Fritz, stopping in the middle of the room. "Gone. Of course, gone."

He stood a long time, thinking. Then, as if absently, he bent and picked up from the boards the hundred-dollar bill. He folded it to a small square and slipped it into his vest pocket.

"Vat goot is telegraphing?" he said finally. He shook his head. "None. None."

That was the last of Emma, so far as anybody knew. Fritz asked no questions, did nothing, answered the occasional query evasively. He worked if possible harder than of old; he lived alone, doing his own housework at night.

II

Along in March of the year 1907, one Walter Clancy, a towerman, newly come to the railroad yards, took board and lodging with Mrs. McDowell in Liscomb Street. He was a youngish fellow, pleasant in his ways, but fitful and restless. With the advance of spring, a kind of weariness seemed to grow upon him. By mid-April, Mrs. McDowell and her other boarders were recommending bitters to him, and nerve-cures, and porter with his meals, and a week out in the country, and a visit to a clairvoyant.

Mrs. McDowell's house was well north on Liscomb Street, in a district of many vacant lots. A German had glass houses and forcing frames across the street a block farther along, and waste fields lay beyond. Over on Waverly Place, though—a street paralleling Liscomb, and easily accessible through crosspaths and back gates—were houses thickly built, and stores, and even three-story blocks. In the tallest building of all was domiciled Madame Iris Aquilla, Medium and Diviner. This person, Mrs. McDowell said, had plenty of custom from the day she came to the neighborhood. She had told some wonderful fortunes, too. Mrs. McDowell was strongly of opinion that Mr. Clancy should go to her and learn what ailed him.

Clancy resisted, as long as resistance seemed worth while. Then, on a Saturday night he went to the Seeress, hope urging his unquiet spirit although reason scoffed. One Dell O'Meara was his quest; and Dell had been lost a year. Thus the towerman crossed into Waverly Place and climbed the stairs.

Madame Iris Aquilla sat in her studio with the dimmest of lowered lights. Possibly she was an albino; at least her straight white hair did not seem bleached by age. There was an open window beside her, and she sat there heedless of drafts; across the yards Clancy saw the McDowell windows all aglow, and beyond them the German florist's twinkling lamp. The customer grinned derisively out at the spring night while Madame Iris Aquilla pocketed his dollar and a half.

But the succeeding prophecy was remarkable; it was detailed and definite and clear. One sign ran through it. "Something red and something green, round and flat like a wheel, neither painted nor dyed—watch for the red and the green. Wear it every Monday, and go look for your heart's desire; look, as I tell you, just once every Monday an' no oftener. You'll find her by the red an' the green. There'll be clothes on the line, an' the red an' the green'll fall away from you. Go buy you something that's red an' green, round an' flat like a wheel, neither painted nor dyed—that's your first step. The rest follows."

There was more, much more, some of it mystical, some of it practical and well sprinkled with directions as to car lines and transfers. All of it came around to red and green. The medium closed with a mandate not to repeat the prophecy in seven months and seven hours.

Clancy went out and away; his predominant feeling at first was regret for his three fifty-cent pieces.

But Saturday night began his double shift at the switches; from midnight onward he had eighteen hours' noisy loneli-



Emma's temper was Kerry born.—Page 479.

ness in the tower. He thought about Iris Aquilla's prophecy because it served to keep him awake. Hour by hour, what with lanterns and semaphores and flags and switchboards, the conjunction of red and green ground itself into his brain. Finally, he knew that he should take Iris Aquilla at her word. This decided, he smiled at his own folly and walked home in the warmth of Sunday evening to supper and a pipe and bed.

Had he chanced to look toward Waverly Place as he opened Mrs. McDowell's kitchen door, he might have seen the Medium and Diviner standing at her third-story window. Iris Aquilla saw him and drew back hastily. But the precaution was superfluous. Clancy was so absorbed in his thoughts that he would not have noticed a solid hedge of mediums ranked along the skyline.

"The poor young fella'," meditated the

Seeress. "I guess he must 'a' had a girl. Well, I give him a cheerin' up, good's I could without knowin' a word about the case, leastways. They want cheerful fortunes, always, when they're in love. An' I had to string it out, too, at that price. Well, I hope he'll buy a red geranium off o' Fritz, that's all!"

She referred to a pocket account-book, and reckoned rapidly on her fingers.

"Forty-seven this month, so far. He's forty-eight. I've give 'em the red an' green lingo till I'm sick of it. But three thousand rooted cuttin's of the red geranium! Good Lord, Fritz 'ud never 'a' got them off his hands unless somebody made 'em the fashion. I was like to drop, the night I saw them. Fritz'd go broke, sure. He never did have a business eye beforehand on what would sell to customers in the season."

Here Madame Iris Aquilla sighed tempestuously, and buried her face in her hands. Clancy the towerman had slipped out of her calculations altogether.

III

April was blowing soft and keen through Liscomb Street; the miles of fields outside the town sent in a waft of earthy fragrance. Maple trees up and down were jewel-clad, some bronzed with topaz, some aglow with rubies. Gray pigeons flashed from roof to roof, silvered in the light; and over all the tenderest April sky hung dreamily. Brown little puddles on the road marked last night's shower; dandelions threw their gold-pieces upon the grass between fence and footpath; robins and yellow finches hurried in and out among the dooryard cherry-trees. The feel of spring was in the air, and the dreams of spring.

Now, things that are stark incredible in November or July or January are possible enough in April. In the current of human matters, Fate drifts nearer to the surface and works more openly than in the stolid seasons. Thus Clancy the towerman waking at six that Monday morning with April outside his windows and April strangely blurring fact and dreams and reasons in his head, chose the incredible course.

His shift began at three that afternoon, and there was not a thing demanding his attention after he had shaved and breakfasted. So Clancy betook him to the nearest florist's, and bought a potted green thing with wheel-round leaves and a cluster of red flowers. He understood the German who waited upon him to call it a "cheeranium."

Mrs. McDowell stood in the yard keeping the game rooster away while the new yellow chicks sampled meal from a pan. Clancy turned in at the gate.

"Here, Mrs. Mac, is a plant for you," he said affably, "only for the single bloom off it, an' the single leaf, which I'm taking myself." He pinched a floret from the whorl and a smallish leaf from the lower side; then handed the pot over to his landlady.

"Is yourself buying flowers, Walter?" She took it without turning, as the game rooster needed much attention. "A fine red it is, too. Sharp as a new brick agin the green; d'ye see?"

"Kind a pretty," Clancy mumbled, fussing to set the short-stemmed blossom in his buttonhole. "I seen it up the street, there. Ten cents a plant. I guessed I c'ud afford me a bookay. But once I had it, seemed too bad to chuck it down the dump. Seems as if it had a right to grow, this weather." He drove his hands deep in his pockets and stood looking at her, head slightly bent. This softness of mind in himself needed explanation.

"'Twill grow fine on the window," Mrs. McDowell affirmed. "It's a nice flower, indeed. Only, for a man to go buyin' it——"

"I'm goin' down town for a bit," the lodger said.

Mrs. McDowell nodded.

"'Tis King's weather. An' ye're young but once. Go ahead."

The west wind sang queer meaningless little tunes in the wires overhead as Clancy strolled away. It was half-past eight. The clean, thin shadows of April tree tops lay upon the flagstones. That gauzy blue of morning was shading into a purer azure. The sun upon his shoulders glowed from warm to warmer. Children ran and laughed and shouted, romping hatless and coatless. Clancy saw and did not see; then he threaded his way among the groups with the mechanical heedfulness which tended his levers in the tower all night.

A wistfulness grew behind his forehead,



But the succeeding prophecy was remarkable.—Page 480.

a wistfulness in place of thought. Spring, was it? Ah, but nothing like the magic of last year. Last year was weather, now! With Dell's face under your umbrella; and the rain sweet on the roof at night when you lay awake to think about her: and when you went to work in the new day, the wet sidewalks showing all inky with the trodden wine of the maple-blooms!——

Clancy set the geranium straighter in his buttonhole, and took a car for City Hall Square. The conductor tore out his transfer from a package of four colors; and the transfer was red. Clancy tore it into seven bits and ate five, as the fortune-teller had ordered. He told himself that the process was all nonsense as well as evil to the taste; but he fussed cunningly at his shoestring nevertheless, and slipped the remaining scraps into his left shoe.

In City Hall Square the car stood upon a single-tracked siding; all four of its gates

were open. (Clancy reflected five days later that the prophetess had not specified which exit he should use. "Get off and walk to your left till you see another car," were the orders.) At the time, he departed by a door because it was a door, and walked due south because he had alighted facing due west.

No less than seventeen kinds of street cars came through the Square. The towerman knew this, and the quest for Dell somehow became more hopeful because the chances were thus multiplied; it would not be so bad to go back to the tower to-day if one had sixteen other chances left. The whole plan was absurd, of course, the blindest, wildest piece of superstition. But then, why not? The sensible ways of finding Dell had failed.

The Sybilla Street car was starting. Clancy caught it by a determined run.

"Transfer," he remarked to the conductor. They two stood on the back platform.

"Which?" said the conductor. He, too, had a four-colored book.

"First you cross."

The conductor tore out a transfer. It was green.

"Red and green, red and green, red and green," thumped the passenger's heart. It was beginning to be very queer, this thing. Now if the prophecy held, the cross-town line ought to be seven blocks down——

It was seven blocks. Clancy dismounted and stood in the street. From this onward, Fate took a handier clutch upon his shoulder and led him featly.

There, on the open street corner, he tore the green transfer into bits, ate five, and put two in his right shoe. The Willowmere car was approaching at right angles. The traveller boarded it without answering Sybilla Street's impertinent inquiry. The Willowmere car might be in-bound or outbound, going toward Dell or away from her; but it seemed at the moment the right car to take.

"D'you loop round?" he asked the conductor.

"Nope. Straight."

The passenger handed out a nickel.

"Aw' right. Second fare after the city line."

"Sure," said the towerman. He went in and sat on a wicker seat alone, with an open window beside him. There were a few unimportant people in the car, and a flat wheel under one of the trucks threshed wickedly. But outside, there streamed the fragrant, tinted world—the April world with Dell in it.

The city streets became farm lands and painted pastures; and later the track bore through ugly wooden towns. There was coal grime, there were factories and a railroad yard, and street after street of narrow tenements. The Willowmere car came to the end of its run and stood still. Clancy was the one passenger left. The conductor bustled through and banged over the seats in preparation for the return journey.

"Guess this is about the end," he remarked. "Where d'you want to go to?"

"I ain't gettin' off," said the towerman. "I ain't asleep. Here, have a nickel an' gimme five cents' worth o' quiet to think in."

"No objections," said the official, departing.

"Ride back seven blocks, get off, go up the street to the left," the passenger was reciting to himself.

It was a simple matter of minutes. Then Clancy stood in the road in the sunshine; the yellow Willowmere car jolted over the frost-roughened track and growled away.

A gray-and-white kitten curveted through the fence and came to rub against the stranger's boot. The trees were alive with chattering sparrows; somewhere near a cow was lowing. It was a mean street, deep in mud, with ramshackle wooden walks and edged with nondescript stores and houses. Many of the places had no dooryards—some were barn-like tenement blocks with outside stairs.

"There'll be red an' green in the window, an' clothes on the line," said Clancy to the noisy sparrows. He stooped and dropped the kitten gently over its own fence, then went slowly up the right-hand walk.

Twenty houses he passed with clothes out bleaching. Then there was the gauntest, poorest tenement of any, black, mean, unpainted, with a Chinese laundry and a barber shop in the street front. He stopped to scrutinize this building; and a little flirt of wind blew the red flower from his buttonhole. He stooped, reaching for that, and the green leaf fell too. He gathered both in his palm and looked again at the building.



Bought a potted green thing.—Page 482.

In a window above the laundry were white lace curtains tied back with a knot of red. On the sill stood a geranium so like his own purchase of the morning that the searcher's heart stood still. And behind the house was a clothesline with sheets flapping, and a petticoat or two, and a stout woman hanging out aprons. The stout woman wore green!

"'Tis the place," spoke this sane and capable employee of a great railroad. He went around to the far side of the block and entered a hall.

There were seven families domiciled in the structure. Clancy interviewed all of them, but their remarks were unworthy of attention because they knew not Dell. Finally, by a crazy stair behind the barber-shop, he came to that room with the lace curtains and the sign of red and green.

A woman with pins in her mouth was down on her knees beside a mirror, and an-

other woman was revolving slowly in a zone of basting threads. A door beside the mirror led somewhere.

Crazy with hope and fear, Clancy strode in and over to the door and on into the workroom. It was a place of girls and dry goods and sewing machines—yes, and of tears, too. One girl in hat and jacket was crying. Her head was on her arms; she leaned at the far end of the work-table, and its joints creaked when she sobbed.

"*Dell*" said Clancy. He was on one knee beside her. "Dell O'Meara! I've found you, have I?"

The four sewing machines stopped dead; the four shopmates listened as one soul.

But Dell said nothing. She half lifted her head to glance once at her lost lover; then hid her face and cried on heartily.

"What is it?" Clancy asked her again and again. "What ails you, girl? What is it?"

"It ain't nothin', Mister," said one of the shopmates, finally, "seein' how you would seem to be Him. Leave her cry if she feels like it. Maybe she ain't ate no breakfast. Her purse was stole Friday off her, comin' from church, so she told me."

"She got the sack this morning," another explained. She motioned toward the fitting room. "Miss Prout—out there. She's the boss."

"Walter," said Dell with difficulty, "I didn't cry—till I—seen you. I—didn't know what I'd do.—I didn't know— But I let on I didn't care. I was—just goin' down the—front hall there—an' I—seen you standing in the street. That's all.—That—kinda—set me off. An I—can't—sto-o-o-o-p!"

"She tore back in here like a ghost was chasin' her," corroborated the first girl. "An' I says, 'What's the matter?' an' she says, 'Him. He's downstairs now. It's a year, sincet.' Then she flops down the way you seen her, an' begins."

"She'd said good-by to us, too, Dell had," chimed in a fourth. "You'd a' missed her in a minute more."



"Walter I tried to find you—honest."—Page 487.

"My God!" said the towerman. He was profoundly moved. "It's such a risky business, this here. Oh, Dell, Dell, you mighty near gave us a main-line smash-up, if you only knowed it!"

Dell O'Meara raised a thin and tear-stained little face; she smiled at him shyly.

"I—won't again," she promised. "Walter I tried to find you—honest! You wasn't there."

"All right," said Clancy. He drew her to her feet and kissed her thrice. "Come away from here. Come out in the air; you'll feel better, an' then we'll talk. It's King's weather. Come."

Hand in hand they went through the fitting-room and through the hall and out upon the landing and down into the street. The four girls in the work-room craned their necks to watch Dell turn the corner out of sight. In crowding so they trampled a geranium leaf and a single red floret which somebody had dropped; it lay unnoticed among the threads and clippings all that week.



She slipped in at the back door.—Page 490.

Outside, meantime, Clancy walked beside Dell up the uneven sidewalk, and the sun shone, the sparrows chattered, the sweet winds blew. After a quarter of an hour they came to the edge of town. He looked at his watch.

"Ten-twenty-one, exactly. Come along, girl; I'm only off till three. The City Hall and a license an' a priest; an' then dinner; an' then take you down to be interduced to Mrs. McDowell—it's just a neat time-card."

"Will she leave me stay there, Walter? She never heard of me, I don't suppose. But I've got no place else, just now."

"She will. I'll fix it all up with her. Let's not miss the car."

They quickened their steps.

"But what I don't see," broke out Walter, after protracted thought, "is, how you knew the signal. O' course *I* knew. She'd told me, an' I was on the watch. But how did you?"

"The signal? What?"

"The Red an' Green. That there plant, you know. The ribbons— In the window, the up-stairs window. She said to look for it. But how was you on to my doin' it?"

"Walter," Dell answered, "there wasn't no signal. That's just your railroad ideas. Miss Prout, it was, put that geranium there, around nine o'clock this morning. She got it for nothing off her grocer when she paid a two months' bill. Everybody has 'em, stores an' houses an' everybody. It struck 'em all at once, kinda; just got to be the fashion."

"But——"

"If anybody was a-signalling you, Walter, it's Miss Prout," the girl insisted.

"But the washing—it was on the line. —You can't get around that. She—the fortune-teller woman, told me the cars an' the transfers, an' to come to this corner an' up this street; and in a house that had red an' green in the window an' a wash on the line, I'd find you. Now, how'd you——"

Dell laughed, a tremulous little sound. "I'm all mixed up; don't you talk nonsense to me yet awhile. But you watch out, an' see. I counted fourteen red geraniums in different folks's windows on this side the street, as I was comin' down

to work this morning. An', as for the wash—well, everybody washes on a nice Monday."

"All right, we'll look an' see."

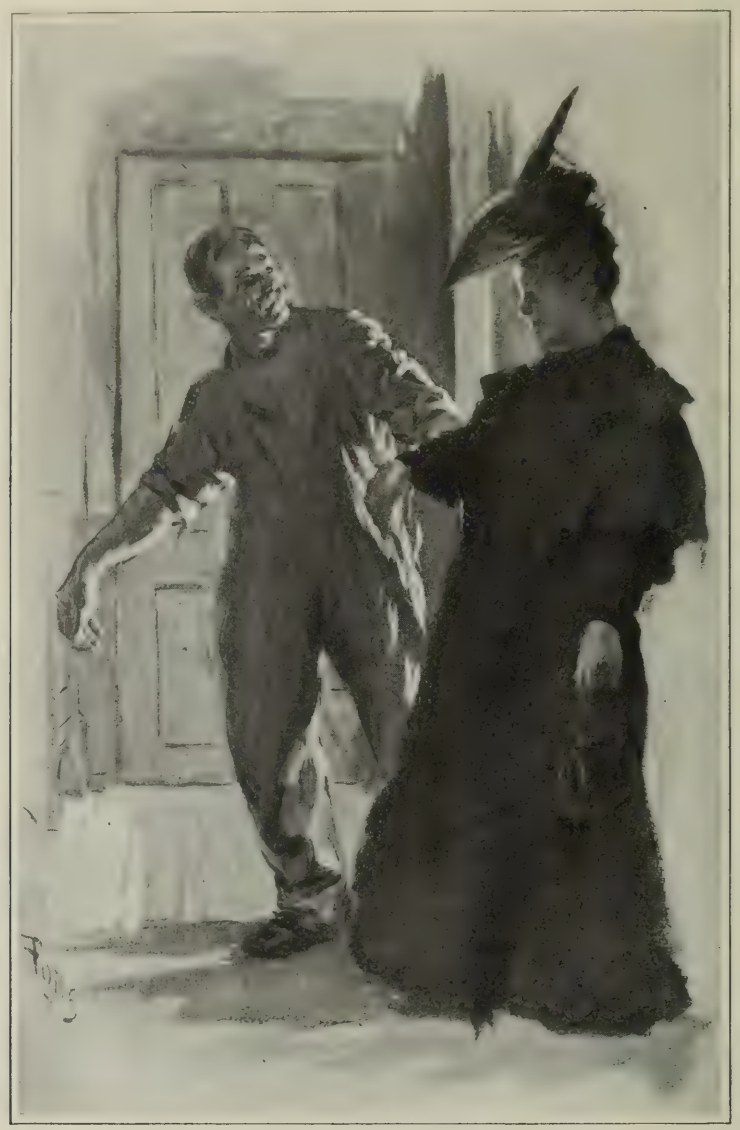
"There's two now.—Looka? These houses next us. Red ribbons an' geraniums in the windows, an' the washing out behind to bleach."

"I'm damned if I see the way of it," you so little: how did I? Was it just the blind luck drifted me along to the right house? An' the nick of time, too. Tomorra or next week I'd not 'a' found you."

"But you have, Walter darlin'."

"The fortune-teller woman said——"

Dell drew herself up. "I don't hold with no such foolishness. They're just fakirs an'



"Let's go get our suppers.—Page 491.

Clancy admitted. "We'll count 'em as far as the car."

They counted. Red geraniums were indeed prevalent in Willowmere; there were fourteen in three blocks. Only five of these ornaments lacked a family wash as a foil.

Clancy groaned aloud, as the fear that was happily past gripped hold upon him.

"But, God save us, how did I ever come to find you out at all, Dell? How did I? Dozens of towns and dozens of streets—an' a waste o' money. Don't you go near 'em.—Here's the car."

Clancy still shook his head. He stooped and pulled four bits of paper, two red, two green, from inside his shoetops. He spread them upon his palm, and gazed and gazed.

"*Was* it blind luck?— But if it wasn't, what do you call it? There ain't no witches any more—maybe never was, anyhow. An' yet, look how she told me—'Your heart's desire,' says she, just like

that—'do as I've told you an' you'll find her waiting.' An' I done it."

"What's those?" Dell asked, edging back again from her prim aloofness. She was weak and white and thin; the languor of semi-starvation made her glad of a strong hand under her elbow.

The man tossed the colored bits into the air, to fall or fly.

"Nothin'," he said. "Love-charms. I'll tell you about 'em some day. Some o' my foolishness; I'd ought to know better, at my age. But I run on an awful close schedule to-day, and maybe I'm kinda rattled. There ain't no railroad could give a man such a risky job. And I'm supposed to be off shift, too, Dell. These is called my easy hours."

IV

Madame Iris Aquilla heard nothing of Clancy's successful affair during the week which followed, but the business of divining and prophecying looked up wonderfully. A certain fourteen dollars (by which her savings fell short of a round sum), was added easily. More money followed it, too; indeed, Madame Aquilla was so occupied in going into trances that she had scarcely any time for finishing the exquisite piece of embroidery which she was doing for a dressmaker in Scranton.

On Friday evening the Seeress was reclining in a Morris chair behind a bead curtain; a grocery candle flickered under a blue shade. Her sudden popularity had appealed to the lady's histrionic sense; she added stage properties, took on mystery, and swathed her head and face in an automobile veil of scarlet tissue (bought at a bargain, much reduced); and even arbitrarily refused to prophecy for certain persons who applied at the "studio." She had just finished the case of a youth parted untimely from his gold watch, when another customer plodded into the room.

He was a big man, blond, square built, Teutonic in every line. The Seeress gripped her chair arms and waited. What had he come for? What had he discovered?

"Good efening, Missis."

"Your name—your age—your business—" recited Iris Aquilla mechanically.

"Fri—Fred Macey. I mend enchines. My age is t'irty years."

"He's got it studied out," the medium reflected. "Somebody's told him the questions I always ask. I wonder is he certain sure about *me?* Because if he ain't, I might fool him. If he *is* sure, though, he'll do murder. I know Fritz Rathmuller."

Aloud, she asked him: "The future, is it, you want? Or the past?"

"The past."

"All right. What is it you'd be wantin' to know? A sickness, somethin' stolen, somethin' lost, a fire that burned, a letter that never came?" Madame Iris Aquilla had pluck of a sort; though she was trembling, she kept her voice to the professional singsong and went ahead.

The German twisted his shabby felt hat in his hands. His speech was hoarse. His eyes never left the floor.

"Missis, I tell you. I ain't no man for fortune-tellers, not by usual. But I—I lost my vife. It was mooch my own blame, too; but I lose her. So nefer mind t'at. T'at same mont', I lose a lot of money. It was two hundret dollars; I had been verree careless."

"*Two* hundred!" cried the medium to herself. "Is it a trick he's framed up on me to catch me? Or don't he really suspicion me at all?"

Aloud she said: "I reveal what I'm let to reveal. It's not me has the say what I shall learn for you, but the spirits themselves. One dollar, please."

Fritz laid down a silver dollar without comment.

"Anythin' else?" prompted the woman.

"Yes. Las' night, I leaf my place a little vhile; I coom back, an' I see a enfelope against the floor. It has that money I lost before. Two fifty dollars—fifes an' tens an' twos oop to one hundret—an' a hundret-dollar bill also that I did not lose, because I find it on the floor afterwarts. But this moneys that coom back to me was all jus' the same kinds as went out at the firs' place."

There was a long silence.

Fritz continued hoarsely. "So I t'ink, where vas my vife? Maybe she was to coom back, too, sometime. I haf never lock my door at all, for hopes if she should coom along sudden. Now I am here to ask you. I hear you haf tell some people verree smart t'ings that turn out *ganz wahr.*"

Madame Iris Aquilla said nothing in her

own person. She had, however, presence of mind to fall back in her chair, wave her hands gracefully about, and ascend into the trance state. She moaned and mumbled realistically as usual, and finally spoke.

"It's a green hill, an' a black cottage that the fire has ruint. There's a light-haired woman an' a trunk—no, she's gray-headed an' old. She's cryin'. Another's beside her, one that's blood kindred of hers. Stolen money's in their pockets, an' stolen money buys the potatoes an' meal they eat an' the roof they'll hire over their heads.

"I see the grave open. There's the mourners cryin', an' the hay not cut yet in the summer fields they pass. One's buried. An' one's left. She comes back over seas. In a black ship with three stacks."

"The young one?" shouted Fritz Rathmuller in a frenzy, as the medium paused. He threw out an arm, defying the powers of the universe. He knocked over a chair. The medium started to her feet, with hands locked upon her heart.

"Go on," the client begged. "Tell me! Wass it—Dies the old one?"

"I can't tell you nothing, Mr. Macey," Madame Iris Aquilla said sharply. "It's spoilt. No, I can't. Here's—fifty cents is fair, as it was no fault of mine—here's half your money back. Maybe some other time I would be able to go on. I couldn't say."

Like any common-sense sceptic who has once receded from his position, Fritz was more matter-of-fact in his treatment of the occult than a true believer. If the medium said that she couldn't go on, why, she couldn't, and that ended the matter. He groaned once and rubbed his forehead. Then he tramped down the stairs and away. In the front passage a man halted him.

"She's there yet? She ain't gone to bed? —D'she tell you anythin' good? I see you got on a red tie: the colors. Well, I'm goin' up. Do you——"

But the German broke away, not answering.

V

Very strangely indeed, Madame Iris Aquilla paid up her rent, and sent a moving van for her furniture, and departed from Waverly Place early on Saturday morning. She carried a large portmanteau, upon which were labels reading "Queenstown" and "Cunard." She was moving her business to Scranton, so she told her neighbors. Intending clients might call upon her there; for if they were really anxious to know their Past, Present and Future, couldn't they stand a little ride on the street-cars? Next year, now, they would find it different; next year she would go back to Egypt, where she was born, and then Liscomb Street would have to do without her as it might.

On Saturday, at nine in the morning, then, Madame Iris Aquilla went to Scranton. At nine-thirty Miss Ethel Mulvaney took an exquisitely embroidered fabric to a fashionable dressmaker's shop and was paid a gold piece and odd silver. At one-thirty, Rose Emmons carried a canvas portmanteau (marked "Queenstown" and "Cunard") to the chambermaid's room of a prosperous hotel. Rose Emmons was a clever, willing, level-headed girl; she liked her work and made friends. She kept her place two weeks. She left because her sister in Newark had come down with rheumatism and needed her; and upon departing, Rose gave the baggage-elevator boy a scarlet automobile veil as a present for his sweetheart.

It was May Day, and long after dark, when Mrs. Fritz Rathmuller came home. She slipped in at the back door of a greenhouse, using a key from a ribbon about her neck. Fritz was not in the office, nor in the second glass house, nor in the kitchen. That left only the fire-room. She raised her skirts, and stepped between coal-bin and ash-heap to the shed.

Fritz was there. He sat on a box in the pinky darkness, watching the glowing star of a damper. His shovel lay beside him. The fires were banked night and day at this mild season.

He got to his feet, seeing a dim shape in the doorway.

"It's me," said Emma. "Fritz, it's me."

Fritz did nothing, said nothing. It was too dark to see whether he so much as blinked.

"I was back before—twicet. I sneaked in. No, you didn't see—I didn't stay. But —Fritz—I paid you back the money. More, I guess. I paid you the money. Now I'll pay you meself. I ain't so mean as I was. Will you leave me stay?"

"All right. Stay."

"You—you don't care if I do or not?" murmured Emma. The unfair advantage of knowing her husband as he had revealed himself to Madame Iris Aquilla inspired her to go on. "You don't care a bit, no more? I been sorry I went, many's the time. I'm sorry now. It was all my own fault."

Big Fritz sprang forward. He crushed her in his arms.

"Shut oop!" he ordered. "It ain't. It's mine, still. It is verree mooch, mooch mine. Kiss me an' shut oop t'at talk. You *stay.*"

"I'm sorry I hit you," crooned Emma, comfortably tearful.

Fritz groaned.

"Me mother died, as she thought to. We was landed two weeks the day. An' I come back."

"Yes," he said. "Yes."

"I'd some money left. But I had to earn the rest before ever I'd come home again, so's I'd pay you. I did fancy sewin'. An' I—" here Mrs. Rathmuller giggled irrepressibly—"told fortunes."

"Nefer mind," said Fritz. "You got here now."

"Yes. I'm here now. How you been getting along?"

"Beezness," he stated, "is pretty goot. I sell a vonder-lot of red cheeraniums. Nex' year I root fife t'ousand cuttings."

"My Lord, man!" cried Mrs. Emma in exasperation. Then, calming suddenly to the reflection that, though born a Mulvaney, she desired to remain a peaceful Rathmuller, she abandoned the geraniums to future diplomatic pourparlers and changed the subject. "I—faked you up a nice fortune, Fritz, one evening. Only you scairt me in the middle so I couldn't finish it. Do I—owe you fifty cents? Here 'tis."

"Naw," said Fritz. "I am so rich; you can haf it. Le's go get our suppers."

THE RAMPART RANGE: TEN YEARS AFTER

By Walter A. Wyckoff

A DEFINITE plan of revisiting the Rockies I formed in answer to an invitation to deliver a course of lectures in the "Summer School of the Garden of the Gods." As all men know, the Garden of the Gods lies at the base of Pike's Peak, as one approaches the mountain from the plains. I had not been in the region since ten years before, when, in search of work, I climbed the mountain and found my way by a blazed trail into the then new mining camp of Cripple Creek.* There I remained through early autumn, then walked on to Creede, where I joined a gang of road-builders on Bachelor Mountain and watched the radiant coming of winter until just time was left, before the blocking of the trail with snow, to cross the remaining range into the Indian summer of the Southwest.

The Rockies have a haunting quality for one who has lived and tramped among them and camped beside their running streams and slept in the open under their clear stars. Whenever during the routine of the winter's work there intruded a vision of summer outing, I could feel the drawing of the Rockies, and I accepted with delight an engagement that would take me there and yet leave time, when the summer school had closed, to revisit points that I wished to see again, and to penetrate into regions new to me.

The first glimpse of the mountains fitted the cherished mental picture as perfectly as though I had closed my eyes upon them only the night before. There was a satisfaction in the sight that grew with the recognition of every detail.

The journey of the previous day had carried me through Kansas. It was mid-July, and from east to west the State unfolded itself that day as a boundless field of corn. In my hand was a book that fairly throbbed with the life of the great

*See "The Workers–West" by Walter A. Wyckoff, page 338.

wheat ranches of California; but for all the interest of it, I could not long keep my eyes from the fields about me. On every side they rose, one upon another, to the pale horizon. Over them was a glow of infinite sunshine. A breeze stirred the standing corn into motion, and the play of light and color across the waving surface was as capricious as on the sea. Two hundred million bushels stood ripening there. There was a merciless quality in the scene that set one wondering how men could live in its midst and keep quite sane. For all the brilliant sunshine and the crisp, clear bracing air there was a pitilessness in the long reach of level country ending in unbroken horizon which might win ardent love or inspire abiding hate; of gentler feeling there was nothing to suggest a cause. Often enough, the isolated farm houses had about them the air of dilapidation which marks a life much down at the heels. The villages stood stark and squalid on the plain, but one could not fail to notice that in each, the single substantial building with any attempt at distinction was the school-house. As seen from the railway, there was nothing to redeem the hideous ugliness of the towns, their long, unlovely streets issuing in mean disorder on the plain and continuing as country roads. But towns and villages were relatively few and far between. It was the corn that, like water at sea, was everywhere, and one never tired of the glint of the blades and the play of their ceaseless movement and the sudden bowing of the nearest stalks to the current of the passing train. The sun sank that night into the sea of corn, leaving behind a light which, before fading out, turned to delicate pink that filled the sky. The breeze went down with the sun, and the corn stood solemnly still, expectant of the coming night.

The mountains greeted me in the morning. We were nearing Pueblo when I raised my curtain and looked out. For twenty-four hours we had been climbing steadily across a plain that sloped so gradually that one could not mark the ascent, and we were now six thousand feet above sea level at the base of a range that rose abruptly another six or eight thousand more. But it was not the height that impressed one nor any measurable physical detail; it was the personality of the mountains and of the country that had left their lasting imprint, as of the features of a friend's face. I gazed upon them with delight. Every trace of the verdure of the day before was gone. The rising sun was shining clear upon rugged masses of the Rampart Range, now near at hand, that stretched far to the north and south. My eyes feasted on the gaunt outlines that had left so deep a mark upon my memory. The nearer view was hardly less enthralling: sage brush growing in the flaking soil, with white bones of dead cattle bleaching in the sun, and deep rutted roads wandering aimlessly to indeterminate ends; washouts like great gashes in the soil, the work of cloud-bursts; and here and there a settler's hut planted for no conceivable reason in the midst of parched aridity, garish with a coat of paint and a crackling, metallic roof, or dark and mellow with the natural seasoning of unpainted wood. There it was again, the boundless, buoyant West, answering to the quickening of one's blood, but giving back with the answer the inscrutable mystery of the hills!

In the ten years since completing an expedition across the continent as a workman, I had touched my route again at only a few points. Garrisons-on-the-Hudson I have revisited often and West Point, where I once worked with a gang of laborers at demolishing the old Academic Building. I have passed repeatedly through Chicago and once while there I went out to the factory on the West Side, where I had worked as a hand truckman. There I found my old boss, who remembered me, and I tried to find my landlady in a tenement across the way, but she had moved, and her dark-eyed, haggard successor knew her not. Once in going from San Francisco to New York I passed through Kearney, Neb., and I stepped out on the station platform on the bare chance of seeing some fellow member of the gang of navvies with whom I had worked at Buda, only four miles away. The boss of the Kearney gang was there, and I knew him at a glance, but I did not see my own boss, Osborn, and "Cuckoo" Sullivan and Tyler. I stood on the rear platform and strained my eyes for sight of them as the train rushed through the familiar section, but of the group of men that stepped back to their work in the

whirling cloud of dust I could make out nothing clearly.

In revisiting Colorado Springs I was coming to another point of contact. It had been but a passing touch before, for I spent there only a day, a Sunday of resplendent sunshine, before going on to Cripple Creek. But all was as clear in my memory as that day itself; the strict rectangularity of the city's plan, with long avenues shaded by cotton-wood, and the curious mingling of brick and wood and stone in the construction of the business quarter. I recognized at once the church, where, at a morning service, a young woman with the gift of perfect naturalness had shared her prayer-book with a workman. I passed the open square where had stood a prairie schooner, under whose protecting canvas I had crept for shelter for the night. But I was revisiting a city that, in the past ten years had grown to more than twice its former size. Early as it was the business streets were thronged with loitering crowds that wore the aspect of excursionists. Beyond this region the signs of growth were everywhere in a great increase of the number of dwellings. Frame buildings they were for the most part, painted in a profusion of color that was dazzling as one looked up the vista of an avenue. There were avenues where color was not conspicuous, but where was much dignity and grace of structure, and everywhere one marked the beauty of the turf that surrounded even the smallest cottages and spread about great houses like English lawns for faultlessness of quality and of keeping. One soon saw that such a turf is no free gift of nature, but that the rich, porous soil yields it back in return for constant care, and especially for constant supplies of water. The city, with a view to economy, regulates the hours of sprinkling, and, within their limits, a large part of the population may be seen, hose in hand, saturating the turf, supplementing the work of countless mechanical contrivances that, standing on the lawns, encircle themselves with graceful, curving streams which fall in gleaming showers on the grass. I was regarding all this on the early morning of my arrival with a sense of something strange, as of a foreign custom, when my eyes were drawn to another quarter.

A large closed tram-car was moving up the electric line, while from its side was jetting a stream that reached exactly to the curb, laying thoroughly the dust of half the street. A hidden hand controlled it perfectly, for it withdrew from passing vehicles and shot back into full play again without the apparent loss of a fraction of an inch. Not even was I left to wonder how the many trees preserve their air of thrift and hardihood in a soil so dry and in an atmosphere so free from moisture, for I noticed presently that the gutters are irrigating ditches which are made to run with streams that sink to the roots of the trees. A dry, parched, nearly lifeless plain surrounds you, on approaching the city limits, then almost at a step you pass into the midst of trees and turf and flowers. It is the miraculous touch of water upon the best of soils.

When at length I was free to retrace my steps to Cripple Creek, it was September and almost the anniversary of my earlier visit. The camp had changed in these ten years. I had entered it in its early days when the first fever of excitement had died away, leaving a terribly depleted body of adherents. Few mines were working and the prospects, new and old, were yielding only low-grade ores. All ores had then to be transported by mule train thirty miles or more over a mountain road to Cañon City; and when the gold was got out, it took nearly all of it to pay the expenses of mining and transporting and smelting the ores. The camp was nearly desperate in its poverty. It held then a population of a thousand or twelve hundred; many of them persons inexperienced in mining, who had staked their all in this venture after gold. They were fast ceasing to be rich even in hope; their highest expectations centred now about the advent of the railway. This was to lower the expenses of production and raise to the position of paying properties some mines at least which, at that time, could not be worked at a profit. Nothing was dreamt then of the new processes, the cyanide and chlorination, which were to revolutionize gold mining and transform the camp into one of the great gold-producing centres of the world. To me it had been keenly interesting during the passing years to catch drifting rumors of the strange fortunes of the place, its few

scattered communities growing to a population of sixty thousand, the discoveries of unimagined stores of gold, the almost inconceivable fortunes suddenly acquired by poor men, and, with the passing of the speculative period, the gradual settling of the camp to the steady production of nearly three millions a month.

It is not strange that I set out on this September morning with keen expectations at the prospect of seeing for myself the outward signs of these great changes. It was precisely such another autumn morning as the earlier one, with the leaves of the quaking aspens quivering and sparkling in the clear air, and the streams filling the mountain gorges with the echoes of their rush and fall. I was not so early as I had been ten years before. Then I left Manitou at eight o'clock; now it was past eleven when I began the climb up the line of the "cog" railway. But I had no longer the ambition to reach the top; I aimed now simply at Windy Point on the shoulder of the Peak. From there I meant to descend by the old trail, if I could find it, into Cripple Creek.

I was struck at once by the great difference in the numbers frequenting the line. With the exception of a small gang of navvies, I can remember seeing scarcely a person in making the first ascent. There is clear in my memory the figure of a miner who joined me far up the mountain and left me at Windy Point to make the rest of the way alone, for he was returning to work in Cripple Creek. It was he who had pointed out for me the direction of the trail which I took on returning to this point in the afternoon.

Now, by way of contrast, there was almost a double stream of excursionists ascending and descending by the railway route. These streams slackened as one mounted higher and became only a few scattered individuals long before I reached even the height of my day's march; but to its earlier stages the climbers gave something of the aspect of a promenade, and not without a touch of gayety: those who were setting out had not felt fatigue and were in high spirits over the adventure, while those descending had quite forgotten the difficulties in the delight of having achieved the feat. From their manner one would have thought them not fellow countrymen merely, but near neighbors, if not near of kin. They were all on terms of frankest cordiality, women and men alike. They hailed one another with facetious remark and thought it strange of you that you could not find your tongue in answer. A middle-aged Kansan rose from a seat on a rock and joined me as I passed. For all his being a plains' man he walked like a mountaineer, and I was put to it to keep pace with him. His manner was as free from restraint as though we had known each other always. I half expected him to call me by name, but of offensive familiarity there was not a trace. One knew him for a true son of the soil by every mark, from the tint of his sunburnt hair to the cowhide boots he wore and the native turn of his tongue; and in being with him one felt a glow over nature's work in making men of breeding without artificial aids. He spoke to everyone we met with a manner so natural as to seem to imply long-established acquaintance. I was sure of it when he even stopped for a moment in exchanging words with a group of women we overtook just before reaching the Halfway House, for he had the air of finishing an interrupted conversation.

"You know those women?" I remarked, as we passed out of earshot.

"No, I don't," he answered, "never seen them before," and had he known my feeling, he would have wondered at my wonder far more than I at the ease with which he and all the world were friends. To my real regret, he left me at the Halfway House, and hurried on, for his ambition was taking him to the top and he had but scant time to reach it and walk back comfortably in the afternoon.

I was left to a lonely luncheon in the rustic mountain inn and then to the spectacle of the inn yard rapidly filling with excursionists. I sat in the grateful warmth of the sun and watched them while I smoked my pipe. Long since I had given up trying to classify them in groups of friends; they were all of one company apparently in a fraternity that knew no barriers. By ones and twos and threes they came toiling up the line, calling to one another, then throwing themselves down under the trees, as they gained the embankment before the inn. There may have been eighteen or twenty in all. Most of them were women, some of them old women with white

hair, who came leaning on Alpine stocks, struggling, bright-eyed, struggling on unyieldingly with I know not what physical exhaustion. A group that presently gathered for luncheon around a table in a summer-house was made up of women of an altogether uncertain age and of a manner indescribable. Their respectability was as patent as their freedom, and quite as natural. In general effect their dress was queer and set one smiling, one knew not why. They were not a pretty sight, these gaunt, flat-chested women, queer of dress, who moved with a certain mannishness and whose high-pitched nasal voices cleft the thin air like the tang of steel scratching steel. As free from artifice as my Kansan friend, they sadly lacked his native dignity.

Of the remaining group under the shade of the trees, I was attracted by a young couple—not so young as to suggest recent marriage, but obviously a married pair. I had watched them as they made the last hundred yards of the approach to the inn. The man was tall and of a rather muscular frame, but he had really never learned to walk, and the shamble of his stooping, disjointed figure spoke of a lack of intellectual alertness quite as much as it did of bodily fatigue. There was a complete contrast in the little woman at his side. Compact, clean-cut, erect, neatly dressed in black, her fair hair shining in the sun, she walked with a certain sprightliness which suggested the movement of a bird. Meanwhile she looked her beseeching solicitude to her flagging lord. He heeded not, but spoke instead, in slouching, ill-articulated phrase, to the resting climbers, and sank weakly to the ground. Then, telling his wife to sit beside him, he stretched himself at full length; and having pillowed his head in her lap and directed her to stroke it, he plucked sprigs of grass and chewed lazily upon them as he lay gazing idly through the rifts in the boughs above him into the unfathomable blue.

I was nearing the timber-line in the afternoon when I saw, not far ahead, two young women whom I had noticed as the Kansan and I passed them in the morning. They were noticeable in being dressed alike and with a certain modishness, I thought, for, besides the neat fit of their frocks, there was a mingling of greens and blues in the colors they wore that suggested a prevailing style. The Kansan had exchanged a remark with them quite as a matter of course but that was in a frequented part of the route. It now occurred to me that they might be uncomfortable at the approach of a man in so lonely a stretch of the line. I was overtaking them rapidly, and so, crossing to the other side from that which they had taken, I walked quickly, head down, intent for the moment upon relieving them of any possible embarrassment of my presence. The embarrassment, however, was all my own. I was barely abreast of them when I was brought up by the question, "Are you going to the top?" There was not the suspicion of a challenge. It was simply the neighborliness that had so impressed me through the day. I paused to explain that I was walking to Cripple Creek and so should leave the railway at Windy Point. Then I fell in step and we walked on talking together until they stopped to rest, when I went on my way alone.

I was feeling now the well-remembered tug of the last stages of the climb. The air was thin as well as keen, and one's breath came fast and faster until frequent momentary halts were necessary to keep breathing normally. Drawn by irresistible fascination one turned always to the scene below. Colorado Springs had become a chessboard faintly outlined on the plain, and wearing a thin dark veil of smoke from the chlorination works at Colorado City. The bluffs of Palmer Park had sunk to the general level, and one barely saw the two or three cottages at their base and the sanitarium with its group of gleaming tents, while beyond the plain spread to immeasurable breadths with forests marked upon it like the shadows of quiet clouds upon summer fields. From the boulders of the mountain side that lay heaped in the rude disorder, which marked the violence of some early convulsion, to the furthermost fading limits of the plains, there breathed a sense of boundlessness. The height, the buoyant air, the quickened blood gave wings and a keener sight, and one was seeing, not a vague horizon, but the illimitable world.

The curve of the line on the shoulder of the mountain shut all this from my sight, and I was soon walking southward in the

direction of the trail. There were obvious changes the moment that I left the railway. I came upon wheel tracks and followed them until they disappeared in washouts, then I found others and followed on until I came to a telegraph line which led me to deserted shanties about a reservoir. Here I found a trail leading down the gulch in the direction that I wished to go. Soon I began to come upon abandoned cabins of prospectors. Ten years before the only signs of mining in the region had been the fresh stakes bounding the new claims. Now every cabin and caving shaft, with its rotting windlass over it marked the grave of dead hopes. It was growing dark in the gulch, and one had the feeling of walking among the tombs. Presently I saw not far away a cabin with smoke rising from the chimney, and beyond it the long cut of a road showing white against the dark sides of the mountain. I hurried on and stood presently in the open door. The twilight lingered, and I could see faintly the dim interior. Two prospectors sat at a table which had just been cleared of their evening meal. Their chairs were tilted back and they were smoking their pipes, while a pot boiled musically on the cooking stove before them. The dark walls held utensils and garments in strange confusion, hanging from pegs and nails, while in the far recess of the cabin was a rough wooden bed covered by a mass of disordered "comforters."

I had stopped to ask the distance to Cripple Creek, and when I learned that, although I had already walked some twenty miles, there still remained eight miles to go, I entered the cabin and sat down to talk over with the prospectors some plan short of reaching the camp that night. In a moment I learned that the camp of Gillette was only four miles off and that I could get food and shelter there. This simplified matters, and after a few minutes' rest and talk I began to climb by the steep, rocky road, the spur of the mountain which separated me from the camp.

I was more favored than I had been ten years before. Then, too, the darkness overtook me in the gulch, but there had been no road to follow, only a vague trail at best which I soon lost in the twilight, and I had been left in the faint rays of a moon in its first quarter, floundering about over rocks and fallen trees, until the light in a distant camp guided me to shelter.

The last of the present fading day was a silver sheen in the west where flamed the evening star, and clearly outlined against the whiteness was a saddle-like formation which barred the valley, through which the road was leading me. From the top I saw my journey's end marked by the glitter of half a dozen electrics at equal distances, that traced the course of the single street of Gillette. Soon I had passed the scattered cabins on the outskirts and was walking over battered wooden pavements under the electric lights. The one lodging-house was not difficult to find, but I had then to look up the single restaurant of the camp. It was eight o'clock, and the landlady of the lodging-house was doubtful of my getting anything to eat at so late an hour. Her ample figure blocked the door as she stood pointing the way and telling me her doubts. Just then two young waitresses from the restaurant happened to pass, and my landlady stopped them.

"This man ain't had no supper," she remarked; then she brought matters to an issue by adding, "can you get him something to eat?"

For the moment I was the centre of some interest. My own in myself was keenest, for I had walked some twenty odd miles since eleven in the morning, and was hungry. But besides the landlady with a wide-eyed child clinging to her skirts, and the two waitresses, some small boys who had been tossing a ball under the street lights, now gathered at the edge of the sidewalk to hear my fate. The sharp electric rays fell on the hatless figures of the young women. Their light summer dresses suggested the day's work done, and I felt some compunction at asking a further service, but my need was great. They, however, did not seem for a moment to notice me. The nearer one simply turned to her companion with the question:

"Maggie, will we go back and fix him some tea?" And without hesitation Maggie answered:

"Naw!" while her eyes remained fixed upon distant stars.

I could have shouted with amusement, but the group was dispersing with a certain solemnity which made me feel that my

laughter would be out of place, so I walked on to the restaurant intent upon discovering whether my case was indeed so hopeless as it seemed. The yellow light of an oil lamp was shining faintly through the large front windows of the wooden building with a false front, which had been pointed out as the restaurant. The spacious interior was cut across by a thin wooden partition a little higher than a man's head. Beyond this was the kitchen. In the front room four tables with red covers stood spread for service, the chairs arranged around them. The lamp shone from a bracket made fast to the partition; under it a miner sat reading a paper-covered history of the southern prisons of the Civil War with a lurid picture on its cover. In the corner at his side a young boy was peeling apples, and an old man sat dozing in an arm-chair near the stove in the centre of the room.

In answer to a call raised by the boy, a clatter of dishes ceased in the kitchen and an old woman appeared. I laid my case before her. She was not demonstrative in her sympathy, but she was effective. Pointing me to a seat, she disappeared in the kitchen, and pressing the boy to her aid, she was soon serving me what proved an abundant and an excellent meal, for which she asked twenty-five cents. I was paying a like sum for my electric-lighted room in the lodging-house. An inexpensive expedition certainly and one that was taking me step by step over the ground that I had travelled ten years before. I have a conviction that Gillette is on the very site of the prospectors' camp where I spent the night before entering Cripple Creek for the first time. But there were changes other than those indicated by the growth, on the site of a solitary camp, of a town which had been thriving and may at any moment become so again in the swift changes of a mining region. Besides what the years had wrought of external change, there was my own changed relation to the scene. Through the darkness of that earlier night I had come a laborer in blue jeans in search of work. The men of the camp had accepted me as one of themselves, and had talked freely of the slender chances of employment at Cripple Creek, then kindling to a more congenial theme, they told me what they had already seen of the fortunes of the place, and talked far into the night of their own hopes and ventures. They gave me a blanket when we turned in, and rolling myself in that I lay down among them and slept the sleep of a child. It was another matter now; a nondescript in khaki, an eccentric of the tourist type at best, I was of no earthly interest to the men I met. The two prospectors in the cabin where I stopped at twilight to ask the way had politely offered me a chair and a cup of tea and had civilly answered my questions, but with their eyes on the bowls of their pipes. The old man at the stove in the restaurant blinked once at the sight of me and went off into heavy slumber, and the miner lifted a momentary glance from the pages of his book, then renewed the hard labor of trying to discover in it an interest commensurate with the picture on the cover. I wished to draw him into conversation, but before he would talk of matters interesting to me, he wanted to know where I had come from and whither I was bound. The fact that I had walked from Manitou that day and should walk on to Cripple Creek in the morning settled my case with him. He carefully explained to me, as one might urge an erring child, that for thirty-five cents I could ride by the Midland Railway to the camp. My preference for walking was a too abnormal eccentricity, and I saw that he preferred the society of his book to mine.

It was much the same in the morning. Two or three groups of young miners were breakfasting in the restaurant when I entered, but I was put at a table by myself. Not if I had been an intruder upon a most exclusive company could I have been more completely ignored. It was with a sense of relief, as well as the keen pleasure of an early start, that I took again to the road. If I had lost the character of a workman, I had lost nothing of the joy in the long walks from place to place in search of work. There was the same sense of freedom and of delight in the freshness of an opening day, the same quickening of the blood as with the glow of a kingly sport, and the flight of the imagination. The rising sun cast my shadow before me on the white dust of the well-kept "county road" leading to Cripple Creek. Birds were singing among the slender quaking

aspens; prospectors had begun the day's work on the claims along the route, a work with the curious extremes of hazard, sudden fortune, or the total loss of long months of labor. From the hills to the north of it I was soon looking down upon the town of Cripple Creek, covering the bottom of a bowl-like valley and spreading upward upon the surrounding hills. All the old picturesqueness was gone. Gold-mining in its advanced stages is as ruthless an industry as the mining of coal. Not a tree had been left standing. Every hillside was clean shaven to its crest, then indented everywhere with gaping prospects, each surrounded by its heap of débris. The whole region looked as though thirteen-inch guns had been playing upon it from every quarter. At points along the gulches and crowning the neighboring hills were high wooden structures built over the shafts with power-houses belching black smoke from tall iron chimneys, and millions of tons of rejected ore spreading like heaps of culm about them. A network of roads, the tracks of three railways and of two electric lines, had cut and gashed the landscape, as if to complete its disfigurement. In the midst of this desolation stood the town, brick at its core and ugly with an ugliness to match the surrounding ruin, spreading in gaudy wooden cottages that became only more grotesque in color as they climbed the scarred and barren slopes. There were vivid blues and reds and yellows, with shades of pink and lavender interspersed, and harrowing tints of green. It was not until I looked down upon it all from a similar height at night that I realized the possible transforming touch of a veil of darkness. The cuts and scars were hid, as was also the hideousness of a city built solely on the greed for gold, and one saw only the myriad lights like a reflection of the firmament from the depths of a mountain lake. Moreover, it is a little strange how quickly the sense of outrage in the relentless cruelty of an industry disappears before one's interest as it awakens to the actual working of the processes. I was presently down a mine with a superintendent whose athletic figure I well remembered in its place in the Harvard line of a dozen years before. We were walking together through electric-lighted passages nine hundred feet under ground, which the pumps keep as dry as a bone, and the fans keep pure. He was showing me how the ore is mined and was leading me up by ladders through narrow cuts, just large enough for a man's body, where our candles were our only light, to a higher level and bidding me mark the character of the rock, which gave him promise of hundreds of thousands of tons of ore of a certain quality. As I heard the story and saw it in object-lesson about me, and listened to plans for improving the handling of ores and to hopes of the further cheapening of the processes of extracting gold, I knew it for the world-old story with its infinite fascination whose vitality is in the virtue of the man who commands men and brings things to pass. It is the virtue which redeems the seeming violence to nature. I had known Cripple Creek in the picturesqueness of its earlier days, when the miners lived in log cabins with overhanging eaves and with grasses sprouting from the earth which covered their roofs, when trees grew on the neighboring hills and a brook flowed through the camp. But among the hundreds that lived there then there was much poverty, and even destitution, and work was scarcely to be had on any terms. It was the genius of a few men that had wrought the change. The discovery of cheaper processes of treating low-grade ores had been foremost in working the miracle of bringing idle hands into fruitful contact with undeveloped resources of nature, and thousands were at work where hundreds had sought work in vain, while nearly three millions a month were being added to the world's treasure.

But keener even than my interest in revisiting Cripple Creek, where I had gained my first acquaintance with the Rockies and with a Rocky Mountain camp, had been my desire to see again the ranch where I had passed the first night on the march to Creede.

At noon of an October day ten years before I had set out by the Cañon City road. Sometime after nightfall I reached a settler's cabin, and having in my pocket enough to pay for food and shelter, I stopped and asked for entertainment. No single incident of that long expedition of ten years back was clearer in my memory now. I could see the silvery gray of the weather-

worn logs of the cabin in the brilliant moonlight of that autumn night. I could see again the dignity and grace and charm in the face of the old ranchman's wife, who opened the door for me and hospitably asked me in. We were in the main apartment of the cabin which served as kitchen and dining-room, and general living-room. It breathed the soapy cleanliness of a New England country home, and my hostess talked to me with the delightful simplicity of a lady, while she stood ironing at a table near the large cooking stove. Presently she asked me whether I would not meet her husband, and following her across a narrow passage to the inner room of the cabin I found seated there in a rocking-chair an old frontiersman in his shirt-sleeves with an open newspaper across his knees. The singular intelligence of the man's face, together with its cast of unfathomable sadness, impressed me first, and then I noticed that there were scientific books on the shelves in the room and geological specimens arranged with evident care. My wonder as to whether they denoted more than a passing interest in the curious gave place to another feeling when to my idle question he answered gravely:

"Yes, I took up this ranch soon after the close of the Civil War, and it has proved to be remarkably rich in paleontological remains and various crustacean forms."

That was the beginning of a conversation on paleontology which consumed a great part of the night, and was followed in the morning by another one on geology; for my host was driving to Cañon City and inviting me to a seat at his side, he pointed out as we went the geological structure of the region as it lay exposed in the sheer sides of the cañon through which the road led us. Rarely had I met a man of the schools whose scientific knowledge was so perfectly at command and so vitally in touch with the common things about him. My ranchman friend however talked not like the men of the schools, but as a man talks of the crops and the cattle on the hills, and the great geologic periods lived for me in a reality I had never felt before, while I had glimpses of the age-long working of evolution as of a visible transformation before my eyes.

Since then I had heard of him, only to find that this frontiersman, a pioneer of the Rockies, living on that distant ranch, had become the friend of some of the leading men of science of his day, men who visited him at his home and kept in touch with him by letter, and that some of his paleontological discoveries were on exhibition at the Peabody Museum at New Haven.

It was a little past noon on an October day that I set out from Cripple Creek to find the ranch again and to spend another night with so rare a man. I had only to follow the Cañon City road which leads southward along the course of a mountain stream. I remembered the trip as an afternoon's walk of fifteen or eighteen miles at most, but there my memory was at fault, for the actual distance is close on twenty-five. Dairy farms and frequent dwellings had altered the earlier part of the route, but beyond this the way remained unchanged in character, except that I now met no provision trains nor the huge mule-drawn vehicles for transporting ore, ores and provisions being transported now by railway. It was a lonely road but fascinating in the companionship of a stream and the subtle autumn coloring, where the orange and brilliant lemon of quaking aspens were relieved by the brown and deep russet reds of scrub-oaks, and where fields of gleaming gold among the stunted willows reflected the blazing sun in an air of indescribable clarity.

Just before nightfall I entered the "Park" at the foot of which, five or six miles beyond, lay the ranch whither I was bound. I remembered perfectly the effect of ordered arrangement in the "Park," with open stretches carpeted with turf and clusters of cedars and peon-pines. There came over me again the sense of something tropical, for the evergreens were masses of luxuriant foliage in the twilight, and the air was balmy, and the full moon was rising through the warmth of a deep-blue sky.

It was nearing eight o'clock when I recognized the cabin a little off the road on my right. It stood exactly as I remembered it in a small grove of cotton-wood with patches of moonlight on its earth-covered roof and over the soft gray of its outer walls. My hand was on the gate when I was arrested by the distressful cry of a child shrieking an appeal to its mother not to be left alone. The cry came

from the open door, and I waited until I saw a woman cross the yard and enter the cabin, expostulating with the frightened child. Struck then with dread of the possible changes of the past ten years I opened the gate and walked in, just in time to see approaching me from the depths of the shadow of an outbuilding a young man who was leading a horse by a halter.

"Are you Mr. F.?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, and I began to be reassured, for there flashed into my memory then the figure of a son of the old ranchman of whom however I had had only a passing glimpse in my first visit.

To my request for something to eat and a place to sleep for the night, he answered at once that a bed I should certainly have, and "my house-keeper will find you something to eat, I guess," he added. "You see, I'm only baching it, but she'll get you something, sure."

He asked me to wait until he had put his horse in the barn; then we entered the cabin. The house-keeper and her two young children, little girls of seven and nine, sat at the kitchen table, she going over with them the next day's lessons of the district school. Every detail of the interior was the same, the iron cooking stove, the table and rough-hewn cupboard against the wall, the chairs and the long wooden bench under a window with its bucket of spring water and a tin dipper, a wash-basin beside it, and a coarse towel hanging from a roller on the wall. The room was haunted for me by the gracious presence of the ranchman's wife, but she was not there.

When I finished my supper the young ranchman led the way across the passage to the well-remembered inner room. So vivid was my sense of the old couple that I expected to find them there. A wood fire was roaring on the hearth, but the rocking-chair was empty before it, and I saw at a glance that there was a significant disorder among the scientific books and pamphlets on the shelves, and that the geological specimens had disappeared.

I was given the seat before the fire, and the young ranchman sat on a chest at the chimney side. Naturally he had not recognized me, for I had spent but a night at his home exactly ten years before and was but one of many scores of transient passers who had found shelter there. I said nothing of my former visit, but the books gave me a theme that I knew would draw him out on the subject of his father. His eyes kindled instantly to my question, as he picked up a handful of dusty treatises and began to assort them.

"All of these belonged to my father," he remarked, adding simply: "He died last February."

"And your mother?" I asked.

"Oh, she's been dead, it will be ten years next winter," he replied.

He little knew how keenly the stranger before him felt the knowledge of these losses in his family. Evidently glad to talk of his people he went on, needing little prompting from me.

His father and mother had been of the same New England community and well trained in their elementary education in a neighboring town school. Early in the Civil War both had entered the service in the Hospital Department, she as a nurse and he as a hospital steward. There they had become engaged, and at the close of the war, after four years' service, they were married, and had crossed the plains in a prairie schooner with a caravan of settlers, and had taken up the ranch just at the entrance of the "Park" as one approaches it from Cañon City. There the ranchman soon began to make discoveries in a quarry on his land. Huge fragments of the skeleton of a deinosaur first interested him. Presently he had exhumed successfully a great part of the framework of a monster eighty feet long. This led to the study of scientific books for explanations and then to correspondence with men of science. In the course of time an eminent biologist appeared at the ranch to see the quarry for himself. He came in the sceptical spirit of a mining expert who examines a lauded claim, then he went nearly mad with joy at sight of what he saw. Other biologists had followed him, and there were whole summers when paleontologists were camped on the quarry for the enriching of their various museums. In the meanwhile the ranchman was reading more of science and improving his opportunities of acquaintance with its representatives, until, in the course of years, he had a not inconsiderable knowledge of geology and paleontology and biology. He was

of good New England stock and had been reared in an atmosphere of reverence for learning. His elementary schooling had been of the best of those days, and four years of active service had given him the discipline of contact with the grimmest facts of life and death. He had faced the problem of existence in a perilous journey across the plains and in taking up with his wife the life work of a pioneer in a distant fastness of the Rockies. Civilization had followed him. Line after line of railway and telegraph had crossed the plains, and a city had grown up within a few miles of his door, then a mining camp of world-wide importance a little farther up the range. Nevertheless his outer life had remained the same; the same log cabin was his home, and the same hard year-long toil on his ranch was his struggle for existence. The change for him had come in the widening of his intellectual horizon. Beyond all that he had ever dreamt of the possible limits of the mind, science had opened up to him new worlds of thought. The scarped cliffs about him and the fossils of his quarry, the animals and the plants of his ranch were becoming an open book in which he was beginning to read a cosmic tale that took him back into immeasurable time, and sent his imagination forward to the utmost reach of thought. The interest of it filled his life. What mattered it to him that he could make but a scant living from his land? His thoughts were on science as he worked, and his leisure hours were given to scientific reading. But his was too deep a nature to feel only the exhilaration of new ideas. The meaning of it all soon burdened him with the inexplicable mystery of the world, and his expanding mind came to know a sadness beyond all former dream of its possible depths. The quality of the man appeared in his unflinching struggle. Disease had come upon him, bringing years of physical agony. Failure that seemed irredeemable played its part in the training of his spirit. Finally there came the death of his wife and a loneliness to blast his remaining days. And yet his courage and resolution never failed. Even with the decay of his faculties he fought on. A cloud would sometimes settle upon his mind bringing a certain oblivion, but he struggled hardest against that.

One day near the end of the past winter he sat alone in his room. A fire was burning on the hearth, and he was enduring as best he could the excruciating pain that tortured him. His mind was intent upon a scientific treatise which had reached him that day, and to keep his attention fixed he had constantly to resist the numbness that would come like a paralysis of the brain. Again and again it crept stealthily upon him, deadening the pain he suffered and wooing him to deadly sleep. At last it seemed to overwhelm him like a cloud, enveloping him in impalpable folds against which it was vain to struggle. Just as he felt himself falling into unfathomable slumber, he started up, seeming to return suddenly to vivid consciousness at the sound of a shot. They were blasting in the quarry, but that he did not know. He only knew that he was young again, that all pain was gone, and that his mind was clear and alert with a strange excitement. The blasts from the quarry followed one another in quick succession. Not knowing what he did he walked out into the open air. The warm sun fell upon his head with the effect of summer heat, and the air reeked with the smell of powder. In a moment he was back at Gettysburg and at work upon the field. A neighboring hill he knew as a stronghold and the scene of repeated charges. Catching the contagion from those about him his attention was presently fixed upon a fearful drama. With all his soul in his sight he was watching frenzied men rush madly through living fire up that hill, shouting like demons as they went. Exactly at the climax of the scene, when his own blood had mounted highest and he had lost himself in the cheer that rose from unconscious throats, he staggered under the sudden shock of a shot, and as he fell there was an instant of real consciousness in which he felt his heart leap to the thought that now for him the fight was over. That evening on returning from work in the quarry, his son had found him dead beside the cabin.

It was late when we said good-night. I asked the young ranchman whether he could give me a mount in the morning and ride with me to Cripple Creek in time to catch the midday train on the "Short Line" for Colorado Springs. He was very

obliging. We were off together before eight o'clock. My pony was a young bronco, newly broken, that had just come into the ranchman's hands and was beginning to recover, under his capital care, from the ordeal of a cowboy breaking, which consists in calculating nicely how near you can come in sheer brutality to killing a horse without actually taking his life. He was haggard still and nervous, and took an altogether pathetic interest in my movements. But he was a horse of excellent build and admirable spirit, and when I was once securely on his back and we had endured successfully a quarter of an hour of anxiety to us both, he settled to an easy fox-trot which left the miles behind us with amazing rapidity. The ranchman close at my side on another pony was full of the history of the road. In the thick of yonder cluster of cedars had been found the body of a man weeks after his death, bearing not a trace of his identity. On the bank above us was the nameless grave of another man who had fallen dead in the effort to reach the gold camp. At the very roadside we passed the grave of a child carefully outlined with small light-colored stones half buried in the soil. The child died under these very trees, where its parents had camped for the night in their toilsome journey by prairie schooner to the new gold fields. We met well-mounted ranchmen with splendid English names, but with reputations not of the best. We passed fearsome points whence laden provision trains had gone plunging over the cliff to the stream bed below and had escaped serious consequences as by miracle. I was shown the very spot where some escaped convicts from the penitentiary at Cañon City had been recaptured, and the ranchman told me casually the details of the unspeakable lynching that followed.

But it was of his father that I wished most to hear, and as best I could I led the talk back to the history of the brave spirit that in loneliness and poverty had fought his fight and kept his armor to the last.

Finally the ranchman turned toward me. He was a little before me on the road, and he threw his weight on one foot as he turned in his saddle to face me.

"Were you ever in these parts before?" he asked, pointedly.

" Once before," I answered.

"You spent a night at the ranch and you wrote a book and mentioned being there," he suggested.

"Yes," I said; for it could not be denied.

"I remember you," he added. "We read your book, and my father often spoke of your visit."

We were near the end of our ride. Soon we were standing on the station platform and shaking hands at parting.

"It is ten years since I met your father and mother," I said. "I have thought of them many times since then. It was to see them that I walked down to the ranch." And then we said good-by.

THE TOWN DOWN THE RIVER

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

I

Said the Watcher by the Way
To the young and the unladen,
To the boy and to the maiden,
"God be with you both to-day.
First your song came ringing,
Now you come, you two—
Knowing naught of what you do,
Or of what your dreams are bringing.

"O you children who go singing
To the Town down the River,
Where the millions cringe and shiver,
Tell me what you know to-day;
Tell me how far you are going,
Tell me how you find your way.
O you children who go dreaming,
Tell me what you dream to-day."

"He is old and we have heard him,"
Said the boy then to the maiden.
"He is old and heavy laden
With a load we throw away.
Care may come to find us,
Age may lay us low;
Still, we seek the light we know,
And the dead we leave behind us.

"Did he think that he would blind us
Into such a small believing
As to live without achieving,
When the lights have led so far?
Let him watch or let him wither—
Shall he tell us where we are?
We know best who go together,
Downward, onward, and so far."

II

Said the Watcher by the Way
To the fiery folk that hastened,
To the loud and the unchastened,
"You are strong, I see, to-day.
Strength and hope may lead you
To the journey's end—
Each to be the other's friend
If the Town should fail to need you.

"And are ravens there to feed you
In the Town down the River,
Where the gift appals the giver
And youth hardens day by day?
O you brave and you unshaken,
Are you truly on your way?
And are sirens in the River,
That you come so far to-day?"

"You are old, and we have listened,"
Said the voice of one who halted;
"You are sage and self-exalted,
But your way is not our way.
You that cannot aid us
Give us words to eat.
Be assured that they are sweet,
And that we are as God made us.

"Not in vain have you delayed us,
Though the River still be calling
Through the twilight that is falling
And the Town be still so far.
By the whirlwind of your wisdom
Leagues are lifted as leaves are;
But a king without a kingdom
Fails us, who have come so far."

III

Said the Watcher by the Way
To the slower folk who stumbled,
To the weak and the world-humbled,
"Tell me how you fare to-day.
Some with ardor shaken,
All with honor scarred,

Do you falter, finding hard,
The far chance that you have taken?

"Or, do you at length awaken
To an antic retribution,
Goading to a new confusion
The drugged hopes of yesterday?
O you poor mad men that hobble,
Will you not return, or stay?
Do you trust, you broken people,
To a dawn without the day?"

"You speak well of what you know not,"
Muttered one; and then a second:
"You have begged and you have beckoned,
But you see us on our way.
Who are you to scold us,
Knowing what we know?
Jeremiah, long ago,
Said as much as you have told us.

"As we are, then, you behold us:
Derelicts of all conditions,
Poets, rogues, and sick physicians,
Plodding forward from afar;
Forward now into the darkness
Where the men before us are;
Forward, onward, out of grayness,
To the light that shone so far."

IV

Said the Watcher by the Way
To some aged ones who lingered,
To the shrunken, the claw-fingered,
"So you come for me to-day."
"Yes, to give you warning;
You are old," one said;
"You have old hairs on your head,
Fit for laurel, not for scorning.

"From the first of early morning
We have toiled along to find you;
We, as others, have maligned you,
But we need your scorn to-day.
By the light that we saw shining
Let us not be lured alway;
Let us hear no River calling
When to-morrow is to-day."

"But your lanterns are unlighted—
And the Town is far before you:
Let us hasten, I implore you,"
Said the Watcher by the Way.
"Long have I waited,
Longer have I known
That the Town would have its own,
And the call be for the fated.

"In the name of all created,
Let us hear no more, my brothers;
Are we older than all others?
Are the planets in our way?"
"Hark!" said one; "I hear the River,
Calling always, night and day."
"Forward, then! The lights are shining,"
Said the Watcher by the Way.

Legislative Library Ontario

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

WHY is it that the common educated Englishman, not professionally a "literary man" so uniformly acquits himself better of a literary task than the corresponding American, can report better what he has seen and done, be it a voyage to strange lands, be it an account of "empire-building"? There is, unfortunately, no question about the fact. Take the case of a man who, having done great things, sits down to tell about them. Xenophon's "Anabasis" and Cæsar's "Commentaries," have been for fifty generations the models of such narration. Zealous West Pointers have been known to assert that the "Memoirs" of Grant and Sherman enter into this competition. But, with the best will in the world on the part of the cultivated reader to believe this, it really will not do. Nobody can really imagine either of these works being held as a classic a hundred years hence, to say nothing of a thousand. Quarries for the historian will be the extent of their usefulness.

Culture *vs.* "Cram."

"So many thousand Masters of Arts in this country"—Clarence King used to say—"where are the arts?" Lord Cromer is not a literary man. He has for a generation been engrossed in doing things, things "most useful for his country." But now that he has "sat down to tell about them," it would be unpatriotic for an American to challenge a comparison of "Modern Egypt" with any like work of an American official. Lord Cromer exhibits an old-fashioned British willingness to garnish his narrative with Latin quotations, and to make ostentation of his classical culture. But it is to be noted that it is classical culture, that the citations are "all so," and that he nowhere lapses into what Stevenson calls the "swaggering misquotations" of the American journalist.

For that matter, neither Grant nor Sherman straggled into journalese, nor pretended to know what he did not know, nor is that the literary defect of the West Pointer. But it is, doubtless, the prevailing American literary defect, this same "journalistic" sciolism. The things which Macaulay's "every school-boy" knew, being compiled by a laborious investigator, were found to comprise a formidable body of knowledge. But the British school-boy really does know these things. At least he knows them or he does not know them. He does not half know them, as the American sciolist is so painfully apt to do. Two modern instances occur. Not long ago, an American review of hereditary critical authority contained the statement that Edmund Burke's oratorical reputation was made by Samuel Johnson's parliamentary reports! Let us charitably assume that "Burke" was a slip for "Pitt," the elder Pitt, with whose early oratorical reputation Johnson really had something to do. But, even so, what a vast ignorance of the eighteenth century does the slip denote, what an unacquaintance with the things that "every school-boy" may reasonably be assumed to know, and that the English school-boy—Etonian, Rugboean, Harrovian or what not—does somehow subconsciously seem to possess. The other instance is a recent rehabilitation of Chatterton, a zealous and well-meant essay in which the author has diligently "got up" every fact that seemed to him relevant, but of which the reader has sadly to say that the author "does not know enough." His honest enthusiasm is rendered so nearly nugatory by the handfuls of false notes about his period that he keeps unconsciously striking, unconsciously by his absence of a consciousness of the lack of the background of information which is the subconscious possession of "every school-boy." What can you do with a "literary man" who has to have it explained to him that culture *ad hoc* is not culture at all, but only "cram"?

One has to own that these modern instances are typical. And the patriot has to inquire with some trepidation what we are going to do about it. It is not for want of express inculcation that the American college-graduate knows less of English literature than the English "every school-boy." He has abundant "courses" in it. Whereas the English school-boy, as certain English educational reformers are busily pointing out, has no express teaching of English literature at all. Given a regular "grind" in classics, the English sys-

tem assumes that the needed knowledge of English literature, and even the needed capacity of writing English, will "rub off," and come of itself. And it has to be said that, upon the whole, the English system is justified of its children and the American system is not; that, in fact, "something is rotten in the state" of American literary education.

On Taking One's Dessert First

WHEN we were children we used to "happen in" to the kitchen just before luncheon to see what the dessert was to be. This was because at the luncheon table we were not allowed to ask, yet it was advantageous to know, for since even our youthful capacity had its limits, we found it necessary to "save room," and the question, of course, was, how much room?

Discovering some favorite dish being prepared, we used to gaze with watering mouth, and, though knowing its futility, could seldom repress the plea, "Mayn't we have our dessert now?" Of course we never did, of course we waited, and of course, when that same dessert came to us, properly served, at the proper time, after a properly wholesome luncheon preceding, it found us expectant, perhaps, but not eager; appreciative, but not enthusiastic. It was not to us what it would have been at the golden moment when we begged for it.

In hours of unbridled hostility to domestic conditions we used sometimes to plan for a future when we should be grown up, and then would we not change this sorry scheme of things entire! Would we not have a larder, with desserts in it, our favorite desserts—and would we not devour these same, boldly, recklessly, immediately before the meal for which they were intended! Just wouldn't we!

And afterward—just didn't we! Most youthful fancies are doomed to fade unrealized, but this one was too fundamentally practical and sane. We are grown up, we have a larder, with now and then toothsome desserts in it, and now and then we grip our conscience till it cowers and is still, we wait till the servants are out, we walk into our pantry—and then——

Yes, triumphant we still believe what once militant we maintained—that the only way to eat cake is when it is just out of the oven, that the only way to eat ice-cream is to dip it out of the freezer, down under the apple-tree, in the mid-morning or mid-afternoon. Afterward, when it appears in sober decorum, surrounded by all the appurtenances of civilization, it is a very commonplace affair; out under the apple-tree it is ambrosia.

Why not go further? Why not take all our desserts in life when they taste best, instead of at the proper time, when we don't care for them? Desserts are, I suppose, meant to be enjoyed. Why not have them when most enjoyable? I wonder if there is not a certain perverted conscientiousness that leads us to this enforcement of our pleasures. I am myself conscious that I can scarcely ever approach a pleasure with a mind singly bent on enjoyment. I regard it with something like suspicion, I hedge, I hesitate, I defer. What is the motive force here? Is it an inherited asceticism, bidding us beware of pleasure as such? Is it pride, which will not permit us to make unseemly haste toward our desires? Is it a subtle self-gratification, which seeks to add zest, tone, to our delights by postponing them? Is it fear of anticlimax, which makes us save our pleasure for the last thing, that there may be no descent afterward? Certainly the last was the motive in the case of the little boy who, dining out, was given a piece of mince and one of custard pie. He liked the mince best, therefore he saved it until the last, and had just conscientiously finished the custard when his beaming hostess said: "Oh, you like the custard best! Well, dear, you needn't eat the other. Delia, bring another plate for Henry and I'll give him another piece of the custard pie." Pathetic! Yet I confess my sympathy with Henry has always been qualified by disapproval of his methods, which, it seems to me, brought down upon him an awful, but not wholly undeserved penalty.

The incident is worth careful attention. For life, I believe, is continually treating us as that benevolent but misguided hostess treated the incomprehensible Henry. If we postpone our mince pie, it is often snatched from us and we never get it at all. I knew a youth once who habitually rode a bicycle that was too small for him. He explained that he continued to do this because then, when at some future time he did have one that fitted him, he would be so surpassingly comfortable! Soon after bicycles went out of fashion, and I fear the moment of supreme luxury never came. His mince pie had, as it were, been snatched from him. One of my

friends wrote me once: "It seems to me I am always distractingly busy just getting ready to live, but I never really begin." Most of us are in the same plight. We are like the thrifty housewife who kept pushing the week's work earlier and earlier, until it backed up into the week before; yet with all her planning she never succeeded in clearing one little spot of leisure for herself. She never got her dessert at all. Probably she would not have enjoyed it if she had had it. For the capacity to enjoy desserts in life is something not to be trifled with. Children have it, and grown people can keep it if they try, but they don't always try. I knew of a man who worked every minute until he was sixty, getting rich. He did get rich. Then he retired; he built him a "stately pleasure palace," and set about taking his pleasure. And lo! he found that he had forgotten how! He tried this and that, indoor and outdoor pleasures, the social and the solitary, the artistic and the semi-scientific—all to no purpose. Here were all the desserts that throughout his life he had been steadfastly pushing aside; they were ranged before him to partake of, and when he would partake he could not. And so he left his pleasure palace and went back to "business."

We are not all so far gone as this, but few of us have the courage to take our desserts when they are offered, or the free spirit to enjoy them to the uttermost. I get up on a glorious summer morning and gaze out at the new day. With all the strongest and deepest instincts of my nature I long to go out into the green beauty of the world, to fling myself down in some sloping meadow and feel the sunshine envelop me and the warm winds pass over me, to see them tossing the grasses and tugging at the trees and driving the white clouds across the blue, and to feel the great earth revolving under me—for if you lie long enough you can really get the sense of sailing through space. All this I long for—from my window. Then I turn back to my unglorified little house—little, however big, compared with the limitless world of beauty outside—and betake myself to my day's routine occupations. I read my mail, I answer letters, I go over accounts, I fly to the telephone and give orders and make engagements. And at length, after hours of such stultifying employment, I elect to call myself "free," and go forth to enjoy my "well-earned" leisure. Fool that I am! As if enjoyment were a thing to be taken up and laid down at will, like a walking-stick. As if one could let the golden moment pass and hope to find it again awaiting our convenience. Why can we not be like Pippa with her one precious day? But if she had been born in New England do you suppose her day would have been what it was? Would she have sprung up at day-break with heart and mind all alight for pleasure? Certainly not. She would have spent the golden morning in cleaning the kitchen, and the golden afternoon in clearing up the attic, and would have gone out for a little walk after the supper dishes were washed, only because she thought she "ought" to take a little exercise in the open air.

Duty and work are all very well, but we have bound ourselves up in them so completely that we have almost lost the art of spontaneous enjoyment. We can feel comfortable or uncomfortable, annoyed or gratified, but we cannot feel simple, buoyant, instinctive enjoyment in anything. We take our very pleasures under the name of duties—"We ought to take a walk," "We ought not to miss that concert," "We ought to read" a certain book, "We ought" to go and see this friend, or invite that one to see us. Those things that should be our spontaneous pleasures we have clothed and masked until they no longer know themselves. A pleasure must present itself under the guise of a duty before we feel that we can wholly give ourselves over to it.

Ah, let us stop all that! Let us take our pleasures without apology. Let us give up this fashion of shoving them away into the left-over corners of our lives, covering their gleaming raiment with sad-colored robes, and visiting them with half-averted faces. Let us consort with them openly, gayly!

What is News?

A LARGE part of the advance of science is due to the fact that scientists agree on their definitions and agree to use technical terms with precision, so that each of them shall always understand what the others mean. And perhaps a small part of the uncertainty of the social sciences, economics for one, and sociology for another, is due to the fact that there is no final agreement on the terms employed. Rigorous definitions may be called a necessary foundation of knowledge. Yet we all

use many words largely and loosely, words with a penumbra of vague suggestion, words which mean all things to all men; and we are often a little impatient when we are called upon to be precise and to say exactly what we mean. No more and no less. We resent the demand for clear definition; and we are likely to accept as true Lord Morley's recent assertion that "Most definitions hang between platitude and paradox."

It is the commonest and most useful words which are most liberal and least clear. We are all eager for the news, for example, but what is *news?* During the Civil War, Dr. Holmes suggested that the citizens of the American republic were like the Romans of old, but with a difference, since our cry was for Bread and the News. Now, if there is a clamor for a thing, how is it that there is constant disagreement as to what the thing itself is? What *is* News? This is the question that every conductor of a journal must answer for himself. It is only by supplying the News that he wins Bread for himself. Yet no two conductors of journals agree as to the test of real news. It is not founded on the actual importance of the thing reported, or else we should not have scareheads on the first page hastening to predict a fresh divorce or a temporary remarriage in a petty circle peopled by the abnormal creatures whereof the male is known as a well-known Club Man, while the female is usually designated as a beautiful Society Lady.

The importance of the fact chronicled is apparently not the chief test of news, nor is the proximity of the actors—although the cynical Villemessant was wont to declare that a volcanic catastrophe destroying thousands in South America was of less interest to the readers of the *Figaro* than the running-over of a prima-donna's dog on the Boulevard des Italiens. When all is said, news must be described as that which the public wants to read about; and as every newspaper has a public of its own, every news-editor is striving always to discover the greatest common denominator of his special public. In the saffron journals any scandal or murder is news of prime interest. In papers of superior virtue—true-blue, so to speak—scandals and murders are not really news; they are mere occurrences to be recorded as a matter of course, but not to be displayed.

Perhaps there is a solid basis for the belief that the yellow fever in journalism is contagious and that even the more reputable papers find it hard nowadays not to feature the freakish, even if it is also the trivial. Perhaps the conductors of these more dignified papers are really underestimating the intelligent interest of their readers and miscalculating the relative value of the many things they describe. They seem sometimes to be trying to sickly o'er their sedate sheets with a tinge that is lemon, even if it is not orange. And in so doing, they run a risk of offending the more discriminating of their readers who would really appreciate a larger treatment of events that seem to them important.

Here is a case in point. In one of the most worthy papers of New York a few weeks ago there appeared a scarehead announcing that a negro girl in Cincinnati had distinguished herself in a spelling-match. Now that spelling-match was a wholly insignificant side-show of one of the most important gatherings of the year—the Annual Meeting of the National Education Association, which sometimes brings together thirty thousand educators, from kindergarten teachers to university presidents. A meeting of the National Education Association is the outward and visible sign of that universal interest in education which all intelligent travellers from abroad remark as the most obvious characteristic of American civilization. Yet the account of the opening of this meeting was huddled into a paragraph, tailing off after the dispatch announcing the winning of the spelling-match by the little negro girl.

This is as inexplicable on any sound theory of news-values as another practice of the more reputable papers. They often dismiss in a brief paragraph an address by President Eliot or President Butler, when it is delivered, when it is fresh before the world, when it is actually news; and yet, these same journals, when this address is published, may award it a column or two of criticism among their book reviews. After all is said, there seems to be no more certain answer to What is News? than there is to that older question, What is Truth? And assurably the answer to the latter would not necessarily be the answer to the former.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

GEORGE INNESS

I FEEL it almost a duty toward those who come after to write down now, ere I, too, go to my separate star, what I remember of George Inness. However great our future may become in art, he will hold his own place, if not as a master, yet as the American painter especially called to interpret American nature according to the great principle first recognized by Constable, and spread through his influence in France. Already he is a master to some of us, and a future age may unanimously account him one. If he is not, then several other painters to-day regarded as such will disappear with him. Every personal reminiscence of a great man is interesting, grown the more valuable as memory fades, and as he comes to be known only through books.

A New York morning newspaper of wide circulation and weighty influence in affairs artistic, as well as in other directions, has recently published a leading article in which George Inness, Homer Martin, and Wyant are treated with scant respect and less admiration for their work. In that article George Inness is held up as a painter of very modest ability, who has been bolstered into an exaggerated fame as a great painter and who will straightway sink out of any lasting esteem.

I see evidence to-day of promise that, given twenty, yes, ten years more, we shall have a school of landscape painters not only of independent character in their work, but who will influence, by its strength, every other country where painters are developed. Yet do there live, and with minds capable of judging, people who believe in Inness as a very master. Time alone can show his correct standing beside *les Maîtres d'autrefois;* but these people, too, believe that he will hold an important place in the history of American art, and that his influence will only grow with years.

I shall write here, only of what I knew of him during several years near the close of his life. Our studios were adjoining, separated only by double doors. I saw him almost daily, and a friendship resulted which in some ways was intimate. I never stood in the relation of being his pupil; he never talked down to me, but always with me: he himself making my position, so that I was not afraid to disagree with him. When he did not like it, he would almost shriek at me and tell me very plainly what he thought my opinions were worth. He was not always wrong, either, for I was tempted often to say something that would draw him out, and what is the use of being young if one cannot lessen callow ignorance even at the expense of making an old gentleman angry?

His studio was bare of any comforts, or ornamentation, and he himself generally looked like many old painters I have seen, who labored away with well-meant, but sad endeavor—until you saw him at his work—his head, his eyes; for then he had the vigor and enthusiasm of a League student—or, rather, of the whole body of them compressed into his one frail self. Then I felt the influence of his strength; and still to-day, he and Constable and Millet live with me, walk with me and criticise me when I dare to paint. In my mind they are his only equals in a broad understanding of all nature.

It was in the winter of 1885, I think, that Inness first showed his finished "Niagara" in his studio, and later, at the American Art Association's galleries, together with a large collection of his work. I did not then have a personal acquaintance with him, but I accompanied more favored friends, saw his paintings and heard him talk in that high-pitched and rather raucous tone that was natural to him. If his heart spoke through his mouth, it seemed a very queer organ. His personality did not invite a closer acquaintance; I was not particularly impressed with the "Niagara"; it was too wide-spread and panoramic, but its beautiful color and atmosphere were admirable. His enthusiasm, as he talked to those around him, was amusing; he was so naïvely egotistic; and it was evident that for him there was but one landscape painter in the world. I had just returned from having spent several years as

an art student in Paris, and to me the Fontainebleau School of nature painters represented everything that was great. Only they who had learnt their trade in France, knew anything. The old Hudson River School was to us simply a collection of ignorant artistic fossils, and so on. Inness might be a strong painter if he only had known how to paint—understood the cool grays of Corot, and how to draw a tree as could Rousseau. Yes, it would be our own fresh, imported ability that would make our country famous, our art great. We were the chosen ones, the coming men of future years. Those of the past were—oh, pooh!—and would be but a hideous memory before long.

It was with such feelings that I mounted the stairs of the American Art Association's galleries to look condescendingly at Mr. Inness's paintings. I knew the color would be harsh and raw, the drawings execrable, and the atmosphere not such as we had known in France. I felt that I was showing a broad and generous feeling in gracing Mr. Inness' exhibition; I knew that others felt that way, too, and I really would try hard to find something of which I could conscientiously utter words of well-guarded praise.

It was a very humble man that, after several hours, walked down that same stairway. It was no longer "Mr." Inness, but "Inness the Master," and I was thankful that I had not to await his death and future years to learn the fact of his mastership. That year showed me a new Spring season which I had never known before; a golden Autumn I had never understood, and that most heavenly of all seasons in any land, our Indian Summer; and Inness, the American painter, had interpreted all these for me and had revealed to me the glory of our own American possibilities.

Once I was walking in New England with a fair maiden and a superfluous young man. The time was sunset, and the brilliancy of the sky was subdued by a pleasant haze. It was very beautiful, and we gazed at it enrapt and silent. Finally, the other young man said: "What a splendid sunset!" "Yes," said the maiden, after a pause, "it is really quite artistic." Our companion looked at her in amused amazement, but I understood her. She, likewise, was an art student and only meant that it was not like our usual strong and violent American sunsets, but was cool and delicate, such as it would be possible to paint, and such as Daubigny understood, but, to the average American painter of that day, a sealed book. Inness would not be "artistic." I went one day in later years, to see a collection of Corots in a Fifth Avenue gallery. It was a bright Spring morning; the trees were fresh with the young green, the sky bright and the whole world laughed, and I in tune with it. The gallery had a subdued light, in harmony with the delicate tones of Corot's color; all a delicate gray, with here and there a suspicion of blue sky, with trees that seemed ashen rather than green. But somehow I felt that one picture talked to another, they seemed highly respectable and decidedly well-bred. So I got out again where I wanted to be, and saw our own Spring and the character of our own nature. I knew that Corot had interpreted the cultivated beauty of France, but that a greater master had shown a greater country, to inspire me. I know in this thought I am a foolish heretic to many—very many,—but history shows that many a heretic of former days is now venerated as an accepted apostle of truth.

Inness, when I knew him, cared not at all for any other man's painting. Nature was seen solely through his own eyes; but that is the rule with all great painters—as they grow old they become self-centred, and their own work sufficient unto them. I never heard him express enthusiastic admiration for the work of other men, except, perhaps, for the great Englishman, Constable. The men of the Fontainebleau School were too nearly his contemporaries for him to admire them unreservedly, although, naturally, they influenced him. He paid them the greater compliment of showing what he would praise by engrafting it into his own painting. And he felt the entirely worthy jealousy of their fame and influence amongst his own people as compared with his own modest recognition. When he spoke of the high prices their works brought at public sales, I reminded him that they were dead, did not themselves benefit by the money they brought, and that in times to come his own work might be as sought after and as highly treasured as theirs. It is, indeed, very doubtful whether any of them received nearly so great sums for their work as Inness did in the last half of his painter's life.

Inness painted on impulse, and the weather often directed his painting moods. One

foggy, wet and altogether disagreeable Spring day, when the whistles were playing calliope fantasias on the rivers, he arrived from Montclair, full of something he had seen from the car windows. He selected an old canvas on which there were some prominent trees that furnished him a ground and composition. He told me, with a young student's enthusiasm, of his *motif;* that he would paint it straight through and finish it really *au premier coup*, that day. He began gloriously; I watched, with his own enthusiasm, the growing wet landscape. One felt the fog dropping from the branches on to the soggy ground, and it was beautiful, a true "symphony in green and gray." But by noon the day began to clear; so did his picture, with a patch of sky showing through the fog. At three o'clock a strong west wind came up, with an entirely blue sky and brilliant white clouds, which bothered him when they drove across and hid the sun; the same conditions struck his picture. It was a grand sunset that ended that day—and finished the canvas. I believe he hardly remembered the fog at all.

I never saw him begin on a clean canvas and work on it more than a couple of days, after which he would lay it aside to be taken up at some future time when the right mood came along. In front of the double doors connecting our studios, racks for holding canvases were built, extending from floor to ceiling. These were filled with early paintings, sketches, half-finished canvases and pictures which did not satisfy him. He would pick out one of a morning, using the ready-made *motif* and transform it into a finished work by night. Or he would potter over it for a week, sometimes perhaps ten days, during which it sang all kinds of beautiful songs, only in the end to be returned in disgust to its former resting place. Often I appealed to him to stop, or if he were in good humor with me, threatened to "take it away," but his picture was always "going to be far better." Sometimes it was and sometimes it wasn't.

In his later years, at least, he worked without much regard to the subject of his pictures. Once, after completing a sale in his studio, his purchaser asked: "Now, Mr. Inness, where is that taken from; what part of the country?"

"Nowhere in particular; do you suppose I illustrate guide-books? That's a picture."

I think I had heard this story once, but Mr. Inness himself told it to me, adding: "Whoever cares what scene a Corot represents?" I do not believe what he said was true; his memory was such a store-house of places and things which he had studied in early days that he drew on it and painted a truth laid away in his memory—and an actual scene. I saw him once paint a bridge in a picture, not an ideal bridge or one painted from "chic," but so constructed as to bear a loaded cart and carry it safely over, and which he had at some time or other studied, though, probably, he might not be able to say exactly where. He was a thorough impressionist; I do not mean in the sense the word is used to-day, which has nothing to do with its real meaning, but in its truest definition. A gentleman once asked him of a certain picture in which there was a barn: "Mr. Inness, what is that spot there alongside the barn?"

"What do you think it looks like?"

"Well, I should say it was a wheelbarrow."

"Good," said Inness; "that's just what I thought it was, too."

That sounds very like him. I regret that I cannot put down his exact words and expressions, for they were characteristic of the man, but a memory only of the substance of what he said remains; his nervous manner, the fire of his excited eye when interested, and the skeletons of what he said remain as perfectly in my mind as though he were present with me to-day. I never saw him use a sketch to paint from, nor memoranda in any form, nor did I ever see him use a pencil. His early work, like that of Corot, had much of the detail of the Hudson River School, where every leaf and fern was carefully painted. But the results of those early days were but a means to an end, not the aim of his effort. Such a painter—every original one—goes through three stages in his life: First, the minute study of forms and local color, when the storing up of material for future use goes on; next comes the full-grown and mature use of his brush and paint, the accomplished workman; last, the mellow poetic art that approaches more nearly the divine idea, from which all material influence seems withdrawn. So it was with Inness.

His peculiar disposition and rather eccentric character kept him separated from his

fellows, because he thought they underrated his power. It was shyness rather than pride that put a false mask before his face. He was fond of Wyant and often spoke of him and his work with, what was for him, enthusiasm. Wyant, when a youth, had made a pilgrimage to know him and his work better; and that he had done so, in preference to seeking Church and Bierstadt, the then famous men, was a bit of homage he enjoyed looking back upon. It was evidence of real appreciation on the part of a painter of promise that gave great comfort to a very sensitive heart.

My own admiration for his genius opened the way for me to know him. The group of young painters to which I belonged, influenced and taught altogether by France, did not appreciate the genius of the old painter of Montclair, and his sensitive nature felt this deeply. We did not know—we seldom even thought—that his eclectic mind had absorbed the lessons worth absorbing, from our dear Fontainebleau masters, long before we ever began to draw in the schools; nor did we understand that he had already then learnt good from the moods of Constable, the grays of Corot, the peace and color of Daubigny and the drawings of Rousseau. Inness was one of them, only he had a country, an atmosphere and a sky to interpret, unknown to them and very different from theirs.

It was almost a revelation to him that a lover of Corot, Rousseau and the modern French methods could see anything great in him. When he found that I rated Constable as greater than the other Frenchmen, indeed, but Millet as greater than all, and that I abominated the work—but never the gentle character—of Diaz, he thought me a rather sensible fellow and found that we had something in common.

His crabbedness was often, but wrongly, laid to jealousy, and once he unwisely gave color to that idea in print, on the occasion of a reception given by the painters to one of their number who had won distinction in France. It was no mean paltry breaking of the Tenth Commandment, but it was a painful sense that the gewgaws won in another country carried greater weight with his fellows than the patient original search after what was greater than mere technical excellence. "I like Puvis de Chavannes," he once said: "he dares to draw badly at times; he isn't all Bouguereau." He feared a striving after technical excellence and correctness was overshadowing the "better thing" in art.

REGINALD CLEVELAND COXE.

The author of the preceding critical memoir has given us also the account of an incident which has its significance. It goes to show how thoroughly Inness (like other landscape painters who are artists, in deed as well as in name) worked toward the making of a picture—a new thing in the world—a creation: ignoring the representation of any natural scene. Mr. Coxe says that when he was painting on a picture of the "Whirlpool Rapids" from sketches he had made on the spot—and after a life-long familiarity with the scene, impressed on his mind in days of boarding-school life—Mr. Inness came in often to see and criticise it. "You see it a few times," he said, "and then think you know it well enough to paint it. I sketched at Niagara several weeks before I felt I dared." "One morning he rushed in on his arrival from Montclair and said: 'Coxe, I hate to see you painting that; let me do it.' So the owner of the studio and of the picture yielded him his palette 'with hardly good grace'; and Inness selected fresh brushes and went to work with evident delight. It was one thing to admire his work, but it was quite another thing to see my own cherished painting disappear under his hands." The result reminded one of Hunt's "Niagara" which he called "a waterfall." Mr. Coxe had been painting the Whirlpool Rapids; Inness produced *a* Rapids. Rapids were there, surely, and so were river banks; and the older painter insisted on putting in a great bowlder of a kind never known in that region and where such a rock never was. "In the end his picture bore as much resemblance in character to the Whirlpool Rapids I had been trying to depict as a well-curb to a corn-crib. Inness had seen a *motif* he envied; and he could not rest until he himself got at it. Finally, and not until it was time to end the day's work, he laid down his tools and turned toward me a beaming, triumphant face, saying: 'There, Coxe, there; that's how it should be done, don't you see?'"

R. S.



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

CHANGING HORSES.

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On the Old Boston Post Road.

ON THE OLD BOSTON POST ROAD

By Stanley M. Arthurs

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



AS far back as the year 1772 there was a stage running from Boston to New York, which if it had good luck and no serious break-downs in the wilderness, pulled in over the Bowery road in thirteen days with its weary, travel-sore passengers.

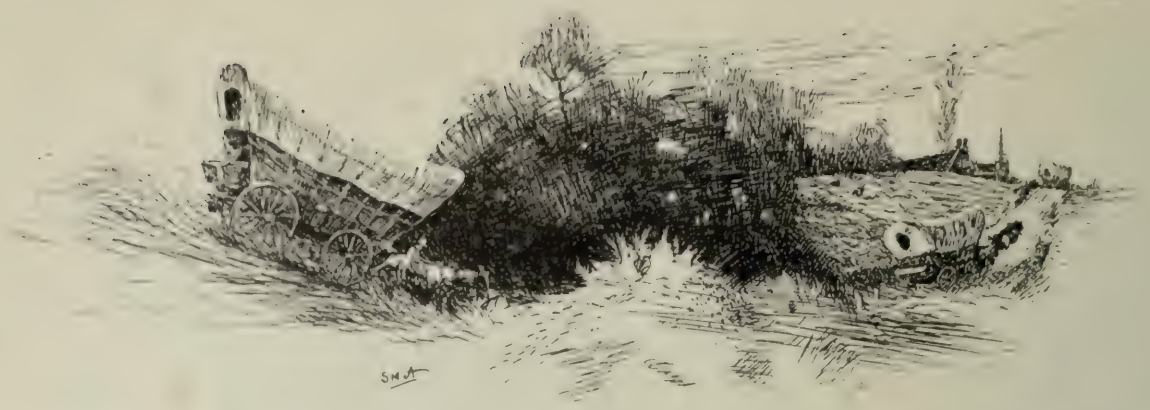
They could have gone by the slow, sailing packets in much shorter time and with greater comfort, but even then in unfavorable weather, they might beat around for more than a week before reaching their journey's end. If New Yorkers had relatives in Boston they were farther away than our English cousins are now, and consequently travel did not develop extensive proportions in the Colonies.

Business dealings were almost entirely with the Mother Country, partly because she demanded it, and largely because the Colonies had little that they could furnish each other and thus form a basis of trade. Such raw material as they could deal in had had first to be put through English mills.

These early coaches were not entrusted

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with the mail. Long before that time a monthly service had been established between these two points by the colonial authorities, and the first postman to arrive from Boston had appeared on horseback in the little Dutch burgh of Haarlem in January, 1692, travelling two hundred and fifty miles or more through the intervening stretches of snow-locked forest and morass, with no better road to follow than an uncertain trail blazed with an axe. In 1704 Madame Sarah Knight, a plucky Boston school mistress, with more love for the land than the sea, journeyed with "the Post" to New York, and was probably the first woman to travel overland on the Boston Post Road. She not only endured the hardships, but kept a lively journal of her experiences, which well depicts the discomforts and dangers of travel in that day. In it there is a prevailing sense of humor that did not desert her, even when at times her courage faltered.

Coming to one stream whose turbulent waters proved too much for her faith in horse flesh to ford in the usual manner, she sought the assistance of "a ladd and canoo" and was ferried across, while the Post led her horse and rode his own. She must have been of rather portly dimensions for she recounts—"When we were in, the canoe seemed ready to take in water, which greatly terrified me. Sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes steady, not daring so much as to lodge my tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of my mouth than t'other, nor so much as to think on Lott's wife, for a wry thought would have oversett our wherey."

Her "wherey" was not "oversett" and she arrived safely in New York, and, moreover, chose to return over the same route a little later.

The good old coaching days cannot be said to have started with the pre-Revolutionary "stage wagons," as they were called, and our New England ancestors were prayerfully solicitous for their friends and relatives who ventured southward in them. The "rolling stock" of 1795 carried more passengers but were scarcely more comfortable. They were virtually springless cars, built to carry twelve persons. Their seats were merely boards, without either cushions or back-rests, with no accommodation for baggage except such as could be packed beneath the seats, and only fourteen pounds was allowed there. Light curtains at the sides furnished the only protection in bad weather.

In such a rig, and over roads that still twisted around charred tree-stumps and were filled with the oft-mentioned "quagmires," the learned President Quincy of Harvard came on a visit to New York toward the end of the century. He was always willing to climb out in the mud to assist the driver in rescuing their machine from ruts or bogs; each morning, whether it was fair or stormy, he was aroused at the dreary hour of three, and dressed by the sleepy light of a horn lantern and farthing candle; then, with more haste than their progress afterward warranted, he had a frugal breakfast with his fellow-passengers and rattled off again for another day's thumping and bumping until ten o'clock in the evening. When finally at his destination, he wondered "at the ease as well as the expedition, with which the journey had been effected."

I fancy he must have been more thankful that his journey was over, than impressed with its "ease and expedition."

The hardy drivers of these coaches not infrequently fortified their endurance by



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The mail stage and the slow freight.

too numerous potations of courage-making flip or "kill devil rum"; and then in their exuberance of vigor, they brought coach and passengers with a crash against a tree trunk, or by too reckless manœuvring "over set" the whole in the roadway.

The traveller Melich speaks of seeing many such wrecked stage-coaches, and describes one experience of his own, when fagged out by a day's journey he had fallen asleep after nightfall:

"I heard a confused noise in my sleep and started up. I felt a motion, as if I had been flying, but I had not a moment to consider what it might be; the stage door fell down upon its side with a crash, and I found myself and eleven more floundering like so many fish in a net."

The accident, he says, was occasioned by the driver being drunk and, in his frolic, trying to pass, on too scant a margin, another stage. With some satisfaction he adds, that the driver paid dearly for his folly by being discharged on the spot by one of the proprietors who happened to be along; he was left to recover his scattered wits while the proprietor drove the stage to town.



A tavern host.

In 1806 such progress had been made that daily stages left both New York and Boston, the more rapid mail coaches making the run in three days. The usual charge for passage on coaches running through Worcester, Hartford and Stamford was sixteen dollars. The demand for new and improved roads became imperative, far exceeding the slight pecuniary resources of the different states. This resulted in the roads being constructed largely by private individuals, or companies, under control of the Legislature. They financed their expensive undertakings by the sale of lottery tickets. It was a curious code of ethics that frowned upon gambling with cards, yet sanctioned with public approval this mode of gambling and licensed it by law.* For whatever purpose issued, whether for public or private gain, lottery tickets found always a ready sale, and the drawing of numbers was a lively occasion at taverns.

There is a contemporary testimony of the condition:—"The General Court teems with petitions for the building of new turnpikes and toll-bridges; the spirit of improvement may be said not only to exist but to rage." Straight roads were built; the old tortuous routes that twisted around to each man's door were abandoned and many erstwhile wayside homes found themselves in consequence miles off the beaten track. Toll-gates on the turnpikes were at intervals of about ten miles and the charge for a stage-coach was twenty-five cents, a levy for a two-horse carriage, and down to one cent each for foot passengers and cattle driven along the road. Persons going to church were given free use of the turnpike, as were those whose homes opened upon it.

The palmy days of the Boston stage began when, in conjunction with the early Sound steam-boats, it brought New York and Boston within less than thirty hours of each other. The country was then well

* Not only did lottery selling furnish the means for early road-building, but for church building as well, and for the establishment of schools and endowment of colleges; indeed, even state debts were paid in that manner. In the little state of Rhode Island alone, in the year 1826, the sale of lottery tickets exceeded the sum of one million six hundred thousand dollars.

established and prosperous and looking forward to a brighter future. In 1829 largely under the control of the Eastern Stage Company, seventy-seven lines radiated from Boston in different directions. Over sixteen hundred stages rolled in and out over its streets every week. In 1832, three years later, this number had increased to one hundred and six lines running regularly; and twenty-nine steam-boats were running from New York to nearby points. A trip from Boston to Savannah, Georgia, or even farther, could be timed and planned before starting through "Badger and Porter's Stage Register" a publication appearing monthly from the printing establishment of Jonathan Parmenter in Boston. It gave tables of all established stage, steam-boat and packet lines, and a record of all new ones; the fare and distances from point to point, with the names and rates at different taverns en route.



A stage driver.

In fact, Parmenter's publication was the Baedeker of stage travel. It was said "taverns were thick as fiddlers in hell." Commodious barns were built, countless blacksmith and farrier's forges glowed along the lines, keeping in repair and running order the vehicles of traffic. Lumbering "Conestogas," like ancient arks, dotted the highway, and at night could be seen anchored at the roadside near the village or tavern which formed their source of supply. Tethered to their wheels, or grazing along the road, were the horses, whose only protection from summer or winter's storms was the lee-side of the wagon and a covering of oilcloth or rough blanket, and the warmth of their own rugged bodies. The team drivers also carried their own accommodations, a straw mattress and blankets, in which they slept under the tunnel-like canvas tops.

During the War of 1812, when American shipping lay locked in port, the hapless victim of the Embargo Act, or of British blockade, these Conestogas furnished the only means of freight transportation, and crept over the highways from Maine to Georgia, in great caravans, scores at a time, often under military escort. Like treasure-laden ships from afar, they were enveloped in an enticing air of mystery. Their great canvas tops did not reveal their identity, whence they hailed, nor with what riches they came burdened; but the ponderous roll and creak of the wheels spoke of their bulk and weight, and an unsociable dog trotting beneath kept away the curious.

With the light musical jingle of many bells and chains as an accompaniment, and each wagon drawn by eight or more horses encased in heavy harness, gayly decorated with many plumes and ribbons, these retinues passed through village and township.

"To eye entrancing as the glittering train
Of some sun-smitten pageant of old Spain."

With what a dash and flourish did the fast mail coaches, well named "The Thoroughbred" or "The Thunderbolt," pass these freight trains of other days. For them a fair day's journey was twenty-five or thirty miles, while the mail coaches, with frequent relays, covered twelve miles or more an hour over the hard turnpikes.

The first steam-boats began to feel their way up the Sound early in the century, going first to New Haven in 1815, to New



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

A wayside passenger.

London and Norwich in 1818, and later they ventured into the open sea and around the troubled waters of "Pint Judy" to Providence. That was a risky trip for these early steam-boats, for their engines were none too well-trained and their light iron boilers encased in wood were not celebrated for safety, and frequently exploded, leaving what remained of boat and passengers to navigate by sail.

It was, therefore, to the conservative-travelling public that the promoters of the New London line appealed when they advertised that their passengers "avoid the dangers of a sea voyage around Point Judith," and that "their engine had copper boilers." The fare by that line to New York in 1827 was $7.50, and letter postage was 18¾ cents.

An early morning start from Boston was necessary in order to reach New London or Norwich in time for the night boats, and as the clock on old South Church pealed the hour of three, the coaches started from Marlboro Hotel, taking different routes through the city to collect the various passengers who had registered for the trip at the stage office or in the stage book at appointed hotels.

A call boy had previously been sent around to awaken them, and he sometimes was the innocent occasion of a scene of nocturnal discord, and brought muttered imprecations down upon his head by thumping the wrong knocker and awaking some home-keeping sleepy Bostonian.

Passengers and baggage would be waiting as the stage appeared, its empty body heaving and tossing "like a ship upon a raging sea," its enormous wheels rumbling like distant thunder. Woe to the tardy who were not in readiness when it drew up; for in a moment either the coach door closed with an occupant within or the impatient team started with the prospective passenger without. We can picture them a little later in their chaises galloping in the wake of the stage, hoping to overtake it at its stop for breakfast or before. With the last passenger aboard and baggage secured, the coach threaded its way through streets, vacant and silent as if locked under the magic wand of enchantment. In darkness, except for the dim glow of the stage lamps, the passengers without a clear idea of each others' identity uncomfortably endeavored to resume their morning's nap.

As the gray light tempered the darkness, the returning life of the country side was evidenced by twinkling lights, first in the second story or from an elm-sheltered attic window; then in the cosey glow of crackling hearth fires in the kitchens and curling strips of blue smoke from ample chimneys, and fleeting whiffs of cooking breakfasts.

In the early morning perhaps thirty coaches would pass, filled with way passengers and those bound for New York. The stops for breakfast were at appointed taverns, where for hours before the bustle of preparation had been going on. It might be at the famous Wayside Inn in Sudbury town or even as far away as Walpole, nineteen miles from Boston.

We need no better assurance as to the excellence of the feasts prepared in these hostelries than the enthusiastic laudations they drew from the epicures of France, or the rotund, beef-loving Englishman, who, if he found nothing else quite to his liking in America, could record his grateful appreciation of the tavern fare and the tavern host.

In glowing reminiscences they enumerate these early morning repasts of fish and fowl, mutton, steak, waffles, johnnie cakes and bread and butter, with abundant supplies of milk and cream, eggs and vegetables; and hotel dinners that included touches of completeness that both surprised and delighted them. Their breakfasts and teas in English taverns were meagre affairs, by comparison.

It may be said that a few hours' trouncing and jolting in the open air in these stage-coaches furnished all the necessary training for a proper frame of mind and body to appreciate this appeal to the "inner man." I think it is a French adage which offers to appease the hungry by means of sleep:

"He who sleeps feasts."

Such a proverb could not be applied to American stage-coach days. Sleep they did not much indulge in, but feast they certainly did, around bountifully laden tavern boards.

The surroundings and general appearance of these wayside abodes of hospitality were well fitted for inward appeal. The din of innumerable cackling hens announced the steady production of eggs for toddy, eggs for custard, eggs for pie and cake, and eggs for future broilers. Flocks

of haughty complaining geese and contented ducks waddled around their borders. At their backs stood a forest of apple, pear, and plum trees, and rolling fields of wheat or tasselled corn and meadow land and cattle.

But even more was the Inn the centre of the business, social, and at one time even the civic life of the community, for Court once held its regular sessions there. It remained the head-quarters for all sales and "vandues," for the opponents of different political creeds to solve the intricacies of self-government, and it was often the post-office. Many taverns provided rooms with polished floors for dancing, and gay coaching parties came from Boston or Providence and mingled in the sinuous web of the quadrille and contra-dance. Gallant sparks came from town in broadcloth suits of purple and maroon, high-rolled collar and ruffled neckerchief and scant waistcoats of flowered silk with dangling fobs, and with them bewitching maids clad in trim gowns of white and buff, silken hose and slippers. Then the building glowed with light and cheer and the music of violin and piano-forte drifted from open windows and down the highway.

The tavern host was the gleaner of the world's news as recounted by his many guests. His advice was sought upon all matters, whether of private or public importance. They were men of prominence and personal worth, for it would have been difficult for any one else to have obtained a license. Sometimes, as with Lyman Howe, who presided at the Wayside Inn, a crest and coat of arms denoted a lineage from families opulent and distinguished in England. They perforce were genial and open-hearted and could entertain as well the obscure traveller as men of fame and prominence in affairs. Imposing personalities from both England and the Continent were at times their guests; such men as Baron von Humboldt, Louis Philippe, Lafayette, or the brilliant Prince Talleyrand, and such native political heroes as Webster, Clay, and Adams; and distinguished men of letters and business. Able to set for their guests a table "fit for a king," they were able, also, to preside with dignity and grace at that self-same table.

And these were lively days in the villages along the highway. Their coaching stables contained literally hundreds of restive, well-fed horses. A keen rivalry existed at times between competing companies, and their rate wars offered very attractive inducements for travel, as well in England as in this country. There is a record of two lines running into Liverpool, which in their bids for public patronage reduced travelling expenses to a minimum. With a gradually reducing scale of rates, the proprietor of one line finally advertised the following fares:

Inside—What you please.
Outside—ditto ditto.

There would seem to be nothing to add to such terms, but the other party was not at all disheartened and revised his schedule as follows:

Inside—Nothing at all and a bottle of wine.
Outside— ditto ditto.

Yet even better terms than these were offered by a line running from Boston to Providence, for not only was free transportation advertised, and a bottle of wine, but a full-size dinner as well.

Coach-making developed into a thriving industry, employing hundreds of men. Each builder developed his own ideas of construction and many queer and varied types appeared upon the thoroughfare. A few picturesque examples are still stored in barns near the roadside recalling the past like stray pages from some old journal of the road. The rival stage companies introduced many pretentious coaches gay with bright-red and yellow bodies and striped blue or green wheels, with doors embellished with designs and named to accent their feats of speed. From the many types was evolved in 1827 the familiar Concord coach, which with very few alterations is being constructed to-day just as it was then. It soon superseded all other forms, representing the acme reached in the construction of public coaches. After serving its day in the East, this trustworthy vehicle, swung a little lower on the running gear, trundled westward to run the gauntlet on the prairie and mountain side under the hair-trigger driving of "Shot Gun Taylor" and "Indian Bill."

Rugged of outline, with comfortable homely furnishings, huge of wheel and broad of tire, with sturdy hub and axle, they carried all who could pile in or on the body and over any road that a cart could travel. At holiday season or at the ending



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The steamboat landing at Norwich.

of a school or college term, these old rigs were well compared to the venerable Trojan horse, except that they swarmed with life outside as well as in. I have read of disappointed school-boys, who, unable to find a vacant spot upon the home-bound coach, were forced to spend a dreary Thanksgiving Day at college, tormented by visions of unattained good things at home.

These coaches carried readily nine passengers inside, three upon the back seat, three in front (facing the rear). Between them were three individual seats, which could be tilted backward to gain access to those in the front or rear. The occupants of these could rest their backs upon a broad leather strap hooked to either side of the coach. On top the driver occupied a slanting seat and was protected from being crowded by the passenger at his side by a light iron railing. On the coach, at their back, was a seat holding three others. A heavy boot at the rear held the trunks and heavier baggage; the lighter bundles and bandboxes were piled on top.

The fast mail stage was of lighter construction and carried fewer passengers. Night and day it could be heard passing along the highway, under the skilful "tooling" of as finished drivers as ever played the ribbons. There was a ring of distinction in the music of its horses' hoofs that separated it from every other sound of the turnpike, and a mutual knowledge and understanding existed between the master and beast. His team was not a selected, mated array, but constantly contained new and untrained material in its make-up that in other hands would have brought calamity and distress to the trusting maid, who was only too glad to ride perched high in the air at his elbow.

Kicking, vicious, otherwise unbreakable horses were welcome additions to his team as possessing a commendable spirit, capable of being turned to proper account. In all weather, notwithstanding the impediments offered by the tide of commerce upon the highway, skilfully and accurately, with scarce perceptible lessening of speed, he brought his coach safely and always on time to its destination. No wonder he typified the secret aspirations of growing youth in the village and farm-side, and held the constant admiration of both maid and matron.

Who could witness with indifference the gay dash of his approach to the changing station, the perfect curve with which his team swings before the tavern door, and then with fresh horses is off again before the coach ceases rocking.* These men were horsemen born. Stage drivers ran in families, *aviator nascitur non fit*, as it were; if that be so, many of their descent and family must have been among the drivers of the Deadwood coach and the stages running through the treacherous passes of the Rockies in a later day of coaching.

The canvas mail bags were carried beneath the driver's seat for safety and, while stage robberies were not frequent in New England, the current newspapers abounded with reports of the escapades of "The Knights of the Road," and we are left with the impression that these worthy horsemen had at their command a blunderbuss loaded with enough shot to annihilate a dozen "road agents" at one time.

A favorite haunt for plying their vocation lay in the pine-covered wilds between Baltimore and Washington. Robberies there were alarmingly frequent, and Congress finally provided a guard to protect the United States mail and the passengers from their ministrations.

A copy of the *Rhode Island American*, appearing in 1820, reports a robbery in that vicinity in which twenty-one thousand dollars peremptorily changed hands, and Mrs. Earle † describes another which occurred there two years before. The robbers were captured, and over ninety thousand dollars in bills and drafts were recovered.

New York could boast, in 1820, of 125,000 inhabitants. Boston, the third largest city, contained about 50,000 persons. Between them journeyed with some leisure the native Yankee on his own heath and soil, the Quaker gentleman from Pennsylvania, and the Southern planter, seeking a market for his products, and among the patrons of the coach and steam-boat lines were many critical Englishmen. Newspapers were not so common then, nor such active agents in moulding public opinion, as to do the thinking for the whole country. The individual Yankee thought for himself, in his own independent fashion, and the planter gen-

* This rapid change was effected by eight men, four to unharness, and four to attach the new team, and was accomplished in the short time of one minute.

† "Stage Coach and Tavern Days."

tleman introduced an entirely different life and experience within the confines of the rumbling coach. That animated and prolonged discussions were the result, we can gather from reading of that not very remote time. Frequent mention is made by the travellers of the entertaining companions they encountered, whose original talents for story-telling and singing were so thorough, and whose observations were so witty and shrewd as to make the time pass very merrily.

Sometimes, no doubt, the personalities were not conducive to such pleasant memories. There is a contemporary story of two Englishmen and a Bostonian journeying in the same coach. The visitors, much to the Yankee's discomfort, were indulging their patriotism by abusing everything American; the beef, the mutton, the bread, the fruit and milk, each in turn failed to equal the high standard of England. The laws were not satisfactory, nor were the people to their liking; the roads were unbearable, and the climate, even, failed to compare favorably with London fogs. The American was compelled to listen, annoyed both by their utter disregard for his presence and by their arraignment of his country. Finally, there came on a tremendous thunder storm, with alarming flashes of lightning and a heavy wind, which deluged the stage with water, but did not quiet the complaining Englishmen. Suddenly, with a blinding flash of light and with a reverberating crash of thunder that shook the coach, the lightning demolished a near-by tree. Unable longer to restrain himself, the American burst forth in rage, "There, damn you! I guess that thunder and lightning is as good as anything you have in England."

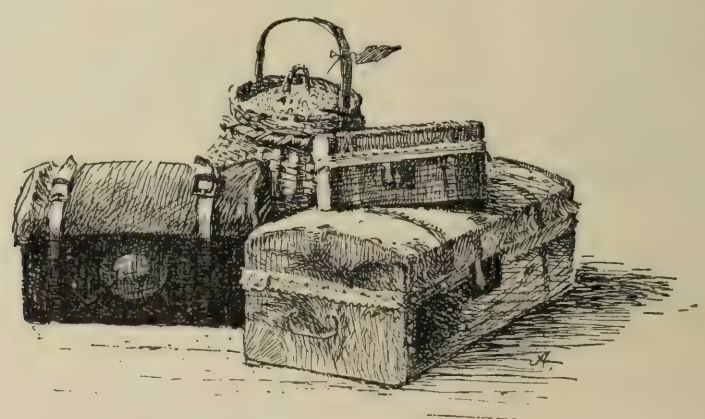
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There were many routes over which the Boston stage rumbled en route to New York, all of them active channels of commerce. To-day parts of the same roads are almost untravelled—deserted except by the few farmers living near them. In its best days the thoroughfare was often changed, when improved or shorter routes could be made. Since then, it has continued to change, until nothing is left to indicate its past life and usefulness, except a few crumbling landmarks—the generous roomy taverns. One by one many of them have met their fate in fire and ashes, or have been otherwise destroyed; but the older residents can point out where they stood, and tell the name of their once-creaking sign-board, and of the wonderful picture that adorned its face, and give you the name of the tavern keeper who prospered so long as the stages ran.

On the road where once the stage horn blew, now in the distance can be heard the scream of the locomotive, or the grinding of trolley cars. Indeed, across the very face of the old highway their bands of iron have locked its past, and secured the present.

A little further back on the road, where neither the sound of the engine nor trolley has yet penetrated, one may still imagine the passing of the homely stage with its passengers, arriving perhaps at sunset before a village, and one can sense the joy, both of the travellers and the town folk, when the stage horn plays again,

"Polly put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea." For the passengers it meant, the good supper and the luxury of a soft bed and snow-white linen; for the others, the expected intelligence from an outside world.





Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The evening mail.

GRANTHAM'S LIMITATIONS

By Mary Heaton Vorse

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

AS Grantham entered the apartment house in which he lived, there came to him an exact vision of what he would see on arriving at his own dwelling; and that this should be so annoyed him. Really, he reflected, his life did not have place enough for the unexpected. This conviction was none the less real for being vague. It was as all-pervading as the premonition of pain —a sort of nagging discomfort born of the conviction that his life was running altogether more smoothly and comfortably than was normal for a man of thirty-five. He was meditating on this so profoundly as he entered the house that he ran plump into a person who was just coming out. It was such a collision that she would have fallen had Grantham not held out a supporting arm. Just here it would be gratifying to record that Grantham said one of those apt things with which a true hero bridges over an awkward situation, putting everyone at his ease with some happy invention, but he found nothing better than to murmur, "How clumsy of me" and "I beg your pardon."

The person whom Grantham had run down, was, judging from her clothes, grown up, for she wore a widow's mourning; judging from her face and slight figure, she was nothing much more than a schoolgirl with serious childish eyes, and a childish mouth from which life had not yet taken the desire to laugh. She laughed now reassuringly, as she replied, still a little breathless, to Grantham's anxious inquiries,

"*Really* I'm not hurt *at all*. It was just as much my fault, Mr. Grantham——"

Then, evidently as surprised as he at having used his name, she scuttled away like a child who is frightened at its own unexpected boldness. So, wondering how she happened to know him, Grantham went to his rooms where his vision of a few moments before punctually fulfilled itself.

To start with, there was Mrs. Kopp waiting for him in the hall with that subdued alertness which she imagined to be the attitude of an expert valet. Ten years ago she had seemed to Grantham a huge joke when she had volunteered to take her husband's place in his service—for Mr. Kopp had most inconsiderately died; now the little part she played so faithfully had moments when it seemed not untinged with pathos. Grantham sometimes wondered if when he was fifty and she a white-haired woman of over sixty-five he should on his return home find her still waiting in the hall for him. But while Kopp's faithful service touched him, Kopp herself sometimes irritated Grantham. He didn't wish her to be garrulous, yet he would have preferred to have her less of a wooden image, for Grantham was a sociable, kindly man, and for all that a lonely one; there were moments in his life when he would have been glad to remember that she had once been his old nurse and have talked to her as such; but Mrs. Kopp never went any further in matters of conversation than the impersonal "Good evening, sir," with which she now took his hat and coat. She made this a point of honor and what treasures of self-control it cost her Grantham never guessed. She had been his nurse when she was seventeen and so continued until he had outgrown petticoat government. And you must admit that when you have called a person "my lamb" the first six years of his life, have smacked him soundly, have wiped his nose, put on his socks and performed other intimate and humble services for him, to be able to greet him with only the impersonal "Good evening, sir," of a perfect valet shows a degree of character and self-control which is not small.

"Good evening, Kopp" Grantham returned and passed on to his room where, as he knew, his clothes would be put out for him with that unfailing precision which was one of the elements of his life which had so irritated him of late.

Grantham knew men of his own age, plenty of them, whose lives seemed to be made up of a series of exciting and unexpected events. It is true that, personally, Grantham would not have welcomed the especial kind of variety which enlivened the existence of many of his acquaintances; none the less he felt that fate was somehow defrauding him—of what exactly he didn't know.

It didn't occur to him to blame himself rather than the circumstances of his life for this regularity. He wanted life to hand him out charming and unlooked-for experiences as grown-ups give toys to a child.

Then, as Grantham dressed, something did happen, as if fate had answered his unspoken wish—but ironically, its fingers to its nose. It was nothing more than the inexplicable moving of a portiere which for a moment blew out as if something were hidden behind it. When Grantham looked there was nothing. This was only the beginning. Nothing much followed—but a noise, however vague, which one cannot account for is a startling thing. In the course of other days, other portieres moved in the same odd fashion; on investigation there would prove to be no cause for their moving. Grantham moreover had the feeling, as disquieting as any in the world, of there being an unseen person in the same room with him. He tried to drive the feeling from his mind, but it persisted in spite of him until the evening of his famous struggle with himself.

If he had been less self-conscious or cautious in his actions, the moment he fancied that he saw an eye looking at him through the glass door of the little cabinet he would have got up to look into the matter. It was of course his first impulse to do this, but he was kept from it by the reflection that the little cabinet was too small to serve as a hiding place for anyone; therefore he went on with his reading, but it was only strength of will which kept him at it; as it was he turned the pages nervously, always with the feeling of being watched, and as the weary minutes slid by, he gave the furniture of his library an exhibition of magnificent self-control by continuing to keep his eyes on the page. Then there came from the cabinet the ghost of a noise and, Grantham's flesh being weaker than his spirit, he looked up in spite of himself. Again he saw an unmistakable eye looking at him through the little glass door.

Reason and common sense have their limit of both endurance and usefulness; some of the most valuable discoveries have been made by throwing them aside, so without reasoning further Grantham strode across the room and threw open the cabinet doors.

Folded up in an incredibly small space was a very little girl. She lay quite still, her large frightened eyes on Grantham.

"You must be cramped," Grantham remarked at last.

"I am, very," she replied. Her voice was sweet and less childish than one would have expected. "Will you please help me to get unfolded?"

Grantham did as he was requested. "May I ask," he inquired politely, "why you were in there at all?"

"I was looking at you," she replied.

"So I observed," said Grantham, "but would you mind telling me why you chose that rather eccentric way of doing it?"

"I thought I could see you better from there than from any of the other places I have tried, and so I could," she answered, "but it was smaller in there than I thought it would be and creakier and now I don't suppose I shall ever see you any more," and in contrast to her prim, mature little manner, her chin quivered babyishly and tears gleamed in her eyes.

This touched Grantham, and though he couldn't understand why the sight of him should be such a precious thing to this baby he hastily assured her that she might see him whenever she liked. At which she clapped her hands.

"I *told* Mrs. Kopp you wouldn't care," she cried.

"And I'll tell her too if you like," said Grantham.

"Oh, no, "she exclaimed with apprehension. "Mrs. Kopp mustn't *ever* know."

"All right," Grantham agreed cheerfully. "We'll be as clandestine as you like——"

Long words didn't interest Grantham's visitor, her mind was on other things. She stared at him gravely, even searchingly, a moment, her little hands on his knee. At last she brought out—and Grantham caught a note of wonder in her voice—

"Mrs. Kopp said you were bonnie—her bonnie lambie!"

"What?" Grantham demanded.

"Her bonnie lambie," the child repeated, and Mrs. Kopp far off at the other end of the apartment, wondered why her bonnie lambie was laughing thus unwontedly. But even while he laughed Grantham was trying to adjust himself to this new idea of Kopp. His little friend allowed him no time for philosophizing. At his laughter, she drew back hurt.

"When people get old," Grantham explained gravely, "they only look like bonnie lambs to their mothers and their old nurses.

"Oh, *you're* not old," she assured him, "not nearly as old as the elevator man."

Grantham was flattered; the elevator man was a youth in his early twenties.

"*He* wears glasses," she explained conclusively.

"How did you happen to come here?" Grantham asked next.

"That was because of Mrs. Kopp," replied the child. "She's sorry for me, you see. I live upstairs with just my mother alone, because of my father being dead—and my mother is away a great deal, every afternoon and most always evenings. So you see, Mrs. Kopp and I are company for each other." Grantham was rapidly learning things about Mrs. Kopp. It had never occurred to him, for instance, that her life was lonely and that she might welcome even a little girl as company. "My mother," the child continued gravely, "was the one you ran into the night you almost caught me the first time—behind the curtain."

"Your *mother*," Grantham wondered. "Was that your mother, really? She looks so very young to have such a big daughter," he concluded, smiling.

To Grantham's surprise, the child flushed to the roots of her hair.

"Yes, she's my really mother—she's not nearly as young as she looks. She's *plenty* old enough to be my mother," and she cast a queer little look at Grantham in which suspicion and defiance were mingled.

His blundering fingers had touched some sore spot, that was easy enough to see, but just what Grantham couldn't guess nor did he try to, but instead turned himself to the restoring of their former harmony; and he was so successful that the very next day when he met his friend and the little widow in the hall, the child sprang forward crying joyfully:

"This is my mother!" She had evidently forgotten her moment of suspicion, whatever it was.

At this informal introduction the little widow drew back, remonstrating amid blushes:

"Oh, Adelaide," like a bashful schoolgirl, and again it occurred to Grantham how preposterous it was that she should have so big a little girl for a daughter. But if her mother was timid, Adelaide was bold as any lion. She wanted the two to meet and she accomplished what she wished, though her mother would have hurried on her way and though Grantham himself didn't help out very much, for as you have seen Grantham had his limitations. Caution was one and convention another. He could not run impetuously through the doors which chance held open to him, and while Adelaide, acting as the assistant of chance, held wide the door and while her mother, blushing and prettily embarrassed, lingered near it, Grantham listened to Convention which whispered that he should not intrude himself on a lady's society in this fashion, and to Prejudice which told him that for all she looked like such an innocent and lovable young creature, yet none the less she was a neglectful mother—and Grantham, who had never known a real neglectful mother, knew well enough from books what bad things they can be. And, most damning of all, he knew nothing about her.

So the second time in this story, Grantham's limitations come between him and adventure and he fails again to behave as a hero should.

It was not long before he saw Adelaide again. In fact she emerged from beneath the bed with a large-minded disregard of the fact that he was in the betwixt and between stage of dressing for dinner, and with her coming began Grantham's double life, for it was then definitely settled between them that it would spoil it all to have Mrs. Kopp find them out; besides it served her right, for wasn't Mrs. Kopp herself playing a double game? Indeed the faithful valet turned out a sink of duplicity, for she never gave a hint, no matter what traps Grantham laid for her, that she had such a thing as a little girl concealed about the

house. It was difficult for him to make the two Mrs. Kopps, his and Adelaide's, seem the same person.

He watched their ripening friendship afar off and wondered with some irritation that Kopp never for a second "let on."

"She's sure, you see, that you wouldn't like it, the idea of me being around underfoot," Adelaide explained.

"I'm not a bear," Grantham protested.

"That's what I tell her, and she says 'Gentlemen don't like children pottering 'round.' I'm afraid," Adelaide proceeded, "that Mrs. Kopp is very obstinate. I've told her and told her how much more fun we could have with you playing with us."

"Oh, you play, do you?" said Grantham. He had wondered how they spent the long hours which they passed together. "What do you play?" He had visions of Kopp lending her dignified person to such games as ring-a-round-a-rosy or oats-peas-beans, which were the only games of childhood which occurred to him at the moment, but instead of answering, an unwonted shyness overcame Adelaide. She turned her head away, fingers in her mouth. Grantham waited.

"We play—we play," she said at last, "Tommy and Nan." She brought it out in a hushed little voice, her eyes looking slantwise at Grantham. Evidently she had expected to create a sensation and Grantham felt very humble in not coming up to the mark, for he could only repeat:

"Tommy and Nan?"

Adelaide's embarrassment faded into surprise. She gazed at him, her mouth the shape of an astonished "Oh!"

"What is Tommy and Nan?" Grantham asked, to help out. "I suppose I ought to know," he went on humbly, for Adelaide's mouth still held the astonished "Oh." It was plain to be seen she couldn't believe her ears.

"Why," she answered very low, her head turned away, the brightness gone from her eyes. "Why—Tommy—that's you when you were little, and Nan—that's Mrs. Kopp when she was your nurse—she was eighteen the summer you were born."

Grantham was silent. It gave him an odd sensation to hear that his own childhood was being acted out by Kopp and Adelaide—acted out with much sentiment and even with a touch of reverence, if one could judge by Adelaide's voice.

This confession turned out to be the clue of a great many different things. It was to see how Tommy looked now, for instance, that had caused Adelaide to spy at him from beneath beds and from behind portieres and even to curl herself up into the inadequate space of the little glass cabinet.

"But you can't tell a bit about you now," Adelaide confessed sadly. "Mrs. Kopp said I couldn't. She said 'He was such a pretty little boy,'" and she imitated Kopp's tone to the life. "Not," she went on hastily, "that you're not very distinguished looking now, only I don't see *how* people ever change as much as you seem to. Still you must know more about what you used to be like than anyone else."

It was then that the humiliating fact came out that Grantham after all knew far less about Tommy Grantham than Adelaide did, and far, far less than Kopp, who it would seem had kept about her a precious record of every one of his days. The book of the past which Grantham had lost so long ago was one in which she had read every day just as a mother might read the dear book of the childhood of a little son she had lost, and Adelaide told Grantham the stories she had heard from it. Little by little there came back to Grantham's mind the vision of a little boy that he had forgotten so many years, and the vision too of a fresh-faced girl, called Nan, whom he had also forgotten and who had during the passing of the years mysteriously become transformed into a correct, dour-faced woman called Kopp—the same Kopp who waited for him in the hall every evening to receive his hat and coat.

Meantime, there was a third person with whom Grantham had just been making a sort of vicarious friendship, Adelaide's mother. All they had to show an outsider was an occasional bow on the steps or in the elevator. Once Grantham had stopped her to ask permission to take Adelaide to the Hippodrome; another time she had stopped Grantham to thank him for some small present he had made the little girl. That was all. Nevertheless, Grantham had a far completer picture of her than of many of his lifelong friends. Every day, from the things Adelaide said and the things she didn't say, Grantham, in spite of himself, got an even completer picture of the child's



"This is my mother."—Page 523.

mother. Adelaide had a thousand of her tricks of manner, she brought her into their talk a thousand times. If one had a friendship with Adelaide it included her mother inevitably and, apparently, if one happened to be Adelaide's mother it included also a friendship with Grantham, as he found out the Sunday he met them by chance in the Park, and, for all his convention, was inveigled by Adelaide into joining them, and her mother welcomed him with all of Adelaide's naïveté.

"I'm glad to talk to you for once," she confessed, "for I've known you so long as if I'd been watching you in a looking-glass, for Adelaide's been just like a glass that reflected nothing but you. I know just what you're like now and just what you were like when you were a little boy."

"You know what Adelaide thinks that Kopp thinks I was like," Grantham interrupted.

"I think I've translated it," she replied. "And I certainly know all about you now, the way you stand and the way you put on your hat and the delightful things you find

to say to little girls—even your false modesty in not being willing to play the part of yourself when you were little."

So they went on comparing notes as to their vicarious friendship until it was time to go home, when Grantham was almost shocked to find how far he had been drawn into the dangerous paths of intimacy during a chance encounter. It gave him a certain sense of exhilaration and yet at the same time one of helplessness as he saw the familiar landmarks of convention disappearing behind him in the distance.

Adelaide walked beside them, listening with a sober joy. It was as if she had gently laid their hands in one another's, saying:

"Now please be friends," and with a tact beyond her years, as though she had recognized what shy creatures she had to deal with, she did not show her joy, for fear, it would seem, of frightening them. Still she was too much of a woman to leave everything in the hands of fate. It was the next evening that she had the momentous conversation with Grantham which he had occasion to go back to so often. It came about quite naturally, through Adelaide's remarking:

"Mrs. Kopp says that what you need is a wife and babies—though you need babies more than a wife, she believes."

"Mrs. Kopp is undoubtedly right, as she always is," Grantham replied. "I should be delighted if she would only see to it that I was provided with them."

Adelaide had her solution to this problem, and it had all the advantages of simplicity.

"Why," she asked, her serious eyes on Grantham's, "don't you marry my mother—then I should be your real little girl, which would be nicer I think than becoming acquainted with a strange baby."

Grantham gave the matter all serious attention.

"It would be delightful," he agreed, "but I should have to ask your mother first, shouldn't I? and I'm afraid she wouldn't 'have me.' You see, I never really met her before yesterday and it's not usual, I'm sure you'll agree, to ask ladies to marry one whom one knows so slightly."

Adelaide brushed his objection away with a light hand.

"Oh, that wouldn't make any difference," she asserted. "My mother has got to get married some time anyway, you see. She says so herself—she often says so. She'll put it off as long as she can—but the day will come."

It was plain that Adelaide was repeating something she had often heard.

"I'm sure she'd far rather marry you than anyone else. She doesn't feel as if she didn't know you. You heard what she said yesterday. She's very fond of you. I know because I've asked her and she said she was."

As the child talked Grantham realized dimly that here was the unexpected thing which he had mutely asked fate to hand out to him. He had asked for the smooth course of his life to be broken and here it was broken with a vengeance if he chose to have it—whatever the outcome of the breaking might be.

Adelaide's tranquil, matter-of-fact suggestion presented a variety of images to Grantham's mind. Indeed, it was as if these images had been there all the time, and Adelaide had simply made them visible to him. It was, for instance, as if the image of Adelaide's mother had been with him ever since the day he had first seen her; it was as if every hour that he had passed with the child had given him a more definite and more gracious picture of the mother. She seemed to have kept all the graces of a child and added to these the graces of a woman. She had, for instance, a candor that few women keep beyond childhood, together with a sympathetic grace unknown to children. No wonder that Grantham in his loneliness let himself play with the idea, preposterous though it was, which Adelaide had given him. He even sounded Kopp about it in the vaguest of ways, asking her if she had noticed the new tenants—the young-looking widow and her daughter.

"I don't think much of widows," Kopp replied dourly, and Grantham was self-conscious enough to fancy that she looked at him with a suspicious eye. "This one's laughing all the time and Lord knows she's not much to be laughing for."

A bolder man than Grantham might have asked, why? But he only observed in an elaborately indifferent tone,

"She looks very young to have such a big little girl."

"She does. Yes, sir," Kopp replied.

"She must have been very young when



"We play—we play," she said at last, "'Tommy and Nan."—Page 524.

she married," Grantham went on tentatively, as one to whom this had occurred for the first time.

"She was sixteen," replied Kopp in the tone of one telling a piece of scandal, "and like as not she eloped. When they get married that young they're apt to. If," she added darkly, "they get married at all!"

"Poor little thing," was all Grantham found to say.

"Poor little thing, say I," echoed Kopp. "Not that the child's anything to me, Mr. Grantham, but I'm sorry for one brought up as she's likely to be." Grantham didn't explain that his "poor little thing" was a tribute to Adelaide's mother and not pity for the child.

"There's things about her I don't understand, sir," Kopp concluded severely, as she went out of the room. Her words were like a bit of acid dropped into Grantham's mind; if Adelaide's words had given definite form to certain visions, Kopp's crystallized a number of ideas that had been swimming around in solution. Like it or

not, we are brought to a realization of what we think by the chance words—often of people indifferent to us.

Grantham was a man who tried to be just and he showed this by putting together all the array of facts concerning his little friend's mother. In the first place he knew nothing about her except that she neglected Adelaide, but then she was very young. Kopp said she laughed too much. Adelaide adored her. She looked absurdly young. That was all. Yet there the damning fact remained. There was something one didn't understand about her; some mystery in the air. There was mystery in the things Adelaide didn't say, mystery in the way she kept her wise little mouth firmly shut. He remembered, now he thought of it, that she had never in all their talks spoken of anything in the past—fast as she could talk of his own early youth. She made no mention of any relatives. She never spoke of seeing a friend, and yet her mother "went out" continually. No, decidedly there were a great many things one didn't understand about Adelaide's mother. It is easier to say things like this about a woman than to be more definite. If one had pinned him down, all Grantham would have allowed himself to say would have been that he didn't like the way she left Adelaide. He didn't however join them in the Park as he might have done, although he felt himself a bit of a brute and a bit of a fool as well.



Margery.

It was not easy for him to keep away. It was equally hard for him to turn the conversation deftly when Adelaide insisted on talking about her mother.

He wanted, for instance, very much to know who the "kindest man" was. Adelaide herself didn't know, and she consulted Grantham about him.

"She's fonder of him than of anyone else," she told him sagely. "I can tell by the way she talks about him. She feels about him exactly as I do about you. I told her *you* were the kindest one."

"What did she say?" Grantham couldn't keep himself from asking.

"Oh, she laughed," Adelaide replied, "and she said, 'Of course he's kind, goosie, or he wouldn't stand *you* around.' She says," the child went on, "that the kindest man was the only one she had known who hadn't bothered her. Men are very bothersome when one is young and a widow, you know. That's why she'll have in the end to get married," Adelaide explained, and in her sad cadence Grantham recognized the travesty of her mother's manner which he surprised so often.

"Will she marry the kindest man?" he asked, stifling a jealousy he had no right to.

"I don't know," Adelaide replied, "she says she wishes that she could, so perhaps she will. But," she concluded, "I wish it was you. If she only had a chance to know you as well as me I'm sure she'd think you were the kindest."

It happened oddly enough after this that fate gave Grantham and Adelaide's mother



When he turned he was not surprised to find himself face to face with her.

chances enough. Now Grantham and his neighbor met one another in the elevator; again, coming in and out of the house; and as time went on, there were more and more things he didn't understand. He might, he knew, be given the key to more than he wished to know, for he seldom left her without feeling that she had something she wished to tell him. One thing he did understand and that was that the winter was wearing on her. He watched her anxiously. Then one evening as he was coming home he heard quick footsteps behind him and when he turned he was not surprised to find himself face to face with her.

"I thought it was you," she said breathlessly. The light from a street lamp cast dark shadows on her face. Her blonde hair was disordered under her widow's hat. For the hundredth time she gave Grantham the effect of a child masquerading in grown-up clothes, but to-night she had the air of a frightened child who has found someone to protect it. She breathed a long sigh of relief. Grantham almost expected she would put her hand in his as Adelaide would have done.

"What has frightened you?" he found himself asking. She gave him one of her quick, shy glances. She hesitated, and while she hesitated Grantham realized that he himself had thrown open the door that he had been so careful to keep shut, and he said hastily,

"Don't tell me if you don't want to," and began to talk of other things. So the moment passed, and they walked on in silence together. When they reached the house Grantham was at a loss to understand his companion's look of gratitude.

It was soon after this that he made up his mind that things could not go on as they were, conventionality or no conventionality. Just what couldn't go on or what he intended to do he didn't make clear to himself.

He came home from three days out of town ready to break through the various considerations which had hitherto held him so fast bound. Two days passed and he saw nothing of his neighbor nor did he see Adelaide, which was much stranger; then another day passed and another, and no Adelaide. During these days Grantham mutely asked Kopp the same question a thousand times, and she answered it always in the same way.

The question he never found words for was:

"Where's Adelaide?" And Kopp's mute answer was always:

"I don't know."

At last silence became unbearable, and he asked the question aloud.

"They've gone, sir," Kopp answered. "I don't know where." Then for a moment emotion broke through her training and she groaned, "I'm afraid, I'm afraid something's gone wrong, that something's happened."

"What makes you think that?" Grantham demanded.

"They left so sudden, sir—you know," she added, and her tone was as matter-of-fact as if what she had to say wasn't to alter Grantham's whole point of view, "they lived in your two little rooms at the top of the house. That was one of the things I didn't understand, Mr. Grantham, why a lady should be living alone in two servants' rooms even if they were steam-heated!"



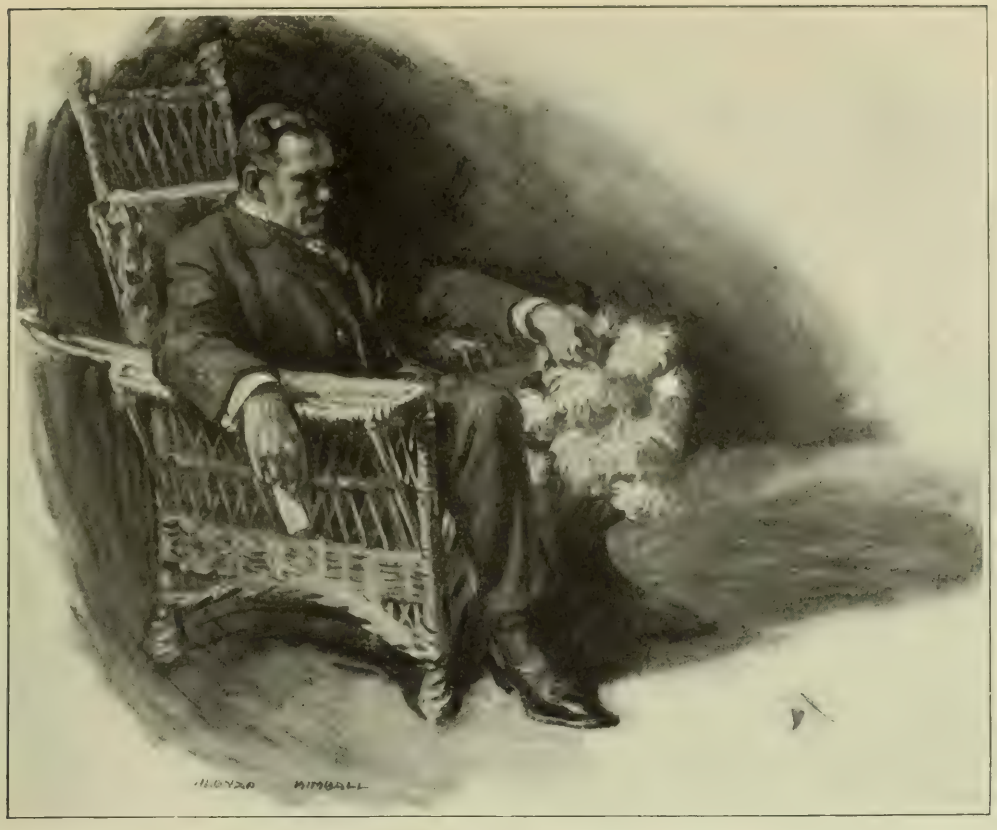
"I've come with these," Adelaide went on.—Page 531.

Grantham sat in his chair, his head in his hands. Whatever Kopp didn't understand she had made a multitude of things clear in one sentence.

Now he understood why Adelaide had been neglected and why her mother had looked tired. He understood too why no one had come to see them, and Adelaide's silence as to their past, and the heart-rending answer to these things was all the same. Two words covered them, and they were Pride and Poverty.

He had lived near them and had been too self-centred and too blind to find the answer to the riddle which like all answers to all riddles seems so evident once one knows it.

"I should like to go up to the rooms," Grantham said at last. He had never since the first day of his tenancy visited these two little rooms, which the agent had made such a point over. They were very superior rooms indeed for servants' rooms,



Romance had come near him.—Page 532.

rooms anyone might live in. When Kopp had suggested to him they might be sublet he had given his consent without further thought.

"Yes, sir," Kopp agreed with ready submission. Not even in this extremity did she show surprise in her master's poignant interest in his tenants— an interest she had had no reason to suspect. Nor did her attitude of grave and unsurprised attention change as they stood together in the little rooms which had been only partly dismantled. There were still many traces left of the people who had lived there: toys of Adelaide's, some pictures, even a flower that had not yet lost all its freshness.

There came over Grantham the bitter sense of his own limitations, and man-like he was quick to blame someone else.

"Why didn't you tell me about them?" he asked Kopp sternly; for the moment it seemed to him her fault that these two children—for one seemed hardly less a child than the other to him—should have lived in such poverty and that one should have had to work for the other.

"I wish I had, sir," Kopp replied. It is not the place of the perfect valet to defend himself.

Grantham walked to the window and looked out with unseeing eyes. All New York was spread at his feet. Over the roofs of the neighboring buildings the river gleamed like a shining blue ribbon; the late afternoon sun woke into flame windows in houses on the Palisades miles away. Then he and Kopp turned and faced each other. Without words they confessed to each other the guilt of their suspicions, the guilt of their negligence, but above all their fears. What had happened? Why had Adelaide gone? was what each one of them wanted to know and for which they had no answer.

But the answer was to come to them in full and in Adelaide's very person. The door opened, and she stood before them, her little hands full of flowers.

"The elevator man told me you were up here," she explained. "We wouldn't have gone off as we did except we were in so much of a hurry—and very excited too. Weddings are so exciting, especially when you haven't for a moment been expecting them."

For a moment Grantham's heart stopped beating.

"I've come with these," Adelaide went

on serenely as she showed Grantham the flowers, "to say good-bye—not really 'good-bye,' you know," she hastened on as she caught the dismay in Grantham's face. "I can come and see you very often, and you will come and see them, Margery says."

"Margery?" Grantham wondered.

"That's my mother—she's not really my mother. She's my sister. She wanted me to tell you. You see everybody died and we wanted to stay together, but Margery had to work so hard and it didn't do any good for her to pretend to be a widow—" she stopped as she saw Grantham and Kopp stare blankly at each other. She explained in these words all the things they hadn't understood.

Then Adelaide finished gently.

"So Margery got married. She couldn't keep it up any longer. Life is very hard for girls left all alone." Mrs. Kopp whispered under her breath, "Poor lambs, poor innocent lambs." Adelaide went to the window and looked out into the darkening horizon. There was silence.

There came over Grantham a sense of desolation. It was as if a light had been put out in his life, but above the feeling of loss was his scorn for himself, scorn for his suspicions and hesitancies, scorn for the inadequate part he had played in the lives of these two children who had so needed his help. At last he spoke:

"Did she marry the—one she wished to?" The question came of itself, involuntarily.

"The kindest man?" asked Adelaide. "I don't know, but I'm afraid not. I asked her, and she didn't answer." Again there was silence. Adelaide shivered.

"It's cold here," she said, "let's go down—" Mechanically Kopp and Grantham moved forward to the door. "It's funny to think that Margery and I will never, never see this little room again," Adelaide said to Kopp, but Kopp didn't answer.

Then Adelaide realized that in the minds of her friends things were happening which she didn't understand. So with a newborn shyness she said good-bye and slipped away. It added the last touch of strangeness to poor Kopp when she learned there was a carriage waiting.

Grantham sat alone staring at the flowers Adelaide had left.

Romance had come near him; it had laid its tender caressing hand on his shoulder, and he had not recognized its touch.

While he had played at kindness with the child he had let the real kindnesses of life pass him by. But of all things he had refused to find out there was one final one which stared him in the face. He had been misunderstood and in the way hardest of all to bear—his reserves had been taken for virtues, his conventionalities and suspicions for delicacy.

As he sat there staring before him his eyes fell on a little envelope among the flowers. He opened it and read, shame mounting higher in him, then regret, "With gratitude from Margery Robeson to the kindest man she has ever known."



From a photograph, copyright 1902, by Byron.

He and Gibbs were boon companions . . . . they indulged in extravagant vagaries by the hour.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

III—THE GREAT ACTOR

By Paul Wilstach

THE arrival of new plays was scarcely an event. An average of three a day made the emotions somewhat callous. All were read, most of them were discussed with Mansfield, the winnowings were given him for final judgment.

When he reached his hotel after his lecture at the Universiy of Chicago in the winter of 1898 he found in his mail the published book of a French play sent by a friend in Paris. "This was acted three weeks ago at the Porte St. Martin," ran the accompanying note. "Paris is wild about it. Here is the rôle for which you have been waiting." That promise had a familiar ring. He put the book aside until a more convenient hour.

There were two meals which Mansfield always ate alone, breakfast and the light repast of broth and oysters late in the afternoon. An empty stomach attacked his nerves and set his temper on edge. In the morning he was in no convenient mood until he had the invariable coffee and bacon. After a somewhat rigid abstinence during the balance of the day and evening the fatigue of a performance edged his nerves till his midnight supper, which, with a

troop of friends about him, warmed him into the sunniest humor of the day. A book or play was the companion of his solitary meals.

The Sunday morning after the French play arrived he opened it over his coffee. After the first page he did not lift his eyes. Breakfast grew cold, untasted. Minutes piled into hours, yet of everything was he oblivious except the pages before him. At three o'clock he presented himself at Mr. Palmer's room.

"I have found the character and the play for which I've searched these fifteen years," he exclaimed. Then, disdaining a chair, he paced the floor for two hours, telling the story of "Cyrano de Bergerac," acting passages as he read along, declaiming the longer speeches with much the same definite characterization which later distinguished his performance on the first night. He composed his performance of the rôle practically on the instant. It seemed little different or more detailed after weeks of rehearsal.

Very soon letters came from Paris by the score—from friends and from strangers alike—telling him of the mounting success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and assuring him he was the one artist on the English-speaking stage to play the Gascon. Twenty copies of the Edition Charpentier had fluttered to him across the Atlantic from various sources when the count was aban-



Mr. Mansfield on the steps of "403."



From photographs, copyright 1899, by Celebrity Photo and Art Co.

Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

doned. Then the translations began to pour in from Paris, from London, from many Americans. All were hopeless. He commissioned his friend, Miss Gertrude Hall—she of Verlaine in English and the Wagner dramas in story—to translate the poem. Her version was inevitably accurate and exquisite. When published it discounted every other in popularity. But her phrasing wanted dramatic vigor. It was not sufficiently masculine for the mouth of this vanquisher of one hundred at the Porte de Nesle. Mansfield was confident however. He believed his destiny was at work. Finally from among another score he triumphantly selected a translation that uttered, with the directness of prose, the cadence of poetry and vibrated with energy. It was the work of Howard Thayer Kingsbury, then recently graduated from Harvard's school of Law.

The popularity of "The First Violin," which was offered modestly in the late spring of 1898, was providential. It defrayed the domestic expenses of an unusually expensive summer and yielded a portion of the forty thousand dollars which were spent on the production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The balance? It was borrowed on mortgages which covered his home, his private car, his theatrical productions, and every chattel he possessed. Everything was sacrificed.

The praise of Coquelin became a pæan, and by summer it raised a great doubt in Mansfield's mind. Dared he challenge the



From a photograph, copyright 1902, by Byron.

At "The Grange," New London, Conn.



The spirit of youth hung over "The Grange."

Nothing delighted him more than to have young people about him.

French actor in his greatest rôle. Was he not inviting a comparison which would ruin him? With every detail of the costumes and scenery determined and in the hands of the artisans, he slipped quietly aboard ship and went to see for himself if this were artistic suicide he was planning.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" had been acted for six months in Paris and Mansfield now found Coquelin playing it in London. Without a word of his presence to any one but his brother Felix, who resided in the British Capital as his foreign agent, he entered the Lyceum Theatre to determine his own fate. He declared afterward that his ordeal that night when he compared his own conception of Cyrano with Coquelin's presentation of the character was far more severe on him than when he offered his performance of the rôle on the first night to the thumbs of his public in America. "After the first act I was in despair," he said. "Coquelin did not act Cyrano, he seemed the embodiment of the Gascon. No one but a Frenchman, and no Frenchman but Coquelin, could banter with that inimitable Gasconade. And in what tongue but Cyrano's own could one hope to toss such badinage? Plainly, perseverance invited martyrdom. I could have abandoned my plans, my hopes, everything on the instant, but I waited for the second act. When he introduced the cadets I felt a breath of courage, for I believed my own introduction had its own quality. As Christian's insults, the wooing under the balcony, the fantastic detention of De Guiche and the siege of Arras passed before me my spirits mounted, until the repetition of the gazette and the death—then hope, confidence and determination all came back. Coquelin in his way was inimitable. But my Cyrano, equally of Rostand and of Bergerac, was on its pedestal again. When I left the theatre my fears had vanished. In spite of all he achieved with the rôle, his performance appealed to me as the Cyrano of a comedian."

There remained an interval of two days before he was to sail and he devoted one of them to a trip down to a small country town to see the D'Oyly Carte Touring Opera Company. He found it practically the same as when he had been identified with it twenty years before. "The personnel had changed," he said, "but it had lost none of its identity. It had been giving Gilbert and Sullivan operas during all that time and the people would talk over their rôles with as much interest and enthusiasm as if they were entirely new." Three weeks after he had quitted his wife he was again at her side in the cottage at Rye, where he had bestowed her in the spring. In a few days—August third—their first and only child was born. He was christened George Gibbs Mansfield.

Interest in Cyrano de Bergerac soon became a fad in America. Three translations of Rostand's play were published and multiplied in editions. The demand for the French text bespoke the imported books before they arrived. An American reprint proved a golden investment. It was discovered that Louis Gallet's story, "Captain Satan," was a tale of Cyrano and this was translated quickly and advertised boldly as "The Adventures of Cyrano de Bergerac." An acquaintance was ferreted with Cyrano's own writings, and his "Histoire Comique des États et Empires de la Lune" was put into English and printed. Amateur poets tried their skill in English renderings of the Ballad of the Duel, the Kiss Speech, and the Recipe for Almond Cream Tarts, and newspapers reproduced them. Finally venders appeared on the sidewalks with Cyrano heads in gutta-percha and did a rushing business.

Such advance interest in a play had never before been known. It stimulated high expectations. There was small margin for surprise. Worse, the cupidity of other managers was tempted. Translations which Mansfield refused were abbreviated in cast and sold to dramatic stock companies. There threatened soon to be a hundred Cyranos in the field. The only production however, which was associated with a name which gave promise of artistic rivalry was that of Augustin Daly. This manager was not at the time at the zenith of his success, but his distinguished career still made him a factor to be reckoned with. He altered the play somewhat to centre interest in Roxane and announced Miss Ada Rehan for the *precieuse* and Mr. Charles Richman for Cyrano. Mansfield's first appearance in Cyrano was fixed for October third at the Garden Theatre. Daly selected the

same night to present his version, for the first time, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and it was one of the most complete failures he ever experienced.

Unforgetable were those August and September rehearsals. No one who was confined in the city during those seething months will ever believe the summer of 1898 was not the hottest of their lifetime.

Mansfield was unsparing of himself and he was unsparing of others. Everything he had and everything he hoped for was at stake. Struggle and desperation were in the air. Nearly every one in the cast resigned or was discharged over and over again. Mr. Palmer's days and nights were devoted to diplomacy, and, thanks to his suavity, the heady heat of the day before was forgotten in the cool of the next morning.

An actress of international reputation and experience was engaged for Roxane. Rehearsals were under way when she resigned by cable. The Orange Girl's single line in the first act was being rehearsed by a young Canadian, Margaret Anglin. Mansfield had not seen her act but he remarked the wondrous loveliness of her voice and his intuition told him she had temperament. "Can you make yourself look beautiful enough for Roxane?" he asked. "I think I might, if you can make yourself look ugly enough for Cyrano," she answered. The part was hers on the instant. He coached her relentlessly. Again and again she cried that she could not do it. He reassured her, but not with soft persuasions. "You can, my dear, and you must. Now, again!" After rehearsals she went regularly in tears to Mr. Palmer to resign. He appealed to Mansfield to be more lenient. "I am only kind," was his reply.

"Roxane is a great part. Only one who has suffered can play such a rôle. This girl has the temperament and the emotions, but she is young and inexperienced. I cannot persuade her spirit, I must rouse it." And every day she reached new depths and new heights.

Rehearsals, for all the brittle tension, were not without their humor. Details introduced into a play suddenly distressed Mansfield and drove the words of his part helter-skelter. It was his custom to use any important accessory to the appearance of a character at rehearsal for a week or more. Cyrano's huge sword, his feathered hat, and his projecting nose promised difficulties. The effect may be imagined when Mansfield appeared dressed in all points like a contemporary exquisite but wearing the sword, bonnet and nose of Cyrano!

As was his method always, he came onto the orchestra floor to direct the coloring, lighting and grouping of scenes. The rehearsal went on as if he were on the stage. When a cue was given for him to speak he replied from his position in the auditorium while the other players addressed the vacant spot he was supposed to occupy.

The first time the musicians came to play their entr'acts he stood down stage watching a change in the scenery. The tempo caught his ear. He took the orchestra in hand at once. Too tired to stand he sat on a stump from Roxane's garden. An amusing figure he presented, half Mansfield half Cyrano, beating time, singing the air, halting, admonishing, repeating, all with his native energy entirely oblivious of the humorous effect. The musicians responded with telling effects, and after half an hour he turned to the direction of the scenes, lights and acting. He was in every sense the presiding genius of his enterprises and conceived and perfected every detail which contributed to a performance and a production.

At last, the night (October 3) of his great hazard! Noon had been August in its heat. Night brought no perceptible relief. It was summer's last stand. All day the stage was empty, dark. He was in his dressing-room before six o'clock. Before the overture he came out for a moment to view the setting and lighting of the Theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. He was made up but not yet costumed—the head of Cyrano on the body of Mansfield. He moved as one in abstraction, his eye was dull and sad, his lips loose and curled as in distress, he spoke to no one, saw no one, glanced once at the picture and turned back to his cell. At the door his servant handed him a folded bit of paper. On it were the good wishes of his friend Benjamin Harrison who had timed a trip from his Indiana home to be present.

The play* was announced for 7:45 o'clock, but at that hour half the audience was in the procession of carriages extending for blocks up Madison Avenue. The streets about the theatre were crowded. Speculators received as high as thirty dollars for a pair of seats.

At a quarter after eight o'clock the curtain rose and the spectators strolled simultaneously into the two theatres—the real and the mimic. The first act was played

* The cast was:

Comte de Guiche	Mr. Arthur Forrest
Comte de Valvert	Mr. F. A. Thomson
Christian	Mr. William Courtenay
Cyrano de Bergerac	Mr. Richard Mansfield
Le Bret	Mr. J. W. Weaver
Captain Carbon de Castel Jeloux	Mr. Francis Kingdon
Ragueneau	Mr. A. G. Andrews
Lignière	Mr. Fred. Backus
First Marquis	Mr. Damon Lyon
Second Marquis	Mr. Edwin Belden
Third Marquis	Mr. Clement Toole
Montfleury	Mr. William H. Griffith
Belrose	Mr. Douglas Stanfield
Jodelot	Mr. Gage Bennett
Cuigy	Mr. Woodward Barrett
Brissaille	Mr. Douglas Jeffreys Wood
Busybody	Mr. Kingdon
Light Guardsman	Mr. Charles Quinn
Doorkeeper	Mr. Dwight Smith
Tradesman	Mr. Cecil Butler
His Son	Mr. Edgar J. Hart
Pickpocket	Mr. Augustin McHugh
Musketeer	Mr. A. Stryker
First Guardsman of the Royal Household	Mr. Harry Lewis
Second Guardsman	Mr. Wm. Sorrell
Sentinel	Mr. Alfred Hollingsworth
Capuchin Monk	Mr. Griffith
First Poet	Mr. Hart
Second Poet	Mr. Lewis
Third Poet	Mr. E. Ordway
Fourth Poet	Mr. Robert Schable
Fifth Poet	Mr. Smith
First Pastry Cook	Mr. Maxwell Blake
Second Pastry Cook	Mr. Nevil
Third Pastry Cook	Mr. Claggett
Fourth Pastry Cook	Mr. Robert Milton
Fifth Pastry Cook	Mr. J. F. Hussey
First Gambler	Mr. R. De Cordova
Second Gambler	Mr. Joseph Maylon
Drunkard	Mr. J. Westly
First Cadet	Mr. Butler
Second Cadet	Mr. Thomson
Third Cadet	Mr. Lyon
Fourth Cadet	Mr. Sorrell
Fifth Cadet	Mr. Stryker
Sixth Cadet	Mr. C. Short
Roxane	Miss Margaret Anglin
The Duenna	Miss Ellen Cummens
Lise	Miss Helen Gliddon
Orange Girl	Miss Bertha Blanchard
Child	Miss Bessie Harris
Flanquin	Miss Van Arold
Champagne	Miss Methot
Mother Margaret de Jésus	Miss Blanche Weaver
Sister Martha	Miss Mary Emerson
Sister Claire	Miss Helen Ford
First Actress	Miss Mabel Howard
Second Actress	Miss Claire Kulp
Third Actress	Miss Lucy Harris
Fourth Actress	Miss Alice Chandler
Soubrette	Miss Nora Dunblane
First Page	Miss Angela McCaull
Second Page	Miss Mary Blythe
Third Page	Miss Clara Emory
Fourth Page	Miss Fernanda Eliscu
Flower Girl	Miss Grace Heyer

Nuns, Ladies of Quality, Gentlewomen, Actresses, Scullery Maids, Cadets, Noblemen, Pickpockets, Apprentices, Townspeople, Spanish Soldiers and Lackeys.

in the midst of confusion. Mansfield was nervous and overanxious, and he acted with studied deliberateness. He was never again so little representative of what he intended. The delightful improvisation punctuated by sword play in the Ballad of the Duel went for little. He had not much skill with the foils and screened his shortcomings behind a complete circle of spectators. The vivid pantomime of this swaying mass as it followed the combatants did not atone for the loss of the Ballad. His art responded, however, to the score of moods in the long speech describing his nose and he swept the end of the act to a spirited conclusion.

Ragueneau opened the second act briskly with his cooks and poets. Andrews was delightful as the sentimental baker. The airy lightness of the Recipe for Almond Cream Tarts could not have been surpassed. It was in the cook-shop that the soul of Cyrano first spoke, in those vibrant sighs with which he accompanied Roxane's declaration of love—for Christian. A different emotion colored each wordless breath. A moment later he masked his heart again under the ferocity of his Gascon pride. Fluent transition from mood to mood was one of Mansfield's finest gifts. The return of the cadets, the arrival of the Comte de Guiche and his suite, the crowding curious mob that packed the shop, composed a superb picture. The verses of the presentation of the cadets were Mansfield's own translation. He packed it with consonants and bristling syllables, especially in the terminals, so that the words crackled like the splutter of musketry:

> These are the Cadets of Gascoigne,
> Of Carbon de Castel-Jeloux,
> Brawlers and liars the throng,
> These are the Cadets of Gascoigne!
> Brag halbert and rapier and thong,
> With blood that is bluest of blue,
> These are the Cadets of Gascoigne,
> Of Carbon de Castel-Jeloux.
>
> Eagle-eyed, spindle-shanked all,
> Cat-whiskered, teeth of the rat,
> Happiest only in brawl,
> Eagle-eye, spindle-shank all!
> Striding with gay feathers tall,
> Hiding the holes in the hat,
> Eagle-eyed, spindle-shanked all,
> Cat-whiskered, teeth of the rat!
>
> Dub them pierce-paunch and punch-pate!
> Ha! that is their gentlest renown!

Sodden with glory and hate,
Dub them pierce-paunch and punch-pate!
Where there's a fight in the town,
You'll find the lot early or late.
Dub them pierce-paunch and punch-pate!
Ha! that is their gentlest renown!

I present the Cadets of Gascoigne,
An amorous, chivalrous crew,
Ye virgins, so priceless in song,
Beware the Cadets of Gascoigne,
Champions for right or for wrong;
Sound clarions, coo-too, cuc-koo!
Cheer lustily! Ring bells, dong, dong!
I present the Cadets of Gascoigne!

The well-rehearsed enthusiasm of the players was anticipated and drowned by a volley of applause from the audience. It was as if a thousand hands reached across the footlights to grasp Cyrano's. The No-thank-you speech was answered with another fusillade. His tortured self-possession in the face of Christian's insults to his nose drew every one to his chair's edge and the sacrificial bargain of the homely wit and the fair numskull dimmed every eye. The curtain fell amid cheers. Supporting himself against the arch, Mansfield bowed again and again.

For half an hour the audience had forgotten the heat which beaded their foreheads. In the midst of that spluttering gossip that betokens the aliveness, the interest and pleasure of an assembly, they now flowed out under the Moorish arcade to catch a whiff of air. The sense of the humid breathless night returned to them. Mansfield closeted himself for his change of costume. His greatest experiment was to come.

The third act is played in a square before Roxane's house. It was an exquisite blending of soft light and long shadows. Miss Anglin during her short scene on the balcony was a revelation. Her feeling intelligence illuminated every line. Her voice caressed and lulled the ear. No one who heard it forgot the ecstasy of

"I tremble, I weep, I love thee, I am thine—
Aye, drunk with love!"

From that moment she was known.

Mansfield revealed new phases of his art in this love trio. He was better in this than in any other love scene he had ever acted. He had no belief in himself as an amorous figure. Passionate sentiment embarrassed him, but on this tangent of self-sacrifice he dared pour out his unrestrained soul. Though the passage was operatic in the blending of the voices, it was less so than the succeeding scene in which Cyrano stays De Guiche from interrupting the wedding with his fantastic pretence of having dropped from the moon.

Rostand indicates that Cyrano should mark the differentiation in his accent by speaking like a Gascon. This was plainly meaningless if not impossible in English. Mansfield chose to denote the unearthy character of this visitor from the moon by chanting the verses in a wierd silvery falsetto. It gave an indescribable poetic significance to the scene. The audience was transported. He took a barytone register in later performances, as some people complained they missed the lines. It was a mistake to do it. No words could conjure the phantasy of that limpid falsetto.

Except for the balcony scene the play until the fourth act is largely an interrupted monologue. The camp scene drew out the quality of the ensemble. Every one responded nobly. Forrest made De Guiche a courtier of elegance and a warrior of mettle. Courteney's frank charm won sympathy for Christian in spite of the dullard. Mansfield blended Cyrano into the vivid panorama. The act was spirited and moving, and culminated in a graphic spectacle of the battle on the ramparts. All the principals came before the curtain, and the applause had not quieted when it rose on the last act.

It was past midnight. After the martial scenes the autumn loveliness of the convent garden fell like a quiet benediction. The entrance of Cyrano was marked by one of Mansfield's imaginative touches. His dress was black. Two nuns in white supported the injured man. His bowed face was shadowed by his plumed hat. As he rested back in the large red chair he raised his head. The first view of that visage, wan yet kind, sorrowful but smiling, the mask of one unmistakably marked for death!—gave the note of final tragedy. During the scenes of gossip and disclosure the sun tones softened and moonlight bathed the garden. The intensity of Mansfield's own restraint was not less here than the tension of the audience. In moments of great emotion Mansfield sometimes lost

control of the muscles of his eyes. Unconsciously they became slightly crossed. The effect was hypnotic. This often happened when he felt the delirium of Cyrano's death rising within. Shaken with a great tremor he struggled to his feet, brushed aside the friendly arms and threw himself for support against an oak. Erect, rigid, the wild stare in his eye, his trembling fingers at arm's length straight before him pointing at the vision, his voice icy with the breath of death, he greeted the conqueror:

> "He comes! I feel already shod with marble,
> Gloved with lead."

Then restraint flew asunder. His long sword fought the phantoms with unleashed frenzy and he released his soul with the sigh of an unsullied conscience.

As the curtain fell the house rose and cheered. The ovation lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. Having removed the make-up of Cyrano he appeared again and again and finally spoke his thanks. When he returned from the footlights the last time he found the way to his dressing-room blocked with friends. Others followed them and the stage was soon alive with people eager to congratulate him.

Was Cyrano his greatest acting? At least this performance was the most significant of his career. With it he scaled the summit at last.

But it was not in his nature to be content. So when he finished one thing he turned to another. Failure furnished its own reason for renewed effort. But he had mercifully few failures now he had come into the plenitude of his authority and the maturity of his powers.

He would not heed the sweet caresses of praise. He coveted it but felt he dared not indulge himself. With few exceptions he seldom read a criticism, unless it was brought to his attention. The day after a triumphant first night he would ask with the humility of a school-boy who has sent in his modest thesis to his tutor, "Well, how goes it?" Glowing reports may have stimulated him, but he met enthusiasm and satisfaction with, "Yes, this is all very well, *but*—what are we going to do next?"

It was not that he was a pessimist. He believed in unlimited potentiality. He had his head erect, his eyes hopefully on the future, his mind confidently fixed on new achievement. Nothing but the most extraordinary self-confidence would have permitted him to indulge in the prodigious undertakings which were the commonplaces of his career.

But he never allowed contentment to set its seal upon him. So when he realized what he had accomplished with "Cyrano de Bergerac" his new fear was that he should not be able to maintain himself on the heights. It was no longer to achieve so much as to maintain. "Where was the successor to Cyrano to come from?" he now asked. If he but knew, none was needed. Authority was now his. The public henceforth accepted him in everything he offered.

Though Mansfield's enigmatic personality made him a topic from the time he first became conspicuous, the public who knew the actor so well had no real acquaintance with the man. He lived in comparative retirement and threw up a wall of reserve about his unprofessional life. Curiosity finding itself thwarted, built up a conjectured personality on scraps of gossip, and wild exaggerations about his temper, irritability and egotism were believed. He answered them once* and afterward held his peace:

"The actor who plays to the groundlings, who has a good word for every one, who has never racked his nerves or tortured his soul, who has not earned his bread and salt "*Kummer und Noth*," who has not realized the utter impossibility of ever accomplishing his ideal, who is not striving and searching for the better in art, who is content to amass wealth by playing one part only; the actor, in short, who is not unsatisfied, is a poor fool of an actor.

"It is impossible for an actor to attempt an arduous rôle, and, having done his full duty, to be unruffled and calm and benign as a May morning.

"The very centre of his soul has been shaken, he has projected himself by force of his will into another being, into another sphere—he has been living, acting, thinking another man's life, and you cannot expect to find him calm and smiling and tolerant of small troubles, dumped back on a dung heap after a flight to the moon.

"The actor is *sui generis*, and in the

* *North American Review*, September, 1894.

theatre is not to be judged by the ordinary rules applied to ordinary men. The actor is an extraordinary man who every evening spends three hours or more in fairyland and transforms himself into all kinds of odd creatures for the benefit of his fellow-men; when he returns from fairyland, where he has been a king or a beggar, a criminal doomed to death, a lover in despair, or a haunted man, do you fancy the aspect of the world and its peoples is not tinged with some clinging color in his living dream?"

Mansfield was born to "star." This manifested itself in every aspect of his life. At the head of things he had complete command of the situation and of himself. Anywhere else he went to pieces, his strong personality, shattered proportions, and chaos was not restored until he eliminated himself or took the lead. His personality demanded complete self-assertion. He could not put himself in conformity to extraneous conditions. But he had a genius for putting environing persons and things in harmony with himself. As a lad at school he could lead the boys in studies or in a race, but he was not so successful in taking his place in a team. At the head of his own table he was a miracle of hospitality, cordiality and deference, and spared no personal exertion to charm his guests. But he was never a guest himself except at great personal sacrifice to his preference and composure. He lamented this often and wished that he had more of the faculty of social blend. He once exclaimed to a friend: "Come, let's have some fun. Others have fun, why can't we?" Extreme sensitiveness had much to do with this, especially in his later years of great fame when he had a painful aversion to the attention which his appearance in public places always attracted.

It is not surprising that the remote public never understood Mansfield, those who knew him best never wholly comprehended him. There were in fact several Mansfields. As we have seen, he explained one of them, the one which was raised by gossip to the *n*th power of exaggeration and accepted by the public without his own explanation. Another Mansfield was revealed to those who knew him apart from the nervous and emotional stimulant of the artificial life on the stage; not the actor but the man. They were not many, for he was diffident about acquaintances, but where his friendship was given he was a well-beloved man.

With the mind and will of a giant, he had the heart of a child. Among the self-revelations of the man there remains none more significant than the memories of his association with young people. "They do not prattle of yesterdays," he said. "Their interest is all in to-day and to-morrow. So is mine." Children in his company found him tender, sympathetic and generous as a father. On his walks he often recruited bands of stray urchins and led them off to bakeries for banquets which he seasoned with stories he knew so well how to tell.

But beyond all his other companionships that between Mansfield and his boy was unusual and wonderful. The child's imagination developed from the time he could talk. It was elfish and fantastic, and it astonished those not quite in accord. The father understood it and it was through this faculty that he reached the boy.

He and Gibbs were boon companions. So youthful was the father in his disclosure of himself to the boy, and so profound was the assumption of the youngster that Mansfield sometimes seemed to present the younger heart of the two. So happily did their imaginations complement each other that they indulged in extravagant vagaries by the hour without need to explain.

"Gibbs," said his father, out walking one day, "why are you sliding your feet?"

"I'm a steam-engine," replied the little fellow.

"Then you need coal," and his father shovelled imaginary coal into the boy's pockets with an imaginary shovel until they were make believe full.

The engine went full steam ahead, but soon Mansfield came upon him at a dead stand-still. "What's this, something broken?"

With perfect seriousness: "Yes, sir."

After a careful examination of fingers, neck and elbows: "Of course, this engine needs oiling." Forthwith his cane became a long-spouted oil-can and poked all over the engine which directly flew off at lightning speed as, of course, any well-lubricated engine would. Next day this conversation would take place:

"Good-morning, Gibbs."

"Good-morning, sir."

"What are you this morning?"

"I'm a sea captain and my boat has two million head of cattle in the hold, which my million of sailors"—after an earnest pause —"no, I'm a green grocer this morning, father."

"Oh, well, in that case I want to complain of the cabbages and artichokes which your man sent me yesterday."

"The one with the red hair?"

"Yes, sir. I think he nibbled the cabbages and I'm sure he choked the artichokes."

After a concentrated moment to grasp this subtlety: "I'm glad you spoke about it. I felt he was a bad man. I've discharged him already. You know I want to keep your patronage, Mr. Mansfield. You're the best customer we have."

"In that case send me a bushel of turnips and a few of your nicest grapefruit."

"New ones in this morning." Hands imaginary fruit.

Making pretence of examining imaginary grapefruit: "Much better than the last. Two, if you please. How much?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

Without so much as a glimmer of a smile, he passes out make-believe payment. "There you are."

"Thank you. Here's your change." Thus make-believe entertained them for hours.

The fine occasions were when Gibbs invited his little friends to tea and a sail with "the pirate chief" on board the *Amorita*. Thomas, the steward, was instructed to prepare his best dishes, and for long periods the conversation was carried on in fierce and fiery pirate jargon.

The spirit of youth hung over the Grange. The great hall was added to provide a place for his young friends to dance, and he was as light on his feet as any. One of the events of his summer came to be "his tennis tournament." He did not boast of his own playing, but this did not matter, for he was only the host and umpire. His tournament originated one day in his discovery of a group of little girls on the shore in deep distress. They wanted to have a contest on the club courts at the Casino, but the club directors judged them too young to monopolize the privilege of their elders. "Come along with me," said Mansfield. He took them up to the Grange, turned his court over to them, umpired the games, gave the winner a silver cup and the losers each a box of "Maillard's." That established an annual custom with him and with these same girls. In his last hours they gave him a moment of rare sweetness which repaid him in full.

From the time Gibbs was five years old he and his father corresponded. The boy dictated his letters either to his mother or to his governess, Miss Hunter. Mansfield's letters reveal a heart unguessed by those who fed themselves on the idle gossip about his vanity and unkindliness. They will be read with no surprise by those who knew his boyish, whimsical nature.

In 1902, on the way to the North Pacific Coast, his train was held up near Pueblo, Colorado, by the spring rains, and he was obliged to return to Colorado Springs. While there he wrote to his four-year-old son the first of the letters which have been preserved:

PRIVATE CAR 80,
COLORADO SPRINGS, *May* 27.

"MY DEAR, DEAR BOY—

"I received your beautiful letter and I was proud to think that you could dictate it yourself. Of course you want to go fishing, so does your Dada and also to go rowing, but he is sorry you do not want to play Indian. Playing Indian is great fun, for you carry a gun or a bow and arrow, and you lope all day long after somebody without stopping to eat or drink, and when at last you find this somebody that you have been looking for, you get down on your stomach and wriggle like a snake without making any noise until you reach him. Then you give a dreadful whoop and cut off his hair, if he has any, and hang it up in your wigwam and are pleased.

"There are lots of other things you can do but it is time for me to talk of something else now. I am sitting in my car and the lamps are lighted and are covered with pink shades, and outside it is raining (it wouldn't be pleasant if it were raining inside, would it?) and the drip, drip, drip of the rain on the roof makes me feel very cosey and sleepy. If you were here I would give you some beautiful marbles to play with and you could sit on the rug and roll them.

"To-day it rained so hard that all the little streams drank so much water that

they grew and grew and grew until they became giants, and then they were proud and naughty, and took the bridges and the rails in their quivering hands and tore them away, so that your Dada's train could not go any farther. When you are a grown-up Engineer you will build bridges and rails that the giant streams can't tear away, won't you?

"On Sunday I went for a drive with Mr. Dillon and we went to a spring where real soda water bubbles out of the ground and then drove home through a place called the Garden of the Gods, where there are rocks formed by nature to look like eagles and frogs and little old men and all kinds of people and things, and we saw a little baby donkey, a real one, and your Dada bought it for his little boy, and if he is as good as he always is (not the donkey, but the boy) then Dada's boy can ride and drive it next year, please God.

"And now Dada kisses his boy just one hundred and one times and fifty and a half are for mudder. Jefferson is bringing Dada's supper, and Dada is going to eat it and thank the Lord he has such a good boy and such a dear mudder.

"DADA."

From the time Gibbs was five years old his favorite toys were soldiers and cannon and fortresses. He was a general—when he was not an admiral, or a policeman, or an explorer, or a king or any of the hundreds of fictitious rôles he assumed. Here is a letter written before Christmas in 1903, referring to the military fiction, and was ever another such Christmas letter written a little boy!

December 14, 1903.

"MY DEAR, DEAR BOY—

"Last night I heard a tremendous row in the chimney and I was afraid the cook had fallen into the fire, so I rushed to the fireplace and I can tell you I *was* startled when first one reindeer and then another made its appearance followed by a beautiful sleigh, made of white candy, in which sat Mr. Santa Claus all wrapped up in white fur. The fur was so white and the sleigh was so white and Mr. Santa Claus' beard and hair were so white you could not tell where the sleigh began and Mr. Santa Claus ended. Of course I saluted Mr. Santa Claus, who used to be in the army once upon a time and always likes to be treated like an officer. Mr. Santa Claus saluted me and then said very politely: 'I believe I am not mistaken, do I not see before me the father of the distinguished General Gibbs Mansfield?' I blushed and bowed because I was very much flattered to think that Mr. Santa Claus should have heard of my General. 'Well,' said Mr. Santa Claus, stepping out of his sleigh, 'let us sit down if you don't mind and have something hot to drink.' I replied that I should be delighted but unfortunately the servants had all gone to bed and the housekeeper had taken the whiskey bottle away with her. Mr. Santa Claus winked his eye and laughed and said it didn't matter, whereupon he waved his right hand and a little boy, about the same size as the great General Gibbs made his appearance. 'This is my son,' explained Mr. Santa Claus, 'Lieutenant Santadiddy Clauschen!' We shook hands warmly and Mr. Santa Claus continued: 'Santadiddy,' he said, 'get some hot grog quickly, I'm nearly frozen.' Well, in a jiffy there stood Santadiddy with a bowl of steaming grog and two beautiful red crystal glasses. 'Ah,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'that's better.' And he pulls a fine meerschaum pipe out of his pocket and lights it with a match, which I am sorry to say he ignited by rubbing it gently on a part of his trousers which I must refrain from mentioning. 'That's a black mark for you, Dada,' said Santadiddy. 'I'll have it brushed when I get home,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'and you can go to bed now.' 'I don't want to go to bed,' said Santadiddy. 'It's bed or a spanking,' remarked Mr. Santa Claus, and Santadiddy vanished before I could say Jack Robinson. Well, Mr. Santa Claus sat back and took a whiff or two from his meerschaum and a sip or so of the grog. 'Now,' says he, 'by your leave, we'll get to business! Pleasure first and business afterwards!' I agreed with him and started a game of solitaire. 'Put those cards away, please,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'I didn't come all this distance to watch you playing solitaire. It's night,' he continued, looking out of the window and throwing his fur cloak over his left shoulder, 'it's night and we are alone,—alone!' I shuddered. 'Would you mind,' I interrupted, 'if I went to my closet to get—to get a revolver and my sword and

a dagger—I don't quite like the way you look—and I'm quite unprotected—the housekeeper has gone to bed and I'm afraid she wouldn't hear me if I called her and the policeman doesn't pass here very often, and even when he does he has to be engaged days in advance.' 'Silence,' said Mr. Claus. 'Silence!' And he said it so loud that the neighbors on both sides knocked on the walls and wanted to know if I'd been killed. I said 'No, not yet!' and then I could hear them getting into bed again. 'For the last thirty years,' commenced Mr. Santa Claus, in a deep voice which seemed to come out of his boots,—'for the last thirty years I have watched your son' . . . 'I beg your pardon,' I said. . . . 'How dare you interrupt me? For the last thirty years,' continued Santa Claus— . . . 'My son is only six,' I said in a small voice. . . . 'Only six? Only six?' and Mr. Santa Claus fell back in his chair and closed his eyes,—'Only six—do you mean to say you have six sons?' 'No! only one!' I yelled. 'One!' 'Don't talk so loud,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'I was nearly asleep and you woke me up—you should be more considerate; what is that you said about "one"?' . . . 'I have one son—one, but such a one. . . . I mean *an* one! Oh, such *an* one, . . . such . . .' 'That'll do,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'I know all about it, is it a girl?' 'No. No—a boy—a son.' 'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'I'll put it down in my book at once—does he—she—I mean it, oh dear, this grog is certainly very strong!—does it go to work—do anything?' 'Oh, lots, lots,' I said. 'Real estate?' inquired Mr. Santa Claus. 'Oh, no,' I said, 'not real estate,—civil engineer—fireman—engine driver—general—naval officer—commander in chief—Scotch bugler—Knight. . . .' 'I think you had better go to bed and let me pour some cold water over your head!'—'Oh, but I assure you he is,' I said. 'Really?' asked Mr. Santa Claus. 'How can he do it *all?*' 'Well you see,' I said, 'he lives with his dear mother at New London and as they are quite alone he has to be a lot of men in order to make things lively and have plenty of people about all the time.' 'So then,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'it's a question of providing not only for General Gibbs this Christmas, but for the engineer, and the General, and the naval officer and the bugler and the Knight Golden Ebony? Dear, dear, dear . . . I'll have to think about it, times are very hard you know, sir, and money is scarce and there are so many, many children—is he good,—is he?' 'Oh, so good,' I said, 'so good,—he has guinea-pigs and dogs and rabbits and hens and pheasants and his Mamie* and his mother, and he takes care of them all,—he protects them with his army and guards them with his sword,—he's very brave and good!' 'Well, well,' said Mr. Santa Claus, 'dry your eyes and don't cry. I'll do my best—but it's a long way to New London and I'll have to make haste—gi-up!'—and with that he got into his sleigh and drawing a blunderbuss out of his pocket he shot off my head and that is the last thing I knew until I woke up this morning—and Mr. Santa Claus and the sleigh and the reindeer, even the punch bowl and the glasses were all gone—only my head ached a little where Mr. Santa Claus had blown me off. So, dear boy, I send you this account of my wonderful adventures and I hope Mr. Santa Claus won't forget you! I did my best. Your

"DADA."

"General" Gibbs's campaigns were the subject of numerous letters from his father, who reported to him under various *noms-de-guerre*. One of the first was dated April 8, 1904. At this time Mansfield was playing in Cincinnati but lived in his private car near Fernbank, a charming village on the banks of the Ohio River, twelve miles west of the city. At the top of the page he wrote "I am sitting up a tree near the field of battle." Here is the letter:

"DEAR GENERAL:

"I have the honor to report that poor General Wienerschnitzel is again in hot water, up a tree and in a tight place. As you are aware we rescued General Wienerschnitzel and his men from the jaws of death and saw him safely on his way home to his wife, Mrs. Bratwurst-Wienerschnitzel and all his little Schnitzels. But—hardly had we disappeared than the General remembered all at once and quite suddenly that he had left his frying pans and his knives and forks in the cave. He drew up his men and made a fine speech to them, calling upon volunteers to step out

* Miss Hunter, Gibbs's governess.

of the ranks and to go back and rescue the frying pans and knives and forks that had been so long in the family of the Wienerschnitzels. The only one who volunteered was a small boy who had been in the habit of cleaning the knives and forks and it was finally decided to let him go back while Wienerschnitzel and his company encamped where they then were, awaiting the return of the small boy. Before leaving the little boy was carefully disguised as a Red Indian. About midnight when everybody was fast asleep a most dreadful noise was heard, which sounded like the rattling of artillery and the clatter of a thousand sabres. The men all rushed to arms and were just about to fire when the moon suddenly came out from behind a cloud and the small boy was seen coming into camp with all the frying pans and knives and forks which he had tied together with a long string dragging for nearly a mile behind him. Hardly had the small boy reached the camp than the Indians who had also been aroused by the rattling of the cooking utensils came down 200,000,000,000,000 strong upon poor Wienerschnitzel. It was in vain that he and his heroes fought like lions, in vain that they performed wonders of valor, in vain that Wienerschnitzel alone slew 100,000,000 men. Numbers prevailed and at last poor Wienerschnitzel and his men were all tied tightly and bound to stakes. At this moment the Indians are collecting brushwood and faggots and it looks as if they intended burning poor Wienerschnitzel and all his men. I beg, General, that you will collect your soldiers without a moment's delay, and under the command of Dick and Linsley* start at once for the scene of the disaster.

"Your obedient servant,

"DINKELSPIEGEL."

While in San Francisco in the spring of 1904, Mansfield sent home a case of Chinese embroideries. Gibbs was much disappointed that there was nothing for him, and so "wrote" his father. The reply was written from Fargo, North Dakota, on June 10.

"MY DEAR, DEAR BOY—

"You must not be disappointed because you did not get a present from me the other day, if you had looked very carefully you would have found a whole lot of kisses and beautiful thoughts for you in the parcel. But, dear me, I suppose you quite forgot to look for them and so catch them as they flew out, and now I don't know who has got them, perhaps some other boy, and I'm afraid we'll never get them back. I'll have to save up from now on and bring them with me as well as the Chinese coat and the Chinese trousers and the Chinese cap and the Chinese shoes I have for my boy,—so all he will want will be a pig tail. Be sure to grow one before I arrive so that I can have lots of fun in my holidays, by pulling it. I know my boy is brave and won't scream. I hope you will come and knock at my bath-room door every morning, and if you are very good I will let you come in and swim in my bath tub, whilst I shave my face. Do you shave your face now? I suppose you have a moustache and an imperial? I wish school were over! I am longing to come home, but my schoolmaster says I must be good and remain until the end of the term. I am very glad to hear that you are taking riding lessons and are brave. If you are very gentle and good to your pony he will soon learn to love and obey you and you will soon be able to go off for long rides in the country on his back—like a bonny knight of ye olden days. Wouldn't it be nice for you to put on your armor and take your lance and ride away to seek Guinevere?

"Your fond

"DADA."

Gibbs had not yet learned to write, but he drew with colored pencils and explained to his mother what he had drawn and she sent the pictures and the explanations to his father. Here is his acknowledgment of one of these drawings.

May 24, 1905.

"MY DEAR GENERAL AND MY DEAR BOY:

"Your full-rigged ship laden with your love and your kisses and good wishes arrived safely in the port of Kansas City and the work of unloading her is now progressing. The first thing she did when she sighted land was to load all her guns—I counted 22—with kisses and fire them off, and nearly every one hit me straight on the lips, on my nose and one struck me right in the middle of my stomach and knocked me down. Some of the kisses, however,

*Dick and Linsley Quaintano.

went astray. For instance the nigger,—no, I mean the colored gentleman, who was waiting on me at dinner and whose name is Jim, got one in the eye and he was so astonished that he fell down with a dish of peas in his hand and the peas rolled all over the floor and he was two hours picking them up. Another kiss struck a schoolmarm, who was walking by the hotel and she went to the police station and complained that she had received a kiss and wanted to have somebody prosecuted. The police are now looking all over the city for some one who has lost a kiss. But—I got most of them. Then your full-rigged ship furled her sails and was hauled alongside the wharf and commenced to unload her love. My, but there is a lot of it! Huge wagons full of love are rolling up the street and all the people are out trying to steal of it, for there are many here who have never had any or seen any. It is such a beautiful rosy color and altho' it is a dark day it lights up the whole street as it comes along. I am going to let everybody have a little of it—it would be too selfish to keep it all to myself and I know that you have so much that you will easily load another ship full and send it to me.—And then came the good wishes! We couldn't pack them fast enough on wagons so we got a million pigeons and tied them to their tails and they are flying all over the city distributing them—and everybody is so happy! I think your sailors are the finest set of men I ever saw—but of course they would be since they have been living on kisses and love and good wishes all the way here. And, oh, the sails! so white and all made of silk—and the flags!—the most brilliant I have ever seen! Thank you my own dear boy. Please God I may soon be with you and we'll have a tremendous *battle!* From your fond

"DADA."

It was the brave "Dinkelspiegel" who got into trouble in the summer of 1905. Mansfield was cruising off Mattapoisett, Mass., on the *Amorita*, and sent this message from "Wienerschnitzel":

OFF MATTAPOISETT,
SATURDAY, *July* 1.

"MY DEAR GENERAL—

"If you wish to save Dinkelspiegel it must be done at once, altho' the predicament he is in at present is probably fatal. And even if you send your war vessels to rescue him, *how* are you going to find him? That is the question. If I knew where he was you may be quite sure, General, that I should inform you. I will, however, no longer keep from you such facts as upon my arrival in this place I was able to gather. To go back:—Three days ago we intercepted a carrier pigeon which bore this message written on a small piece of bunting, evidently a portion of the American ensign. 'Detachment sent by General G. G. R. J. A. Mansfield under command of General Windbeutel Dinkelspiegel defeated with terrible loss. Dinkelspiegel with a small remnant escaped on a submarine. Inform G. G. R. J. A. M. immediately! Rescue!' I immediately took 20,000,000,000,000 men and started for Mattapoisett. We embarked on a billion men-of-war and as soon as we sighted the Hen and Chicken Lightship we opened fire upon the enemy. The cannon balls from our twenty billion guns were fired so rapidly that the sky was obscured by them, and when, after an hour's bombardment, I gave the order to cease firing the greater portion of Mattapoisett, including the houses, rocks, wharfs, people, hens, cows, dogs, etc., had been completely destroyed. Thereupon I landed and after a prolonged search found a man hiding in a hole in the ground. From him, after torturing him for an hour, I gathered the following facts: The enemy had allowed General Windbeutel Dinkelspiegel to occupy Mattapoisett without the slightest opposition, and the General after dining copiously on hard-shell crabs, liver sausage, gruyère cheese and beer had retired to rest. In the middle of the night, however, the enemy surrounded Mattapoisett and nearly our entire force was killed. The General and about twenty officers, however, were incarcerated in an out building which contained a number of empty barrels and were guarded by two young soldiers. It appears that General Windbeutel Dinkelspiegel conceived the admirable idea of singing 'Way Down on the Suwanee River' to them, and having thus freed himself of their presence he and his officers each occupied an empty barrel and rolled themselves down to the beach without arousing the suspicions of the foe. Once arrived there, they at once took pos-

session of a submarine vessel and, diving immediately out of sight, disappeared. Altho' numerous other submarines were dispatched in search of them they were not found. I will await your orders, General, at Mattapoisett, and I have the honor to be Your obedient servant,

"WIENERSCHNITZEL."

The sequel was never told, at least not in the letters. The rescue of Dinkelspiegel was probably the subject of a story when the *Amorita* brought "Wienerschnitzel" back to New London.

Here is a note about a kiss that was forgotten. It was mailed from the first port touched by the *Amorita* on a study-cruise while Mansfield was composing his performance of "Don Carlos" in the summer of 1905.

SCHOONER AMORITA,
IN THE GUT,
SATURDAY.

"MY OWN DEAR BOY—

"When I got to the foot of the hill I remembered suddenly that I hadn't given you a nice long kiss. I think it was because I didn't believe I'd really get away at all or I should have come back again before sailing to hug you. It quite spoilt my pleasure on the water and now I must put a lot of kisses for you in this letter and ask Tother to give them to you for me. I always forget that boys like to be kissed, but I won't forget it again. The sea is beautiful, so olive and bright, and there is a splendid breeze and we have just passed a big schooner yacht, the *Iroquois*, that is twenty feet longer than we are and that started from New London half an hour before we did, and now we are actually leaving her hull down. We are just entering the Gut, a dangerous place where the tide runs like a mill stream and where it is impossible to get thro' unless the tide and wind are propitious. But we have the tide with us altho' we have had to beat so far on account of the wind being ahead. When you are a bigger boy you shall learn how to sail the *Amorita* all by yourself—won't that be fine? You were such a good boy this morning and I really thought I kissed you until I got to the foot of the hill and then I felt that I missed something and I found out it was your kiss. Now you can kiss Tother for me and tell her *she* is a good girl too and she is to have lots of fun and a 'high old time'—I don't know what that is, do you? Here are a lot of kisses for you both, from DADA."

Here is a little note of rebuke sent back to the Riverside home the day of leaving for a tour:

PRIVATE CAR 403.

"MY DEAR DARLING BOY—

"If you knew how hard it is for me to punish you, you would never, never hurt anybody again,—but perhaps you will know that and know that I have suffered a great deal more than you. . . . You must realize and understand that the first duty of a brave knight is to be gentle and kind, and that to hurt and wound is cowardly and cruel. Your dear mother never hurt any one and you know how good she is! I am sure you did not mean to be cruel—but you see you have to learn the lesson to watch your hands and your feet,—for you would be a silly idiot not to control your own legs and arms and restrain them when you wanted to,—wouldn't you? So now I hope you'll never have to go to bed again excepting at your regular bed hour, and here are a lot of love and kisses from

"Your loving D. A."

The boy understood his father's own struggles with his temperament. One day Mansfield said to me: "My boy will go far, he grasps what many of his elders do not. If he comes into the room and sees that I am angry he never answers a word but turns on his heel and goes out. In a little while he comes back with a cheery 'Well, Dada?' just as if nothing had happened."

From Cincinnati he wrote this letter, to thank Gibbs for a Christmas box:

December 31, 1906.

"DEAREST BOY—

"The box you sent me is just beautiful, beautiful! and I keep a lot of lovely thoughts in it, and when I am sad or tired I open the box for a little while and the happy thoughts come hopping out one by one or sometimes they tumble out in a bunch and they are so merry,—some of them, and others so cheerful and encouraging, it makes me quite gay. There is one fellow, however (I really don't know how he ever got in) who jumps out on one leg

and instantly stands on his head and sticks out his tongue and pulls a long nose at me. He is very rude, of course, but still I can't help laughing at him. I have tried to catch him but he refuses to be caught and is so quick and deft in eluding me I get quite exhausted running after him. None of the other boys and girls in the box will have anything to do with him and I don't see how he manages to live. The others all get candy and cake and ice cream but Handy Andy (that's his name) won't touch anything sweet, and the other day I caught him drinking the ink and eating the pen-wiper. So this morning I asked him to give an account of himself and who *do* you think he says he is? He says: all the other children are Gibbs's good deeds and good days and nice ways and polite manners and his kindness and gentleness and sweetness!—and then he said: 'I'm his badness. I'm him (his grammar is bad) when he's horrid and cross and rude or disobeys his mother or dada—whew!' and he jumped onto his head and made a snook and swallowed the blotting paper. The other day, Christmas Day, he disappeared. I wonder where he was? You must have been very good! Well, I'm glad there are so many good of you in the box and only one bad. Here are such a lot of kisses and hugs from your loving D. A."



George Gibbs Mansfield as Knight Golden Ebony.

THE LADY SENBTES

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

The tomb of the Lady Senbtes
Was open to wind and sun;
She had slept—God knows!—three thousand years
And the sleep of her dust was done.

And I said, "Pray pardon us, Lady,
If our insolence does you wrong,"
And I said, "It is not permitted
That the dead sleep over long.

"Stand forth in your withered garments,
The wrappings about your face,
For to-day is asking with pick and spade
Of yesterday's name and race."

Then out of her infinite slumber
She stirred with a dim surprise,
And up from the ancient resin and myrrh
Her voice came, drowsily wise:

"Who speaks of life?" said Senbtes.
"Life was the stars in the sky,
And Life was the solemn lotus flower
And the old Nile sweeping by:

"Life—was Love, I remember,
And a thing that they called Hate;
I forget in this underground peace and dust. . . .
You said it was growing late?

"Late?" said the Lady Senbtes—
"When nothing's to hope or fear
Then late and early are both the same
Is the lesson we learn down here.

"And you are as old as I am
And I am as young as you. . . .
Old?" said the Lady Senbtes—
"But Osiris is aging, too.

"Yet breath and blood have a virtue
And two you may think upon—
And one is the chance to be very kind:
And one, to look long at the sun."



Mass of Bolsena. In the Vatican.

THE GREATNESS OF RAPHAEL

By Kenyon Cox

THERE used to be on the cover of the Portfolio Monographs little medallions of Raphael and Rembrandt, placed there, as the editor, Mr. Hamerton, has somewhere explained, as portraits of the two most widely influential artists that ever lived. In the eighteenth century, one imagines, Rembrandt's presence by the side of Raphael would have been thought little less than a scandal. To-day it is Raphael's place that would be contested, and he would be superseded, likely enough, by Velasquez.

There is no more striking instance of the vicissitudes of critical opinion than the sudden fall of Raphael from his conceded rank as "the prince of painters." Up to the middle of the nineteenth century his right to that title was so uncontested that it alone was a sufficient identification of him—only one man could possibly be meant. That he should ever need defending, or re-explaining, to a generation grown cold to him, would have seemed incredible. Then came the rediscovery of an earlier art that seemed more frank and simple than his; still later the discovery of Rembrandt and Velasquez —the romanticist and the naturalist—and Raphael, as a living influence, almost ceased to exist. It was only the other day that the author of a volume of essays on art was gravely praised by a reviewer for the purely accidental circumstance that that volume contained no essay on Raphael; and the writer of a very recent book on the pictures in Rome "has to confess unutterable boredom" in the presence of the Stanze of the Vatican.

It is not probable that any critic who



Judgment of Solomon. In the Vatican.

greatly valued his reputation, or who had any serious reputation to value, would take quite this tone; but, leaving out of consideration the impressionistic and ultra-modern criticism which ignores Raphael altogether, it is instructive to note the way in which a critic so steeped in Italian art as Mr. Berenson approaches the fallen prince. The artist who used to be considered the greatest of draughtsmen he will hardly admit to be a draughtsman at all, ranking him far below Pollainolo and, positively, speaking of him as "a poor creature, most docile and patient." As a colorist and a manipulator of paint he places him with Sebastiano del Piombo—that is among the mediocrites. Almost the only serious merit, from his point of view, which he will allow him is a mastery in the rendering of space shared, in nearly equal measure, by Perugino as, to some extent, by nearly all the painters of the Umbrian school. For while he admits that Raphael was the greatest master of composition that Europe has produced, he evidently thinks of composition, as do so many other moderns, as a matter of relatively little importance.

It is not Raphael's popularity that is in question; that is perhaps as great as ever it was. His works, in one form or another of reproduction, from the finest carbon print to the cheapest lithograph, are still to be found, in the humblest homes as in the most splendid, in nearly every quarter of the globe. That popularity was always based on what Berenson calls the "illustrative" qualities of Raphael's work, on the beauty of his women, the majesty of his men; on his ability to tell a story as we like it told and to picture a world that we wish might be real. One may not be prepared to consider these illustrative qualities so

negligible as do many modern critics, or to echo Mr. Berenson's phrase about "that which in art . . . is so unimportant as what . . . we call beauty." One might point out that the greatest artists, from Pheidias to Rembrandt, have occupied themselves with illustration, and that to formulate the ideals of a race and an epoch is no mean task. But, for the moment, we may neglect all that, our present inquiry being why an artist, once counted the greatest of all, is no longer considered very significant by those who measure by purely artistic standards rather than by that of illustrative success and consequent popularity.

We may also leave out of our present consideration Raphael's achievement in the suggestion of space. It is a very real quality and a high one. It has doubtless always been an important element in the enjoyability of Raphael's art as it is almost the only enjoyable element, for many of us, in the art of Perugino. But it is an element that has only very recently been clearly perceived to exist. If it was enjoyed by the artists and critics, from Raphael's day almost to our own, they were unconscious of the fact, and the probability is that we enjoy it more than they did. It will not account for the estimation in which they held Raphael, and still less will it account for the relative lack of interest in him today.

In truth the reason why many modern critics and painters almost dislike Raphael is the very reason for which he was so greatly revered. Coming in the nick of time, at the close of an epoch of investigation, himself a man of wide culture and quick intellect but of no special originality or emotional power, he learned from all his predecessors what they had to teach and, choosing from the elements of their art those which were suited to his purpose, formed a perfectly balanced and noble style which was immediately accepted as the only style suitable to the expression of lofty ideas in monumental form. He became the lawgiver, the founder of classicism, the formulator of the academic ideal. Not to admire him was to confess oneself a barbarian, and even those who did not really care for his art hardly dared to say so. As long as the academic ideal retained any validity his supremacy endured, and it was only with the definitive turning of modern art into the paths of romanticism and naturalism that revolt became possible.

But when the world became tired of Raphaelism it inevitably became unjust to Raphael. It forgot that it was not he who had made his art the test of that of others—who had erected what, with him, was a spontaneous and original creation into a rigid system of laws. It confounded him with his followers and imitators, and, being bored by them, began to find the master himself a bore.

For, eclectic as he was by nature, and founder as he was of the academic régime, the "grand style" of Raphael was yet a new and personal contribution to art. He drew from many sources, but the principle of combination was his own. His originality was in that mastery of composition which no one has ever denied him but which is very differently rated as a quality of art by different temperaments. Almost everything specifically Raphaelesque in his work is the offspring of that power of design in which he is still the unapproached master. Modern criticism is right in denying that he was a draughtsman, if by draughtsman is meant one deeply preoccupied with form and structure for its own sake. His distinction was to invest the human figure with such forms as should best fit it to play its part in a scheme of monumental composition. The "style" of his draperies, so much and so justly admired, is composition of draperies. He was not a colorist as Titian was a colorist, or a painter as Velasquez was a painter—he was just so much of a colorist and a painter as is compatible with being the greatest of decorative designers. Everything in his finest works is entirely subordinated to the beauty and expressiveness of composition, and nothing is allowed to have too great an individual interest for its predestined part in the final result. Probably he could not have drawn like Michelangelo or painted like Hals—certainly, when he once understood himself, he would not have desired to do so.

Even in his early work he showed his gifts as a composer, and some of the small pictures of his Florentine period are quite perfect in design. Nothing could be better composed within their restricted field than the "Madonna del Cardellino" or the

"Belle Jardinière." Nearly at the end of the period he made his greatest failure, the "Entombment" of the Borghese Gallery. It was his most ambitious effort up to this time and he wanted to put everything that he had learned into it, to draw like Michelangelo and to express emotion like Mantegna. He made a host of studies for it, tried it this way and that, lost all spontaneity and all grasp of the ensemble. What he finally produced is a thing of fragments, falling far below his models in the qualities he was attempting to rival and redeemed by little or nothing of the quality proper to himself. But, apparently, it answered its purpose. It freed him from preoccupation with the work of others. When his great opportunity came to him, in the commission to decorate the Camera della Segnatura, his painfully acquired knowledge was sufficiently at his command to give him no further trouble. He could concentrate himself on the essential part of his problem, the creation of an entirely appropriate, dignified and beautiful decorative design. It was the work for which he was born, and he succeeded so immediately and so admirably in it that neither he nor anyone else has ever been able to fill such spaces so perfectly again.

There are fourteen important compositions in the room. The decoration of the ceiling had already been begun by Sodoma, and Sodoma's decorative framework Raphael allowed to remain; partly, perhaps, from courtesy, more probably because its general disposition was admirable and not to be improved on. If Sodoma had begun any of the larger paintings which were to fill his frames they were removed to make way for the new work. There has always been a great deal of discussion as to whether Raphael himself invented the admirable scheme of subjects by which the room was made to illustrate the Renaissance ideal of culture with its division into the four great fields of learning: divinity, philosophy (including science), poetry, and law. In reality the question is of little importance. There seems to be at least one bit of internal evidence, to be mentioned presently, that even here the artist did not have a perfectly free hand, as we know he did not later. Whoever thought of the subjects it was Raphael who discovered how to treat them in such a way as to make of this room the most perfectly planned piece of decoration in the world. Sodoma had left, on the vaulting, four circular medallions and four rectangular spaces which were to be filled with figure compositions. In the circles, each directly above one of the great wall spaces, Raphael placed figures personifying Theology, Philosophy, Poetry and Justice; in the rectangles he illustrated these subjects with the stories of "The Fall of Man," "Apollo and Manyas" and "The Judgment of Solomon," and with that figure, leaning over a celestial globe, which must be meant for Science. All of these panels are on curved surfaces and Raphael's decorative instinct led him on this account, and to preserve the supremacy of the great wall spaces below, to suppress all distance, placing his figures against a background of simulated gold mosaic and arranging them, practically, upon one plane. There is, therefore, no possible question of "space-composition" here. These panels depend for their effect entirely upon composition in two dimensions—upon the perfect balancing of filled and empty spaces, the invention of interesting shapes and the arrangement of beautiful lines. It is the pattern that counts, and the pattern is perfect.

The "Poetry" [page 557] is the most beautiful of the medallions, but they are all much alike: a draped female figure in the middle, seated to give it scale, large enough to fill the height of the circle amply but without crowding, and winged *putti*, bearing inscribed tablets, on either side. There are other ways of filling a circle acceptably, as Botticelli had shown and as Raphael was to show again in more than one *tondo*, but for their situation, marking the principal axes of the room, there is no way so adequate as this. As Mr. Blashfield has said, speaking from experience: "When a modern painter has a medallion to fill and has tried one arrangement after another, he inevitably realizes that it is Raphael who has found the best ordering that could be found; and the modern painter builds upon his lines, laid down so distinctly that the greater the practice of the artist the more complete becomes his realization of Raphael's comprehension of essentials in composition." Not only so, but the modern painter finds as inevitably that, accepting this ordering as the best, even then he cannot add another figure to these four. He may, per-

haps, draw it better in detail or give more character to the head, but he cannot capture that felicity of spacing, that absoluteness of balance, that variety and vivacity combined with monumental repose. The more his nature and training have made him a designer the more certainly he feels, before that single medallion of Poetry, that he is in the presence of the inimitable master of design.

If the composition of the rectangles is less inevitable it is only because the variety of ways in which such simple rectangles may be filled is almost infinite. Composition more masterly than that of the "Judgment of Solomon," [page 552] for instance, you will find nowhere; so much is told in a restricted space, yet with no confusion, the space so admirably filled and its shape so marked by the very lines that enrich and relieve it. It is as if the design had determined the space rather than the space the design. If you had a tracing of the figures in the midst of an immensity of white paper you could not bound them by any other line than that of the actual frame. One of the most remarkable things about it is the way in which the angles, which artists usually avoid and disguise, are here sharply accented. A great part of the dignity and importance given to the king is due to the fact that his head fills one of these angles, and the opposite one contains the hand of the executioner and the foot by which the living child is held aloft, and to this point the longest lines of the picture lead. The dead child and the indifferent mother fill the lower corners. In the middle, herself only half seen and occupying little space, is the true mother, and it seems that her explosive energy, as she rushes to the rescue of her child, has forced all these other figures back to the confines of the picture. Compare this restless yet subtly balanced composition, full of oblique lines and violent movement, with the gracious, placid formality of the "Adam and Eve," and you will have some notion of the meaning of this gift of design.

But it is the frescoes on the four walls of this room which are Raphael's greatest triumphs—the most perfect pieces of monumental decoration in the world. On the two longer walls, nearly unbroken lunettes of something over a semicircle, he painted the two great compositions of Theology and Philosophy known as the "Disputa" and the "School of Athens." The "Disputa," [page 558] the earlier of the two, has the more connection with the art of the past. The use of gilded relief in the upper part recalls the methods of Pintoricchio, and the hint of the whole arrangement was doubtless taken from those semi-domes which existed in many churches. But what an original idea it was to transform the flat wall of a room into the apse of a cathedral, and what a solemnity it imparts to the discussion that is going on. The upper part is formal in the extreme, as it need be for the treatment of such a theme, but even here there is variety as well as stateliness in the attitudes and the spacing. In the lower part the variety becomes almost infinite, yet there is never a jar—not a line or a fold of drapery that mars the supreme order of the whole. Besides the uncounted cherubs which float among the rays of glory or support the cloudy thrones of the saints and prophets, there are between seventy and eighty figures in the picture; yet the hosts of heaven and the church on earth seem gathered about the altar with its sacred wafer—the tiny circle which is the focus of the great composition and the inevitable goal of all regards, as it is the central mystery of Catholic dogma.

Opposite, in the "School of Athens," [page 558] the treatment is different but equally successful. The hieratic majesty of the "Disputa" was here unnecessary, but a tranquil and spacious dignity was to be attained, and it is attained through the use of vertical and horizontal lines—the lines of stability and repose, while the bounding curve is echoed again and again in the diminishing arches of the imagined vaulting. The figures, fewer in number than in the "Disputa" and confined to the lower half of the composition, are ranged in two long lines across the picture; but the nearer line is broken in the centre and the two figures on the steps, serving as connecting links between the two ranks, give to the whole something of that semicircular grouping so noticeable in the companion picture. The bas-reliefs upon the architecture and the great statues of Apollo and Minerva above them draw the eye upward at the sides, and this movement is intensified by the arrangement of the lateral groups of figures. By these means the counter curve to the arch above,

the one fixed necessity, apparently, of the lunette, is established. It is more evident in the perspective curve of the painted dome. Cover this line with a bit of paper, or substitute for it a straight lintel like that seen beyond, and you will be surprised to find how much of the beauty of the picture has disappeared. The grouping of the figures themselves, the way they are played about into clumps or separated to give greater importance, by isolation, to a particular head, is even more beyond praise than in the "Disputa." The whole design has but one fault, and that is an afterthought. In the cartoon the disproportioned bulk of Heraclitus, thrust into the foreground and writing in an impossible attitude on a desk in impossible perspective, is not to be found. It is such a blot upon the picture that one cannot believe that Raphael added it of his own motion; rather it must have been placed there at the dictation of some meddling cardinal or learned humanist who, knowing nothing of art, could not see why any vacant space should not be filled with any figure whose presence seemed to him historically desirable. One is tempted to suspect even, so clumsy is the figure and so out of scale with its neighbors, that the master refused to disfigure his work himself and left the task to one of his apprentices. If it had been done by one of them, say Giulio Romano, after the picture was entirely completed and at the time of the "Incendio del' Borgo," it could not be more out of keeping.

Each of these walls has a doorway at one end, and the way in which these openings are dissimulated and utilized is most ingenious, particularly in the "Disputa" where the bits of parapet which play an important part at either side of the composition, one pierced, the other solid, were suggested solely by the presence of this door. In the end walls the openings, large windows much higher than the doors, become of such importance that the whole nature of the problem is changed. It is the pierced lunette that is to be dealt with, and Raphael has dealt with it in two entirely different ways. One wall is symmetrical, the window in the middle, and on that wall he painted the "Parnassus," [page 559] Apollo and the Muses in the centre with groups of poets a little lower on either side and other groups filling the spaces to right and left of the window head. At first sight the design seems less symmetrical and formal than the others, with a lyrical freedom befitting the subject, but in reality it is no less perfect in its ponderation. The group of trees above Apollo and the reclining figures either side of him accent the centrality of his position. From this point the line of heads rises in either direction to the figures of Homer and of the Muse whose back is turned to the spectator, and the perpendicularity of these two figures carries upward into the arch the vertical lines of the window. From this point the lateral masses of foliage take up the drooping curve and unite it to the arch, and this curve is strongly reinforced by the building up toward either side of the foreground groups and by the disposition of the arms of Sappho and of the poets immediately behind her, while, to disguise its formality, it is contradicted by the long line of Sappho's body which echoes that of the bearded poet immediately to the right of the window and gives a sweep to the left to the whole lower part of the composition. It is the immediate and absolute solution of the problem, and so small a thing as the scarf of the back-turned Muse plays its necessary part in it, balancing as it does the arm of the Muse who stands highest on the left and establishing one of a number of subsidiary garlands that play through and bind together the wonderful design.

The window in the opposite wall is to one side the middle, and here Raphael meets the new problem with a new solution. He places a separate picture in each of the unequal rectangles, carries a simulated cornice across at the level of the window head, and paints, in the segmental lunette thus left, the so-called "Jurisprudence" [page 561] which seems to many decorators the most perfect piece of decorative design that even Raphael ever created—the most perfect piece of design, therefore, in the world. Its subtlety of spacing, its exquisiteness of line, its monumental simplicity, rippled through with a melody of falling curves from end to end, are beyond description—the reader must study them for himself in the illustration. One thing he might miss were not his attention called to it—the ingenious way in which the whole composition is adjusted to a diagonal axis, that the asymmetry of the wall may be minimized. Draw an

imaginary straight line from the boss in the soffit of the arch through the middle of the Janus-head of Prudence. It will accurately bisect the central group, composed of this figure and her two attendant genii, will pass through her elevated left knee, the centre of a system of curves, and the other end of it will strike the top of the post or mullion that separates the window opening into two halves.

This single room, the Camera della Segnatura, marks the brief blossoming time of Raphael's art, an art consummate in science yet full of a freshness and spontaneity —the dew still upon it—as wonderful as its learning. The master himself could not duplicate it. He tried for Venetian warmth of color in the "Mass of Bolsena" [page 551] and experimented with tricks of illumination in the "Deliverance of Peter," [page 559] and in these two compositions struck out new and admirable ways of filling pierced lunettes. The balancing, in the one, of the solitary figure of the pope against the compact group of seven figures—a group that has to be carried up above the curved screen in order to counteract the importance given to Julius by his isolation and by the greater mass of his supporting group below—is a triumph of arrangement; and here, again, it is notable that the bleeding wafer, the necessary centre of interest, is situated on a straight line drawn diagonally from the keystone of the arch to the centre of the window head, and almost exactly half-way between these two points, while the great curve of the screen leads to it from either side. In the symmetrically pierced lunette opposite the distribution of the space into three distinct but united pictures, the central one seen through the grating of the prison, is a highly ingenious and, on the whole, an acceptable variant on previous inventions. But these two are the last of the Vatican frescoes that show Raphael's infallible instinct as a composer. He grows tired, exaggerates his mannerisms, gives a greater and greater share of the work to his pupils. The later stanze are either pompous or confused, or both, until we reach the higgledy-piggledy of the "Burning of the Borgo" or that inextricable tangle, suggestive of nothing so much as of a dish of macaroni, the "Battle of Constan-



Poetry. In the Vatican.

Ontario



School of Athens. In the Vatican.



Disputa. In the Vatican.



Parnassus. In the Vatican.



The Deliverance of Peter. In the Vatican.

tine"; a picture painted after the master's death, but for which he probably left something in the way of sketches.

Yet even in what seems this decadence of his talent Raphael only needed a new problem to revive his admirable powers in their full splendor. In 1514 he painted the "Sibyls" of Santa Maria della Pace, in a frieze-shaped panel cut by a semicircular arch, and the new shape given him to fill inspired a composition as perfect in itself and as indisputably the only right one for the architectural throne. It was reserved for Raphael to take a step that no earlier painter could have dreamed of, and to fill these triangular spaces with free groups relieved against a clear sky which is the continuous background of the whole series. One may easily think the earlier system more architecturally fitting, but the skill with which these groups are composed, their perfect naturalness, their exhaustless variety, the perfection with which they fill these awkward shapes as it were inevita-



The Four Sibyls. Santa Maria della Pace.

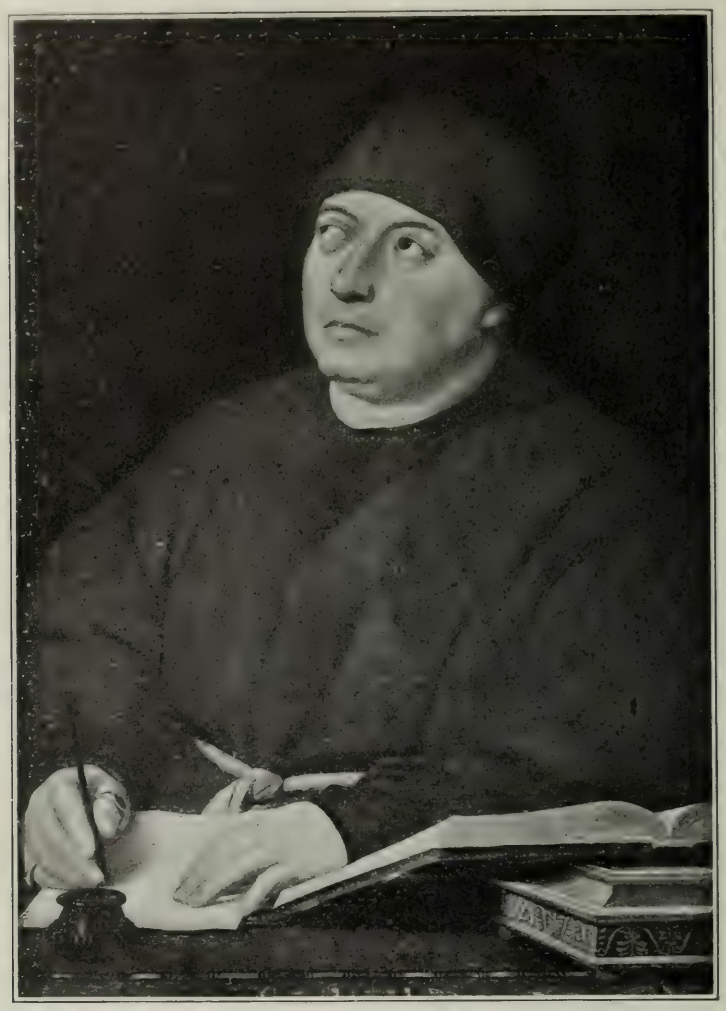
place as anything he ever did. Among his latest works were the pendentives of the Farnesina, with the story of Cupid and Psyche [page 564]—works painted and even drawn by his pupils, coarse in types and heavy in color, but altogether astonishing in freedom and variety of design. The earlier painters covered their vaulting with ornamental patterns in which spaces were reserved for independent pictures, like the rectangles of the stanza della Segnatura. It was a bold innovation when Michelangelo discarded this system and placed in the pendentives of the Sistine his colossal figures of the Prophets and the Sibyls, each on its bly and without effort, is nothing short of amazing. It is decoration of a festal and informal order—the decoration of a kind of summer house, fitted for pleasure, rather than of a stately chamber—but it is decoration the most consummate, the fitting last word of the greatest master of decorative design that the world has seen.

It is this master designer that is the real Raphael, and, but for the element of design always present in the least of his works, the charming illustrator, the mere "painter of Madonnas," might be allowed to sink comfortably into artistic oblivion without cause for protest. But there is another



Jurisprudence. In the Vatican.

Raphael we could spare less easily, Raphael the protrait painter. The great decorators have nearly always been great portrait painters as well, although—perhaps because—there is little resemblance between the manner of feeling and working necessary for success in the two arts. The decorator, constantly occupied with relations of line and space which have little to do with imitation, finds in the submissive attention to external fact necessary to success in portraiture a source of refreshment and of that renewed contact with nature which is constantly necessary to art if it is not to become too arid an abstraction. Certainly it was so with Raphael, and the master of design has left us a series of portraits comparable only to those of that other great designer whose fate was to leave little but portraits behind him, Hans Holbein. Allowing for the necessary variation of type and costume in their models and for the difference between an Italian and a northern education, their methods are singularly alike. Raphael has greater elegance and feeling for style, Holbein a richer color sense and, above all, a finer craftsmanship, an unapproachable material perfection. They have the same quiet, intense observation, the same impeccable accuracy, the same preoccupation with the person before them and with nothing else—an individuality to be presented with all it contains, neither more nor less—to be rendered entirely, and without flattery as without caricature. There have been portrait painters who were greater painters, in the more limited sense of the word, than these two, and there has been at least one painter whose imaginative sympathy gave an inner life to his portraits absent from theirs, but in the essential qualities of portraiture, as distinguished from all other forms of art, perhaps no one else has quite equalled them. One can



Tomasso Inghirami. In the collection of Mrs. Gardner.

give no greater praise to the "Castiglione" or the "Donna Velata" than to say that they are fit to hang beside the "Georg Gyze" or the "Christina of Milan"; and at least one portrait by Raphael, the "Tommaso Inghirami" in the collection of Mrs. Gardner—the original of which the picture in the Pitti Palace is a replica—has a beauty of surface and of workmanship almost worthy of Holbein himself.



Balthasar Castiglione. In the Louvre.

Raphael's portraits alone, had he done nothing else, would justify a great reputation, but they form so relatively small a part of his work that they may almost be neglected in examining his claims to the rank that used to be assigned him among the world's greatest artists. It is, after all, his unique mastery of composition that is his chief title to fame, and his glory must always be in proportion to the estimation in which that quality is held. It was because composition was to him a comparatively unimportant part of painting that Velasquez thought little of Raphael. It is because, for them, composition, as a distinct element of art, has almost ceased to exist that so many modern painters and critics decry Raphael altogether. The decorators have always known that design is the essence of their art and therefore they have always appreciated the greatest of designers. That is why Paul Baudry, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, idolized Raphael and based his own art upon that of the great Umbrian. To-day, in our own country, mural decoration is again becoming a living art, and the desire for the appropriate decoration of important buldings with monumental works of painting is more widespread, perhaps, than it has been anywhere at any time since the Italian Renaissance. So surely as the interest in decorative painting and the knowledge of its true principles becomes more

widely spread, so surely will the name of Raphael begin to shine again with something of its ancient splendor.

But design is something more than the essential quality of mural decoration—it is the common basis of all the arts, the essential thing in art itself. Each of the arts has its qualities proper to it alone, and it may be right to estimate the painter, the sculptor, the architect or the musician according to his eminence in those qualities which are distinctive of his particular art and which separate it most sharply from the other arts. In that sense we are right to call Frans Hals a greater painter than Raphael. But if we estimate a man's artistry by the same standard, whatever the form of art in which it expresses itself, rating him by his power of coördinating and composing notes or forms or colors into a harmonious and beautiful unity, then must we place Raphael pretty near where he used to be placed, admitting but a choice few of the very greatest to any equality with him. If we no longer call him "the prince of painters" we must call him one of the greatest artists among those who have practised the art of painting.



Psyche Bringing the Vase to Venus. Villa Farnesina.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

XXXIII

CLOUDS were gathering as Hale rode up the river after telling old Hon and Uncle Billy good-by. He had meant not to go to the cabin in Lonesome Cove, but when he reached the forks of the road he stopped his horse and sat in indecision with his hands folded on the pommel of his saddle and his eyes on the smokeless chimney. The memories tugging at his heart drew him irresistibly on, for it was the last time. At a slow walk he went noiselessly through the deep sand around the clump of rhododendron. The creek was clear as crystal once more, but no geese cackled and no dog barked. The door of the spring-house gaped wide, the barn-door sagged on its hinges, the yard-fence swayed drunkenly, and the cabin was still as a gravestone. But the garden was alive and he swung from his horse at the gate, and with his hands clasped behind his back walked slowly through it. June's garden! The garden he had planned and planted for June—that they had tended together and apart and that, thanks to the old miller's care, was the one thing, save the sky above, left in spirit unchanged. The periwinkles, pink and white, were almost gone. The flags were at half-mast and sinking fast. The annunciation lilies were bending their white foreheads to the near kiss of death, but the pinks were fragrant, the poppies were poised on slender stalks like brilliant butterflies at rest, the hollyhocks shook soundless pink bells to the wind, roses as scarlet as June's lips bloomed everywhere and the richness of mid-summer was at hand.

Quietly Hale walked the paths, taking a last farewell of plant and flower, and only the sudden patter of raindrops made him lift his eyes to the angry sky. The storm was coming now in earnest and he had hardly time to lead his horse to the barn and dash to the porch when the very heavens, with a crash of thunder, broke loose. Sheet after sheet swept down the mountains like wind-driven clouds of mist thickening into water as they came. The shingles rattled as though with the heavy slapping of hands, the pines creaked and the sudden dusk outside made the cabin, when he pushed the door open, as dark as night. Kindling a fire, he lit his pipe and waited. The room was damp and musty, but the presence of June almost smothered him. Once he turned his face. June's door was ajar and the key was in the lock. He rose to go to it and look within and then dropped heavily back into his chair. He was anxious to get away now—to get to work. Several times he rose restlessly and looked out the window. Once he went outside and crept along the wall of the cabin to the east and the west, but there was no break of light in the murky sky and he went back to pipe and fire. By and by the wind died and the rain steadied into a dogged downpour. He knew what that meant—there would be no letting up now in the storm, and for another night he was a prisoner. So he went to his saddle-pockets and pulled out a cake of chocolate, a can of potted ham and some crackers, munched his supper, went to bed, and lay there with sleepless eyes, while the lights and shadows from the wind-swayed fire flicked about him. After a while his body dozed but his racked brain went seething on in an endless march of fantastic dreams in which June was the central figure always, until of a sudden young Dave leaped into the centre of the stage in the dream-tragedy forming in his brain. They were meeting face to face at last—and the place was the big Pine. Dave's pistol flashed and his own

stuck in the holster as he tried to draw. There was a crashing report and he sprang upright in bed—but it was a crash of thunder that wakened him and that in that swift instant, perhaps, had caused his dream. The wind had come again and was driving the rain like soft bullets against the wall of the cabin next which he lay. He got up, threw another stick of wood on the fire and sat before the leaping blaze, curiously disturbed but not by the dream. Somehow he was again in doubt—was he going to stick it out in the mountains after all, and if he should, was not the reason, deep down in his soul, the foolish hope that June would come back again? No, he thought, searching himself fiercely, that was not the reason. He honestly did not know what his duty to her was—what even was his inmost wish, and almost with a groan he paced the floor to and fro. Meantime the storm raged. A tree crashed on the mountain side and the lightning that smote it winked into the cabin so like a mocking, malignant eye that he stopped in his tracks, threw open the door and stepped outside as though to face an enemy. The storm was majestic and his soul went into the mighty conflict of earth and air, whose beginning and end were in eternity. The very mountain tops were rimmed with zigzag fire, which shot upward splitting a sky that was as black as a nether world, and under it the great trees swayed like willows under rolling clouds of gray rain. One fiery streak lit up for an instant the big Pine and seemed to dart straight down upon its proud, tossing crest. For a moment the beat of the watcher's heart and the flight of his soul stopped still. A thunderous crash came slowly to his waiting ears, another flash came, and Hale stumbled, with a sob, back into the cabin. God's finger was pointing the way now—the big Pine was no more.

XXXIV

The big Pine was gone. He had seen it first, one morning at daybreak, when the valley on the other side was a sea of mist that threw soft, clinging mist spray to the very mountain tops—for even above the mists, that morning, its mighty head arose, sole visible proof that the earth still slept beneath. He had seen it at noon—but little less majestic, among the oaks that stood about it; had seen it catching the last light at sunset, clean-cut against the after-glow, and like a dark, silent, mysterious sentinel guarding the mountain pass under the moon. He had seen it giving place with sombre dignity to the passing burst of Spring, had seen it green among dying Autumn leaves, green in the gray of winter trees and still green in a shroud of snow—a changeless promise that the earth must wake to life again. It had been the beacon that led him into Lonesome Cove—the beacon that led June into the outer world. From it her flying feet had carried her into his life—past it, the same feet had carried her out again. It had been their trysting place—had kept their secrets like a faithful friend and had stood to him as the changeless symbol of their love. It had stood a mute but sympathetic witness of his hopes, his despairs and the struggles that lay between them. In dark hours it had been a silent comforter, and in the last year it had almost come to symbolize his better self as to that self he came slowly back. And in the darkest hour it was the last friend to whom he had meant to say good-by. Now it was gone. Always he had lifted his eyes to it every morning when he rose, but now, next morning, he hung back consciously as one might shrink from looking at the face of a dead friend, and when at last he raised his head to look upward to it, an impenetrable shroud of mist lay between them—and he was glad.

And still he could not leave. The little creek was a lashing yellow torrent, and his horse heavily laden as he must be, could hardly swim with his weight, too, across so swift a stream. But mountain streams were like June's temper—up quickly and quickly down—so it was noon before he plunged into the tide with his saddle-pockets over one shoulder and his heavy transit under one arm. Even then his snorting horse had to swim a few yards, and he reached the other bank soaked to his waist line. But the warm sun came out just as he entered the woods, and as he climbed the mists broke about him and scudded upward like white sails before a driving wind. Once he looked back from a "fire-scald" in the woods at the lonely cabin in the Cove but it gave him so keen a pain that he would not look again. The trail was

slippery and several times he had to stop to let his horse rest and to slow the beating of his own heart. But the sunlight leaped gladly from wet leaf to wet leaf until the trees looked decked out for unseen fairies, and the birds sang as though there was nothing on earth but joy for all its creatures, and the blue sky smiled above as though it had never bred a lightning flash or a storm. Hale dreaded the last spur before the little gap was visible, but he hurried up the steep, and when he lifted his apprehensive eyes, the gladness of the earth was as nothing to the sudden joy in his own heart. The big Pine stood majestic still, unscathed, as full of divinity and hope to him as a rainbow in an eastern sky. Hale dropped his reins, lifted his hands to his dizzy head and started for it on a run. Across the path lay a great oak with a white wound running the length of its mighty body, from crest to shattered trunk, and over it he leaped, and like a child caught his old friend in both arms. After all, he was not alone. One friend would be with him till death on that border-line between the world in which he was born and the world he had tried to make his own, and he could face now the old one again with a stouter heart. There it lay before him with its smoke and fire and noise and slumbering activities just awakening to life again. He lifted his clenched fists toward it:

"You got *me* once," he muttered, "but this time I'll get *you*." He turned quickly and decisively—there would be no more delay. And he went back and climbed over the big oak that, instead of his friend, had fallen victim to the lightning's kindly whim and led his horse out into the underbrush. As he approached within ten yards of the path, a metallic note rang faintly on the still air the other side of the Pine and down the mountain. Something was coming up the path, so he swiftly knotted his bridle-reins around a sapling, stepped noiselessly into the trail and noiselessly slipped past the big tree where he dropped to his knees, crawled forward and lay flat, peering over the cliff and down the winding trail. He had not long to wait. A riderless horse filled the opening in the covert of leaves that swallowed up the path. It was gray and he knew it as he knew the saddle to be his old enemy's—Dave. Dave had kept his promise—he had come back. The dream was coming true, and they were to meet at last face to face. One of them was to strike a trail more lonesome than the Trail of the Lonesome Pine, and that man would not be John Hale. One detail of the dream was going to be left out, he thought grimly, and very quietly he drew his pistol, cocked it, sighted it on the opening—it was an easy shot—and waited. He would give that enemy no more chance than he would a mad dog—or would he? The horse stopped to browse. He waited so long that he began to suspect a trap. He withdrew his head and looked about him on either side and behind—listening intently for the cracking of a twig or a footfall. He was about to push backward to avoid attack from the rear, when a shadow shot from the opening. His face paled and looked sick of a sudden, his clenched fingers relaxed about the handle of his pistol and he drew it back, still cocked, turned on his knees, walked past the Pine, and by the fallen oak stood upright, waiting. He heard a low whistle calling to the horse below and a shudder ran through him. He heard the horse coming up the path, he clenched his pistol convulsively, and his eyes lit by an unearthly fire and fixed on the edge of the bowlder around which they must come, burned an instant later on—June. At the cry she gave he flashed a hunted look, right and left, stepped swiftly to one side and stared past her—still at the bowlder. She had dropped the reins and started toward him but at the Pine she stopped short.

"Where is he?"

Her lips opened, but no sound came. Hale pointed at the horse behind her.

"That's his. He sent me word. He left that horse in the valley, to ride over here, when he came back, to kill me. Are *you* with him?" For a moment she thought from his wild face that he had gone crazy and she stared silently. Then she seemed to understand, and with a moan she covered her face with her hands and sank weeping in a heap at the foot of the Pine.

The forgotten pistol dropped, full-cocked to the soft earth, and Hale with bewildered eyes went slowly to her.

"Don't cry"—he said gently, starting to call her name. "Don't cry," he repeated, and he waited helplessly.

"He's dead. Dave was shot—out—West," she sobbed. "I told him I was coming back. He gave me his horse. Oh, how could you?"

"Why did you come back?" he asked, and she shrank as though he had struck her—but her sobs stopped and she rose to her feet.

"Wait," she said, and she turned from him to wipe her eyes with her handkerchief. Then she faced him.

"When dad died I learned everything. You made him swear never to tell me and he kept his word until he was on his deathbed. *You* did everything for me. It was *your* money. *You* gave me back the old cabin in the cove. It was always you, you, *you* and there was never anybody else but you." She stopped for Hale's face was as though graven from stone.

"And you came back to tell me that?"

"Yes."

"You could have written that."

"Yes," she faltered, "but I had to tell you face to face."

"Is that all?"

Again the tears were in her eyes.

"No," she said tremulously.

"Then I'll say the rest for you. You wanted to come to tell me of the shame you felt when you knew," she nodded violently—"but you could have written that, too, and I could have written that you mustn't feel that way—that" he spoke slowly—"you mustn't rob me of the dearest happiness I ever knew in my whole life."

"I knew you would say that," she said like a submissive child. The sternness left his face and he was smiling now.

"And you wanted to say that the only return you could make was to come back and be my wife."

"Yes," she faltered again, "I did feel that—I did."

"You could have written that too, but you thought you had to *prove* it by coming back yourself."

This time she nodded no assent and her eyes were streaming. He turned away—stretching out his arms to the woods.

"God! Not that—no—no!"

"Listen, Jack!" as suddenly his arms dropped. She had controlled her tears but her lips were quivering.

"No, Jack, not that—thank God. I came because I wanted to come," she said steadily. "I loved you when I went away. I've loved you every minute since—" her arms were stealing about his neck, her face was upturned to his and her eyes, moist with gladness, were looking into his wondering eyes—"and I love you now—Jack."

"June!" The leaves about them caught his cry and quivered with the joy of it, and above their heads the old Pine breathed its blessing with the name—June—June—June.

XXXV

With a mystified smile, but with no question, Hale silently handed his penknife to June and when, smiling but without a word, she walked behind the old Pine, he followed her. There he saw her reach up and dig the point of the knife into the trunk, and when, as he wonderingly watched her, she gave a sudden cry, Hale sprang toward her. In the hole she was digging he saw the gleam of gold and then her trembling fingers brought out before his astonished eyes the little fairy stone that he had given her long ago. She had left it there for him, she said, through tears, and through his own tears, Hale pointed to the stricken oak:

"It saved the Pine," he said.

"And you," said June.

"And me," repeated Hale solemnly, and while he looked long at her, her arms dropped slowly to her sides and he said simply:

"Come!"

. . . . . .

Leading the horses they walked noiselessly through the deep sand around the clump of rhododendron and there sat the little cabin of Lonesome Cove. The holy hush of a cathedral seemed to shut it in from the world, so still it was below the great trees that stood like sentinels on eternal guard. Both stopped, and June laid her head on Hale's shoulder and they simply looked in silence.

"Dear old home," she said, with a little sob, and Hale, still silent, drew her to him.

"You were *never* coming back again?"

"I was never coming back again." She clutched his arm fiercely as though even now something might spirit him away, and



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

June . . . . sank weeping in a heap at the foot of the Pine —Page 567.

she clung to him while he hitched his horse and they walked up the path.

"Why, the garden is just as I left it! The very same flowers in the very same places!" Hale smiled.

"Why not? Uncle Billy did that."

"Oh, you dear—you dear!"

Her little room was shuttered tight as it always had been when she was away, and, as usual, the front door was simply chained on the outside. The girl turned with a happy sigh and looked about at the nodding flowers and the woods and the gleaming pool of the river below and up the shimmering mountain to the big Pine topping it with sombre majesty.

"Dear old Pine," she murmured and almost unconsciously she unchained the door as she had so often done before, stepped into the dark room, pulling Hale with one hand after her, and almost unconsciously reaching upward with the other to the right of the door. Then she cried aloud:

"My key—my key is there!"

"That was in case you should come back some day."

"Oh, I might—I might! and think if I had come too late—think if I hadn't come *now!*" Again her voice broke and still holding Hale's arm, she moved to her own door. She had to use both hands there, but before she let go, she said almost hysterically:

"It's so dark! You won't leave me, dear, if I let you go?"

For answer Hale locked his arms around her, and when the door opened he went in ahead of her and pushed open the shutters. The low sun flooded the room and when Hale turned, June was looking with wild eyes from one thing to another in the room—her rocking-chair at a window, her sewing close by, a book on the table, her bed made up in the corner, her washstand of curly maple—the pitcher full of water and clean towels hanging from the rack. Hale had gotten out the things she had packed away and the room was just as she had always kept it. She rushed to him, weeping.

"It would have killed me," she sobbed. "It would have killed me." She strained him tightly to her—her wet face against his cheek: "Think—*think*—if I hadn't come now!" Then loosening herself she went all about the room with a caressing touch to everything, as though it were alive. The book was the volume of Keats he had given her—which had been loaned to Loretta when June went away.

"Oh, I wrote for it and wrote for it," she said.

"I found it in the Post Office," said Hale, "and I understood."

She went over to the bed.

"Oh," she said with a happy laugh. "You've got one slip inside out," and she whipped the pillow from its place, changed it, and turned down the edge of the covers in a triangle.

"That's the way I used to leave it," she said shyly. Hale smiled.

"I never noticed that!" She turned to the bureau and pulled open a drawer. In there were white things with frills and blue ribbons—and she flushed.

"Oh," she said, "these haven't even been touched." Again Hale smiled but he said nothing. One glance, long ago, had told him there were things in that drawer too sacred for his big hands.

"Have you kept things this way *all* the time?"

"All the time," said Hale.

"I'm so happy—*so* happy."

Suddenly she looked him over from head to foot—his rough riding boots, old riding breeches and blue flannel shirt.

"I am pretty rough," he said. She flushed, shook her head and looked down at her smart cloth suit of black.

"Oh, *you* are all right—but you must go out now, just for a little while."

"What are you up to, little girl?"

"How I love to hear that again!"

"Aren't you afraid I'll run away?" he said at the door.

"I'm not afraid of anything else in this world any more."

"Well, I won't."

He heard her moving around as he sat planning in the porch.

"To-morrow," he thought and then an idea struck him that made him dizzy. From within June cried:

"Here I am," and out she ran in the last crimson gown of her young girlhood—her sleeves rolled up and her hair braided down her back as she used to wear it.

"You've made up my bed and I'm going to make yours—and I'm going to cook your supper—why, what's the matter?"



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

She made him tell of everything that had happened.—Page 573.

Hale's face was radiant with the heaven-born idea that lighted it and he seemed hardly to notice the change she had made. He came over and took her in his arms:

"Ah, sweetheart, *my* sweetheart!" A spasm of anxiety tightened her throat, but Hale laughed from sheer delight.

"Never you mind. It's a secret," and he stood back to look at her. She blushed as his eyes went downward to her perfect ankles.

"It *is* too short," she said.

"No, no, no! Not for me! You're mine now, little girl, *mine*—do you understand that?"

"Yes," she whispered, her mouth trembling. Again he laughed joyously.

"Come on!" he cried, and he went into the kitchen and brought out an axe:

"I'll cut wood for you." She followed him out to the wood-pile and then she turned and went into the house. Presently the sound of his axe rang through the woods, and as he stooped to gather up the wood he heard a creaking sound. June was drawing water at the well, and he rushed toward her:

"Here, you mustn't do that."

She flashed a happy smile at him.

"You just go back and get that wood. I reckon," she used the word purposely, "I've done this afore." Her strong bare arms were pulling the leaking moss-covered old bucket swiftly up, hand under hand—so he got the wood while she emptied the bucket into a pail, and together they went laughing into the kitchen, and while he built the fire, June got out the coffee-grinder and the meal to mix, and settled herself with the grinder in her lap.

"Oh, isn't it fun?" she stopped grinding suddenly.

"What would the neighbors say?"

"We haven't any."

"But if we had!"

"Terrible!" said Hale with mock solemnity.

"I wonder if Uncle Billy is at home." Hale trembled at his luck. "That's a good idea. I'll ride down for him while you're getting supper."

"No, you won't," said June, "I can't spare you. Is that old horn here yet?"

Hale brought it out from behind the cupboard.

"I can get him—if he is at home."

Hale followed her out to the porch where she put her red mouth to the old trumpet. One long, mellow hoot rang down the river—and up the hills. Then there were three short ones and a single long blast again.

"That's the old signal," she said. "And he'll know I want him *bad*." Then she laughed.

"He may think he's dreaming, so I'll blow for him again." And she did.

"There, now," she said. "He'll come."

It was well she did blow again, for the old miller was not at home and "Ole Hon," down at the cabin, dropped her iron when she heard the horn and walked to the door, dazed and listening. Even when it came again she could hardly believe her ears, and but for her rheumatism, she would herself have started at once for Lonesome Cove. As it was, she ironed no more, but sat in the doorway almost beside herself with anxiety and bewilderment, looking down the road for the old miller to come home.

Back the two went into the kitchen and Hale sat at the door watching June as she fixed the table and made the coffee and cornbread. Once only he disappeared and that was when suddenly a hen cackled, and with a shout of laughter, he ran out to come back with a fresh egg.

"Now, my lord!" said June, her hair falling over her eyes and her face flushed from the heat.

"No," said Hale. "I'm going to wait on you."

"For the last time," she pleaded, and to please her he did sit down, and every time she came to his side with something he bent to kiss the hand that served him.

"You're nothing but a big, nice boy," she said. Hale held out a lock of his hair near the temples and with one finger silently followed the track of wrinkles in his face.

"It's premature," she said, "and I love every one of them." And she stooped to kiss him on the hair. "And those are nothing but troubles. I'm going to smooth every one of *them* away."

"If they're troubles, they'll go—now," said Hale.

All the time they talked of what they would do with Lonesome Cove.

"Even if we do go away, we'll come back once a year," said Hale.

"Yes," nodded June, "once a year."

"I'll tear down those mining shacks, float them down the river and sell them as lumber."

"Yes."

"And I'll stock the river with bass again."

"Yes."

"And I'll plant young poplars to cover the sight of every bit of uptorn earth along the mountain there. I'll bury every bottle and tin can in the Cove. I'll take away every sign of civilization, every sign of the outside world."

"And leave old Mother Nature to cover up the scars," said June.

"So that Lonesome Cove will be just as it was."

"Just as it was in the beginning," echoed June.

"And shall be to the end," said Hale.

"And there will never be anybody here but you."

"And you," said June.

While she cleared the table and washed the dishes Hale fed his horse and cut more wood, and it was dusk when he came to the porch.

Through the door he saw that she had made his bed in one corner. And through her door he saw one of the white things, that had lain untouched in her drawer, now stretched out on her bed.

The stars were peeping through the blue spaces of a white-clouded sky and the moon would be coming by and by. In the garden the flowers were dim, quiet and restful. A kingfisher screamed from the river. An owl hooted in the woods and crickets chirped about them, but every passing sound seemed only to accentuate the stillness in which they were engulfed. Close together they sat on the old porch and she made him tell of everything that had happened since she left the mountains, and she told him of her flight from the mountains and her life in the West—of her father's death and the homesickness of the ones who still were there.

"Bub is a cowboy and wouldn't come back for the world, but I could never have been happy there," she said, "even if it hadn't been for you—here."

"I'm just a plain civil engineer now," said Hale, "an engineer without even a job and—" his face darkened.

"It's a shame, sweetheart, for you—" She put one hand over his lips and with the other turned his face so that she could look into his eyes. In the mood of bitterness they did show worn, hollow and sad, and around them the wrinkles were deep.

"Silly," she said, tracing them gently with her finger tips, "I love every one of them, too," and she leaned over and kissed them.

"We're going to be happy each and every day, and all-day-long! We'll live at the Gap in winter and I'll teach."

"No, you won't."

"Then I'll teach *you* to be patient and how little I care for anything else in the world while I've got you, and I'll teach you to care for nothing else while you've got me. And you'll have me, dear, forever and ever——"

"Amen," said Hale.

Something rang out in the darkness far down the river, and both sprang to their feet. "It's Uncle Billy!" cried June, and she lifted the old horn to her lips. With the first blare of it, a cheery halloo answered, and a moment later they could see a gray horse coming up the road—coming at a gallop, and they went down to the gate and waited.

"Hello, Uncle Billy!" cried June. The old man answered with a fox-hunting yell, and Hale stepped behind a bush.

"Jumping Jehosophat!—is that you, June? Air ye all right?"

"Yes, Uncle Billy!" The old man climbed off his horse with a groan.

"Lordy, Lordy, Lordy, but I was skeered!" He had his hands on June's shoulders and was looking at her with a bewildered face.

"What air ye doin' here alone, baby?"

June's eyes shone: "Nothin', Uncle Billy." Hale stepped into sight.

"Oh, ho! I see! You back an' he ain't gone! Well, bless my soul, if this ain't the beatenest—" he looked from the one to the other and his kind old face beamed with a joy that was but little less than their own.

"You come back to stay?"

June nodded.

"My—where's that horn? I want it right now. Ole Hon down thar is a-thinkin' she's gone crazy and I thought she shorely was when she said she heard you blow that horn. An' she tol' me the min-

ute I got here, if hit wus you—to blow three times." And straightway three blasts rang down the river.

"Now she's all right, if she don't die o' curiosity afore I git back and tell her why you come. Why did you come back, baby? Gimme a drink o' water, son. I reckon me an' that ole hoss hain't travelled sech a gait in five year."

June was whispering something to the old man when Hale came back and what it was the old man's face told plainly.

"Yes, Uncle Billy—right away," said Hale.

"Just as soon as you can git your license?" Hale nodded.

"An' June says I'm goin' to do it."

"Yes," said Hale, "right away."

Again June had to tell the story to Uncle Billy that she had told to Hale and to answer his questions, and it was an hour before the old miller rose to go. Hale called him then into June's room and showed him a piece of paper.

"Is it good now?" he asked.

The old man put on his spectacles, looked at it and chuckled:

"Just as good as the day you got hit."

"Well, can't you——"

"Right now! Does June know?"

"Not yet. I'm going to tell her now. June!" he called.

"Yes, dear." Uncle Billy moved hurriedly to the door.

"You just wait till I git out o' here." He met June in the outer room.

"Where are you going, Uncle Billy?"

"Go on, baby," he said, hurrying by her, "I'll be back in a minute."

She stopped in the doorway—her eyes wide again with sudden anxiety, but Hale was smiling.

"You remember what you said at the Pine, dear?" The girl nodded and she was smiling now, when with sweet seriousness she said again: "Your least wish is now law to me, my lord."

"Well, I'm going to test it now. I've laid a trap for you." She shook her head.

"And you've walked right into it."

"I'm glad." She noticed now the crumpled piece of paper in his hand and she thought it was some matter of business.

"Oh," she said, reproachfully. "You aren't going to bother with anything of that kind *now?*"

"Yes," he said. "I want you to sign this."

"Very well," she said resignedly. He was holding the paper out to her and she took it and held it to the light of the candle. Her face flamed and she turned remorseful eyes upon him.

"And you've kept that, too, you had it when I——"

"When you were wiser maybe than you are now."

"God save me from ever being such a fool again." Tears started in her eyes.

"You haven't forgiven me!" she cried.

"Uncle Billy says it is as good now as it was then."

He was looking at her queerly now and his smile was gone. Slowly his meaning came to her like the flush that spread over her face and throat. She drew in one long quivering breath and with parted lips and her great shining eyes wide she looked at him.

"Now?" she whispered.

"Now!" he said.

Her eyes dropped to the coarse gown, she lifted both hands for a moment to her hair and unconsciously she began to roll one crimson sleeve down her round, white arm.

"No," said Hale, "just as you are."

She went to him then, put her arms about his neck and with head thrown back she looked at him long with steady eyes.

"Yes," she breathed out—"just as you are—and now."

Uncle Billy was waiting for them on the porch and when they came out he rose to his feet and they faced him, hand in hand. The moon had risen. The big Pine stood guard on high against the outer world. Nature was their church and stars were their candles. And as if to give them even a better light, the moon had sent a luminous sheen down the dark mountain side to the very garden in which the flowers whispered like waiting happy friends; Uncle Billy lifted his hand and a hush of expectancy seemed to come even from the farthest star.

THE END.

DIVERSIONS IN PICTURESQUE GAME-LANDS

GOLDEN DAYS IN THE SHOSHONE MOUNTAINS

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. HUFFMAN

IN an ideal hunting-trip—which must be in grand country, and in quest of grand game,—the death of the coveted prize is only an incident. To a true sportsman, one fine elk, mountain sheep, goat or bear is a sufficient reward for a rough trip into remote wilds, involving many sacrifices, and hundreds of dollars in money.

The ideal hunting trips are those that are made chiefly for the sake of camping out in a wilderness, with both feet upon virgin soil; for the sake of roaming the untouched forests and the unspoiled pastures of the wild flocks, breathing pure air and looking far; for the sake of tiring the body, resting the mind, and luxuriating in Nature's own domain.

If you put one point of a pair of dividers on the town of Buffalo Bill, Wyoming—called "Cody" on the maps—and with the other draw a circle with a twenty-mile radius, it will contain the finest assortment of wild and weird country that can be found in many a long day's search. It will embrace a genuine desert, a magnificent labyrinth of saw-tooth bad-lands, an isolated mountain of monumental proportions, a grand mountain range, a beautiful mountain valley, sundry poisonous hot springs, and a roaring river boiling through a gorgeous black canyon which no man has yet dared to navigate.

All these superb sceneries and stage-settings were unrolled and utilized in regular order for the delectation of a hunting party made up and led out by Lieut. C. S. Robertson during a certain memorable November, not so very long ago. It was a military party, and I was the only civilian among those present. On the receipt of a telegraphic invitation from the leader to go as his guest, I had fled from the East on short notice, with only my Maynard rifle for heavy baggage, and caught up with the outfit at the camp of Crow Chief Plenty-Coups, in Pryor's Gap.

It was a great party. Lieutenant Robertson, then of the First U. S. Cavalry and stationed at Fort Custer, was a gallant soldier, a true sportsman, a Virginia gentleman of the first water, and a generous and faithful friend. Few have mourned his untimely death more than have I. His special comrade-in-arms, Lieutenant Barber, was also of the First Cavalry, and because of his many lovable qualities, I, like everyone else, soon became greatly attached to him. "Win" Brisbrin, the third habitant of "the officer's tent," was the young-man son of the General in command of Fort Custer, and his boyish delight in every feature of the trip was a constant source of pleasure to the whole party. In these blasé days, the enthusiasm of an unspoiled American boy, with red blood in his veins, is a refreshing thing to see.

In "the men's tent" there was Fleming, the packer, a sergeant, various troopers and teamsters from the First, and a fine cook. We had no guides, but there were two Crow Indian scouts, named Poor-Face and Forked-Gun. They loved a hunt for big game, and had they been "turned loose" would blithely have slaughtered every wild thing in Wyoming.

We had two four-mule wagons, eight saddle-horses, two Sibley tents and a cook's tent. It was the first trip a-field that I ever made when I was not Chief Worrier, and responsible for everything, good and bad. What a rest it was! The management of that outfit was absolute perfection, and I love to recall our enjoyment of it all. Incidentally, it was no less a man than General A. L. Mills (then a First Lieutenant in the First Cavalry) who loaned me his camp

bed, while Mrs. Mills prepared an ideal basket of luncheon to cheer and sustain Lieutenant Barber and me on our two days' swift chase in an ambulance after the outfit, from Fort Custer to Pryor's Gap.

From Pryor's Gap we gaily trekked southward along Sage Creek No. 13 for a sufficient distance, then turned a right angle and headed southwestwardly across the Forty-Mile Desert, toward the stage station on the Stinking Water River, near Heart Mountain, Wyoming. The trip across the desert was easily accomplished in two days. In a blinding snowstorm we plunged down the steep bluff road to Green's ranch and stage station, which is called Corbett, and camped in the willows of the river bottom just below it. Mrs. Green, the ranchman's wife, told us that she had not seen a white woman in two-and-one-half years. But it is different now. The town of Cody is only a few miles above.

It was there that our hunt for big game began. Southeastward of Corbett, but quite near at hand, there stretches away an immense tract of bad-lands. It is more miles in diameter than I could estimate, and while not so deeply cut nor so grand as those of Snow Creek, Montana, they are amazingly intricate. They consist of ten thousand little saw-tooth peaks and cones of bare earth, so closely set together, so uniform in height and size, and so utterly devoid of landmarks that to get lost in them seems not only easy of accomplishment but certain to befall whoever dares to set foot in them.

The older hands of our party hunted along the edge of this labyrinth, but young Brisbrin, who ventured into it, promptly lost himself on the first day, and black darkness caught him there. In response to his signal shots, Poor-Face and Forked-Gun went out into the night; but even when they were so near him that he could give them, *viva voce*, the grand hailing signal of distress, they could not find him. At last Forked-Gun cried out, in desperation,

"*You no shoot, me no find you!*"

Thus exhorted, the lost one began to expend cartridges, and kept it up until the scouts reached him.

Bright and early on the day after we camped at Corbett, we went out toward the bad-lands in quest of mule-deer. It chanced that Lieutenant Barber and I were drawn as companions, and he made haste to admit that having had practically no opportunities for hunting big game, he knew very little about the troubles it involved.

"But I *do hope*," he said, anxiously, "that we can find a good buck. The other fellows will be very likely to kill something, and we simply *can't* go in empty-handed. Now, if you see anything worth shooting, *don't wait for me!* Just kill it, quick!"

This was a contingency I had not counted upon; but we solemnly agreed that we would bag a buck, or perish in the attempt. Looking all about from a high point, we selected a particularly bad-looking bunch of buttes on the edge of the bad-lands, and thither went.

We hunted until high noon, but found no other game than prairie hares. On the top of a rocky ridge we sat down, ate our luncheon, and ardently wished for a deer. No one ever will know how we longed for a buck—a big, wide-horned buck, with a swollen neck and a bad eye, and dangerous to "meet-him-alone-in-the-woods!" Finally, we came down to wishing for even a small buck—a three-pointer better than none.

About three o'clock Lieutenant Barber said, despairingly,

"I declare, we *must* take back *something!* I've a great mind to shoot some of these jack rabbits. They would be better than no game at all."

"No," I said, "Not yet. This surely is mule-deer country, and we must have a deer, or nothing."

At last we neared the end of our hunting-ground, and our hopes fell to a fearfully low point. Barber was inconsolable at the prospect of being beaten in the chase by "those other fellows"; and being the senior wrangler, I felt as if I had stolen a sheep.

As I led the way, slowly and disconsolately, northward along the side of our ridge, but in really good form for spying over the crest into a very likely valley that ran alongside on the west, a gap in the rocks suddenly revealed a full-grown, fully-antlered *mule-deer buck*, briskly and jauntily walking northward along the level floor of the little valley! He was a hundred yards down, and a hundred and fifty yards ahead of our position. At that moment he

was to us the finest wild animal in all the world!

Halting just long enough to show the game to Lieutenant Barber, I hopped down below the summit, then rushed forward as fast as I could put feet to the ground. I knew that, in order to get a fair shot, I must overtake the deer, and I ran as if the whole United States Army had been looking on.

There was no fall, no noise not down on the programme—nothing unlucky. After I had reeled off what I believed to be two hundred yards, good measure, I shut off steam, and quickly sheered up to a bunch of rocks on the summit that gave me a safe view down into the valley.

There was our buck, precisely where I had hoped to see him, still briskly stepping northward! It was the work of but five seconds to stop breathing, aim and fire once,—and the buck was ours.

"Hooray for the First!" cried Lieutenant Barber from far back, joyfully swinging his hat. Like a true sportsman, he had stood fast in order not to double the chances of alarming the game by a premature advance. I never saw a hunter more pleased than he. In the secret solitude of those bad-lands, we gloated many gloats over our good luck, over the fact that it was a full-grown buck, that we could go in heavily loaded with spoil, and further, that "the other fellows" would have to do right well to beat our prize.

After we dressed the carcass, we went to work with all the confidence in the world to load it upon one of our horses. But the animal was big, fat, and very limp; and although we were strong men, we found it utterly impossible to place the entire animal upon a horse! Had it been rigid, it would have been easy; but the awful limpness of it could not be overcome. In a great rage over our failure, we fell to work and cut the animal into sections which were transportable. On reaching camp we found that our rivals had killed three mule-deer (two young bucks and a doe), but our specimen was really the prize of the day.

The next morning a very exciting incident arrived—sandy-haired, square-jawed, armed with Winchester and six-shooter, riding a tough little cow-pony and leading a pack-horse with bed and board. It was J. W. Sharrock, official and effective game warden for the Northern Wyoming Game Protective Association. We had no licenses, and we were caught red-handed, with four deer on us.

Fortunately, our leader had received a hint that the warden was coming; but he came upon us well ahead of schedule time. We all greeted him civilly, and then solemnly filed into "the officer's tent," to sit down and talk it over. Sharrock and Robertson were as cold as ice; and the talk started as slowly as molasses in January. The case was so serious that on our side no one save our leader uttered a word. We knew that under certain conditions trouble might easily be precipitated.

"Now, Mr. Sharrock," said Lieutenant Robertson, as soon as the ice had been cracked a little at the edges, "to people in the army, it's like this: We are out here in a wild, God-forsaken country, with few pleasures in it, and not any too much that's interesting. We're doing time here to keep the Indians from shooting up the settlers, and to give your people a chance to get the country in shape. We have mighty few diversions, and it seems to us that we ought to have the right to do a little hunting once in a while, when we can get a chance—which is very seldom. So far as I know, in all wild countries, army men are allowed to hunt without the regulation license."

"You see, Lieutenant," said Sharrock, slowly, "things have changed a whole lot in Wyoming during the last few years. The game is a-goin', mighty fast. The Indians have killed an awful lot of it, the market hunters from Montana have killed all they could, and the settlers were just wipin' out the rest of it when the Association got in its work, and had some laws passed, to save *something!* The time was when nobody cared how much game was shot, and everybody shot all he pleased. But that's all changed. Instead of finding four or five good bucks yesterday, you found only one. You can see for yourself that if the officers and soldiers at Fort Custer were allowed to come in here whenever they pleased, and kill all the game they could, the Association might just as well go out of business. *You* know that before now the soldiers used to go out from the Army posts in Wyoming and Montana, and kill game by the wagon-load."

"I know," said Robertson. "That was

done, up to a few years ago; but it's not done now. The game is too far from the posts. This is the first party that has gone out from Fort Custer in two years, or about that time. We are not wanting to make a big killing. We've got plenty of meat to eat, so far as that is concerned. We're here as four sportsmen, and we had planned to shoot only a very few head of game."

"But ain't your men going to shoot, too?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I had expected that they *would* shoot, some; though not much. I don't believe in game slaughter. None of us do. I've already written to Colonel Pickett, your President, told him all about the party, and asked him to square it with your Association."

"Well, that's good. And ye haven't heard from him yet?"

"No; but I'll send a man over to-day if you like, and get his answer."

"Well," said the warden, "I'll tell you how I think we'd better fix this thing. *You* know that as long as I'm a paid game warden I *couldn't* agree to have all the men of this outfit kill all the game they could. But I don't want to spoil your hunt, either. Colonel Pickett will probably tell you that he is willing for you three officers, and this man from the East, to have a hunt, *provided* you won't let your enlisted men and your two Crow scouts shoot up everything they see. Now, if you'll agree to that, I'll not have another word to say."

"Of course I'll agree to it!" said Lieutenant Robertson, heartily. "That's as fair as can be. And I invite you to join us as our guest. Come on up to the Forks with us, and stay to the finish."

"Oh, that ain't at all necessary," said the warden, pleasantly. "Your word is enough for me."

"Well, then, *come on jor company*, and help us to have a good time!"

"Well, since you put it that way, I'm tempted to do it. It's none too lively in here,—and it might be that I *can show you where to get one or two good shots!*"

And thus ended an incident that at first was like the loose end of a live wire. Warden Sharrock did go with us, and was *persona grata* throughout. He was a good fellow, as well as a good game warden. When we parted, two weeks later, he gave the four of us a first-rate dinner at the Corbett stage station, and we parted with mutual admiration and regret. May his cattle cover a thousand hills!

On this trip I wore for the first time, and with outrageous pride, a very good elk-skin hunting-shirt, which was generously bedecked with fringe. Before we left Corbett, my acquaintance with Forked-Gun had progressed far enough that one morning he flung decorum to the mountain breeze, and took the sleeve of my shirt gently but firmly between his dusky thumb and finger.

"*Heap* good!" he exclaimed: and his eyes beamed it.

"Cheyenne," I answered, affably, as became the proud possessor of a thing desired by some one else.

"Me like 'um, heap!" said Forked-Gun, earnestly. "*Me buy 'um!*"

"You like 'um—have Crow squaw make 'um."

"Huh! *Squaw no good!* You sell 'um, me! How much?"

"Me no sell 'em," said I, "Keep 'em."

"Yes! Me buy 'um—Fort Custer. *You sell 'um—me!* How much?"

For a third time, like Cæsar, I put the offer aside, undecided whether to be annoyed or amused. The idea of a lazy Crow Indian, with a voice like a bull buffalo, wanting to buy a buck-skin shirt literally "off of" a white man seemed rather droll. While I puzzled over it, Robertson exclaimed hilariously:

"The old coffee-cooler thinks that a white man will sell even the shirt off his back for money—*and to an Indian!*"

I sat down on a bed-roll, to turn it over in my mind, and presently discovered that I had been insulted; but by the time I found it out, Forked-Gun had rung off, and I had lost my chance to resent it.

At Corbett a very strange thing occurred. On the second day of our camping there Poor-Face shot a big mountain-sheep ram *in the bad-lands*. The surprising thing was that an old and experienced animal of that species should have been in such shallow bad-lands, and at least ten miles from the nearest mountains, with open country between. The ram was very old, and his horns had a dead and weathered appearance, as if they had lain on the roof of a wagon-shed for about three years. His hair, also, showed great age and lack of vigor, and was very unlike the splendid

coat of the ram that—well, the ram that we saw later on.

Robertson was much provoked that the Indian had shot a mountain sheep, and the first one, besides; but when he learned that the head had been given to Fleming, the chief packer, who intended to give it to the post surgeon, he decided that Poor-Face need not be killed on the spot for his perfidy.

Without undue loss of time we pulled westward up the Stinking Water (now the Shoshone) to "the Forks," and there in the gnarled cottonwoods of the South Fork, a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the impassable canyon, we made our permanent camp. Quite near by, up on the level floor of the valley, was the cabin of William Whitworth, an old-time hunter and trapper, and a human document dating back to pioneer days. I paid him several visits, and always found his cabin neat and clean, his earthen floor swept and garnished. He spoke in a low, even voice, and told me many interesting things. I realized with a feeling of sadness that he represented a fast vanishing type, which soon will totally disappear, and be known no more save in the history of the wild West.

At the earliest possible moment, Lieutenant Robertson and I took his camera and tripod, and silently stole away to the mouth of the canyon. The two branches of the river came together a few rods above a great wall of bare brown rock, a hundred feet high, which really is a part of the southern side of Rattlesnake Mountain. Through a crack in the mountain about as wide as Nassau Street, between perpendicular walls of bare rock, the river swirls and roars down eight miles of black mystery never penetrated by living man. It is said that logs which enter the mouth of the canyon unscarred come out kindling-wood below.

It is idle to believe or to say that the water has cut that canyon, for it has done nothing of the kind. An earthquake did it; my word for it. Had it been left for the river to erode, on its own hook, long before the pent-up waters had started a cutting through that flinty carboniferous limestone, the river would blithely have gone southward around the mountain, where the wagon trail runs, and found easy flowing, with no rock to excavate.

We went into the dark and gloomy mouth of the canyon, as far as any man may go, and soon were stopped by the lack of footing. Fifty feet farther on, the rift turned sharply to the left, taking the foaming waters along with it, and the view ended against a blank wall. Quite near the ultimate point we smelled a strong odor of sulphureted hydrogen and other disagreeable gases, and looked about. Close at hand, under the foot of the overhanging wall of smooth rock, lay a little, innocent-looking pool in a basin no larger than a bath-tub, which was the cause of the bad odors. Close beside it lay a dead porcupine and a dead magpie, both poisoned by those noxious gases. Elsewhere they would have been eaten long ago by coyote or fox; but there beside that deadly spring they lay, untouched.

As we viewed the remains, we remembered the story of the man who went bathing in the pool of a warm spring near the lower end of the canyon, and was killed in his bath by the poisonous gases of the place. On Alum Creek, in the Yellowstone Park, Mr. W. H. Weed, of the U. S. Geological Survey, once found the fresh remains of a large grizzly bear who had been killed by deadly gases while passing up the narrow valley on a lawful errand.

After the Lieutenant had photographed the mouth of the chasm, we returned to camp and held an indignation meeting. Despite the incident of the sulphur spring and its victims, we all voted unanimously that it was a burning shame that an unsullied mountain stream with waters cleaner and clearer than the water supply of any city in the world, and absolutely odorless, should longer remain under the libellous handicap of such a name as "Stinking Water." We decided that that name must go. After a long preamble, we resolved that the stream should be renamed and called the Shoshone. To this moment, I can hear the very tone in which Lieutenant Robertson closed the discussion by saying with emphasis:

"Well, gentlemen, '*Shoshone' goes!*"

When again in Washington, I went to Mr. Henry Gannett, of the U. S. Board of Geographic Names, and filed the protest of the party. He said, "Any change of that kind should be asked for by the residents of the region affected." And I said, "Well, they want it" (we had spoken to the Greens

and Marston and Sharrock about it), "and they ask it now, through me, as their personal representative."

Mr. Gannett said that he would see what could be done. To this hour, I do not know how much or how little our action had to do with the result; but at all events, it has come about that the name was changed, and the Stinking Water River of that day is now called the Shoshone.

Every hunter of big game will tell you that there are certain experiences which come but once in a lifetime. The glow and exaltation of the day wherein he hunted and killed his first tiger, his first grizzly bear, moose and mountain sheep never can be felt twice over the same species. I have had many opportunities to tell the story of my great first day after mountain sheep, but the impulse to set it down on paper never came to hand until now.

North of our camp, from the river's ice-fringed bank rose Rattlesnake Mountain, 2,000 feet high (so we guessed) and as steep as the roof of a house. Along its base grew quaking-asps and birches, and above that, lodge-pole pines climbed up the gulches, and straggled thinly along the steep slopes. Along the crest of the mountain, which above the Forks was about four miles long, there ran a precipitous wall of light gray rock two hundred feet high, of the form known throughout the West as rim-rock.

As we sat on our horses in front of Charlie Marston's comfortable log cabin, and looked for the first time up that steeply-towering height, some one remarked:

"Well, gentlemen, here's hoping that we won't have to climb up *there!*"

The next moment Lieutenant Robertson said:

"Marston, where shall we go for elk?"

"Right up *there*," said Marston, calmly pointing up the steepest portion of the mountain!

The next morning we went up. Our start was a trifle late, and the way we struggled with that mountain during the next two or three hours was an experience not to be forgotten. Two miles from the river we had to dismount and scramble up on foot. From high living and insufficient exercise, our muscles were soft, and for a little, simple climb, that mountain-side was absurdly difficult.

The real trouble lay in the footing. Nearly the whole mountain-side was covered with clean, angular limestone, broken into pieces the size of egg coal, and lying loose. The action of the weather had brought it down from the rim-rock, and it constituted what is called "slide-rock." Going up over it was like climbing a pile of egg coal fifteen hundred feet high, covered with three inches of light snow. In every step upward, one ploughed back half a step.

Of course we led our horses by their bridles. At first we rested every hundred feet, then every fifty, and at last every twenty-five. Our hearts beat as if they would burst our veins, and our faces turned scarlet. But for a tiny spring that we found half way up, we would have suffered from thirst.

My horse was a gallant and strong bay, who led not wisely but too well. Owing to the horribly bad footing, the fierce upward rushes of the horses often brought him upon my heels, and I had hard work to keep him from laming me. At last his crowding upon me became intolerable, and I decided to let him rush past me to a position at the heels of the next horse in the line.

As he scrambled past, the slide-rock flying downward from his iron-bound hoofs, an inspiration came to me. Why not fling Appearances to the winds of Wyoming? With great presence of mind I reached forward, seized Van by the end of his flowing tail, and shamelessly held on. I made him help me up, and the noble fellow did not resent it in the least. On the contrary, he entered into the arrangement so willingly and so cheerfully I became convinced that it was precisely what he had desired and *advised* from the start, but I was too stupid to understand. I needed one of the modern animal-mind-readers to help me out.

Dear old Van! It is impossible that he should still be in Troop A of the First; but he was a fine horse for a hunter, and I wish him well.

Our first day on Rattlesnake Mountain was a blank. We topped the summit exactly opposite a band of elk that was feeding in the pine timber near by, at the edge of a mountain park. But our slow and noisy struggle upward over the slide-rock, and the wind in their favor, had notified them of our coming, and they fled so promptly and so far we did not even get sight of them.

The long trip up and down in one short



The mountain-sheep hunter.

day meant a ruinous loss of time. That night, as we gathered around our mess-table, and feasted with outrageous hunger, I said:

"Gentlemen, to-morrow night I sleep on the top of Rattlesnake Mountain."

"You're quite right," exclaimed Robertson, promptly. "I'm with you!"

At daybreak, Robertson, Fleming and I, with one pack-mule, forded the river and started up. We were tenderfeet no longer. Our climb of the previous day had done wonders toward getting us into condition; and we went up in excellent form and fairly quick time. As we paused at the spring to drink, and look back at the beautiful panorama spread out far below, we saw two mule-deer standing like statues on the outermost point of a rocky bracket of the mountain that thrust out into space an eighth of a mile below us, and to the right. They had been interested spectators of our climb aloft, and watched us intently as long as we had time to look at them.

At last we climbed the topmost ten feet, and stood upon the edge of an open glade that spread over eighty acres of the summit plateau. Looking westward, we saw no life. Looking eastward—on the highest point of the plateau's edge were two more wild-animal statues.

"Well, if that don't beat all!" exclaimed Robertson very softly.

Half a mile away, across an expanse of silvery snow, immovable as marble, stood two old mountain-sheep rams, intently regarding us. They, too, had been interested spectators of our toilsome ascent. They did not run, because they knew they were far beyond rifle shot.

Robertson said, "You never have killed a mountain sheep, and I have. They are yours. You go for them, and Fleming and I will take a look off in the other direction. If we don't meet before night, we will camp down yonder, in the edge of those pines. Good luck to you!" And one of the best fellows I ever hunted with quietly headed

westward, followed by Fleming and the pack-mule.

Left to my own devices, and a chance for a mountain sheep, it took only a moment to plan a course that seemed to lead away from the sheep, a hidden détour in the timber, then a stalk toward the ram-infested point. The snow was about knee deep, but thanks be! there was no crust worth mentioning. When about opposite the Point of Sheep, I tied Van in the timber, and with as little delay as possible stalked forward to a clump of stunted cedars which I had marked down as a possible firing point.

As I expected, the sheep had moved, and were no longer visible. When fully assured of this, I brought Van up to the cedars, tied him in a good situation, then entered seriously upon a hunt for my missing rams.

There are scenes which impress themselves upon the mind of a hunter with a degree of sharpness second only to that of a photographer's negative. That day produced many such. Looking westward from the spot where the mountain sheep had posed for us, there sloped away a field of frosted silver. its immaculate surface criss-crossed by game-trails where many an elk and mountain sheep had ploughed through the snow. The tumbled snow in the furrows caught and reflected the rays of the cold November sun, and the trails glistened on the smooth snow-field like a net of burnished silver laid on a sheet of hoar frost. Near at hand I saw two spots, each ten feet in diameter, where the two mountain sheep of my desire had recently been pawing through the snow to get at the tall spears of bunch-grass that thrust up bravely from below. As a place to dine, that snow-field looked anything but inviting; but of this, more anon.



The two forks of the Shoshone River.

As seen from Rattlesnake Mountain through the smoke of forest fires?.

Of course I set out without delay to follow the trail of my rams. Their trail through the snow was so plain that a blind man could have followed it—provided he could wade or wallow. Naturally, I expected to overtake my game in a short time, for there was no sign that it had been seriously alarmed. The rams had simply grown weary of waiting for me, and strolled off leisurely along the edge of the rim-rock.

After half a mile, the trail suddenly dropped over the edge of the rim-rock, into the head of a terribly steep notch, and went



From Rattlesnake summit.



The Shoshone River and Bad-Lands, below Corbett.



The side of Rattlesnake Mountain up which we climbed.

plunging down. Smothering my regrets, I followed it, and in course of time scrambled down to the base of the precipice. For a short distance it led on eastward along the foot of the wall, then blithely skated off diagonally downward across the loose slide-rock, as if heading for the mouth of the canyon. After a descent of three hundred feet or so, I said:

"This will never do! Up or down, they can go ten feet to my one. I must find them by head-work, or not at all."

Turning abruptly, I headed upward into another notch, and presently stood once more, breathless and perspiring, upon the summit of the rim-rock. Then I set out to find my game farther on, somewhere at the foot of the rim-rock wall, two or three hundred feet below.

Of that fine fringe of rockwork I inspected every yard. Where the plateau thrust ragged, wedge-like points far out into space I cautiously stalked out upon them, knelt, and peered over the edges in both directions, as far as it was possible to see.

Hours passed thus; but no sheep. All along, I had stolen glances at the scenery, but at noon I sat down upon a dizzy point, to revel in it, and incidentally to rest. There are times when it is good to be absolutely alone; and that was one of them.

"This," I said, "is truly the home of the Big-Horn, the gallant mountaineer of the Rockies."

Two yards beyond my feet, the perpendicular wall of rock dropped to the head of the first slope. From that, the finely-broken slide-rock sloped down so steeply it seemed from above as if nothing could stand upon it. Far below, the narrow valley of the Shoshone lay like a map, with a ragged gray line of naked trees and bushes marking the windings of the river. Across the valley another mountain rose, seemingly very near at hand. Beyond that lay another valley—that of the South Fork—backed by a distance which was quite filled with snowy mountain-tops. With my glasses I could make out the two Sibley tents of our camp, because I knew where to look for them; but the sod roof of Marston's log cabin was quite invisible. Two miles away toward the left yawned the narrow black mouth of the Shoshone Canyon, hemmed in by rugged mountains of solid rock.

Behind me, on the plateau side, there rolled away for a dozen miles a glorious succession of rounded hills and hollows, and patches of dark-green pines alternating

with open glades of frosted silver snow. That was indeed a "mountain park," and it is small wonder that the bands of elk love such spots. Even in winter the glades offer delicious grass, and in times of danger the whispering pines stretch forth their sheltering arms. At all times the wild, uncommon beauty of it all must appeal even to the heart of an elk. A perfect mountain park, in the most beautiful portion of the Rockies, must indeed be seen to be appreciated; and when seen even once, it never can be forgotten.

The scene was so inspiring that its main features then and there demanded rhythmic expression, on the back of an envelope; and this verse was dictated to me by my surroundings. All I did was to write it down!

Above the mountain's frowning crest,
Where lines of rugged rock stand forth,
Where Nature bravely bares her breast
To snowy whirlwinds from the north;
High in the clouds and mountain storms,
Where first the autumn snows appear,
Where last the breath of springtime warms,
—There dwells my gallant mountaineer.

But just then the burning question was—Will I find him, or will he continue to dwell? Regretfully recalling to mind what Robertson and the others expected of me, and the reputation which I had to sustain, I pulled myself together, and renewed my hunt along the rim-rock.

Not a square yard of the ground below escaped inspection. *Why* did not those sheep come up again? Surely they would not foolishly rush into the jaws of death by seeking the lower rocks, opposite our camp. It seemed clear that they must and would return.

I worked on eastward until at last the rim-rock ran out altogether; but still no sheep! I was sorely puzzled, and began to feel a horrible fear that after all I might prove myself a bungling sheep-hunter. Think of the disgrace that a failure would bring down upon me, after Lieutenant Robertson had so graciously made me *a present* of those sheep! The case was rapidly growing desperate.

Looking off northward across the top of the pine timber, I saw a mass of smooth rock rising above the trees, like an islet coming up out of an evergreen sea. It was perhaps a hundred feet high by a quarter of a mile long, and by no means an ideal



The valley of the North Fork of the Shoshone.
From the rim-rock of Rattlesnake Mountain.

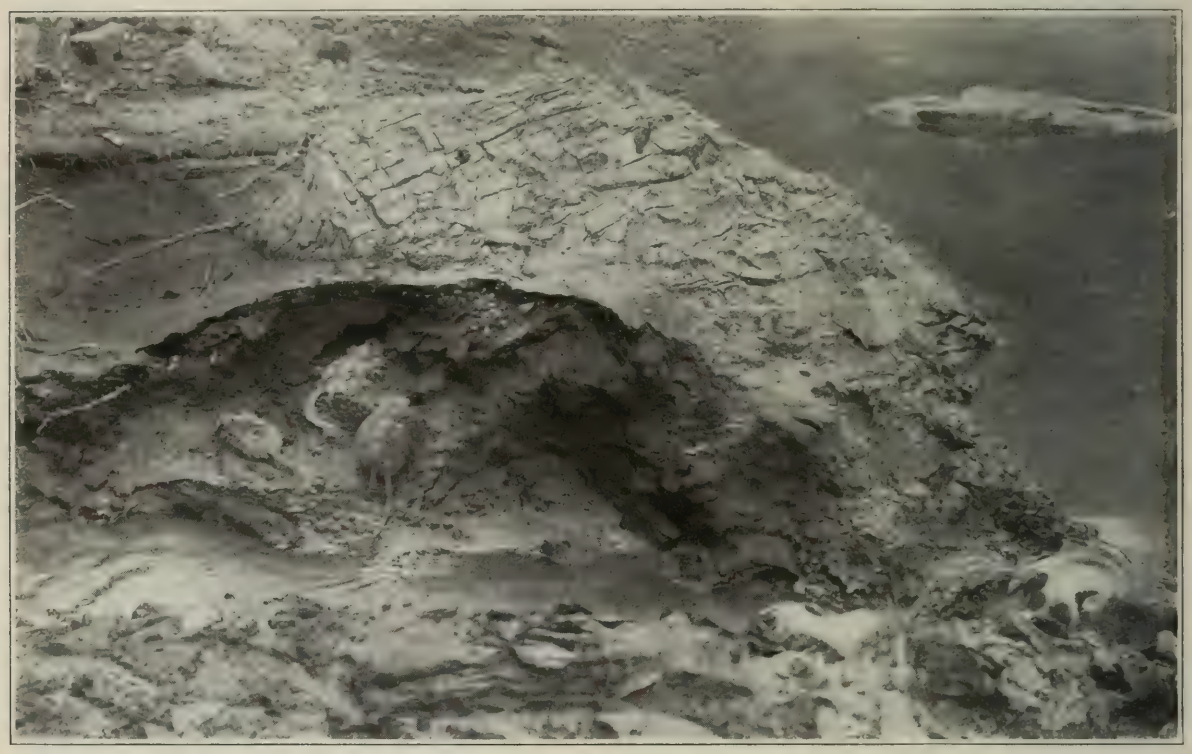
haunt for sheep. But, remembering that I am one of those who cannot always tell precisely what wild animals will do, or why, I trudged off through the timber to hunt conscientiously all along those rocks.

By that time, however, I had become thoroughly weary. In addition to climbing the mountain, I had been for several hours steadily wading through sixteen inches of heavy snow—which, after the first two hours, is a serious matter. I knew that, according to the well-known and oft-recorded recipe—"Get above him"—I should climb to the *top* of those rocks, and look down; but I was so dead tired that I said, "What is the use? There are no sheep here!" (And *at that moment* I was right.)

Slowly and wearily I ploughed along to the farther end of the rocks, saw no living thing save a solitary magpie in flight, then turned and waded back again. In the pine timber, the snow was somewhat deeper than in the glades, and by the time I once more reached the western end of the ridge I was well fagged. As I was turning away from the rocks, to strike through the timber back toward the rim-rock, I turned—purely as a matter of hunter's principle—for my *very last look* at the end of that ridge.

"*Carramba!*"

On the highest point of the rocks, with big, circling horns sharply outlined against the sky, there stood at that very moment a grand old mountain ram! He was statue-like, with his front feet braced slightly apart, staring in wide-eyed wonder and curiosity down *at me!* He was not more than three hundred feet distant, and the old fellow's astonishment at suddenly seeing me there, wallowing in the snow, was very great. He had walked up to the summit from the sloping northern side, solely to survey the landscape, and see what he could see.



The deadly gas well in the mouth of the Shoshone Canyon.
Dead pack-rat, muskrat and magpie in sight.

Quickly swinging my shoulders a quarter way round, I flung up my rifle, and with a mighty quick sight on the centre of the ram's breast, let go. It was all done while you would count three. Instantly the big sheep wheeled about, and vanished.

It was clear that I ought to rush forward, triumphantly bound up the nearest notch leading to the top, and in a trice stand on the summit; but I simply couldn't do it! My legs were so dead that I could do no more than wallow forward at the pace of an elephant tortoise, and hope for luck.



A typical Rocky Mountain park, from my mountain ram's point of view.
Photograph taken from point where my ram stood when he was shot. View looking behind him.

Besides, I thought that hurrying wasn't *really* necessary; for I felt sure that that old ram was mine! Sometimes a hunter feels that way after a shot; and it is a pretty good sign of dead game.

At last I climbed up to the very spot where the sheep had stood when he looked at me. His trail was there, on the snowy rocks, leading forward and back; but nothing more. Not only was he invisible, but there was not even one drop of blood; and he had gone away in great leaps. But still I felt certain of him, and of course set out to trail him.

A hundred feet from where he had stood when he looked at me, the head of a wedge-shaped notch was cut into the rocky hill-top, and drifted half full of snow; and on the brink of that the trail ended. In the head of that notch, thirty feet below, lay my splendid mountain ram—dead, for a ducat. With his last energy he had leaped from the edge, *died in mid-air*, and landed in that soft bed of snow so completely lifeless that he had not moved a hoof. If his dead body had been flung down he could not have landed more perfectly motionless. My bullet had fairly telescoped him. It went through heart, liver and stomach, and lodged in one of his lumbar vertebræ.

Did I think him a grand sight? Truly, I did; and I opine that it was better for me to gloat over him then than for a mountain lion to do so later on. I am no Hindoo, and even yet I have not reached the point where I feel that it is always wrong to kill a wild game animal, especially where wild animals are yet fairly plentiful. I had travelled quite 2,000 miles, spent several hundred dollars for that one shot, and in the Shoshone Mountains sheep were then sufficiently plentiful that the taking of even half a dozen rams would not have threatened the existence of the species. It is very different now.

First I sketched him, just as he lay, then measured him, elaborately. His height at the shoulder was 3 feet 4 inches, his girth 44, and his horns were 14½ inches in basal circumference. Then, and not until then, did I fully appreciate the splendid physique and noble personality of our Big-Horn. How very, very different he was from all the mounted specimens in the museums—as different as a new Rogers locomotive is from a worn-out steam-roller. His pelage had a clean, rich *purplish-blue* tone, and I was astonished at finding from him how much all museum mounted specimens fade out.

His stomach was round and full from good feeding, and his neck and legs were a revelation. I was glad that at last, even though at the price of a little blood and treasure, I had secured a fair and adequate appreciation of the splendid physical quali-

ties of *Ovis canadensis*, and thereafter could think of this noble species as it really is on its native rocks.

When again I left those rocks, and started for my horse, I had not gone far when I came upon the trail of the two rams of my quest crossing my own tracks, and heading straight for the fatal spot. The old fellows had climbed up to the top of the rim-rock only a *few minutes* after I left its edge, and at very nearly the same point. Seeing that rocky bluff rising above the timber, they had gone straight toward its nearest point—just as I had done! Had that old fellow failed to pose on the summit as he did, in time for the last sigh of the Moor, I would have found their trail five minutes later, and blithely would have followed it to a finish, to the very best of my ability.

In a very cheerful frame of mind, I waded back to Van—who said he was very glad indeed to see me again—and soon found Fleming, already making camp at the appointed spot. He was visibly rejoiced by my good luck, and taking the pack-mule, we hastened back to the sheep. Being strong men, Fleming and I thought we might by good management hoist the ram bodily upon the pack-saddle, and carry it to our bivouac, to show Robertson, and afterward dissect at leisure; but we couldn't do it. The sheep was so heavy and so limp we were utterly unable to lift it upon the mule.

We then skinned the ram, and dressed the carcass neatly, after which we were able to pack both meat and skin upon patient Long-Ears. On opening the stomach we found within it fully half a bushel of half-digested bunch-grass, showing that the efforts of the sheep in pawing through sixteen inches of snow for its food had been entirely successful.

We reached camp just at sunset, and soon made ourselves comfortable for the night, with a deep bed of balsam boughs, laid in a snowy excavâtion. Robertson did not appear, but we knew there was no cause to worry. Fleming saw him kill a sheep, and go chasing down the mountain after a second one (which he secured), so we felt sure he had waded the icy river and gone on to camp rather than climb back to our lofty lair in the snow.

The night was stinging cold, but beautifully clear. After we had dined on a perfectly scandalous number of mountain-sheep steaks—as fine a dish as ever cheered and comforted a hunter—and given our faithful animals their oats, we crawled in between many army blankets, tied our fur caps over our ears, and were lulled to sleep by the sighing of the cold mountain breeze through the tops of the pines.

THE GUESTS OF SLEEP

By Theodosia Garrison

Illustration by F. Walter Taylor

Sleep at the Inn o' Dreams—
  A kindly host he waits,
And all night long a goodly throng
  Comes softly through his gates.

A varied company—
  Scholar and clown and king,
Or prince or priest, or great or least,
  He gives them welcoming.

For each he fills the cup
  Where poppy petals swim,
Wherefrom each guest at his behest
  Drinks deeply, toasting him.

And old men drink of youth,
  And sad men of delight,
And weary men drink deep again
  The pulsing wine of might.

And poets drink of song,
  But best and oh, most sweet,
Above that brim where poppies swim
  The lips of lovers meet.

Sleep at the Inn o' Dreams—
  A kindly host he waits,
And all night long a goodly throng
  Comes softly through his gates.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

For each he fills the cup
Where poppy petals swim.



Since '66.

DRYWATER TRESTLE

By Helen Haines

Illustrations by Rose O'Neill Wilson

DRYWATER was seldom concerned with its future. It lay afar—shadowy, unpeopled. An occasional nod, perhaps, to the present, and it drowsed off again into the past—that splendid virile Past—hidden by high, brick walls, centreing the town.

Complacently enough it took the vulgar growth of Point George, the railway terminus, across Drywater Sound to the west; saw unenviously the distant lights of its great hotel reflected in the deep, silent waters.

Drywater needed no hotel, since Miss Alethea Bashe had consented to "receive"; and Drywater had no railway.

"A mile and a half of trestle with a big draw," the chief engineer had reported to the Company building to the Point, "and, once over, *no business*." And had added, a humorous man and observant— "Can't expect much from a town with a cemetery in the middle, and where the male population disports itself in gray cotton gloves."

So the railroad had ended at the Point, a few years after the war, and Drywater breathed again.

Business? Business indeed!!

When a generous George had given, by letters patent to the Dukes of Drywater, an entire county—a long narrow strip, much inletted and bayoued—but a county! When in its county seat still lived their descendants! When in the old court house could still be seen the musty records! Done in fair, old English script, in the days when clerks of court knew how to write.

It was these deeds that differentiated Waterfronters from Backlanders, who came, as Drywater said, from "elsewhere." What if they could boast of ancient lineage! *They had bought their land.*

But, once a year, on the 10th of May, everything—even the Dukes—was forgotten; when, arm in arm, Waterfronter and Backlander, marched to wreathe in flowers their valiant Past—theirs—for, side by side, had they fought in the great blood-letting of the 'sixties.

True, it was, that the Backlanders had bought. Nearly the entire county now was theirs, and the descendants of the earliest colonists, had, for the price, crowded back into the town.

It was a quaint and quiet place. Wide shell streets, bordered by stunted wind-swept oaks, or Pride of Indias, clipped like green unbrellas, led on three sides to the sound, and north to the rice fields of the Backlanders. Rows of two-storied white houses, with green blinds and two galleries across their fronts, stood back from white-washed picket fences, bristling with Spanish bayonets—back amidst roses and tamarisk trees, and dripped the corallalia vine from one porch to another.

"Dead, and don't know it," was what Miss Bashe's nephew heard a tourist once say. He had come over from the Point, in his yacht's trim launch.

His companion laughed. She was dressed differently from the Drywater women. "Still worse," she said, "they like it."

The Bashe Boy, as Drywater called him, dangling bare legs over his aunt's tiny wharf to watch the motor start, heard these remarks and pondered over them.

For Robert William Edward Bashe and his aunt Alethea were not only Waterfronters, but the last of the Direct Line.

He did not tell his aunt; nor did he speak of it for a long time to their friend, Major Sylvester Crappier, Confederate veteran, rice planter and Backlander—although he saw him every day.

Indeed since '66, the Major had been sailing his "bug-eye" from his plantation to Miss Alethea's wharf. There, as the *Three Samuels* bobbed up and down at its steps, he shed his old cap and outer coat, and produced, from a basket in the bottom, a stiff, high-crowned felt hat and his gray cotton gloves. These adjusted, he rested a moment, his right hand on his left shoulder—painful since Gettysburg—stiff now with the tugging of the rudder.

Drywater—assessing the Major's long-tailed calling suit of black, his white hair and bronzed face under the stiff hat, as



Crept into his arms to hear the war stories.—Page 592.

he strode across to raise Miss Alethea's knocker, with the Bashe crest cut in its shining surface—Drywater admitted it held nothing more colonial than the Major, at the hour of the call.

As intermarriages between Waterfronters and Backlanders had been occasionally perpetrated, the great Drywater question was—whether a Bashe would? *Could?*

Later years brought the little orphaned nephew, who came in with the Major's toddy, and crept into his arms to hear the war stories.

On Miss Alethea's side—the making of the flag for the Drywater Light Infantry, its presentation, the empty homes, the heart-breaks. On the Major's, the clash of battle, his terrible wound—the capture of the flag.

No later subject than the Civil War was ever discussed, except the Major's losses in rice.

Year after year, these were reported with such discouraging regularity—now ten thousand, now fifteen thousand, once twenty thousand dollars—that the boy's sympathy was moved at last to question.

"He makes a living," admitted his aunt; "more than the men of our family."

The mute, childish eyes spoke relief.

Miss Bashe further explained, "The Major's losses are reckoned by what he *hopes* to make. He is a brave man. He never loses *hope*."

"Oh," said the Bashe Boy, who was in Profit and Loss under the Rector, but could not recognize the problem.

It was at this same inarticulate age, that he discovered the old records at the Court House, and lived again the lives of the early settlers.

He was with those first ships laden with provisions, and the Dukes' poor relations sent out to reconnoitre. He landed in front of his Aunt Alethea's house. He was the first Robert William Edward Bashe, who, with hand on sword, took possession in the name of God and his King.

But it was the story of one treacherous night that possessed him, when, under cover of the dark, Indian canoes had slipped to shore and the pitiful little settlement was surrounded. His dreams were haunted by the cries of disembowelled patriots, terror-stricken mothers, roasting infants, shrieking virgins, until he awoke to plunge into the cool waters of the sound.

Always, he connected Drywater Sound with the colony's advance—at once its danger, escape, means of hope from afar and livelihood.

Later, it was not its glancing surface, but its depths that interested him. This was when he read of Riparian Rights, and, in trying to find them, had dropped in, stone-weighted. But the result of his investigations, so immediately indicated the primitive hostility of the feminine mind to Science, that he decoyed the Major into the *Three Samuels* for a sail, and put it to him privately. The Major explained.

"Can you sell 'em?" he asked definitely.

The Major looked suspicious, "I reckon so," he said, tacking.

When heads were up, the boy led to his other question, which he had waited for years to ask.

"Why don't real ships come to Drywater now, Major Crappier? They used to."

"That they did," replied the veteran in proud reminiscence. "But Norfolk and Charleston and Jacksonville get it all these days." He sighed.

"Why? It's just as deep as ever. Is it because Drywater's *dead*, Major?"

They had sailed around Fort Bashe, and were heading toward the dunes which stretched miles away to the south.

The Major looked back at the flag flapping over the fort. A thin mist floated before his eyes. In it, he saw another flag, and the dead boy heroes who had fought for it. A catch came in his throat for his lost youth. Then he answered slowly, "Yes, Boy, I reckon we about are."

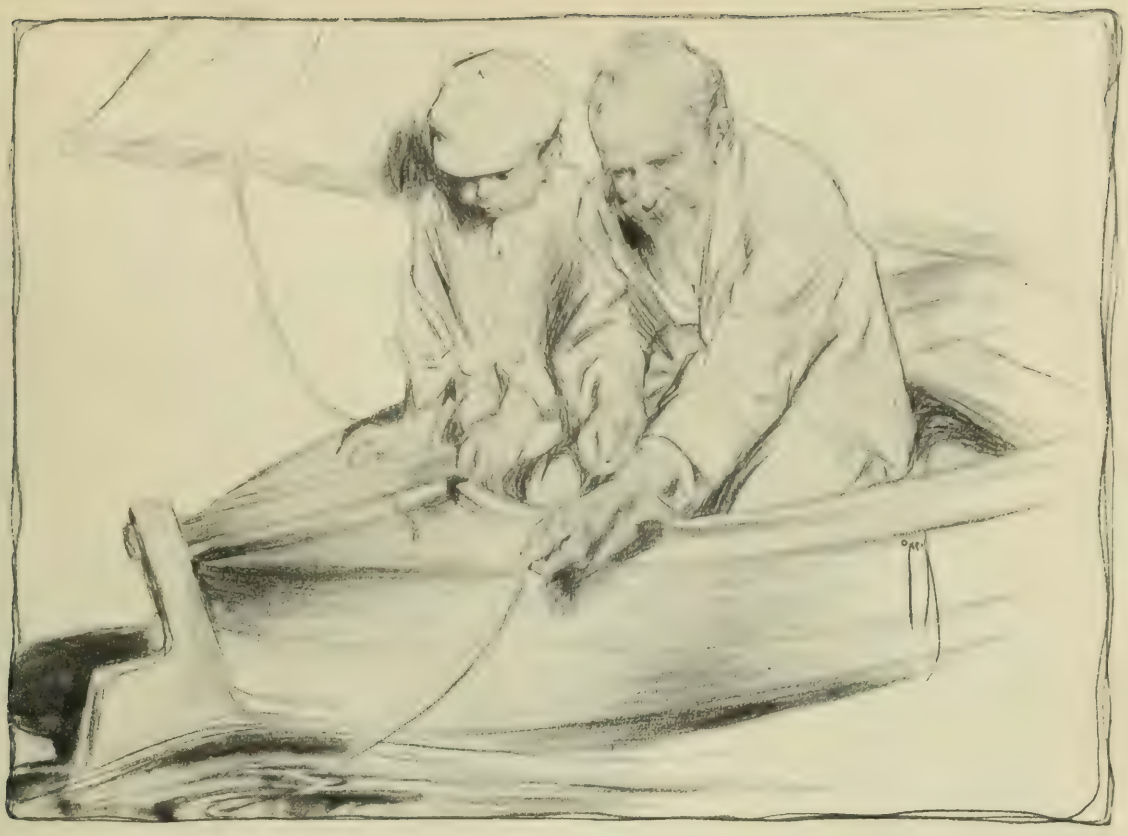
At the inlet, the tide was rolling in. For a moment nothing was heard, but the bellying leg-o'-mutton sail, the bug-eye's sharp swish through the water.

He shook the spray from his cap, and saw the sober face beside him.

"We will measure Drywater, Boy," he laughed cheerily. "Why not?" He steadied the rudder with his leg, and weighting a fish line, slipped it over the stern. It sped away slanting in the stiff breeze.

"But, Major Crappier," the young watcher expostulated, "you're not allowin' for wind, nor tide, nor anythin'!"

"Pull it in," said the Major sharply, turning the boat's nose for the little home



"We will measure Drywater, Boy."—Page 592.

wharf—but under his breath he solemnly drawled, "My God, that boy's got *sense!*"

After this discovery, it was but a step to the Boy's workshop, where the wondering old campaigner saw models of boats and bridges, a boy's crude attempts at the mechanical drawing of working plans.

Drywater's youth usually studied under the Rector, and then read law with Judge Bashe Prideau.

Major Crappier held many communings with the *Three Samuels*, as he sailed up and down the Sound. Then one day at the calling hour, he dispatched the Boy on an errand. "He must go to our University, study engineering," he said positively, after giving his reasons.

"What will the Judge and my other kinsmen think? His progenitors have all been men of law," answered Miss Alethea.

The visitor was silent a moment. "Perhaps," he said a little wistfully, "it is time to change."

Miss Bashe made no reply. She was thinking.

"He may be another Craighill," the Major suggested hopefully. "You remember the engineer who built the road to the Point?"

"Heaven forbid," she exclaimed clasping her hands. "The blood of Drywater is on his hands."

"No doubt," was the cheerful rejoinder. "I myself took *theirs*, thank God. But when I look at that Boy, I begin to think that it was a long time ago."

"Ah! to me it seems yesterday. He is so like—the others."

There was a pause. "Alethea, you could have changed all this. You can now. Make it easy for him to go."

Miss Bashe's cheeks were like the autumn roses in her garden. "Not in the way you mean, Sylvester. A Bashe—a Waterfronter—" she smiled.

"Let me be his best friend, then. Let me send him," he returned, not disconcerted.

"You have ever been our best friend," she replied tremulously. "I cannot, I can do neither."

"Then he can't go?"

Miss Alethea's pause was a long one.

"Since you think best, he shall go."

The Major hesitated. The question seemed too indelicate. "How will you?"

"Hereafter," she interrupted, "I shall receive."

II

No one knew what Miss Bashe's decision cost the Major. He had gained his point for the Boy by placing the burden upon her. Yet, at his suggestion, she had defied all Drywater, all Bashe precedent. The Major's annual estimate of his rice crop reached twenty-five thousand dollars.

Miss Alethea, preparing for the exigencies of a deteriorated standard—a Bashe unfitted for the law—opened the silent homes of her dead brothers, which adjoined her own, and put a notice in the *Banner*.

Drywater had felt no such upheaval since the capture of the Light Infantry's flag.

Headed by Judge Prideau, her kinsmen rallied. She anticipated them, held them at bay, as it were, behind a bowl of foamy eggnog.

"My niece's reasons for violating the sanctity of her home are doubtless cogent," the mellowed Judge said afterward to the Rector.

"The Doctor suggests the Major's influence."

"You don't know history, suh: my mother was a Bashe. Rarely is a Bashe influenced."

The Rector had married one. He shook his head. "But the Doctor says——"

"Tush, the Doctor! All a Doctor is good foh is to cut off our liquor, suh!"

The Rector looked back. A long line of relatives were following from Miss Bashe's house. He lowered his voice. "But this Boy evidences a fatal lack of interest in the Latin Grammar."

The Judge fumed irascibly. His promising sons had fallen at Fort Bashe, early in the war.

"He also works mathematical problems to which there are no answers in the book. Can you explain that?"

"Can you explain, suh, what any puppy sees when he first gets his eyes open? Keep his nose to his exercises. At least he is a Bashe."

Meanwhile the cause of the disturbance had his own high resolve.

From the day he had heard Drywater considered dead, he knew there was a live world outside.

He would find it and bring it to Drywater.

From the day the Major's losses had been explained to him, he knew that his



"When all we ask is to be let alone; alone with our past."—Page 599.



It was the Major's lean, brown hand that was thrust toward him.—Page 600.

protectorate over his two elders had been established.

He must accept the responsibility.

The Sound offered itself as the natural solution. Because of it, Drywater had once been commercially great. Drywater must again be great, with a future forged by strong links to her past.

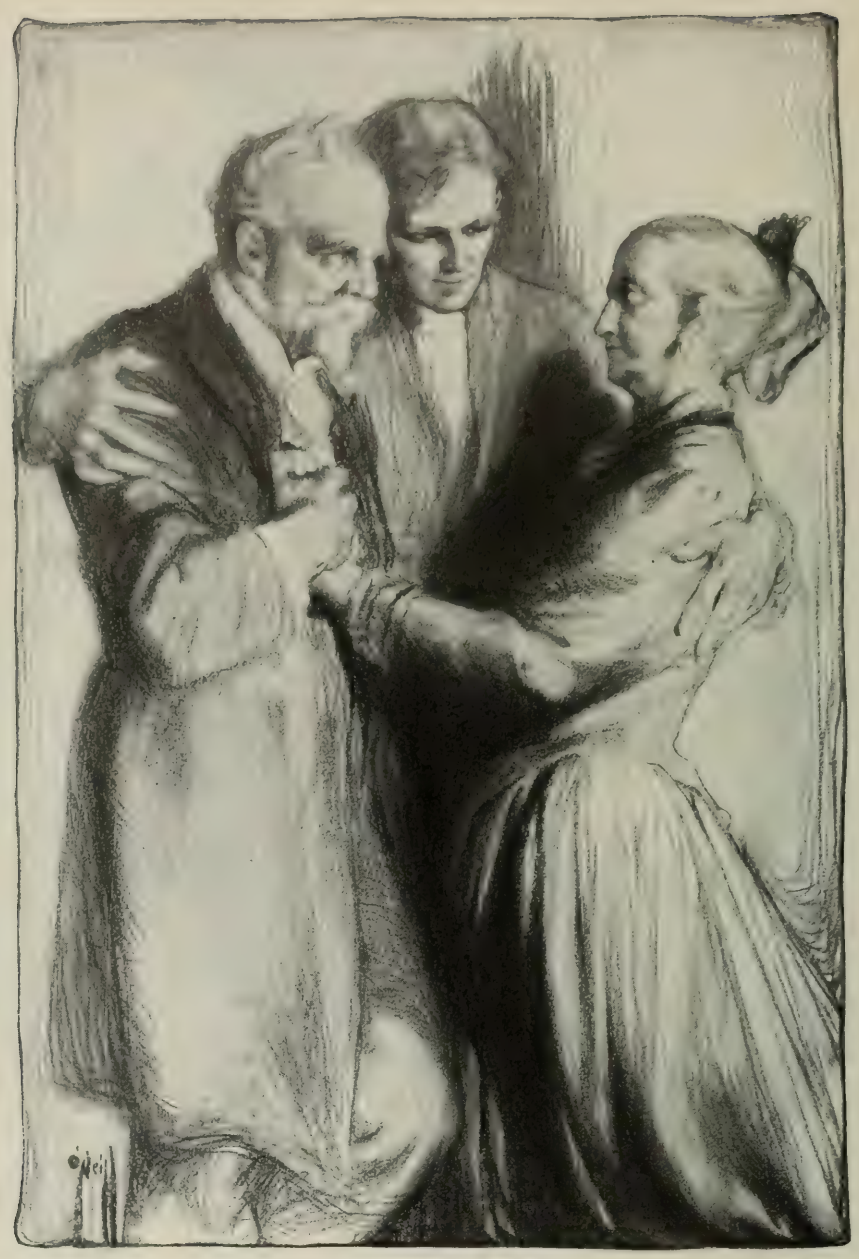
As Science opened the way, he studied the tides, the currents, the channels of the great Sound. He measured. He took borings. Oh! he knew Drywater's depths now! He knew, too, the habits of the teredo and the creosoted protection of pilings. He knew forests of uncut cypress and long-leaf pine; pile drivers and drawbridges.

It was over, at length, and, with a big roll of blue prints and estimates, and a letter of introduction from one of his professors, he presented himself at James Craighill's home in New York.

"If on some Sunday afternoon, you can catch him over his Reclus making little maps, he will listen," advised the professor, who had been Craighill's classmate at Harvard years before, and still knew his habits.

So Robert found the great engineer in his library hard at work. Occasionally he would consult a volume of "The Earth and Its Inhabitants," spread out before him.

Craighill was crossing a pass in North Baluchistan. He stuck a pin in the pass, and greeted the young man.



He put his strong, young arms around them both.—Page 601.

Then he reread the professor's note, and glanced again at the card, with the long Bashe name.

At this Robert ventured, "At Drywater, they still call me 'The Bashe Boy.'"

"Drywater? Why, where are your gray cotton gloves?"

Robert laughed, and they were friends.

"Moved the cemetery yet?" The joyousness fled from the youth's face. "No," Craighill answered himself in another tone, "No, I suppose not. Well, what can I do for you, Mr. Bashe?"

The young engineer went into a brief explanation of his plans:—To trestle Drywater Sound from Point George to the town, and utilize the great natural harbor as a port. The coast could boast of no such other deep water, with the ocean only a mile outside.

"Strange," Craighill said. "When I built the railway, I only thought of the town; and of those waters as an obstacle."

"Yet Drywater was once a port."

The older man listened thoughtfully. "It must be fifteen years since I cruised there with my wife, and the place then was as dead as when I built the road."

Robert smiled. "You said so."

"Possibly. Why?"

"I was a small boy watching your motor, and the idea impressed me—a dead town."

"And you've been thinking of this ever since?"

"Ever since. I reckon it's the only thing I ever have thought about."

"Then I'm sure it's worth while. Just take a look around, until I get my men over this pass." And Craighill took out the pin and returned to his map.

Left to himself, Robert glanced about the spacious room. Tall mahogany cases built into the wall held row after row of serious, technical volumes, written in several languages. Underneath the cases were wide drawers, one or two open, revealing exquisitely drawn maps; for it was Craighill's pastime in his busy, idle moments to bring his Reclus up to date.

Between the book-cases hung engravings of men—the chief actors in the Civil War—Lincoln, Lee, Davis, Grant. Robert wondered, until he recalled that the great engineer had figured then as a gallant colonel.

At length in a revolving book-case, he espied an expensive reference book he had longed to consult, and was soon deep in its contents, moving nearer to a window as the light waned.

Craighill finished the map, lighted his reading lamp, and was soon absorbed in the blue prints.

When Robert could no longer see, he got up and walked about the room. His heart was in a tumult of fear, hope, dread. Would he secure this great man's assistance? Would the trestle be built—an important port eventually be established?

The silence was impressive. His footfall on the thick Persian rug made no sound. He moved quietly about, examining certificates of membership and medals from many engineering societies, indiscriminately placed with souvenirs of the war.

Quite suddenly, in a dim corner, he came upon a slender glass case, containing a flag.

He paused recognizing the familiar Confederate bars, and, seeing in one corner the insignia of his State, bent forward, eagerly curious.

It was the flag of the Drywater Light Infantry—a ragged, blood-stained remnant—but the flag.

Before this emblem of his people's heroism, he lingered motionless. The past surged over him. The Major's arms encircled him. He was listening to the war stories. Opposite sat a little lady dressed in mourning, with her hair smoothly parted and caught high with a large shell comb.

She was telling, in her soft voice, of the making of the flag—here were the painstaking stitches. Now the Major was speaking—here, too, were the blood-stains!

Robert had been taught to look beneath the ashes of defeat for the glow of an ideal that had made great a little band. Its symbol was before him.

Under memory's opiate, Craighill's voice came to him remotely, and, looking up, he saw the room was suffused with light.

"This is all well worked out," he was saying.

Robert returned to the table flushed with his praise.

"Who knows of it?"

"No one."

"Drywater?"

"I've not taken Drywater into my confidence."

"Why did you bring it to me?"

"I knew of you, of course. Knew you had built, and now largely owned the road to Point George. Knew that road's charter held the right to cross those waters. Knew you were a classmate of the professor's——"

"Hold on," interrupted Craighill, laughing; "you've given sufficient reasons for the faith that is in you. The scheme interests me. I want to help you—but a trestle and a draw across a navigable stream can't be built by the grace of God."

Robert smiled. "Another reason for my bringing the papers to you."

Craighill resumed more seriously, "After the backing is secured, then comes the application to the War Department. There it will go to the Chief of Engineers, and then to the Engineer in charge of that district. He will ask in all the papers what the people think."

"And I have scarcely thought of what they will think."

"Yet hostile they can involve endless litigation—your fisheries. Still fishing up the county?"

"Yes, it's a very considerable industry."

"I judged so by our reports. Now, whenever the word 'draw-bridge' is mentioned, the fishermen fly to the protection of their interests."

"If a shad six inches wide," said Robert

judicially, "can't go between the twenty-foot spans, my draw plans for the industry aren't worth cultivating."

Craighill laughed "The narrow engineering view," he said "Then your State's legislature—" he held up his hands— "I know how our earnings have fallen off since they cut our freight rates; why, the most radical members are from your county."

"This trestle doesn't only concern Drywater," replied Robert. "The whole State will benefit by the deep-water proposition. Particularly if the Point George road is extended west to the coal-fields. The State can't help but see that."

"I'm not talking about the project—I pledge myself to it—but how will it strike the people? We haven't spoken, either, of the owners of the water front and the Riparian Rights."

"Oh, I can answer for them."

"How, if they know nothing?"

"Because my aunt and I own about all that we will need."

"Well, I'll be—" Craighill broke off suddenly. "No," he laughed, "Drywater isn't dead—not *yet!* I was warning you, because I know how Drywater can fight."

Robert's glance followed Craighill's to the captive flag.

"It surprised me to see it here. I—we—have never known where it was."

"But a youngster like you! How did you know it?"

"Know it!" cried Robert, his clear voice waking the silent room. "When my aunt made it. When the Major—all of them—fought for it! Why, for Drywater, everything ended when it was taken."

Craighill rose and began to walk up and down the long room. "You are right, Boy, I forgot that."

"And you have had it always?"

"I had drilled our battalion when it was forming. So, after Gettysburg, they—those who were left—sent it to me." He took in the portraits with a broad sweep of the hand. "I guess you wonder why I have them *all* here."

"They're seldom grouped" returned Robert, rising.

"Why not? Since they've made our composite American Patriot to-day. In the lonely vigils every engineer keeps, he learns to know the worth of a man, whether or not he agrees with his opinions."

"You think we need their salient characteristics?"

"Just as they needed those of our pioneers! It has taken nearly fifty years to understand Jefferson Davis, because of that rare quality, his perfect consistency. Grant's tenacity of purpose——"

"At least we understand that!" Robert interposed. He had joined Craighill.

"But to attain it!" said the older man. "And Lee's self-sacrifice to an ideal——"

"He gave up more than all the others."

"Yes, as a West Point man, he would have been *our* Commander-in-Chief——"

The youth paused before Lincoln's portrait, gazing at the rugged outline. "In his martyrdom, beloved," he said.

"Beloved for it, aye! But great, *great* for his infinite charity. 'If I should deliver my body to be burned,'" quoted Craighill, "'and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'"

"'The greatest of these,'" murmured the Boy.

Craighill grasped his hand in good-by.

"I am glad you introduced him to me—our Composite American Patriot," young Bashe said, after an eloquent pause; "and yet"—he looked toward the flag.

"What?"

"And yet, if we believe in him, why do we keep each other's frayed-out standards to mark those fearful victories?"

Craighill stared. "It is a mistake," he said.

III

Warm May breezes tossed the tasselled tamarisks, wooed the roses, flecked Drywater's white house-fronts with swaying tracery.

For months the pile driver's thud had fallen upon unwilling ears. Unwilling noses had sniffed the odor of creosote. Unwilling eyes had been averted from Point George—yet still the trestle crept on.

Point George, trembling for its vanishing prestige, had crawled out on the running boards as far as the draw foundations, only to hear youthful Drywater jeering across the opening.

The draw was placed now, track laid, and testing trains rumbled back and forth across the finished structure.

So the first mutterings of Divine wrath must have troubled Eden.

Miss Bashe was enjoying her spring respite. The tourists had gone. It was early for weary mothers and teething babies from the hot, interior counties.

Galleries connected the three houses now and the corallalia had rioted across to cover the scars.

Miss Bashe's crisp steps tapped back and forth from house to house. Everything must be in readiness for the 10th of May, when, in honor of its completed additions, the railroad would extend its hospitality to the State.

Since her Boy had grown, and especially since his plans had been adopted by a Northern Syndicate, and were pushing to completion under his direction, Miss Bashe has accustomed herself to all sorts of quick, queer innovations.

Miss Alethea shaded her eyes with her hand and looked out to sea.

Hither had come the first adventurous Bashe: this one would take them all—whither?

Not but that she and the Major realized that Drywater had turned from him, since he had ruthlessly exposed the future in all its naked glitter.

But, deep in her heart, Miss Alethea held a conscious confidence that this resourceful Bashe would find some means to reconcile it with the past.

Craighill had expected a fight; but, throughout, Drywater had maintained an austere aloofness.

"And it is the silences of life that are impressive," thought Miss Alethea. She dropped her gaze to the street below, hearing voices, and saw her uncle Bashe who, with the Doctor and the Rector, was coming to pay a morning call. She tripped softly within to be ready to greet them.

"They say I will benefit by the sale of my property," Judge Prideau was saying, in his high cracked voice. He was a very old man now, muffled always in a gray shawl, and leaning upon a cane. "What is it to me? Both boys gone; the flag gone; soon I—" His voice ended in the cough of feeble age.

"We are not shopkeepers, like those people opposite," said the Rector, who had fought with the Doctor in the Light Infantry. "They will lose business. We will get it——"

"When all we ask is to be let alone; alone with our past," was the old man's querulous interruption.

"Nobody will be satisfied," the Doctor said. He was a Backlander, and but thinly connected.

"You recall my original contention Judge?" asked the Rector. "The applied sciences can never replace a fundamental deficiency in the classics. They must be absorbed with the mother's milk."

The doctor defended the question of assimilation, but was overruled by Judge Prideau.

"The classics are backbone, suh! The healthy infant can survive without the mother, but without the classics! My mother was a Basne of the *old* stock, suh."

The Doctor hastened to agree. "It is sad to note the decadence of a great name! But your grand-nephew, judge Prideau, is what our fishermen call "the last run of shad."

"Environment more than heredity—" began the Rector disclaiming this sweeping assertion, but was interrupted by the choleric old man.

"Suttinly, suh. Had this youth prosecuted his studies with us, as a gentleman's son, this turmoil about the future would have been averted. Not that I wish to criticise my niece. She acted for the best—for the best," he quavered off, his wrath flickering.

In time, with the Judge's shuffle, they reached Miss Bashe's gate.

"There is our friend, Major Crappier," said the Rector, as he lifted the latch. "He seems distraught."

The Major's whole figure, hurrying up the wharf, denoted agitation—unbuttoned coat and gloveless hands grasping a package of documents.

He acknowledged their courteous salutation by a brief nod, and they entered Miss Bashe's house together, quietly seating themselves after her welcome.

"What is it, Major Crappier?" she asked apprehensively, nervous always when her Boy was away.

"Friends," he cried, "I have great news. The flag is coming home!"

There was a vibrant stillness.

"We must have a great meeting to-night and read all these letters."

A spark of fire rekindled in the Judge's old eyes. "I believe suh, you are the old-

est surviving officer of the Drywater Light Infantry."

"I have that honor, Judge Prideau. There's but a handful of us," he added brokenly.

"Ah! if they only knew," murmured the Rector.

Miss Alethea returned. "They know."

Major Crappier cleared his throat. "It has come about through the Bashe Boy. Something he said, when he first saw the flag in James Craighill's library."

The Doctor rising made a chivalrous bow toward the lady. "Madame, what does Drywater not owe your family?"

"That is the truth; and our nephew, Alethea, is a chip off the old block." The Judge subsided with approving nods.

"*Hoc meminisse*," began the Rector, in an undertone to his aged friend. "Even a *latent* appreciation of the classics! I grounded him very thoroughly."

The Major again took up the thread. Interruptions, in praise of the Boy could never be too long for him.

"It has taken months to bring it about, for the veterans of our New England neighbor are widely scattered. Craighill went with the flag to the last meeting of the association, which brought most of them together, and they voted unanimously to return it."

"How?" asked the Doctor.

"Their Governor, and one of their Senators, and Craighill are coming. They were all members of the battalion that captured it."

"Gentlemen," suggested Miss Alethea, "the 10th of May is almost here."

The Major smiled. "Our Executive also suggests that date as appropriate, not alone for the sentiment, but because the railroad has hospitably——"

"The railroad!" sneered Judge Prideau, with returning vigor, "My dear suhs, my dear Alethea, where is our own hospitality—? The State must come, our comrades must come as the *guests of Drywater*."

"Then, friends," said Miss Bashe, rising hastily to avoid the twinkle in the Major's eye, "we have much to do."

So Drywater spread its welcome at long tables in its sun-swept streets.

Together, early in the day, they crowned the Past, not with the bitterness of defeat, but with the serene acceptance of history that arises from the gracious recognition of our common heroes.

Is it not all in the type-written records at the old Court House?

How Drywater's mayor received the guests, introducing the visiting Governor, who, in behalf of the veteran association of his State, presented the flag. How the Southern Executive accepted it, for Drywater and for the State, a lasting memorial of heroism and magnanimity. How Major Crappier spoke for the surviving members of the Drywater Light Infantry; Judge Bashe Prideau for the maker of the flag; and young Robert William Edward Bashe, who had linked Drywater's past and present with its future, spoke for the *futurum esse* of Drywater.

It was after all this that Craighill arose. His name was not on the programme, but, as he stood at the end of the visitors' table, where George III Street intersects Bashe, people left their seats to crowd toward him. Drywater knew that he would have something to say.

"It may seem strange to you to-day," he began, "with this symbol of our mutual confidence restored, to recall again the scene of strife; the day when it floated as a Company marker in a little corner of the great conflict at Gettysburg. I see a fierce contest over a stone wall. It is a valuable capture. The Union forces have it. The Confederates rally on an old fence row. They maintain their position stubbornly, largely through the efforts and gallantry of one young officer. His removal is imperative. The orders come to shoot him."

There was a slight rustle of women's skirts, a pressing forward of those who stood back, as if they feared to miss a word. Craighill continued:

"Three of my men fired in turn without effect. The last, as he failed, turned to me, saying, 'It is useless! He is under the care of a Higher Power.' I took the gun; I see him now—God help me—as he fell, dragging the flag with him. But that is war."

The speaker's voice ended in a whisper. There was a hushed silence, as he remained standing expectantly, but the eyes into which he looked smiled.

It was the Major's lean, brown hand that was thrust toward him, and the Major's voice that rang, "Then it's to you, James

Craighill, that I am indebted for this gunshot wound in my left shoulder."

Afterward they remembered it was young Bashe who led the cheering.

"If there has been anything needed to cement the good fellowship, it was Craighill's telling how he tried to kill me," the Major laughed to Miss Alethea, when they were alone in her drawing-room, in the later afternoon.

The Governors were fishing, and the Judge had taken Craighill to look at the station site he wished to donate.

Miss Alethea smiled, as she sat fondling the flag. In a few hours it would be gone to rest forever in the Hall of History at the State's Capital.

"Everything for Drywater will begin again," said the Major hopefully. "I make sure, with these increased facilities for the shipper, my profits, on rice alone, should reach $50,000!"

"I hope so," said Miss Alethea. Her eyes were wet. She went to the table to place the flag in its wrappings.

The Major followed her. "Don't you think, Alethea, we might begin again with Drywater?"

A tear splashed on the faded banner.

The Major came very close. "Alethea," he pleaded, "it will be such a little journey. Can't we finish it together?"

"If it isn't too late, Sylvester," she was saying, as the Boy entered.

He placed her hand in the Major's, and put his strong, young arms around them both.

"Leave it there, Aunt Alethea, where it belongs."

"*Our* Boy, Alethea," said the Major tenderly.

"But what is to become of him?" she reproached them.

"Why I," laughed the Bashe Boy, "am the future of Drywater."

"Then never forget, child," was Miss Bashe's quaint admonition, "you are the last thing in breeches to bear the name."

Drywater's old query was answered. A Bashe *had*.

IN THE PASSAGE

By William Hervey Woods

"Mark you his look," they said,
"How rapt, how fond! Fair on him, still at sea,
Foregleams the haven where he longs to be."
Yet though aright they read
His dying eyes, 't was he alone that saw
The wind-swept curtains down a silent flaw
Slant toward the candle's head.

And when his lips grown chill
Half-shaped a whisper strange, they said, "He greets
Celestial escorts now, and welcome meets
This side the shining Hill";
And he the while, far off along a lane
Of dreams, went whistling home the cows again
By meadows dusk and still.

They thought in that hushed room
Almost they heard the heavenly voices call
As at the last he listened toward the wall;
But outside, in the bloom
Of passing summer, in his passing ear
The cricket-choir sang vespers quaint and clear,
And early piped him home.

FRIESLAND MEMORIES

By Florence Craig Albrecht

Illustrations from Photographs by Emil Poole Albrecht

PRIMARILY, we went to Leeuwarden because of its great cattle-market. We had gone to Buttermarket in Zeeland, Cheesemarket in many a Holland town, Beemarket in Gelderland, and the spell of trade was upon us. In the autumn there was Texel with its great sheep-sale and Tiel where the big, glossy, long-tailed Gueldrian horses were sold by hundreds, but weekly at Leeuwarden there is held a *Veemarkt*, a cattle-market in which seven thousand domestic animals have been sold in a single morning.

Some one has dubbed Friesland a Cow Paradise and, indeed, the rich, green meadows where milady pastures so luxuriously in summer and the dainty stalls where she ruminates at leisure upon winter days, looking out comfortably through the whitest of lace curtains, the shiniest of polished windows upon a frost-bitten landscape, would seem to have earned it.

The same description would serve for North-Holland and, indeed, a bit of that province was for many centuries West-Friesland and still clings to the name. Yet for all the resemblance in landscape and in industries, although in Holland cows labor perpetually for the cheese-presses, and in Friesland for the butter-factory, the two provinces differ radically; to know one is not to be acquainted with the other.

Friesland towns and cities, Friesland people and customs, Friesland language and literature, bear small resemblance to those of Holland. The two little states could not be more dissimilar in thought if the ocean, not the little Zuyder Zee, separated their dikes. Possibly these differences are not so conspicuous to the hurried tourist and, finding no great picture-galleries or showy amusement palaces in Friesland, he takes a brief glance at its meadows, says "Just like Holland!" and scurries southward to the well-beaten trail prescribed for sightseers. Or, perhaps, he does not go at all. Americans are infrequent as brown cows in Friesland; last summer we saw one of each.

Yet it is but seventy minutes ferriage from Holland. Swift little steamers make the trip from Enkhuisen to Stavoren several times each day. The boats are very comfortable, train service good, the journey well worth while; it is strange that the passenger list so rarely includes foreigners.

In spite of its hoary age, its royal honors and its quaint legends, Stavoren cannot be very highly praised. It is a rather shabby present-day ferry-port, trading for respect upon its great past, but Enkhuisen is a charming little gabled town, all red roofs, tall towers, brown-sailed boats and merry bells, where the town-crier yet goes his news-bearing round and has time to chat with the stranger, while the children are friendly without being tormentingly curious. It is very easy, indeed, to wait over a boat or two there, and the Zuyder Zee at the close of a summer day has a color scheme which would pale an opal's mysterious glow.

So, when we go to Friesland it is by Enkhuisen ferry when the sun is setting and the Dromedary's bells are ringing gayly the closing hours of day, but Leeuwarden may also be very pleasantly reached by train, or by automobile over a well-laid *klinker* (hard-brick) road which links the eastern provinces.

These level tree-shaded roads, dustless in summer, mudless in winter, make admirable paths for the automobile, but Friesland has lakes and water-ways which, to boat-lovers, are yet more appealing in summer weather. Given a good *boeier* (the Frisian pleasure-boat) or a roomy motor-boat, and there is little of the province that one need leave unseen.

Properly, one should go to Leeuwarden to see the Oldehove, its ancient Gothic tower, incomplete, bereft of its church, pathetic reminder of what has been, like the stately pile we love at Zierikzee, or the *Kansellarij*, prettiest of small palaces. One

should also carefully study the coins—the *penningen*—in the museum, for some are most entertaining, and the evolution of the "Frisian Helmet," as foreigners have called the *boerin's* golden head-piece. And after this, and a glance in the shop-windows, a stroll in the pleasant parks by the *singel*, one should note Leeuwarden down in one's diary as the Frisian Paris, or Little Paris of the North (it is always one or the other in every well-regulated tourist's mind), and go away rejoicing to forget all about it.

Personally, I cannot see the slightest resemblance to the City on the Seine in Friesland's capital, although I hesitate to admit it, having against me the signed testimony of a half-dozen eminent travellers. But then those wise people knew, presumably, all there was to know of archæology and architecture, enjoyed innumerable privileges for adding to their information, and had had enormous experience in drawing deductions and making comparisons while we were quite inconspicuous elements in the market-day crowd, sadly ignorant and possibly devoid of artistic taste to begin with, so we could not be expected to see with instructed eyes.

That does not necessarily mean that we snubbed the Oldehove or ignored the Museum, that we refused to look into shop-windows, or to attempt a photograph of the *Kansellarij*. I recall coming in from Franeker on the tram-car one evening at sunset when the Oldehove looked indescribably lovely in the level light, peering over the tree-tops for a glimpse of its deep red reflection mirrored on the quiet waters at its feet. Poor, sombre old tower, leaning heavily as if weary with its years, but imposing still! Its tale is one of disappointed ambitions. It was to have been the tallest, stateliest, finest tower in all the land, but ere it was completed the gold was exhausted, the foundations settled, the architect died, three good reasons of which the first (a not uncommon one but usually told last and reluctantly) was all sufficient to account for its condition.

But the *Kansellarij* is gay as may be with youthful restorations; it has served a curious variety of purposes since first it was built for Philip Second's Chancellor, yet no great amount of sentiment, pathos or history attaches to it; it must be taken, like a pretty woman, for just what it appears to be, an exceedingly good-looking specimen of its kind.

And the rest of Leeuwarden's buildings, her old churches, her almost modern Stadhuis, her inconspicuous palace, her dwellings, hotels and shops, are they in the least like Paris? Not a bit, so far as we could see.

Fancy a city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, guiltless of street-cars and omnibuses (the steam-tram line from Franeker halts discreetly without the town), easily encompassed in an hour, for its *singel*, its old moat which it has not yet greatly overstepped, is not three miles in extent; a city without great noise or confusion save upon market days, and clean, quiet streets lined by low houses with shining windows peopled by rosy-cheeked serving-women, capped with gold and lace, and demurely dressed, grave-faced citizens. Send red-sailed boats to its very heart until masts are jumbled with electric-light poles and church towers; plant densely foliaged trees beside its quays and a few iron-railed flower-beds in its open squares; give it a water-girdle thronged with hundreds of boats, crossed by a few bridges and many little hand-ferries—and perhaps you will see Leeuwarden.

For a capital city it cherishes many simple customs. China markets are held upon the pavement of the busiest bridges, serving-maids daily beat stair-carpet upon racks in the great open market place, rugs and cushions upon the quays whereon her best hotel looks down.

Freshly ironed clothes hang drying in the open-air before many a low doorway in the Oldehove's shadow; the Dutch clothes-horse is an eminently practical affair quite capable of holding itself and its burden upright anywhere even in a stout gale of wind.

The jewellers' windows are very fascinating. Always there are one, two or three rows of what appear to be gold or silver skulls or, perhaps, just mail-coated cheeses. They are the head-coverings worn by the ancient Frisian maid and matron, the helmets whose evolution from a narrow iron circlet, rudely shaped, to restrain rebellious locks through all the changes in metals and widths to the golden cap of to-day one may trace at the Museum.

From that original iron circlet they derive their present name "*oorijzers*" (ear-

irons literally), but there are not wanting pious tongues which give them a somewhat religious significance nor sharp ones which aver that the fair Frisian first donned the helmet as a protection from the too-heavy hand of a choleric husband. The *Vrije Fries* has never claimed a lamb-like temper, but this is going a bit too far! What the helmet does prove of him is that he was very generous, for he could easily put the price of many cows upon his sweetheart's blonde head.

When of gold, as is frequently the case, the *oorijzer* is quite expensive. It is most carefully made in thin flexible plates of a very pure metal and covers the entire skull except for a very narrow strip on the crown. The hair must be cropped close and covered with a silk cap to wear it comfortably; even so bald spots are soon worn where it presses at the temples.

Over the glistening martial helmet goes a lace cap with heavy frills at the nape of the neck and huge gold bosses, jewelled sometimes and furnished with pendants to clasp it at the temples, while across the forehead at a rakish angle runs an inch-wide band of wrought gold, silver or platinum, jewelled as richly as one's pocket or generosity allows.

As its jewels are frequently diamonds of fair size it may add any sum to the cost of the head-dress which has already demanded several hundred florins (a florin is about forty cents), so, perhaps, the Fries is not too sorry that it is going out of style.

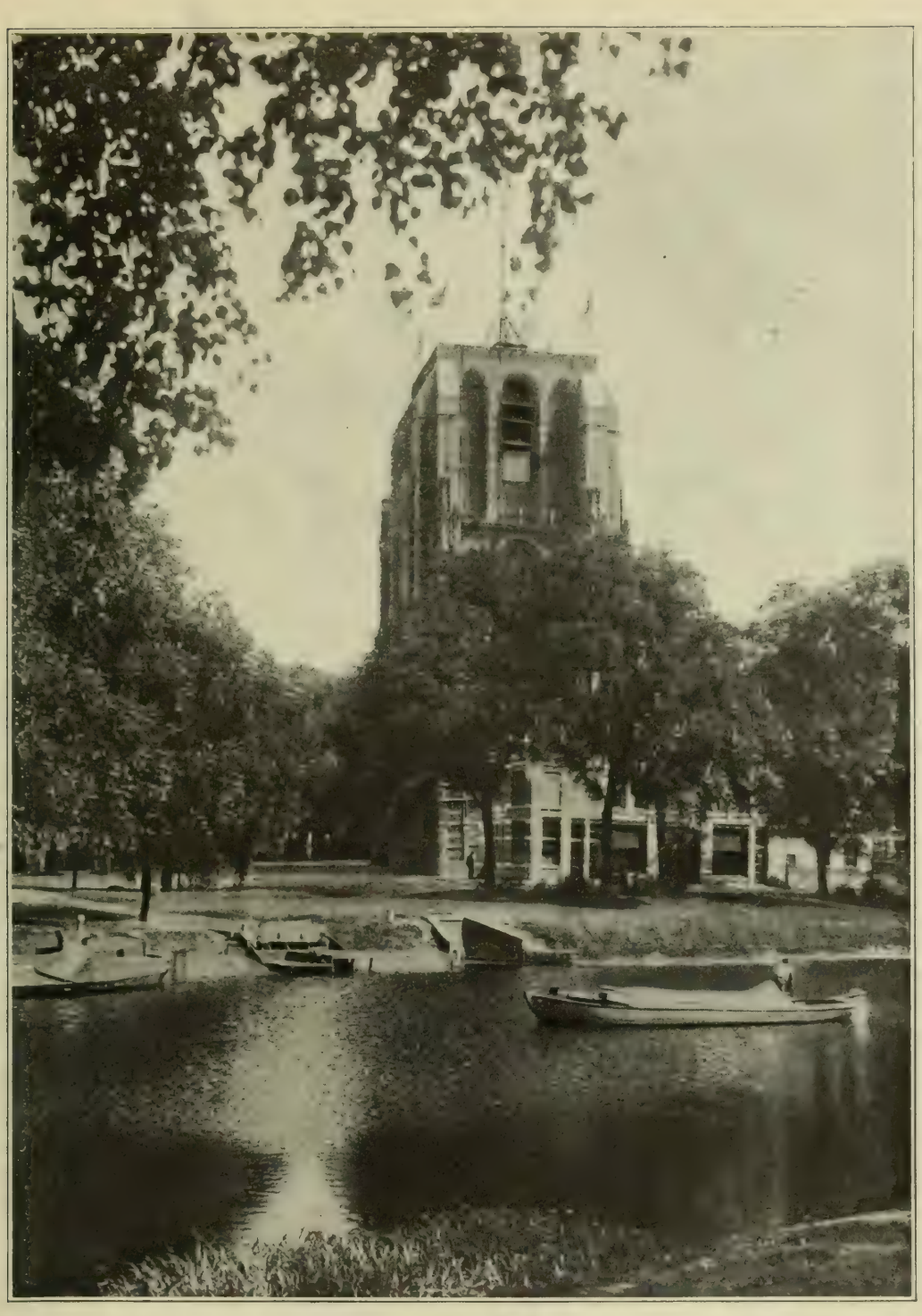
Crossing from one temple this band indicates the matron, from the other the maid; "a mighty good thing at Kermis when a man knew at once to whom he might speak freely," says our informant, "but now the whole thing is going out of fashion."

It is very true. Slowly but surely these metal caps have slipped into disfavor; in a generation or two at most they will have disappeared except from the antiquary's cabinet or a museum's shelves. Most of the women who wear them to-day have at least passed their prime; their daughters refuse to sacrifice their pretty hair to the old custom. The helmets are rich and curious but they are not positively pretty nor, usually, very becoming. Uncovered they give an Amazonian character to the fair, grave face common to Frisian women, lace-draped they hide the graceful shape and carriage of the head which alone could excuse them. When the Hollander tells you that of all the Dutch costumes the Frisian is prettiest he must reckon beauty by cost, for many a simpler one in other provinces is more picturesquely attractive to the artist's eye. The distinctive dress long since vanished from Friesland. There is little to regret in the helmet's passing except that it marks the abandonment of a very ancient custom which gave the province a certain individuality among its brethren.

But it was to see the cattle-market, not the helmets, that we went to Leeuwarden the first time; the gold caps were only an incident in the game. Be at Leeuwarden some Friday when every boat, every road, is bringing in scores of cattle or other farm products to the great market. You will not be up early enough to see the first comers arrive, but at nine they are not yet all in. That is the time to see the Frisian *boer* and the *boerin* at their best, for they come not only to sell in the city's markets, but to buy lavishly in the city's shops and amuse themselves in its cafés. No poor struggling peasants are these, but wealthy cattle-breeders whose huge farm-houses mark the green Frisian meadows where thousands of placid piebald cows and big, woolly sheep roam at pasture.

Although the glossy, long-tailed, high-stepping Frisian horses are famous in Northern Europe, you will find few of them at the regular weekly market; the great horse-sales take place but twice a year. There may be a hundred rather sorry steeds but they make small showing in a market which holds a thousand cows. Every Friday morning there come in bewildering numbers to the great open market-place by the railway station upon the town's edge black and white cattle, sheep, goats and pigs to stock a hundred farms.

The cattle are gathered in stalls ranged along wide avenues. None suffer from lack of space or light and many trees temper the sun's heat on summer days. They all seem very healthy, thoroughly comfortable, but the unusual scenes, the excitement of numbers have their effect upon the gentlest beast and when a fractious bull or rebellious pig threatens to break loose from his guardians there is noise and commotion indescribable.



The Oldehove, Leeuwarden.

Peering over the tree-tops for a glimpse of its deep red reflection, mirrored on the quiet waters at its feet.—Page 603.

It is surely no place for a timid woman. Through one gate pass and repass, continually, huge, placid, mild-eyed cows, scarcely able to walk so heavy with milk are their udders, but dehorning is not in fashion in Friesland and they look formidable enough to encourage lurking disbelief in their amiability. Through another gateway go the bulls, willingly enough sometimes, very sulkily at others; occasionally one balks and plunges viciously and there is a great scamper to aid or to evade the battle. I have always been firmly convinced that I can help best by getting out of the way. Not that I am afraid! Oh, no! But a woman is never any good at tying cattle.

You have seen these big fellows often on Paul Potter's canvases; one or two are picturesque but a hundred seem rather



A tall, lanky farmer with two small cow-babies.



A Friesian shepherdess.

appalling. It is not really the big fellows that make the most trouble, however, or give us the greatest joy.

For pure mirth-provoking (on one side), profanity-inviting (on the other) gyrations the calf has no equal. He comes to market by hundreds; sometimes by boat upon which he has been forced under silent but stubborn protest, yet when the moment comes to leave it he has begun to enjoy the voyage, or is disinclined to change or to exertion, or to swapping masters, or to being amiable, and he elects to remain where he is. In the ensuing struggle ropes are twisted and broken, tempers irretrievably lost, feelings upon both sides severely wounded and patience exhausted, but the disinterested (?) bystander has had fun enough for a dozen mornings.



The goats are less numerous.—Page 608.



Ears and tail may make fair handles. —Page 608.

Down the street comes a tall lanky farmer with two small, foolish cow-babies. Plainly, they are all from the country and unused to the city's noise. One moment the scared little beasts plant their four stiff legs at impossible angles and refuse to budge an inch, indifferent alike to threats or coaxing, prods, punches, slaps or bunches of sweet grass; the next both are off with a jump in opposite directions, and the poor *boer's* arms are almost pulled from their sockets in his endeavor to prevent them from seeing city life separately.

Then with a whirl they double about him and there in the midst of the street he stands wound up helplessly in the guid-



In the heart of Leeuwarden.

ing strings, a picture of despair, while the piebald mischief-makers kick, butt and otherwise maltreat him and each other in their desire to go home.

The "little pigs that went to market," long ago all came to Leeuwarden.

Fancy trying to carry two little squealing, squirming porkers, under each arm, and feeling their frantic wriggles which threaten trouble at every step. No wonder the man grips his elbows closer, or that piggy consequently squirms and squeals the more frantically. Eels—slippery, shiny eels—are not in the question with active, wiggly, wobbly, shiny little pigs.

And pigs are at Leeuwarden by scores. Rows and rows of straw-filled stalls where grunt and sleep dozens of wee white piglets, rows and rows of pens where their parents await purchasers. Up and down the lanes go the buyers, punching, prodding, hefting until piggy's sides must be

sore, piggy's tail all out of curl; everywhere there is chaffering and bargaining, slapping of hands to bind sales, exchanges of notes and coin. Everywhere there are squeals, grunts, and yells of disapproval, the clatter of little hard hoofs, of hobnailed boots or wooden shoes as some new owner takes possession and endeavors to persuade or to force his heavy beastie into the way he would have it go. Ears and tail may make fair handles, but piggy does not think so, and raises his voice in shrill, if unavailing, protest.



On the Dokkumer Canal.

Small boats come out from little landings to bring new passengers.—Page 613.

Over in the sheep-market it is much quieter. There is sometimes a plaintive bleating, occasionally an ominous silence when some big ram declines to move. He may be quite gentle but his eyes belie it and obstinate he certainly is; neither threats nor persuasions avail, nothing but superior strength and numbers. The men, busy and keen for trade as they are, appear pleased enough to see strangers. The "finest sheep in the market" will be trotted out proudly for your inspection and all the bystanders will gather about approvingly while you take its picture. The sheep watches you solemnly with big topaz eyes, neither elated nor depressed by the doubtful honor.

The goats are less numerous, less pretty, perhaps, although some goats *are* pretty and vastly more stylish in carriage (or is it self-consciousness?), than sheep. They are also much funnier, more vivacious, may we say? They threaten each other with their sharp little horns, they eye the stranger suspiciously, keeping him very watchful lest they make sudden and open objection to his camera, they prance joyfully when their hitching strap is loosened, they do all the unexpected and undesired things when they are being shown off and are as gentle as lambs after everyone has prepared for a fracas.



Dokkumer Canal.

While mother swings the tiller.—Page 611.

There are far more sheep and pigs than goats and as many calves of all ages as both sheep and pigs together. The market accommodates eight thousand head of cattle; its sales average two hundred and twenty-five thousand per year, the market tax amounts to twenty-five or thirty thousand florins annually. So much for statistics which, after all, are very dry things in-



On the Dokkumer Canal.

Brown-sailed *tjalcks*, heavy laden, are floating slowly in or out of town.—Page 611.

deed without any of the market's picturesqueness.

Up in the town by the old weigh-house are the chickens and hares in their round wicker baskets, and all about them stalls with fresh vegetables and fruit. Everywhere in the busy streets, spread upon the clean pavements, are miscellaneous stacks of crockery, dry-goods, shoes, baskets, and all the novelties likely to tempt the farmer-folk to open their well-lined purses. It is here that you find the women, here and in the shops, while the men are busy at the market or settling up their sales over many long cigars and little glasses of gin and bitters in the smoke-filled rooms of the surrounding cafés.

If you are lucky enough to be at Leeuwarden when there is a horse show you may find them again in the afternoon at the track outside the town critically watching the various teams, scanning horse, harness



St. Martin's Church, Bolsward.

Rising above the roofs and trees it has a dignity quite impressive.—Page 614.

and driver, or, perhaps, themselves exhibiting the big glossy animals of which they are so proud.

If this fails you, and you want to know the Friesland *boer* better, his home, tastes, comforts, needs and luxuries, take one of the little boats leaving Leeuwarden quays for the smaller towns, heavy laden with a miscellaneous cargo which they will distribute along their watery route.

A favorite little boat of ours runs to Dokkum—to Dokkum where everyone ought to go once out of respect to St. Bonifacius. There is no happier way of spending a summer afternoon than on this voyage and, without any unfriendliness to Dokkum, which has always treated us kindly, there is nothing much pleasanter in the little town than the waterway which leads thither.

The boat leaves from a very busy little quay where other small boats are also loading the market sales, and picturesque pas-



In Harlingen.—Page 614.

sengers are awaiting the moment of departure. Brown-sailed *tjalcks*, heavy laden with bricks, with peat, with flour-sacks, grain, lumber or oil, are floating slowly in or out of the town; scarcely one passes you but some fussy dog barks at you for daring to even look at his charge, some chubby baby waves a dimpled hand while mother swings the tiller or turns the huge steering-wheel and father poles the heavy boat safely through the draw. The boats which you saw by Haarlem's quays or in Leyden's haven last month may sail past you to-day upon Dokkumer canal. The family who call one of these freighters home know cities only as ports of call and houses only from outside observation. The little cabin, neat —*netje*, our Dutch friends would say—as any dwelling, has often its lace-curtained windows, its flowers, its singing bird; the *huisvrouw* who keeps it so daintily may also be all of the crew, taking a hand at set-



The Waterpoort at Sneek.—Page 615.

ting sail, poling or steering, until her son grows big enough to help his father, perhaps for long after. That any children do grow into adults seems surprising. The chances of their being drowned in babyhood are enormous but apparently ineffective. One small Dutch youth of my acquaintance has already fallen overboard thirteen times in a life which does not yet count five years and he is not an exception; drowning does not seem to be reckoned among infantile ills, however, and fatalities are rare if duckings frequent.

The distance from Leeuwarden to Dokkum is perhaps twelve miles, which the boat covers in something more than two hours. It is needless to add that the "motion" is not strongly apparent, and that snap-shots may readily be taken by the way. The canal runs northward through the rich, green meadows, flat as billard-tables and almost as smooth, cropped perpetually by

sheep and cattle. Here and there the huge tiled roof of a *boerderij* (farm-house), glistening through a clump of sheltering trees, here and there a church-spire or tall windmill breaks the level horizon, beside the water's edge a tiny village straggles, a farmhouse sits beneath its trees, or cattle stand looking at their own reflections and the passing boats.

Along with us upon the boat is a curious assortment of freight and passengers, but the latter leave the upper deck to the cargo and to us, preferring the stuffy cabin and interminable games of dominoes made yet more soothing for the men by many black cigars.

Our captain greeted us with "Two, Fussclass, Dokkum?" a fellow passenger with "Goot-pye! I spik Inglis," and thereby both exhausted their whole supply, our further conversation being carried on exclusively in Dutch or *Hollandsch* as Frisia properly calls it. Frisia's own language is too awful for my utterance. We had been told that it bore a very close resemblance to English; it may, but it is the English of Bonifacius's time, not ours.

As to English, there are a few people at Leeuwarden who use it fluently; outside of that city there may be some whose knowledge equals that of a certain Middleburger, of whom we asked "Do you speak English?" After a moment's hesitation he stammered thoughtfully, "A—a few!" and the rest of our discourse was in Dutch. In most Frisian villages such a question brings a smiling shake of the head and a counter-question: "Don't you speak Hollandsch?"

So on our way to Dokkum we hear no English but our own. The little boat creeps leisurely along between its emerald-green banks, it slips up to a brick-yard wharf to drop a passenger or a package, it halts a moment by a tiny quay to disembark its sheep; small boats come out now and then from little landings to take their freight or bring a new passenger, flags signal us from afar that some helmetted dame is waiting to join us. Now and then the boat ties up for a few minutes at a tiny village and halfway upon its voyage it stops for quite some time while its crew leisurely drink scalding-hot coffee or tea and exchange the latest city news for rural confidences.

This long stop is made at a quaint little place where a huge windmill is softly mirrored in a drowsy canal, and rows of close-clipped lindens make a thick screen before shining little houses where all the throng of busily knitting children who come down to watch the boat must find their homes. No one objects to the delay, not even the restless Americans who go ashore to look about them and take pictures, while their Frisian companions placidly drink chocolate and wonder what they can see in that place to photograph.

All the slow way boats sail gayly toward us, their red or white sails gleaming in the sunshine, or scurry past with reflections trailing afar over the smooth water. All the way flocks of tern keep us company, eying us sharply with their keen, round eyes, turning the smooth head swiftly from side to side, never losing sight of their unending occupation of fishing even in their curiosity.

The scarlet bills are very sharp, very greedy; the yellow eye certain of its prey; how many little shining fish pay it tribute in an afternoon? Yet the tern never seems content. In spite of his soft unruffled plumage, his sleek, plump body, his strong wings, sure eye, graceful flight, the tern is a pessimist, he invariably has a grievance in his speech. But, perhaps, his constant, petulant cry, that bespeaks illimitable dissatisfaction, means indigestion; who knows? He invites it, for he will eat anything.

You will find much of Dokkum's youthful population waiting for you upon her quays and bridges. They will give you smiling welcome, yet poor Dokkum has been many centuries trying to live down her evil reputation for inhospitality to strangers.

When she earned it, she was a wild Frisian village perched upon a small hillock above the tides and floods, roughly walled and rudely tenanted, for the *Vrije Fries* was ever prouder of his strength and prowess in battle, of his pagan faith and ancestry, than of fine dwellings or gentle manners, and very harshly he handled those who fain would have convinced him of the error of his heathenish ways. So it happened that when the gentle Bonifacius came to Dokkum some twelve centuries ago (in 755, if one must have the date), to preach the gentle Christ once more, the wild Dokkumers promptly slew him.

But the pious missionary bishop was a protégé of Pepin, path-breaker for Charlemagne, converter of pagans, and the war-

rior-king speedily and thoroughly took vengeance upon the hot-headed Frisians for his martyred priest. He overwhelmed them within their own city, razed its houses and walls, and the inhabitants whom his soldiers could not slay fled into the morass.

Not even in exile could they escape punishment. The God whose servant they had slain branded the living in perpetuity. From generation to generation each male Dokkumer bore one white lock upon his brown head, each woman had a bald-spot; a *Friesche Kaalkop* (Frisian baldhead) for centuries meant a maid of Dokkum.

So runs the legend whose foundation is truth. The stigma is lifted, the white lock is no more frequent at Dokkum than elsewhere to-day; as to the bald-spot who would dare ask about it? But the Dokkumer will yet point out the place without the town where Bonifacius was done to death, knowing that it has long since made amends for its cruelties.

Christianized at the point of the sword, forced into church-building, priest-supporting habits, Dokkum acquired a very genuine esteem for the good bishop whom it had made saint and martyr, erected a church to his honor and paid reverence to his bones. In return for this tardy recognition of his beneficent, qualities Bonifacius took the town under his heavenly protection and procured for it the inestimable benefit of health. When its neighbors suffered fearfully from plague and fevers Dokkum enjoyed immunity. That it was perched somewhat higher above tide-water and possessed an inexhaustible spring of excellent water may have contributed something to its freedom from pestilence, but then—was not the spring itself also a gift of the good bishop?

When his horse thirsted from the long hot journey, did not Bonifacius stretch forth his blessing-bestowing hand and at the stroke of his steed's hoof did not this spring gush forth purely, freely, abundantly, as it flows even to-day?

Any child will tell you that story, and go with you across the bridge by the tram-station where the old *Woudpoort* once stood to the fields just beyond the town. And there, upon the edge of the meadows, you will find a huge pump and a procession of men and women with yokes and pails, drawing water for their cattle or their households from St. Bonifacius's well. The pump is a very new installation above the old pool or cistern; its model stands beside the market-place in the town's heart. One finds there, also, a few quaint houses and old churches, a huge cattle market where grass grows between the paving-stones, clean little inns where people treat you kindly, and give of their best to the strangers, an imposing Stadhuis with its S. P. Q. D.—the Senate and the People of Dokkum, curious reminder in this far northern village—as in so many Dutch towns—of pride in an infant Republic which was to exceed mighty Rome—and pretty promenades where once were its walls.

But there are many quaint, attractive towns and villages in Friesland, many legends and bits of old folk or ecclesiastical lore floating upon its winds. He who drifts upon the violet waters of its *meres* at twilight hears beneath the bittern's melancholy deep-throated cry the bells of sunken villages ringing their vesper call below the waves which long since swallowed them.

By boat and by tram, along the *klinker* highroads, upon the high dike fencing the shore, from town to town, and port to port, one may wander, coming back each night to Leeuwarden if one desires its luxuries, tarrying very comfortably, if one will, in the plainer inns of its smaller towns.

There is, indeed, scarcely one without its interests, its history or legend, for Frisia is eldest daughter of all these Netherland provinces, and her beginnings lay far in a dusky past, when *saga* and romance thrived as it never did upon Holland's sunlit *polders*. There is work here for the archæologist and the poet—and for the artist, too, for who yet has caught the nuances of her wonderful summer skies?

Bolsward is well worth a visit for its charming Stadhuis if not for its huge church to St. Martin, with the many curiously carved gravestones, beautiful specimens of the workmanship of their era, but rudely treated by the passage of feet and time.

And Harlingen—I am not sure whether or not to recommend Harlingen. It is trying so hard to be a thoroughly modern port, but its efforts are a bit pathetic beside that shallow sea. It is not unpicturesque, no town is where many red-sailed boats come and go, and lumber floats in many inner *havens*, but its *Steenen Man* upon the huge dike is

not lovely except in intent testifying Harlingen's belated gratitude to a once-hated Spanish governor, who forced the building of that great, indispensable sea-wall.

Frisia's rich meadows, like Holland's, would often lie beneath water were it not for the rim of dikes which withstands the Zuyder Zee. When the wind is not too strong they make admirable pathways for good pedestrians exploring the coast towns, and fine concert halls for listening to the music of a thousand larks.

Between Harlingen and Bolsward, on the tram-line, lies Witmarsum, birthplace of that Menno Simonszoon, whose religious tenets are yet cherished by a large sect in our own Pennsylvania. It is a dear, little, clean, sleepy village, and so, too, is Dronrijp, where was born Alma Tadema, whom all the world knows, and a century earlier Eisa Eisinga of whom few have heard.

No one who has visited Franeker escapes some information regarding the humble wool-carder who became mechanician, astronomer and mathematician and has left to the town a "Planetarium," which she insists that her visitors must see.

Eisinga lived before the days of giant telescopes and photographic plates; Saturn is his outermost planet, and is not equipped with full complement of moons, but the apparatus is cleverly built and fairly accurate after a hundred and twenty-five years of use, and the questions which country visitors ask of the rather blasé young woman who explains its intricacies are alone worth the price of admission.

Visitors to Franeker really ought not to miss it, but much more attractive to us is the pretty Stadhuis across the way, or the Post Office, which certainly ought to be a hospital, for, high in the gable, the head of Hippocrates looks down and three biblical scenes in the façade suggest the conquest of ills: Moses and the Serpent with *Vulnera sic sanat Christus*, Sampson and the Lion, David and Goliath, inscribed *Sic tartara victrix progenies jesse domuit.* What would that have to do with letters? Yet, perhaps, it is not so inappropriate after all.

Poor Franeker still regrets her lost university. Napoleon suppressed it, and its site is now occupied by an Asylum for the Insane. In spite of her "great past," and her sorrows, she is a cheerful little city, glad to entertain the stranger, especially if he come at the time of the annual *Kaatspartij*, which is not such a fearful thing as it sounds but merely a Tennis Tournament.

And if we go to Franeker for tennis—the wonder is there is not more of that game in this land of beautiful flat meadows—we must go to Sneek in August for the sailing parties.

Sneek lies upon one of that chain of lakes which cross Friesland diagonally from the southwest, and which are so inviting to idlers possessed of a broad, shallow, swift-sailing boat. But, really, Sneek deserves more attention than that earned by its boat-races or its winter ice-carnivals. It has a charmingly pretty water-gate, remnant of its old fortifications, and the tomb of that picturesque, piratical soldier of fortune, Groote Pier, whose name is to the small Frisian urchin what to the American lad might be Jack the Giant-Killer, Robinson Crusoe and Paul Jones, all rolled in one.

A Frisian by birth—although the Groningen Kimswert sometimes claims him—Peter van Heemstra by name, this haughty freebooter took to himself high-sounding titles: King of Friesland, Duke of Sneek, Count of Sloten, *Vrijheer* (Lord) of Hindeloopen, Captain-General of the Zuyder Zee, but, in spite of rights or pretensions, to friend and to enemy through almost four centuries he has been known simply, from his huge bulk, as "Big Pete."

To Holland he was a fierce, lawless pirate, keeping her coast towns in constant terror of his sudden coming, in wrath and anguish on his retreat.

To Frisia he is the gallant soldier-sailor who drove her enemies far from her outer borders and carried her name with his prowess far beyond the seas. In Amsterdam Groote Pier was the bugbear to scare naughty children into instant subjection, in Stavoren and Sneek and Bolsward he was the model of the war-loving boy.

But it is very quiet in Sneek's great lonely church, for such a restless, devil-may-care sailor. Does he yawn and stretch a bit upon moonlight nights or perhaps take a stroll around its walls? No doubt; there are fine corners for ghosts in its shadows.

It is the little places that tell the best ghost-stories, however, not the cities. A small pamphlet issued by *De Vereeniging tot Bevordering van het Vreemdelingen Verkeer te Leeuwarden*, that patriotic society of

tongue-twisting name, which has organizations in almost every Dutch town and for avowed purpose the Promotion of Visits from Strangers, gives bird's-eye glimpses of some of them; but it has, at present, no English edition, and is consequently only recommendable to those who read Hollandsch.

It relates the story of the Boompoel where two centuries ago a coach, four horses and six men suddenly disappeared, although occasionally one hears their voices wailing to this day. They were exorcists upon their way to lay a particularly fiendish ghost, but the ghost met them more than half-way and drew them down into the pool.

And the legend of the white bindweed which, as every Frisian lass knows, is but the ghost of Juffer Lysse, who did not keep her promise to her dying father to erect a chapel in his memory and consequently must trail over the earth through the dark forests forevermore.

It has something to say of Wartena, a thriving town which went down beneath the waters in a storm so great that it is immortalized in a country saying: "It is a tempest like that of Wartena"—"*It is in waer as in Wartena*," than which nothing can be worse. And he who has sensitive ears may yet hear in the twilight the bells of Wartena ringing beneath the smooth surface of the lake their patient vesper-call.

But the book tells some very "human" tales as well. Of Harlingen's two quarrelling knights, one of whom slew the other at the church-door because the gift brought by him to the altar was finer than the jealous one's own; of the Prince of Nassau who fell through a bridge at Franeker and was *nearly* drowned (in water certainly not three feet deep, you feel swindled when you trace the story), wherefore the grateful city erected a memorial stone, and of the same city's brave maidens who bluffed a besieging army into thinking the town had bread to spare by tossing into the camp its last two loaves, "since which time on Franeker's shield the lions were replaced by virgins"; of Leeuwarden's proud noble, Gemme van Burmania, who took his oath of allegiance standing, saying majestically, "The Fries kneels before God alone" (*De Frizen knibbelje alline for God*).

And Frisia's folk-lore, however fantastic, usually conceals some germ of bitter truth. She is practical as well as imaginative, she has her brilliant noonday as well as her long subtle twilight.

Dawn and twilight are nowhere more charming than in this far northern land of most transparent sky. A province where proverb and folk-lore linger so persistently, where legend and romance are cherished and intensest loyalty to language, race and land endures so faithfully, cannot be uninteresting even were not its canals and lakes so clear, its meadows so green, its villages so neat, so dainty and so quaint. It is almost an undiscovered country to the American, even to him who knows Amsterdam exceedingly well, yet it is but a few hours distant from this "Venice of the North," and as interesting in widely different ways.

As yet it is unspoiled by tourist-travel; that it will ever be popular with the "personally conducted party," we very much doubt, but to the appreciative seeker for untrodden ground and simple pleasures we can recommend Friesland strongly, for we found it charming.

PIC

By Wolcott Le Cléar Beard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

PIC'S introduction to his friends was not fortunate in its method.

It was one evening when Vaughan, the chief engineer, sat at dinner, and with him his sister and young Headley.

Vaughan had remarked that of late, since Alice had come from the United States to keep house for him, Headley would cheerfully ride the many hot miles to head-quarters, at which he formerly would have grumbled, to see his chief about business which could quite as well have been transacted from San Antonio, where he belonged, and then, without too much urging, would stop to dinner. Headley pointed out that the dinners were far better than they had formerly been. Which, indeed, was true.

They had nearly finished; were just about to adjourn for their coffee to the veranda, where the evening breeze, rustling through the palms, brought a grateful coolness and drove away the fierce South American mosquitoes. Suddenly there came a shrill squeal as of triumph; the sound of heavy boots at a run pounding a garden path and a man's voice, raised, but inarticulate.

"What's that? Do you hear?" cried Alice.

"From the sound I should say that it was Sullivan, very much out of breath, vainly trying to say severe things to someone," responded Vaughan, fanning himself with his napkin. "But really I couldn't say for certain."

He had hardly finished speaking when there was a crash from the thatched roof, the painted ceiling-cloth bulged and split, and a small Indian boy shot downward through the rent and landed on the middle of the table.

Headley jumped to his feet, swinging Alice behind him. Vaughan disgustedly shoved his chair from the table as the glass and crockery flew, brushed a few fragments from his riding breeches, and said, "Really."

Then he added, "We've finished dinner, I think."

It would certainly seem as though dinner were at an end. At all events, what had been on the table was now scattered over it; and like a huge frog squatted the boy, quite unhurt, a grotesque centre-piece in place of the one crushed under him.

The heavy boots had been pounding with frantic haste up the steps, and now their owner, Sullivan, the corral boss, appeared, framed in the doorway. He could just get through it without stooping; his shoulders nearly filled it from side to side. "Gud avenin', mem. Gud avenin', sorrs," said he, wiping his heated face.

"Good evening, John," replied Vaughan. "Does this belong to you? Because, if it does, I wish you'd remove it."

"It does not, sorr," said John gravely; but, nevertheless, he caught the boy by the collar of his ragged shirt, and lifting him as he would lift a kitten, deposited him in a corner of the room, where he instantly squatted as before, motionless save for his eyes.

"I was a-bringin' him here, sorr," said Sullivan, vainly trying to collect his scattered ideas. "That is, I didn't bring him, but he wriggled out o' me hand an' he come——"

"He did," agreed Vaughan.

"I do be findin' him all the time 'roun' the corral against arrders, sorr. I puts him out, an' three times I licks him. But it don't do no good, sorr. So I says I'll be bringin' him to you."

"A thief?" asked the chief engineer quickly.

"No, sorr. He steals nothin' that I know of."

"What else would he be hanging around the corral for? Take him over and have him put in the *carcel*. We'll look into it in the morning."

The boy caught the one Spanish word, which means "jail," and looked despairingly around him.

"Oh, don't send him to jail, Jack! What has he done? John says that he isn't a thief," said Alice impulsively, leaning forward and looking at the boy. And as the boy's dog-like eyes looked straight into hers the expression on his brown face was not at all unlike that of an adoring dog.

"What does he hang around the corral for, then?" asked her brother testily. "We've been bothered half to death with the petty thieving there."

"I don't know why he goes there, but neither do you. Why don't you ask him? Do, Jack! Please do," entreated the girl, looking at Headley in a way that demanded support.

"I say, Vaughan," struck in the person thus appealed to, rising to the occasion. "Really we don't know what the little beggar was doing in the corral. It wouldn't hurt to ask him a question or two—eh?"

"Oh, all right. I'm clearly in a minority," said Vaughan, his ill temper vanishing. It seldom lasted long. "See here, young man," he went on in Spanish, "what's your name?"

"Aurelio Isabelo Ramón Santiago José Maria Palarón, Señor," answered the boy, rising.

"Good gracious!" gasped Alice.

"We that's down to the corral can't say all that convanient, sorr," began Sullivan.

"It doesn't surprise me," interrupted Vaughan.

"So we giner'ly calls him Pic, sorr. Short fer Picaninny."

"I see. Well, Pic, what were you doing in that corral against orders?"

The boy helped by an occasional question from Vaughan, spoke at some length. "You don't understand Spanish, do you?" said the chief at last to the others. "He says that he doesn't live anywhere and doesn't eat anywhere—at least he hasn't for some time. He says that he goes into the corral because the mules are company for him; especially one, a she-mule of unamiable disposition named Katherine. I know her. He says she reminds him of his mother—odd sort of lady, his mother—because she has such beautiful eyes and is so kind. Kind! Um! You heard, didn't you, Headley, how this gentle creature kicked one of the corral hands through a door though the door was shut? No? Well, she did. Also she is like his mother, he says, because she is so wise and good. His mother's dead, poor little chap!" He wagged his head. "Really I don't see what we're to do with him," he concluded

"I do," replied Alice, decidedly. "And we're going to do it now!" She grasped Pic's wrist and went quickly out, toward the kitchen, he trotting contentedly by her side. When she was quite out of sight, her brother nodded approvingly.

"Beggin' yer pardon," said Sullivan impressively, "I was thinkin'."

"Yes? Hope you're not going to get the habit, John," replied Vaughan. John chuckled appreciatively.

"I fear not, sorr. You was a-wantin' a mule fer single harness, an' I was thinkin' that the Kath'rine mule wud be a gud wan fer you to take."

"I was thinking otherwise. Why should I die so young?"

"But she's all right when wance she's harnessed, sorr. She's a good trav'ler, too, an' the only mule we've got that'll go single."

"Where is the maniac so weary of life as to harness her?"

"That Pic boy, sorr. She's gentle as a —a angel wid him. She is that. Indeed, she is."

"H'm. Doubt it. She'd waft him to a higher sphere, probably, body and all. But that would solve the problem of what is to be done with the youth. We'll think about it, John. Good-night."

"Good-night, sorr." And John stumped down the steps and was gone.

"He's curled up on the floor in a corner out there, Jack, just like a poor little tired animal, fast asleep," said Alice, entering. "You mustn't send him away. I'm sure he could be made most useful here, around the house. Don't you think so, Mr. Headley?"

"Why——" commenced Headley, rising.

"You think he could. That's what you were going to say, Headley. We know that. Of course the boy will stay. I saw that coming all along."

So Pic stayed. The next morning, when he appeared at breakfast, standing behind Alice's chair, one would hardly have believed that he was the boy who had appeared through the ceiling of that same room the evening before, except that the hole in the cloth was there to vouch for it.

He was scrubbed until he shone; Sullivan

had attended to that, and now, dressed in spotless white, his black hair smoothed and his white teeth showing in an expansive smile at his promotion, it would be hard to find a more contented or domesticated little Indian.

Then came a prouder moment still. That was when he led his friend Katherine from the big corral to the private stable, near the house, where only saddle-horses, the aristocrats of their kind, had thus far been allowed.

Pic was right in part at least of his estimate of Katherine. She certainly was a beauty of her kind—an enormous, dark bay mule, one of many imported from the United States to South America for the heavy work of the company. Her wisdom, too, was undisputed. This wisdom, guiding her natural disposition, was what had made her practically useless, up to that time.

Pic led her to the stable only in the sense that she was following him. He was explaining in a sibilant language, neither Spanish nor his native Aymará, which those Indians use in talking with animals, and which they claim the animals can understand, what was expected of her. She listened with her long ears cocked forward, and answered by gently mumbling his ear with her soft lips and by energetic twitchings of her tail.

As John had predicted, no mule could have submitted to the harness more gracefully than did Katherine when Pic was putting it on her. More, she even helped him as well as she could by poking out her head for the collar and opening her mouth for the bit. The operation, however, was a long one for Pic's unaccustomed hands and Katherine would allow no one to assist him, as she demonstrated promptly and unmistakably. Harnessed at last, she did not wait for the big gates to be opened, but grasping a knob with her teeth, she drew them toward her, then sent them wide apart with a sidewise shove of her head to each and gaily trotted through with a playful fling of her heels, just to show how little she felt the light wagon in which it was her new mission to bring some of the daily supplies, with Pic proudly enthroned on the box. But this last, it is true, did not add much to the sum total of the weight.

Pic's lines, indeed, were cast in pleasant places. High in Alice's favor, one could hardly have met her, riding, driving, or on foot, without seeing him close by, generally trying to compose his features from a grin to an expression of dignity which he deemed more fitting in one who was her guardian attendant.

His dignity yielded to the grin, however, when Headley, the next time he dropped in to dinner, spoke a few kindly words in his broken Spanish. Pic greatly esteemed Headley, whom he considered a person of profound understanding. For to Pic, his señorita, as he called her, was the most radiant being ever put on earth, and the discerning youth was not long in finding out that Headley wholly agreed with him. Moreover, though Alice tried hard to conceal it, after the inscrutable manner of señoritas, Pic was almost sure that she thought very highly of Headley. Headley, therefore, shone in a halo of reflected glory.

During this dinner no small boys shot through the conspicuously new ceiling-cloth. Pic's spirits sank with mortification each time anyone glanced at it; only to rise again when Alice smiled at him, as each time she made it a point to do. At last the evening waxed late, as all evenings must, and Headley started to go. He had been talking to Alice in a corner of the veranda, and came in alone to say good-night to Vaughan, who was reading within.

"Going, Headley?" asked Vaughan. "Well, so long, old man. We'll see you soon again. My prophetic soul tells me that we will."

Headley laughed a little sheepishly. "Try and restrain your joy," he said. "I'd try to 'break it easy' only I know good news never kills. Your prophecy wins. You see I have to ride over to San Jacinto tomorrow to see about that lumber. It will keep me until near evening, and it's just as well not to sleep there. It's only three hours' hard riding from here. So, if you'll let me, I'll come over and stop till morning. You don't mind?"

As Headley was speaking, the laughter died out of Vaughan's face. "Are you joking, Headley, or only crazy?" he asked shortly. "Pray, when do you propose to start on this trip?"

"Oh, about noon, I suppose. I've got some things to do at home that will keep me till then."

"You're crazy; that's all. You know perfectly well that San Jacinto is nothing but a den of thieves, and now that this man Morales is hanging around there, with a lot of that outlaw gang of his, it's worse than ever. You haven't men enough for a safe escort without stopping all your work—not men that you could trust. In the name of common sense, whom did you think of taking with you?"

They had been walking as they were speaking to the step where Headley's horse waited. Headley spoke with his foot in the stirrup.

"I shan't take anybody," said he. "There's no use. It's all talk about Morales. I've had information that——"

"That you're a blazing idiot!" snapped Vaughan wrathfully. "And you have the information again now. You stop at home until I send word, do you hear?"

But Headley only laughed and galloped away. Shaking his head dubiously, Vaughan returned to the house. It was very foolish of Headley. He had been in the country but a short time and could not be expected to know. Still——

"Jack!" Alice had come in from the veranda and stood before him. He gave a look at her white face and groaned inwardly.

"The fat's in the fire now, for a fact," he said to himself.

"Jack, what was that you were saying to Mr. Headley?"

"Saying?" Jack repeated idiotically.

"Yes, saying."

"Why—ah—he was thinking of riding over to San Jacinto, and I advised him not to go. There isn't any real reason why he should."

"Why shouldn't he go? Tell me, Jack. I heard you saying something about a man named Morales. Who is he?"

"Morales? General Morales he calls himself. He's very well and most unfavorably known in these parts. He was one of the leaders in this last revolution. When it was put down he didn't come in with the others. I understand that he said his patriotism demanded that he should fight to the last against the tyrant, and that sort of thing; but the real fact is that the tyrant would have hanged him and not wasted any time about it if he could have been caught, for the man's a murderer a hundred times over. But as it is, he's got a gang he calls an army, and carries on what he calls war and levies what he calls taxes. Other people call them a gang of robbers working at their trade, which is the exact truth." Vaughan had hoped to lead his sister off the subject, but his hope was vain.

"Where is this man now?" she asked sharply.

"I don't know."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know, I say. He's not on my visiting list. One hears all sorts of things, but they're mostly not true."

"And you let him go! How *could* you?"

"Let him go! Really, Alice, Morales rarely asks my per——"

"You know what I mean. How *can* you try to joke like that? Mr. Headley—you let him go. Go right among those horrible men, and they'll—Oh Jack, you know they'll kill him."

Vanghan tried to laugh as he patted her shoulder. "Nonsense. Why, your face is as white as a sheet," he said. "You seem to take a lot of interest in Headley, little girl."

If her face had been white, it was so no longer. "Don't you suppose I'd feel like that about anyone who had been sitting here and talking to us only a few minutes ago? Only a few minutes ago, and just think what may happen. Send after him, Jack, and stop him! Send after him now. Please do. If you don't I'll go myself. I will. Not that I care——" And by way of showing that she did not care Alice sank in a heap on the floor, hid her face in her hands, and cried as though her heart would break.

"Oh, I say, Alice, come. Don't, now. Come," cried her brother, distressed. "Headley's all right, you goose. He's gone home and he isn't going to start for San Jacinto to-night. Not until to-morrow noon—likely later. And I'll send over to-morrow at daybreak. I'll send written orders. Now don't cry—don't." Vaughan stopped and would have lifted her, but she sprang up of her own accord, and evading him, fled to her own room and shut the door. Jack stuck both hands deep in the pockets of his riding-breeches, shook his head solemnly, and whistled.

Pic, who had been a witness to it all, was unhappy beyond words. Her grief infected him until he could bear it no longer; so he squatted in the farthest corner of the



No mule could have submitted to the harness more gracefully than did Katherine.—Page 619.

room, his face against the wall and his fingers stopping his ears—a pathetic little heap of misery. Then it struck him that this stopping of his ears was a very foolish sort of proceeding, so he took his fingers out again and listened with all his might. The conversation being in English, he could not, of course, understand it, but he caught the names of Headley, Morales, and San Jacinto, and putting them together, came to a conclusion that was not far from the truth.

Vaughan had thrown himself into a chair and was occupied in staring at nothing when he became conscious that Pic was standing before him. "Well?" he asked curtly.

"Pardon, señor, but is it true that Mr. Headley to-morrow goes to San Jacinto?"

"Yes," assented Vaughan, looking hard at his small questioner.

"Will he have money with him?"

"Yes. What, then?" asked the chief engineer, but found that he spoke to empty space, for Pic had vanished. Vaughan wondered for a moment; then dismissed the matter from his mind and took to staring at the floor by way of variety, for he, too, was troubled about Headley.

"Señor," said a voice. Vaughan looked up impatiently and saw that Pic again was standing before him.

"Well, what is it now?"

"Señor, to-night Mr. Headley is to be dead," answered Pic quite calmly. Within he was trembling with excitement, but it would disgrace him in his own eyes to have shown it.

"What!" cried Vaughan, leaping from his chair. "Say that again."

Pic repeated what he had said. "All the Indians who work in the corrals know it," he added. "I have just been to see."

"Why didn't they warn him, then?" demanded Vaughan.

"Morales would kill them."

Vaughan sprang to a window, and drawing a whistle from his pocket, sounded six shrill blasts. Then a pause and six more until they were repeated from the corral and the engine of the big pumps answered him. It was the signal of the general alarm. Vaughan began hurriedly to equip himself, yet found time to ask,

"Well, won't Morales try and kill you for telling?"

"Of course, Señor," Pic replied. He spoke with some impatience, as though the question was foolish and wasted time; so he went on to speak of more important things. The fact that Headley was to purchase lumber at San Jacinto and would bring money from head-quarters for that purpose had become known, it seems, so he was to be waylaid as he returned that night to his own house.

While Pic had been speaking there came from time to time the rush of galloping hoofs and of voices as men gathered in front of the house in response to the signal. By the time he had finished all had arrived, and the chief engineer was armed and spurred, ready to mount and lead them.

Before he started, Vaughan knocked softly at Alice's door. There was no answer, so he opened it and looked in, then tiptoed away, for Alice was asleep.

"Do not disturb the señorita; she is sleeping," he said in Spanish as he went out. "See that no harm comes to her, Pic. You're in charge, remember," and clattered down the steps.

"No harm shall come, señor. Here there is none that can come," Pic called after him; then shut the massive doors and fastened them carefully with the iron bars.

Pic's pride was aroused by being left in charge, it is true, but it was largely tempered with disappointment. No harm could come to his señorita while she was there, in the house, as Pic knew perfectly well. And if she wanted anything, all the other servants were close at hand. In fact, Pic had hoped against hope that he might have been taken along, even though his reason had told him that it was out of the question. So he hung out of the front window with fierce desire in his heart, and watched by the light that came from the room the men that had gathered.

Grim enough they looked. Nearly to a man they were of white blood, though here and there there was one, especially trusted of his class, who had a dash of the Indian. All foremen and mechanics, well mounted and heavily armed, they had seen and taken part in much fighting in that turbulent little republic. Without orders, each man as he came fell into his allotted place, and save for the occasional squeak of a saddle or stamp of an impatient horse, the silence was unbroken.

Vaughan rode out and took his place at the head of the column, which immediately began to move. First at a walk it went, then trotted, and finally, galloping, it disappeared into the night with a dull drumming of hoofs on the road.

Pic turned away from the window, thinking hard. First he mentally followed the column, then in his imagination flew to Headley.

Pic saw him riding along the dark road; then he could almost hear the quick hoof-beats as they rang along a stratum of flat rock over which the road ran just before it passed a thicket of bamboo. It was behind this thicket that some of the men of Morales would be placed, where the hoofs on the rock would give them warning. A few yards farther on the road crossed a stream, and on the far bank of the stream there was another thicket. Pic knew the place well. He knew, too, the customs of the bandits who used it; had gathered his knowledge from the mysterious sources which all Indians have in South America, which are said to have come down from the Incas, and which are so unavailable, and indeed almost unknown to all white men, even those who have employed the Indians and have spent their lives among them.

So he knew that while the men stealthily closed the road to front and rear, their chief, Morales, would undoubtedly ride forward in simulated friendliness to meet Headley as he was fording the stream. The men would not shoot; they would fear the consequences that the noise might bring. Up to this point Pic's mental image was as clear as though the scene had been before his eyes, but after that he was doubtful. Would Señor Headley be deceived into allowing Morales to come within striking distance, thinking him merely a traveller? Pic thought not. But what, then, would he do? Before and behind him the road would be closed. To the right the stream fell in a cascade some twenty-five feet in height; but to the left—that would be open.

To the left, then, Señor Headley would turn—first shooting Morales, Pic devoutly hoped—and his horse would splash and stumble up the rough bed of the stream, while the pursuers would trail cautiously along behind and spread out on both sides,



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

On a narrow ledge of rock stood Headley.—Page 625.

that there might be no escape by the banks, still firing no shot if it could be helped, and taking prudent care not to come too close, for they would be in no hurry; then shortly he would come to the old Inca quarry, over one edge of which the stream fell.

Here Headley would have to dismount, and it was here the pinch would come. He would have to dismount because he could go no farther, and it would be suicide to turn and try to cut his way out. Surely Señor Headley would see that. In the meantime the party that had just started would not know that he had turned aside, for along the much-used highway nor in running water can tracks be distinguished, especially in the dark. The party, therefore, would ride straight ahead, on the road that Headley had taken, as they would suppose. So there was no hope from them, that was sure.

No, Señor Headley would hardly try to return the way he had come. He would undoubtedly do the only thing he could, which was to mount to a certain rocky shelf, where he would have an advantage, for he could hold it against hundreds trying to reach him by climbing. Here he would have to stay until he was shot or until help came, for he could not get out of the quarry. Still, there was a way out. Pic and a playmate had found it by accident some time before, but it was known, Pic was sure, to no one save a few Indian boys, for he and his mate had agreed to say nothing about it. Certainly Señor Headley would not know.

Pic started to his feet. Here was his opportunity. He knew well that no service could be more acceptable to his señorita. And there were no orders to the contrary—no one to give them, and therefore no one whose permission he could ask. Alice did not occur to him in this connection; women are not expected to be judges of such things. Besides, she was asleep.

To make sure, however, he went to her bedroom door and listened, then softly opened it and peeped in. She was asleep, lying fully dressed on her bed, her face turned away from him, and her handkerchief, crushed to a damp ball, held fast in one hand. Pic carefully closed the door again.

His bare feet made no noise on the wood floor as he returned to the living-room. His mind was made up. Glancing longingly at some *machetes* that hung on the wall, he reluctantly passed them by, for a *machete* was too long and would be in his way. But instead he took a sheath-knife and slipped it, with a dexterity that spoke of knowledge, somewhere inside his clothes. Then, taking a last look to see that everything was right inside the room, he stole out on the veranda and quietly slid down a pillar to the ground.

Katherine made a queer little sound in her throat as she recognized his step, and when he explained in a whisper what she was to do she listened intently, with an astonishing air of understanding what was said to her. She bent her head to take the bit and then shook it until her big ears flapped again; all of which plainly was intended to express acquiescence, for she stood perfectly still, watching him over her shoulder as he climbed up that terrible hind leg—the one that had sent the luckless Pedro, corral hand, through the closed stable door—and wriggled himself on to her back. Then she walked through the big gates, which Pic had carefully set open, and broke into her little shuffling trot as she went down the road.

Pic's heart was in his mouth, but his spirits were high as he urged his huge mount to a gallop. There was no time to waste; they must do the best they could while still on the smooth road. Soon they had to turn off, crossing unseen irrigation ditches, splashing through swampy by-ways, where overhanging boughs clutched at Pic so that he crouched until, in the darkness, he made a scarcely perceptible swelling on the big mule's back. The progress was slow, and now became slower still, for the hills had been reached, where there were no roads, not even by-ways.

It seemed as though a goat could hardly have made the ascent, but Katherine did it, picking her way with all the surefootedness of her race among the scattered rocks; straining up or slipping down the steep sides of the many gullies, or tripping along narrow ledges at dizzy heights with the ease and nonchalance of the nocturnal cat walking a fence. Pic's weight on her powerful back counted for not much more than that of a fly which might have lighted there.

Pic heard a shot that cracked in the distance, and Katherine heard it, too, for she pricked up her ears, snorted and hurried forward, while Pic heaved a sigh of relief so sharp that it was almost a cry. Then he

laughed a little hysterically, for the strain of suspense had been telling on him. All along he had feared that after all Headley might not have turned up the river-bed; and if he had, so many things might have happened to him before he could reach the quarry. But he had reached it; the shot told that. It only remained to get him out.

Other shots spat viciously; first a few, then many, as fire-crackers go when let off in the bunch. Once or twice came the nearer report of a heavy pistol; hurrying, stumbling hoofs ringing on the rocks, and afterward the terrible scream of a wounded horse.

At this point Katherine declined to go farther. It is true that in front of her there was a smooth and nearly perpendicular face of rock which she very likely could not have ascended had she tried, but she had no intention of trying, and in her way she said so.

Pic slipped to the ground, and bidding the mule stand still, began to scramble up the rock, Katherine intently watching him as he went. It was very difficult. Once or twice he almost lost his hold and fell, but caught himself, and clinging to the face of the smooth stone like one of the little brown lizards that flicked away at his approach, at length reached the top. Here massive fragments of stone lay tossed in heaps, as though the giant who made the little cliff had thrown them from his apron when he had finished. Between two of these fragments that leaned together Pic dived and found himself in a small and tortuous passage that twisted through the mass of fragments, trending downward. Through this he wriggled, edging onward by means of elbows and knees, until at last he looked through the hole where the tunnel ended.

On a narrow ledge of rock, some five feet below him, stood Headley, white of face and panting hard. His clothes were torn and dusty, his hat was gone, and in his hand he held a smoking pistol. Near by, and lying in the shallow stream, was the body of his horse, and that of a man sprawled on the rocky shore.

"Señor!" called Pic, in a low tone. "Señor!"

Headley did not hear; every sense was concentrated upon watching the approaches to his stand. He could not see one man who crawled from behind a rock and commenced to creep, slipping from cover to cover, toward one of the banks. Pic saw him, and knew that he was trying to reach the top of the quarry, directly over Headley.

"Señor!" called Pic, louder, this time. Trembling with excitement, he was almost crying. It was very hard to have got so far and then to fail at last.

Again he called this time almost in a scream, and now Headley heard. He turned and saw Pic's little brown face, screwed in an anxious pucker, framed in the rock, within a few inches of his own.

"What are you doing here, you imp?" he demanded in English, which, of course, was Greek to the boy. "Come—get out of this—skip—*pronto!* No use in their getting you, too. Get out—ah!" A face had peeped from behind a rock, and Headley sent a bullet at it that arrived just after the face had vanished. A return bullet stopped its vicious whine by a little flop as it flattened on the rock.

Throwing all caution to the winds, Pic screamed aloud, and reaching out with one hand, caught Headley by his arm. "Here, señor—come! Here is a way. Come! Oh, come quickly! Come, or it will be too late!"

Other bullets flattened against the rocks, and now and again one would glance and sing away, sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, which showed that the enemy was on the front and both flanks. There was nothing for it but that Headley should take advantage of Pic's opportunity, whatever that might be.

"Get back and give me room," he cried, with a motion of his head that Pic understood, and a second later the hole was empty and the way open.

There came a feeling to Headley as of a hot iron drawn along his side; that was a graze. He cast a quick look around. There was nothing to reassure him in front. With a quick motion he shoved his pistol into its holster and at the same time turned and sprung at the hole. He reached it, but with his head and shoulders inside, for an instant he hung, and a bullet chipped the edge of the rock close by him. Far rather would he meet his death while standing on the ledge outside than to be shot in that position, but one frantic writhe brought him inside the passage, and for the time being safe.

Pic squirmed ahead, laboring hard, now

and then calling back encouragement or directions to Headley, who could not understand them, coming, as they did, through that tunnel, but who followed as well as he could, though it was tight work for Headley's broad shoulders. But at last he got through and found Pic waiting for him impatiently, standing among the tumbled rocks.

"This way, señor," called the boy. "Here she is waiting for us. Hurry, for they can come around by the side, and——"

A rifle cracked. Pic gave a scream. Instinctively his hand flew to the breast of his shirt and the knife gleamed for an instant as he staggered and fell, the knife clinking on the stones. Cautiously, from behind a rock, Morales himself appeared, a smoking rifle in his hands, searching with his eyes for the result of his skill. Headley saw him. His pistol spoke sharply, and Morales had fired his last shot.

Very odd things happened after that, and Pic remembered them only vaguely. He fell; that he knew. Then it seemed to him as though for many hours the rocks danced around him in whirling circles, keeping time with Headley's voice; yet the words, as they sounded to Pic, were not those that one would sing. Faster and faster the rocks whirled, until one of them stumbled and fell on his leg, hurting it cruelly. Then the rocks vanished, and opening his eyes, he found himself in a room that somehow seemed familiar. It puzzled him, and he looked again; then after a little he realized that he was actually in the sacred room of his señorita, and that the señorita herself was kneeling by the bed, holding one of his hands in hers, and that the gruff old company doctor was bending over him, busy. Pic had always been mortally afraid of this doctor, regarding him as a personage of weird power, who existed solely for the purpose of forcing one to swallow a variety of unhallowed things which had startling effect on one's inner economy. But he felt that with his señorita so near he could do no harm.

For a moment he doubted if it all were real, but the pain in his leg continued, and the singing, which he now perceived was in his own head. Also the words of Headley which he still could hear outside the bedroom door. These last, at least, must be real, for Alice carefully laid down his hand and stole closer to the door to listen.

"So I gathered in Morales's rifle—he had another cartridge thrown into the chamber, by-the-way, all ready to fire another shot, the beast!—and then ran over and picked up the poor little chap," Headley was saying. "I laid him on a rock and tied up his leg as well as I could with my handkerchief, but didn't dare to spend much time at it, for Morales's little friends were due to appear any minute. As soon as I got it done I started to carry him down to where the mule was. It was rough getting down there, especially with the boy in my arms. It would have hurt him if he hadn't been insensible all the while. As it was, the bandage slipped, and it seemed as though I could never stop the bleeding. Once I was afraid he was dead; he lay across the neck of that mule when I put him there, as limp as a wilted collar. And the mule never moved, except for her head. She turned that and looked at us—never took her eyes off—but otherwise she stood like a wooden mule and staid that way until after I got on. I truly believe she understood that it was necessary for me to hold him fast; I'm sure she wouldn't have let me mount if she hadn't. When we were quite ready she started down those rocks at a jog-trot, and when we reached the road she flew. I didn't say a word to her. There wasn't any occasion to, and, besides, I didn't dare. I was afraid that she would consider it a liberty. The moon was well up by that time—had been for quite a while—and I could see that there were a lot of tracks pointing in one direction, so I thought that all of you had started out after Morales's gang, though I couldn't imagine how you could have got word. I'm awfully glad you bagged at least some of them, if only on the kid's account," he finished.

"And how is he now?" grumbled the carefully subdued voice of Sullivan. It was the doctor himself, who that moment came out of the room, who answered.

"The boy? He'll be all right. No bones broken; only a flesh wound. Considerable blood lost. He'll be weak and sore for a bit, that's all. Go in and have a look at him if you like. Only for a minute, though." And he hurried away, while the rest stole carefully into the room.

Pic was quite conscious. When they entered he smiled up at them in a deprecating sort of way. He was far from sure

that the men would not demand to know what he was doing in that room, and very possibly order him out of it. When he found that they did nothing of the sort he was greatly relieved.

"You must hurry and get well, Pic," said Headley, bending over the bed. "You know you're going with me as soon as you're able. Then, after a while, when you learn to speak some English, we'll go to the United States. Wouldn't you like that?"

Pic beamed; then looked troubled. "*La señorita?*" he whispered.

"Oh, that's all right," replied Headley reassuringly. "That's all right. The señorita's going to the States right away. But never you mind," he hastened to add, seeing how the boy's face fell. "You stick to me, my boy, and it won't be long before you see the señorita again."

Then a most astounding thing happened. The face of the señorita turned warmly pink, and stooping, she gathered Pic in her arms and kissed him. He was scandalized, but then reflected, as many have done before, that though the ways of señoritas are past finding out, yet whatever this particular señorita did must of necessity be right. And so, filled with a great content, he fell asleep.

THE ABSENTEE AMERICAN

By Mary Crawford Fraser

THE recent discussion between an American expatriate and an opposer of his views, which appeared in a popular and high-class journal, raised an issue of which the writers themselves appeared to be unconscious, namely, the great question of duty to country and of how Americans in general fulfil that duty. If I put forward a modest claim to speak on this important subject, it is based on the fact that a caprice of Fortune caused me to be born and educated an expatriate, bestowed upon me a large circle of friends and relatives on both sides of the water, and has finally fulfilled the early desire of my heart by permitting me to become, for a time at least, a repatriate. Fortune's caprice this time was in accord with my own judgment, which, after more than half a lifetime of unusually varied experiences in many climes, returns, disillusioned yet unshaken, to the conviction of my youth, the conviction that next to Religion, the most necessary thing in life is a country, and one of the highest virtues (and the parent of many others) a loyal love for it.

Love is not blind. That disqualification is reserved for passion. True love of country, like true love for the individual, sees all the defects, bears with them, and hopes for better things. Love is willing to take its share of blame for faults which may be due to its own mistakes. It does not proclaim those faults and its own scorn of them to outsiders, whose contempt indeed is more likely to fall on the unnatural plaintiff than on the erring defendant. Love of country is rather out of fashion in these days, yet the truth is that men are as responsible for duty to their fatherland as for duty to their families; indeed where there is a question between the two, the great teachers of ethics, as well as the general verdict of mankind, bid them put country first; and it is in this primal duty that Americans in general, and the great mass of the expatriates in particular, so commonly fail.

A man should have very good reasons to give for abandoning the land of his forefathers. Setting aside the artist, the student, and the writer, who belong to one of God's countries not defined on our maps, and who must feed their beneficent souls with knowledge not to be gained without pilgrimage, it is surely the first duty of the citizen to give his entire support to his own land, the support of his presence, his intelligence, his money, and to bring up his children to do the same, so that when their time comes they can take their full share in the national destinies. It is sad to have

to acknowledge that this duty is very poorly fulfilled in the United States at the present day. Europe is flooded with Americans who have renounced their birthright for such frivolous reasons that it is impossible to obtain an account of them. Even on American soil the traveller is greeted on all sides with abuse of local institutions, government, and conditions. When he suggests that the complainants should undertake to improve things, he is told that it is useless to try; the forces of evil are too strong for the private individual to cope with. Yet, at the first word of criticism from an alien, the national vanity is up in arms and the critic is treated to a display of the boastfulness which has to do duty for non-existent patriotism. Ah, if conceit were patriotism, what patriots we should be! I have lived in East and West, under the Northern lights and the Southern Cross —and nowhere have I witnessed such overbearing self-complacency as that which afflicts the national mind over here. The mood of Germany after 1870 was so arrogant as to be absolutely maddening to non-Germans, but it was tolerated in Europe because Germany had just come through a tremendous struggle and had won her laurels professionally, gallantly, and honestly. But here no such solid trophies have been gained. One or two victories over inferior opponents, a brave but undisciplined army, an equally brave but rather amateur navy—these are not the credentials upon which America can take her position as a first-class Power. She has such credentials in a far different sphere, but the people have not been taught to realize their value.

When the United States came into existence there was "room on top" for a moral World Power, and it seemed as if this country were destined to fill it. There is more room now. We do not need another expensively armed pirate to set the pace in the universal scramble for territory and "spheres of influence"; nor do we need a brand-new aristocracy moving Heaven and earth to link its manufactured pedigrees on to those of ancient European houses, and at the same time striving to become leaders in fast social sets which the true aristocrat abhors. But we did and do need moral example, and in this high direction America was once and could still be supreme. Long ago her fearless honesty, shining out in white contrast against the corruption of European politics, gained the respect of the whole civilized world; her splendid unworldliness, independence, and energy, lighted a flame of admiration in all generous hearts. But these virtues are out of fashion now; they are *vieux jeu* and have been cast aside. As the born tragedian longs to shine in comedy, as the city clerk believes he would have made a great general, as the soldier wants to teach Sunday School and preach sermons, so America scorns her obvious destiny and aspires to be a terrorizing World Power. With the wish comes belief—so *naïf* as to be almost amusing. Surely in no other country could such an assertion as that attributed to a sensational newspaper during the Russo-Japanese war—the solemn assertion that any one State in the Union could, single-handed, "whip" England and Japan combined—have been received without laughter. To the millions of misinformed but sincere persons who read the passage it appeared perfectly reasonable; they swallowed it without a single comment. This is but one of many incidents which make those who truly love our great country feel that in all the present hard conditions there is nothing so painful or so ominous as this misguided conceit. It reminds one of the painted, wooden guns on the Chinese forts—their mere aspect was expected to scare off an enemy. It has to do duty for failing patriotism and inefficient defences; yet one cannot honestly blame the mass of the people for indulging in it. Why should the public worry about efficiency, when its teachers declare that the highest point has been reached and that further effort is unnecessary? The man who stumbles into a battle with a bandage over his eyes can truly say that he sees no foes to fight; but what of the treacherous fellow-countryman who tied on the bandage and kicked the poor soul out to take his chance among clear-eyed, well-armed opponents? And what of the officer who hands in his resignation just when war has been declared? If certain journalists try to keep the public blind to the dangers in its path, the voluntary expatriates abroad and the "couldn't-soil-my-hands-with-politics" exquisites at home deliberately abandon their post.

These people are as a rule men of cultivation and leisure; they could correct malicious misstatements, they could form a thinking, responsible class where at last that ægis of safety, sound public opinion, would have a chance to develop. But because the masses in America are so easily led, the "Best Americans" as these self-indulgent quietists modestly call themselves pretend to despise the task. Politics should be the occupation of the highest minds; yet with us, apart from a few illustrious exceptions, a kind of stigma clings to those who mix in them. When a young man belonging to an old New York family of my acquaintance embraced a political career, his relatives were so incensed that they would hardly receive him into their houses. He was the only member of a numerous and wealthy family who realized the duty of the citizen, and he was regarded as an outcast in consequence, the reason given being that national politics are so corrupt that only some almost inconceivable necessity could lead a gentleman to be associated with them. The entire indifference of the self-constituted social elect to the welfare of the masses was made clear to me after the victory over Tammany in November, 1904, when a "Best-American" woman openly bemoaned the event. The new administration was struggling to purify various departments and some passing inconveniences to New Yorkers were the result. "Really," said this travelled, cultivated woman of the world, "it is a pity that they ever disturbed Tammany. Of course it is corrupt and detestable, but it is the only comfortable government for New York."

I think it is from the ranks of the fastidious and indifferent that the confirmed expatriates are generally recruited. The newly rich are less tempted to abandon America altogether. They rush to Europe the moment they can, are seen in all the smart hotels, make the fortunes of dress-makers and jewellers, and then come home, because mere wealth is much more of a power on this side than on the other. The real expatriate despises and avoids them; they jar on his sensibilities too rudely. He and his fellows have, as a rule, much to say of the refined interests, the uplifting surroundings which they can cultivate and enjoy abroad; yet any intimacy with them leads to the conviction that those who are not professional workers take but slight notice of the treasures of art, or thought, or nature, by which they are surrounded. They are really people who want to lick all the jam off life without ever getting to its crust. The American expatriates who have distinguished themselves can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Most of the others form a non-producing class, deteriorating in quality as it increases in numbers. The expatriates draw their income from American sources, contribute nothing but abuse in return, and are as unprofitable to the country of their adoption as to that of their parentage. With the exception of the few American women who have married happily abroad and who have had the wisdom to heartily espouse the country as well as the husband, the expatriates are aliens wherever they may be. They hobnob lustily with other aliens and abuse the institutions of their chosen residence with a virulence only suppressed during their rare visits to America; they openly contemn the religion, the politics, the national institutions of the country where they have established themselves, contribute nothing toward its defences or its development, and die, after forty or fifty years' exile, in profound ignorance of all that is best in their surroundings. If they behave themselves, they are regarded with amused tolerance by the social world of their alienship, used unscrupulously when they are willing to pay for its fads, and forgotten the moment anything of real importance is in hand. Why not? They have no connection with family events; Pietro's marriage, Adèle's dowry, Fritz's examinations, the thousand-and-one threads that hold families abroad so closely together, have nothing to do with the alien. He cannot help or hinder —cannot even understand the strength of the tie which makes these things the supreme interest of the moment, not only to the young people's parents but to all the branches of the clan. On the Continent the Family still ranks before every other consideration, and woe to the selfish or careless member who slights its claims; among English-speaking peoples it has virtually ceased to be, and this is one of the fundamental reasons why the foreigner does not respect voluntary aliens of our race. These are scarcely ever regarded as moral equals,

and they are only accepted as social intimates when they have some personal gifts of the highest order, such as delightful conversation, pre-eminent beauty, or the social genius—this last a thing so rare among us that it should hardly be placed on the list at all.

No one can deny that there do occur concatenations of circumstances which afford true and worthy reasons for a change of nationality. Persons who have acted on such reasons usually find their decision cordially endorsed by the people among whom they dwell. It is only the aimless confirmed expatriate who is a thing of small value. When a man has lost all sense of duty to his country and is content to decide his fate at the dictates of mere taste, he is something very like a degenerate, and the reformation of degenerates is hopeless. But there is another and a far graver side to the question. What future lies before the thousands of American children condemned to grow up in a land where they have neither place nor birthright? Many of them would gladly assume the nationality of their chance home, merely to feel, in school-room parlance, that they "belong somewhere." But here the expatriate parent steps in with fierce denunciations of his fellow-inhabitants, with horrid accusations against their morality, with high-flown speeches about the disgrace of renouncing one's country; with, finally, the threat of compulsory military service if he talks to his boys and that of faithless or tyrannical husbands if he speaks to the girls. So the young people grow up, waifs and strays on the face of the earth, believing in few things, surface followers of the rags of a religion which their elders learned "back" in Boston or New York (and which usually takes the form of blind abuse of the faith and practice of the most earnest souls around them), dilettantes forever, because no valid motive of ambition is set before them. I know of few things more significantly pathetic than the fate of these sons and daughters of the expatriates.

Deep in the soul of our race is the desire to be with our own folk. During my own childhood and youth (the personal note must be forgiven me in view of the weight of personal testimony in such matters) I was surrounded by all that could make life attractive, in the most beautiful city in the world, the Rome of the Popes. I was taught by charming and intelligent people, given every chance that an alien child can have. Some months of the year were devoted to travelling and sightseeing in various parts of Europe. Pleasant friends, many gaieties, constant encouragement from kind elders in my favorite studies—all these things made a delightful playground for youth. But the playground lacked something. My people were inclined to despise the Romans, whom I loved. Catholicism, toward which my instincts then, as my reason later, turned unerringly, was anathema to my elders, brought up, as they had been, with all the prejudices of Protestantism; the great religious ceremonies were presented to me as mere dramatic spectacles. And always and through all, I wanted "folks" of my own. We belonged to no one and no one belonged to us. The loneliness which this privation inflicts on young people is never understood by the mature expatriate. I remember the wild delight with which we hailed a family of cousins who came to pay us a visit, and the envy which their casual talk of their free happy life in America filled our hearts. We could never go out of the house without a duenna; when we appeared in the streets on foot we had to wear the simplest of black dresses, and avoid the most frequented thoroughfares; these we could only traverse in our own carriage, for the fiacre was not proper for young girls. A whole party of the latter could not receive a man friend unless a chaperon were present. We were hampered by a thousand restrictions, fitting and necessary for the people among whom we lived, but galling to our more independent souls. Our American cousins seemed so freely happy and so happily free, so frank and hopeful, that in spite of a certain pity for their ignorance and inexperience, we, younger than they, sighed in their presence as the aged sigh over their vanished youth.

For, although Americans are not very successful home makers, the young people here have, I think, more chances of healthy enjoyment and development than any others in the world. Excepting the children of the very rich, who start with the heavy handicap of irresponsible wealth, American boys and girls really seem to have the world at

their feet. Apart from the sophisticated appreciations of a would-be smart set, no honest occupation brings abasement. The boy, who sold newspapers or the girl who was a waitress in summer hotels, does not feel in later years that there is a page of youth to be carefully covered from the eyes of associates in maturity. In the common schools a certain healthy acquaintance with humanity is made, and a feeling of equality in chances engendered such as can never come from separate and specialized education. If the instruction given is not all that it should be, that is not the fault of the teachers, but of the books supplied. Some years ago I heard a very grave accusation brought forward by an eminent American literary man to explain the school-book defect. He assured me that it was owing to the avarice of the authorities (political, not scholastic) who, in certain States, agreed, for value received, to recommend the purchase of superannuated books on which the publishers no longer had to pay royalties, and with which they could supply the schools at a fine profit to themselves, even after the necessary palm grease had changed hands. I have no means of knowing whether this statement still holds true, but if it does, the most atrocious offence is being committed against the nation's whole future intelligence.

Nevertheless, after discounting all possible drawbacks, I would have the Powers that be pass a law to the effect that all children of Americans residing abroad should be obliged to spend a certain number of the years of their minority on American soil, on pain of losing their rights of citizenship. The voluntary expatriates of the first generation are deplorable enough, but the involuntary ones of the second are in disastrous case and innocent of its causes.

It seems to me that this question of the second generation is the chief point of importance in the whole argument between the expatriate and the patriot, yet both have passed it over. The first, in his witty and incisive article, put himself outside the pale of earnest discussion by holding up personal tastes, ease, and comfort, as the deciding motives in life, leaving duty to country out altogether. The second showed himself as the poor defender of a good cause, since he merely returned abuse for abuse, adducing some far-fetched and (in my own long experience of life abroad) unprecedented accusations against foreign manners and customs. Such things prove nothing. Discomforts and rudenesses are to be met with everywhere if we diligently look for them. It is true that the free citizen in America in this year of Grace may not carry his cigarettes on the train, as he passes through certain States, without running the risk of being heavily fined; also that he is being gradually condemned to cold-water stomach ache all over the country, through the interference of well-meaning but short-sighted authorities—whom he has himself called into being to repress a horrible evil which is entirely due to his own original greed, supineness and indifference. I must take it on trust that the Customs inspector at New York is a very arbitrary and disagreeable person, for in my own many comings and goings, as well as in those of my family, not the slightest annoyance has ever been suffered. Still, let him be as bad as he is made out, he can scarcely be more trying than the Italian Octroi official who insists on inspecting your luncheon basket at the lines of every township between Castellammare and Sorrento. He may have known you and your family all his life, but he will make you pay duty on a ten-cent packet of crackers if he can. Foreign governments do not exclusively mind their own business, any more than does ours. The workman who walks a mile to his day's work in Italy has to pay duty at the town gate on the half pound of sour bread that he carries with him for his dinner; the German Customs officer will pull to pieces the entire contents of a Christmas postal parcel, tear off labels, cards, and ribbons, and then charge duty on a tumbled mass of trifles whose whole value consisted in the loving daintiness with which each had been designed and put up to meet the tastes of the different members of the family.

All these things are irritating to the last degree, but reasonable people know that some annoyances must come into the day's work for every one who stands to his place in the ranks, who is not a mere epicurean, and that it is as unjustifiable for a man to abandon his country on their account as it would be to disinherit a child because it gives trouble in teething. And this is, in a way, the case of America. The older

countries across the water are the true Fatherlands of their inhabitants, supplying for their guidance the inheritances, experiences, and traditions of a venerable and storied past. America is still the child of its citizens; in their hands lies its future; and it is showing just now the faults and weaknesses of a youth whose education has suddenly been taken from the care of wise and competent masters and given over to vulgar and unscrupulous persons. If the old ideals were really dead past hope of resuscitation, would not that misfortune be largely the fault of the "Best Americans" who think more of keeping their hands clean than of using them in the service of their country? Perhaps the ideals are not dead, but only dormant; yet these people stand a great way off and rail at the condition of things. In so doing they accuse themselves, for the young country has no faults which they have not transmitted or encouraged. If they disapprove of it on honest grounds, their first duty is to help it to better things, first to the consciousness, and then to the development, of the many splendid qualities which it in truth possesses, but which must inevitably be submerged and lost if the best Americans refuse to be responsible for America's fate.

CHANGE

By C. A. Price

Oh, it's home—home—
But it's home no more to me,
Though little is the change
That my weary eyes can see.

Still the water shines and flows,
Still the sea-gulls wheel and cry,
Still the west with sunset glows
And the moon swims in the sky.

Still the fisher-boats come in,
Round the light and drop the sail,
Still I hear the voices thin
From the shore give answering hail.

Is it last year's bird that sings
Hidden somewhere in the eaves?
Is it last year's flower that springs
Just there, in its clustering leaves?

Still the ships' bells give the hour,
Still, afar, the bugles play;
Peace was once this moment's dower—
Oh, what is it ails the day!

Oh, it's home—home—
But it's home no more to me!

THE POINT OF VIEW

WHY is it that an artist who has won his way to the front by the practise of one craft often finds himself allured to adventure himself within the unexplored confines of a neighboring art? Tennyson, for instance, was not content to voice the moods of his contemporaries in exquisite lyrics; he insisted on discovering himself to be devoid of the essential qualifications of the dramatist. George Eliot, after having presented moral problems successfully in a series of novels, was not satisfied until she had made her appearance also as a writer of essays dealing formally with moral themes. Gérôme, one of the most ingenious and accomplished of painters, turned to sculpture in the maturity of his powers as though he did not find scope sufficient of full self-expression in the pictorial art; and Mr. Macmonnies, the sculptor, has more recently laid aside the chisel for the brush.

Two Strings to the Bow

This may seem to be mere restlessness, the result of the weariness with technic which is the consequence of over-familiarity. The artist may feel that he has exhausted all the possibilities of his own craft; he may fear that he has sounded its limitations; and he longs for more arts to conquer, stimulated by the hope of grappling with unknown difficulties. "All arts are one," as an American poet once put it, "all fingers on one hand." But the processes of the several arts are distinct; and it is the process that the born artist revels in, joying in the invigorating effort to spy out its secrets. The aims of the sculptor and of the painter are akin and yet not alike. The training of either is a great help toward the work of the other; and yet the technic has to be acquired anew. The problems to be solved are similar, but the methods of approach are not quite the same; and the artist finds himself refreshed by an excursion into a field with which he is not actually familiar, even though it closely resembles ground which he has already measured.

François Coppée, the poetic dramatist, a romanticist in his plot-making and a parnassian in his verse-making, was glad to lay aside his singing robes and write realistic short-stories in prose, bringing forth life among the lowly in the Paris of his own time. Ludovic Halévy, librettist of the frisky Grand-Duchess of Gérolstein and of the beautiful Helen of Troy, turned away from these fantasies in dialogue to dwell lovingly on the kindly charm of the good Abbé Constantin. Here were two playwrights who gave up play writing for story telling; and this is a change of occupation which is rather uncommon and which seems to suggest a certain relaxing of energy in these two dramatists as they approached the confines of old age. Far more often do we find the novelists anxious to master the mysteries of the stage. The technic of the drama is far harder to acquire than that of the novel, and it is therefore more alluring to the genuine artist, who relishes the resolute struggle with difficulty.

Indeed, the theatre itself forces the playwright to take thought of his structure, whereas the novelist is under no compulsion whatever, free to tell his story in the most slovenly fashion if only it happens to be a story worth telling. In England in the nineteenth century fiction was the chosen art of various men and women of genius, and yet all through that period it might be described not unfairly as the product of unskilled labor. The Victorian novel is quite as shapeless and as sprawling as the Elizabethan drama. The demands of prose-fiction, even in France, where standards of proportion and construction have always been maintained, are too lax to satisfy writers who like to be forced always to do their best. It is probably the greater difficulty of the drama which tempted Mr. Barrie and M. Hervieu to relinquish the prose-fiction in which they won their fame, and to devote themselves in the fullness of their powers to story telling on the stage—just as it was probably the greater difficulty of sculpture which led Gérôme to turn away from painting now and again.

MR. PERRY ROBINSON'S recent book on the "Twentieth Century American," written by an Englishman who lived and worked for a score of years in the United States, differs from the other books of similar scope and purpose in that no critic on either side can say of the author "he has not seen," but only, and much more doubtfully, "he has not understood." And this is a bold thing to say when the opportunities of one's author have been equal to one's own, and when one cannot deny that he has availed himself of them. With these advantages, the judgments of the "foreigner," with his opportunities of comparison and his preconceived standards, are even more valuable than those of the native, whose standards are by hypothesis derived from the very phenomena which are in question.

"Culture" and "Crazes"

The chapter entitled "A Comparison in Culture" will be less agreeable reading, doubtless, in the United Kingdom than in the United States. For it is plain that the author, in spite of his mild denegations, agrees at bottom with the "entirely competent English critic" whom he cites as declaring that, "while there may be less erudition in America, there is conspicuously more culture." It would be pedantic to call, at this point, for a definition of terms, since what is meant on both sides by "culture" is quite clear enough for the purpose of such a discussion. Take Burke's definition of attention to "whatever has a tendency to bless or to adorn life." Take Arnold's of "a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world." Either will do. And, obviously the greatest enemy of either is self-complacency, intellectual protectionism, insular inhospitality to imported ideas. There cannot be much question on which side this obstacle to culture is most obstinate. It is not until a thing is done in England that, for British purposes, it can be said to have been done at all. To take a trivial instance, the billiard player Ives had to go to London to demonstrate to the Briton that the insular game of billiards could be "beaten." He might have gone on for a lifetime making that demonstration in Chicago without "bringing it home" to the Briton.

Mr. Robinson shrewdly points out, in explanation of the differences in the diffusion of culture, that whereas any American may say, and all Americans do think:—"The best is good enough for me," there are large social sections of the British Isles by which "the best," even in point of mental accomplishment, is admitted to be for their catechismal "betters." Readers will remember that Uriah Heep declined learning Latin upon the ground that the knowledge of it might be held to be a blot upon the scutcheon of his 'umbleness. But one of the most striking points of Mr. Robinson's exegesis is his contention that the very "fads" and "crazes" in which the insular Briton may deem American culture to consist may really be highly conducive to culture. That Western "Goethe Club" of which the satirist (and very likely inventor) declared that the majority of its members pronounced the name of its sponsor to rhyme with "teeth," that "Dante Club," which, on the same authority was known to itself as the "Dant Club," may have been really conducive to culture. Suppose, says Mr. Robinson, successive "crazes," say for Omar Khayyam, Ibsen, Rodin, Grieg, and M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," to ravage a community, and to give rise to a general solicitude of weeks or months to know what can be known about each of these artists, to an absorbed reading, inspecting or hearing of their works, even with a view on the part of the students to "papers,"—is not the state of that community more gracious, as to "culture," than the state of a community which is cheerfully content to know nothing about any of them except that they are "not English"? After the "craze" has blown over, is there not some residuum of something better and more fruitful than the neighborhood gossip which is the likeliest alternative to the succession of epidemics? The norm and model of a "cultured" town remains Athens, as is proven by the fact that towns which pique themselves on their culture, from Edinburgh to Boston, have aspired to be called after its name. And yet it was noted of that paragon of culture, when a highly observant, candid and critical tourist visited it and was invited by a deputation of leading citizens to deliver a lecture, that the inhabitants were engrossed in the pursuit of novelties, given over, in fact, to "crazes." Let not aspiring and capricious American communities by any means despair! Their temper is not Boeotian; it is Athenian.

NOT long since a little lad of four, disillusioned with life and its discipline, announced to his mother his intention of living with her no longer. He was going—

a pause followed wherein a vision of an ideal state crept into the blue eyes—"to that empty house up the road, to live with the 'ams (animals) forever and ever, and talk bad Eng. (English)." It was something in his face as he spoke which set me to reviewing all the Utopias of which I have read or dreamed, both those floating in limbo between this world and another, and those which boldly conjure up the world to come. One by one, as I compared them with little Jack's, I found them lacking in charm.

Paradise Indeed

That the pictures made by human kind of the land of the heart's desire are unsatisfactory is a commonplace; no other attempt of the imagination so definitely betrays the limits wherein our lives are set. From Plato to Shelley, from Sir Thomas More to Edward Bellamy, no dreamer has discovered anything but a singular monotony of dream in regard to perfect happiness, and the best we can say of these Utopias is that none of them have come to pass. Plato's "Republic" is fortunately not yet. None have found and few have searched for Sir Thomas More's land of ideal justice wherein wisdom is wealth, and riches of gold and jewels are despised. Even Shelley failed to show us aught to be desired in his Caucasian vale of fulfilment, and his soaring imagination drooped and faltered in that soft atmosphere of his conjuring where there was nothing to protest against. They have failed, one and all, in their dreamed-of heavens; the endless light and endless song of St. John the divine, in that land beyond the murmur of the sea, do not allure us. The "hollow spaces" of these imagined countries are not filled with "delightful color, and form, and sound," and the human spirit will none of them.

There is but one vision of paradise that seems paradise indeed, and that is of the Celtic folk, described in Lady Gregory's translation of "Gods and Fighting Men." Can any other equal this in reality, picturing the unknown beauty in terms of beauty that we know?

"A comely level land through the length of the world's age and many blossoms falling on it. There is an old tree there with blossoms, and birds calling from among them; every color is shining there. . . . To be without grief, without sorrow, without death, without any sickness—it is not common wonder that is. . . . It is a day of lasting weather; silver is dropping on the land—a pure white cliff at the edge of the sea getting its warmth from the sun."

It is deeply significant that, in this most vivid dream of endless joy, a sense of need of friendly animals is strong. *Oisin.* "O Patrick, tell me as a secret, since it is you have the best knowledge, will my dog or my hound be let in with me to the Court of the King of Grace?" Oisin refuses a mere Christian paradise which has no place for hound or horse. "If I had acquaintance with God, and my hound to be at hand, I would make whoever gave food to myself give a share to my hound as well."

Here, and here only, among recorded visions, we have that touch of reality which little Jack's longing supplies, though, now that I think of it, the millennium makes another exception. "Live with the ams"; a future of endless sympathy is opened up by the phrase, and endless "bad Eng." with this sweet companionship would suggest almost too delightful possibilities. Noble horse, beloved dog, the world of flying, creeping, running wild things—surely we shall need them all! What dreary sense of lack would follow the loss of the "old familiar faces"! We can hardly afford to miss from our idea of the endless consolations of eternity anything that has been of genuine solace in time. In moments of grief beyond words, the silent understanding of a dumb animal comes nearer to comforting than do the spoken words of one's kind. Science tells us that our kinship with bird and beast goes farther back than our kinship with human beings, and this perhaps accounts for the depth of their wordless sympathy in our trouble, our depth of wordless grief in their loss. Surely, if the soul may have its choice of houses, I shall search beyond the dim abstract of all other dream worlds for the land of Oisin and little Jack, seeking there friendships old and new with bird and beast.

Perhaps, too, a touch of the animal within us as without is necessary to convince us of reality in these dream worlds. Those imaginary perfected states of perfected man cut us off too sharply from our long history through beast and beast to something more. There may be symbolism deeper than we know in the old story of the return of Oisin from the paradise of his pagan kin. Did he not crumble into dust in getting off his horse? These seers who fail to tell us of possible life in the light of that which we are, rob our future of the very basis of life itself; we shall do well not to make too great haste in alighting from the "am." Evolution must have its revelation

of perfect happiness before we can believe. What pathetic suggestion of the depth of human suffering, what a record of unachieved experience lies in the fact that our dreamers make the world to come as unlike as possible to the world which we know! Yet surely there can be small reality of spiritual peace cut off from spiritual struggle! In reading of endless calm to follow our long conflict we are homesick for earth, crying out for the old fight. From a vision of smooth golden streets our wayward feet flee, feeling for the familiar stumbling blocks that have helped measure our progress over rough ways. A paradise of endless rest is no fit habitation for the aspiring souls of earth, nor can we yet conceive an endurable immortality without a touch of the "am."

As to Economy

I REMEMBER it used to be the fashion to say that everyone had some pet economy, and I have heard people compare notes on the subject. One person would rather spoil good clothes than take a cab, another confessed that black pins seemed an expensive luxury, still another grudged more than one sheet of paper to a letter, and when that sheet was filled, and there was more to say, used the tiny scraps torn from old letters; while the old gentlemen whose experience went back to a tax on matches, were given to lighting their pipes and burning their fingers with wisps of paper, and took pride in the number of gas-burners which they could touch off with a single match, running from library to hall and from hall to back passage-way with their tiny torch. Myself, I have many economies, but they are none of them pets. I loathe them all with almost equal ardor. It has occurred to me sometimes that it must be a great luxury to a person of limited means to be really stingy, to be abstemious *con amore*, for the sake of the money thus saved; to find one's pleasure, not in acquiring, but in doing without; not in giving gifts, but in adding their cost to one's store. With a heart open to extravagance I enviously contemplate those of my acquaintances who are not beset by my temptations. Happy mortals! Their pleasure and their profit go hand in hand. And yet they too have their bad moments. There is the recurring anguish of paying for the necessaries of life, and on the whole, in the average man's life the unavoidable occasions for spending must come more frequently into the day's work than the opportunities for saving. One must have food, clothes and shelter, and most people are, to some extent, proud and want to appear as well as their neighbors. What a struggle it is when pride meets avarice! I wonder, after all, whether the sum of the miser's repeated pangs does not, on the whole, equal the distress of the poor spendthrift when he pulls his last dollar out of his pocket and reflects that his next remittance will not be due for another month; although that is a sickening moment and it is then that one envies the miser. Still, we cannot all be born prudent.

I remember coming across the remark of a clever writer to the effect that there is one luxury which the very rich can never have—the happiness of getting something which they know they cannot afford. To that saying I thrilled responsive. True it is that you cannot have your cake and eat it too, but what joy in the eating of it! *Cake*, mind you. None of your homely, everyday, plain loaf of bread or joint of meat—there's no fun in the butcher's bill—but the cake of high days and holydays. You never want the thing you can afford with half the passionate longing with which you yearn for that which is beyond your means, and with what a sense of adventure do you once in a way tempt fortune by getting it.

In making this confession anonymity is my refuge from the disapproval of the wise and prudent babes of the younger generation. Children and children-in-law would arise to reprove me for such reprehensible principles and such imprudent practice. In fact, I deprecate it as much as they can, and consider economy among the chief of the virtues. Not the stupid stinginess of the miser, but the enlightened thrift of those who, in the words of the proverb, spare to spend. For instance, I have always felt that I had a head for affairs, but not having a heart for economy, there never has been a purse for affairs. So I make good resolutions and start a fresh page in my little red leather account book—a book which has lasted me for years and bids fair to last me forever; so there, at least, is thrift for you. But ah, the good times that I have had when, flinging economy to the winds, I have eaten my cake! And for the rest, no one ever has to go without jam on his bread because I ate my cake—which is a point of importance for the spendthrift to note.

·THE FIELD OF ART·



Normandy.

GEORGE FREDERICK MUNN

ON February 10, 1907, George Munn, painter, passed over to the majority, and I, his fellow-student and life-long friend, wish to set down as best I may a slight tribute to his personality and genius. His was a rare spirit—a steadfast one—and always unfalteringly true to the highest standards of his art.

In the year 1873 he passed those examinations which qualified him for studentship in sculpture at the Royal Academy. He had come to us, a gold medalist from the Kensington Art Schools, and soon took a silver medal for modelling at the R. A. Schools. Having passed into the Upper or Life School sooner than most of us, he abandoned sculpture and took up painting with the greatest enthusiasm. His fine sense of color was shown in his very first study. From that day on he gathered strength and won golden opinions from all his brother students. Not satisfied with what the Academy Schools could give him, Munn pursued his studies at Julien's and Muncaczy's Studios in Paris, and came back a ripe painter. The young man's determination, enthusiasm, sincerity, and reverence had won for him the highest possible training, and he became indeed "armed and well prepared" for the pursuit of the art he so dearly loved. His pictures, both landscapes and figures, were soon to be found in the leading London galleries: the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, the British Artists, the New and the Dudley galleries. His landscapes, mostly painted in Brittany and Normandy, were of the highest order, and some, indeed, as fine as any that have ever been painted. He could draw a tree that would have satisfied even Ruskin; his sense of color and tone were pure and true, and his style quite free from affectation. There was an original and individual quality which pervaded the whole of his work, combined with a great refinement and a



Normandy Sand Dunes.

great strength. The painters, I should say, who influenced his work most while a student, were Pelluse, Mason, Frederick Walker, and, preëminently, Watts. Had health permitted him to pursue his art, his fame as a painter would have gone across the length and breadth of the lands. J. Forbes-Robertson.

To the above may be added the following brief notice by the Honorable Stephen Coleridge:

It is now more than twenty-five years ago that George Munn came upon us all in London, bearing about him something so fresh and strange as instantly to command attention, and in a little while revealing such qualities of heart and mind as to win the affection of all who came to know him well.

Painting is a form of expression or nothing at all, and a narrow mind and a cold heart never yet had anything to confer upon mankind; but George Munn possessed a wide vision and most tender sympathies, and he cherished a sense of honor almost too delicate for these material days; his exquisite sensibilities and stainless taste were present in every line of his work. The picture of his that I possess, hung in the place of honor at the end of the long room at the Grosvenor Gallery in its last year of existence, was called "In Chancery." It is a large work, and represents an old Manor House standing desolate and empty, with the garden before it full of tall grass and wild flowers, and behind a mass of dark, immemorial trees with the rooks wheeling above them.

All great painting appeals to the heart because it comes from it, and for this reason I value this picture more than any that I possess.

George Munn went from us in London as suddenly as he came, but we shall none of us ever cease to recall his memory with admiration and affection. S. C.

The paintings of George Frederick Munn are marked examples of that tendency toward naturalism of the best sort which is characteristic of American landscape painting.

"Normandy" [page 637] shows a side of his work which is indeed not touched upon in either of the articles printed above. This picture, more than any other composition of his known to the present writer, is "impressionistic" in its drawing; by which phrase is meant that no attempt has been made to render details or even to express strongly such important facts as the growth of the trees, the modulation of the earth's surface, the articulation of the leafage, the building up of clouds. Such a treatment of landscape effect is precisely as legitimate as a minutely rendered set of details working together to build up a result—a picture like one of the Liber Studiorum prints, with

great insistence upon the anatomy of tree forms. Just as legitimate, and in one sense more nearly artistic, from the fact that it is so much more easy to invest such a study as this with lovely light and warm color than it is to combine those supreme excellences with the severe drawing of natural form.

But consider "Normandy Sand Dunes" [page 638], in which the trees are drawn with almost a Turneresque touch — with quite a Turneresque desire for accuracy in the anatomy of ramification. This picture is, indeed, a faithful study of a hillside crowned by the trees in question; but that is precisely the theme of these remarks. Munn knew how to represent such a simple piece of natural landscape, seizing its charm and recording it for the permanent possession of those before whose eyes it would never appear again in reality. As for its chief meaning, there is really nothing more delightful than a faultless piece of natural scenery, and all that the landscape painter can do—all that we dare to ask of Martin or of Inness, of Constable or of Turner, is to reproduce that when seen, or insensibly to modify something not quite so perfect until it reaches the ideal glory which the mind of the great artist conceives as the practiced brush does its work.

"Brittany" below is a picture reminding us of what Homer Martin used to paint, during his last few years of life, from 1890 to 1897. In it is seen the same reserve—the same content with a simple scene; a slight hollow between slowly rising hills, and a suggested water-course marking the bottom of the little valley. The top of the hill on the left is marked by a screen of trees, between the trunks of which the light of the horizon is seen to shine—so thin is the screen, so few are the trees which make it up. In this way the hill is insisted on as a narrow ridge, a part of a rolling country, beyond which ridge another such valley will be found, if we walk only a quarter of a mile in that direction. On the right the same structure of the ground is visible, but there the rain and the rough weather have eaten away the rounded hill into the semblance of a little cliff, and the scraggy bushes emphasize and insist upon that broken character of the ground. Between these slight acclivities is the low-lying valley with its stream, a boulder or two laid bare by the deeper run of the winter torrent, and what seem to be dwarf willows here and there set in the wet ground near the brook. Long and low stretches this green landscape, a perfect reach of pasture ground as seen in our eastern country-side, and above it is a sky full of summer clouds of that uncertain August weather which threatens and yet promises, offering alternation of showers and sunshine. The disturbed birds which fill the sky with their busy flight, sweeping by as if to escape a threatened



Brittany.



Trawlers at rest.

cataclysm, suggest a storm more decidedly than the clouds alone can do. The more I contemplate this picture, the more pleasant it is to me. It brings up again that obvious remark printed above—that there is no landscape more lovely than a faithful or slightly modified study of peaceful natural conditions.

A piece of more thoughtful work, of more deliberate expression of sentiment, appears above in which a study of a steep river-bank reminds one of Homer Martin's work during the summer he spent in Normandy. This is an admirable composition, whether it owes its charm to nature, almost wholly, or has been in part the work of the artist's modifying mind and hand. The simple houses, crowning the cliff in the most perfect fashion, lend themselves at once to that place in nature and in the work of art; and beyond them to the right are seen the spires which suggest a larger stretch of the town in that direction and the presence of a community of men. Then the extreme foreground is filled with the fisher's boat, a yawl-rigged cutter, on the forward deck of which a small flame and rising smoke are visible; whether this is to attract fish to the net or whether it is part of the crew's cookery being uncertain. It makes a streaming banner of light in the foreground, and that is all that we ask. Here, again, birds, numerous and in this case large and near at hand, are sweeping by, showing us how strongly the artist was impressed by the free life of the flying creatures.

These admirable pictures are good to see, even in their dress of black and white reproduction. If the canvases could be brought together in one of our museum galleries, even for a loan exhibition, that would be a fortunate town and a fortunate museum which should possess them for a day.

R. S.



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"RELIGION."

—"Abbey's Latest Mural Paintings," page 656.



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ABBEY'S DECORATIONS AT HARRISBURG.

A study for the head of the figure "Religion." (See back of frontispiece.)

—"Abbey's Latest Mural Paintings," page 656.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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ROBERT BURNS'S COUNTRY

THE HEART OF AYRSHIRE

By George McLean Harper

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK L. EMANUEL

I REMEMBER, when I was a child, snatching a fearful joy from surreptitious glimpses of a wicked picture in a copy of Burns belonging to my grandfather, who was a minister. I would loiter in his library after reciting my Latin to this grave and venerable man, and affect an interest in other books, Rutherford's "Letters," perhaps, or Turrettini's "Body of Divinity," till I thought I might venture a glance into the big "Burns." The print, to which I then greedily turned, raised in my breast certain delicious points of casuistry. For it illustrated, with no sparing of details as to horns and cloven hoofs or any other requisite, the breathless jig which Burns composed extempore at a meeting of gaugers, "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman"—an improper picture for me to look at, I well knew, and how much worse, then, for a minister to possess! And, moreover, a Scotch minister, Scotchmen being regarded in our village as more pious than other people. On the other hand, being a Scotchman, was it not fitting that he should honor the great poet? And was it not well, indeed, that a minister should have a human side and take his Burns straight, swallowing the muckle devil and "The Cotter's Saturday Night" boldly together? My opinion of the gentle old man was rather elevated than depressed by mature consideration of this subject and its outlying branches. The good things of life, I instinctively felt, went along with the real things. The grin and fling of animal spirits, the mysterious movings of Nature, the earthly mould, the fleshly habitation, had claims upon us, and it was to his credit that my grandfather, though a minister, and Scotch, was man enough to face facts.

There is a twinkle of humor, as I have since learned, in the eye of every Scot, which proclaims him capable of seeing subjects in more than one light. The Scotch feel the sting of the senses, I am convinced, as keenly as men of any other race, and are as soon set a-quiver with the caresses of the Earth-Spirit. If they have got a reputation for self-mastery they have fairly earned it. Contrary to what is perhaps the prevalent opinion, I have found them vivacious, gay, and wildly disposed, as quick-witted and mobile as the French, and almost as sentimental as the Germans. Their ancestors played strange tricks upon themselves at the Reformation, and the game was kept up with a grim face during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, until, by the time Burns appeared, Scotland, and almost every Scottish heart, were curiously divided into two imperfectly related societies. On the one hand was an ascetic disdain of luxury, pomp, art, and even the comforts and amenities of existence; on the other hand an eager joy in life. There were not a few generous and ample souls in whom a love of spiritual perfection mingled harmoniously with a more instinctive acceptance of things as they are; but the tendency was to go to extremes. Many of the strongest natures in Scottish history were either fanatics or sensualists, either austerely self-repressed or fiercely self-willed.

The Renaissance in Scotland was rather the liberation of the middle and lower

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classes from the oppression of monks and lords than the birth of humanism. It brought about the establishment of a popular religion and a popular system of education, and made Scotland one of the most democratic countries in the world, but did little at first to advance the arts or refine the manners of the nation. The Palace of James V in Stirling Castle is as good an illustration of this failure as one need look for. Its decorations are grotesque and barbarous, a travesty of art, and an index to the levity, the grossness, of the Scottish court. Among the people, however, in course of time, the parish schools and the universities fostered a regard for learning and provided an outlook over the world of history, philosophy, and literature. By the middle of the eighteenth century, a large part of the Lowland population, even to the class of small tenant farmers and village artisans, were free and enlightened, and were finding scope, in the national poetry, history, and theology, for the exercise of their native love of romance and their skill in logical discussion. This emancipation is justly accredited to the Reformation, and particularly to John Knox.

No more than anywhere else, however, has the town workingman been puritanized or spiritualized in Scotland. To all appearances, the man with a greasy neck-cloth wound about his throat, the man with a red nose generally, whom one sees at dock or factory work or dismally looking for diversion in Scotch cities, is alien to the kirk. The ideal world, whether of the present or of the future, the world of romance and excitement, adventure, gayety, and color, for which he has a natural and lively desire, he beholds chiefly through the bottom of a whiskey glass, and from Monday to Saturday his soul abhors the deception, and he is sombre and looks unhappy. I am referring, with that small degree of right which casual observation gives a traveller, to the foul dregs of the large towns, obviously the victims of drink and *ennui*, and apparently more sodden and more numerous proportionally than the corresponding class in Continental, English, and American cities. It would seem that a Puritan civilization affords too little harmless dissipation and sets its more spiritual benefits beyond the reach of these poor people.

There is one small district in Ayrshire where the brave but narrow religious life of Puritan Scotland, the belated humanism of the eighteenth century, and the comment of genius upon them both are brought to mind in a half-day's walk. In so short a time did I behold the grave of the Prophet Peden, the ancestral home of James Boswell, and the fields where Robert Burns strove to accommodate in his spacious sympathy the bitter and the sweet of Scottish life.

I was told by the keeper of the Burns monument at the Brig o' Doon that more than ten thousand pilgrims had visited that shrine, and doubtless also the birthplace hard by, in one week last summer. At that rate a large part of the world needs no description of the cottage where the poet was born. Neither the Shakespeare house at Stratford, nor the Goethe house at Frankfurt, plays so affectingly upon one's emotions. This is a far humbler birthplace—a closet in a kitchen—and the great son of that little house died a cottager as he began. There was no New Place and no Weimar mansion in store for him. The sympathetic tear springs as naturally there, I think, as in any other of earth's memorable spots, and it swells on a flood of pride—pride that a man, and a very poor man, could be so great. I thought scorn of the ostentatiously rich family whom I met descending from a motor-car at the door. Very likely they shed tears in the cottage themselves, and felt scorn for nobody. Burns is the poor man's poet, and the best beloved by humble and unlettered people. His fame is, in so far, more general than Shakespeare's. It goes deeper.

It is true that the poet was born near Ayr, and travellers who have seen the Cottage, and the Twa Brigs, and Alloway Kirk, and the Brig o' Doon have been vividly reminded of his humble origin and of several of his best poems. A group of villages further inland was, however, the scene of his fullest activity, his loves and friendships, his early efforts to be a good farmer, and the experiences and observations from which most of his satires and epistles and first songs came. We had seen Ayr and its surroundings, and were glad to accept the offer of a gentleman whose grandfather Burns knew and loved, to go with us to these places in the heart of Ayrshire. "We will catch Hendry's waggonette and go



The Burns cottage (birthplace) at Alloway.

first to Old Cumnock and see the grave of the Prophet Peden, and then come back to Ochiltree for a quiet Sunday, and after that see Auchinleck and Catrine and Mauchline and Mossgiel and Tarbolton."

So on a bright Saturday morning in July we set forth from Ayr, the American professor, our genial Ayrshire friend, and I, and in less than an hour had been left at a small station and were walking over the bold rolling country towards a cross-roads where Mr. Hendry's conveyance was to pass at a certain hour. One peculiarity of Ayrshire scenery is that a good deal of it is visible from any point of considerable elevation, and this too in spite of the fact that the country is well wooded. Hedges and walls are low and the face of the country is openly displayed.

"Yonder flows the Lugar," said Mr. T., with a wave of his arm, "and yon are the banks of 'winding Ayr,' where Burns took leave of Highland Mary—

'Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.'

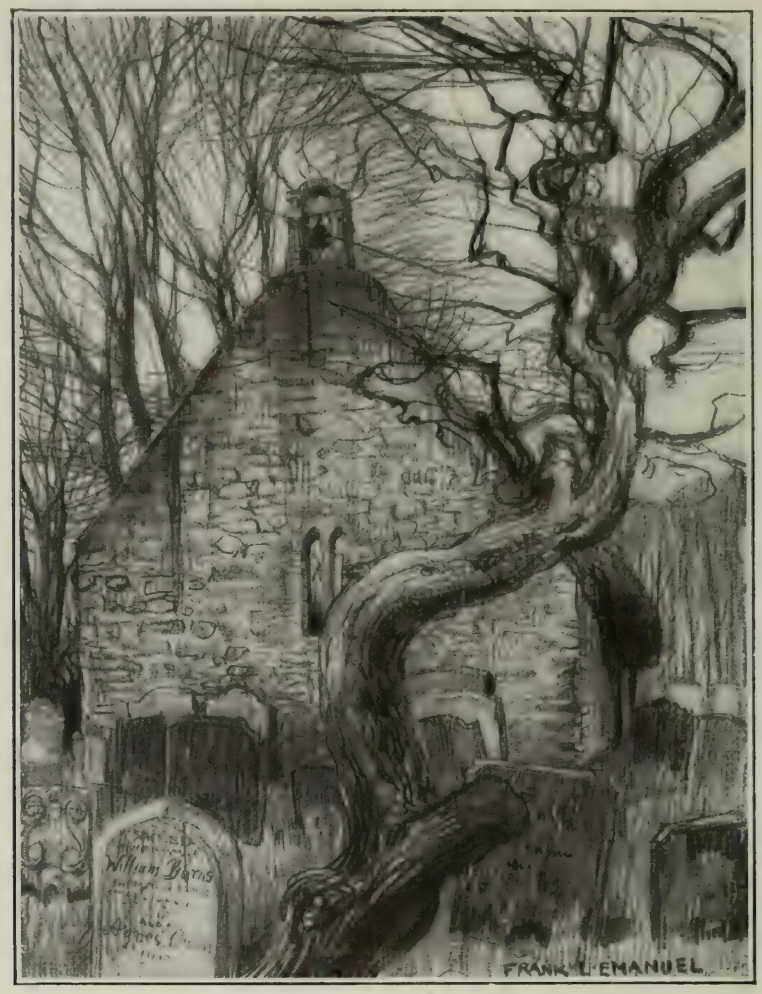
And through that wood we shall come to the braes of Ballochmyle. The family at Ballochmyle House were ill pleased to have a ploughman sing of their young lady; but 'tis now their boast.

'But here at last for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr!
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle.'"

"I doubt you've never heard in America of the University of Ochiltree; yet if you look you'll see it there, at the head of the brae, in Ochiltree village. Just a plain parish school, such as John Knox set up in every town in Scotland; but we had an excellent teacher, a college graduate, who took us through six books of Homer and a good deal of Virgil, Ovid, and Livy. You'll be having much better schools in America, of course, scattered over the country?"

As Mr. T. is not naturally a cruel man, he relieved us from the necessity of replying by calling attention to the carrier's waggonette, which was approaching. The grand big horse, Mr. Hendry himself, a small, white-haired, apple-cheeked man, with a keen twinkling light in his blue eyes, and

the load of women, babies, and boys which filled every part of the vehicle, made a picture of rustic locomotion; and there was a fine display of courtesy when the boys jumped out to walk, the mothers crowded close together, and the babies were allowed to sit on our knees. English country boys, though I like them well enough, do not particularly remind me of American boys, but Scotch boys, especially the barefoot village boys of Ayrshire, reminded me individually of this, that, and the other companion of my youth. The eye which never loses sight of yours, the bare, free brow, the freckles, the plucky mouth, the engaging air of freedom and enterprise and humor, in more than one Ayrshire face, brought up the image of a little group of schoolmates, now scattered from Pennsylvania to New Mexico. The Scotch boys whom I've met on roads and hill-sides have always been about some business of their own, and very much interested in its outcome—evidently had something on their minds, some adventure in hand. They were hurrying to some rendezvous or wearily returning with jars and cans full of tadpoles, or with strings of fish or combs of wild honey. I remember a silent, stoical file of little fellows who passed me once on Arthur's Seat, returning from Duddingston or Craigmillar or the distant seashore, the foremost picking the easiest way with bleeding feet, the two smallest lagging behind, their set faces convulsed by sobs. It was all so natural, and took me back to the afternoon when six of us shut ourselves up in our barn at home and beat one another's legs amicably with cornstalks till the blood flowed.



Alloway Kirk.

(The grave of Burns's parents in foreground.)

Mr. T. is a specialist on churchyards, as well as a repository of Covenanter traditions, and the most delightful lover of Burns I have ever met. When, therefore, we had driven up the long street of Old



Twa Brigs o' Ayr.

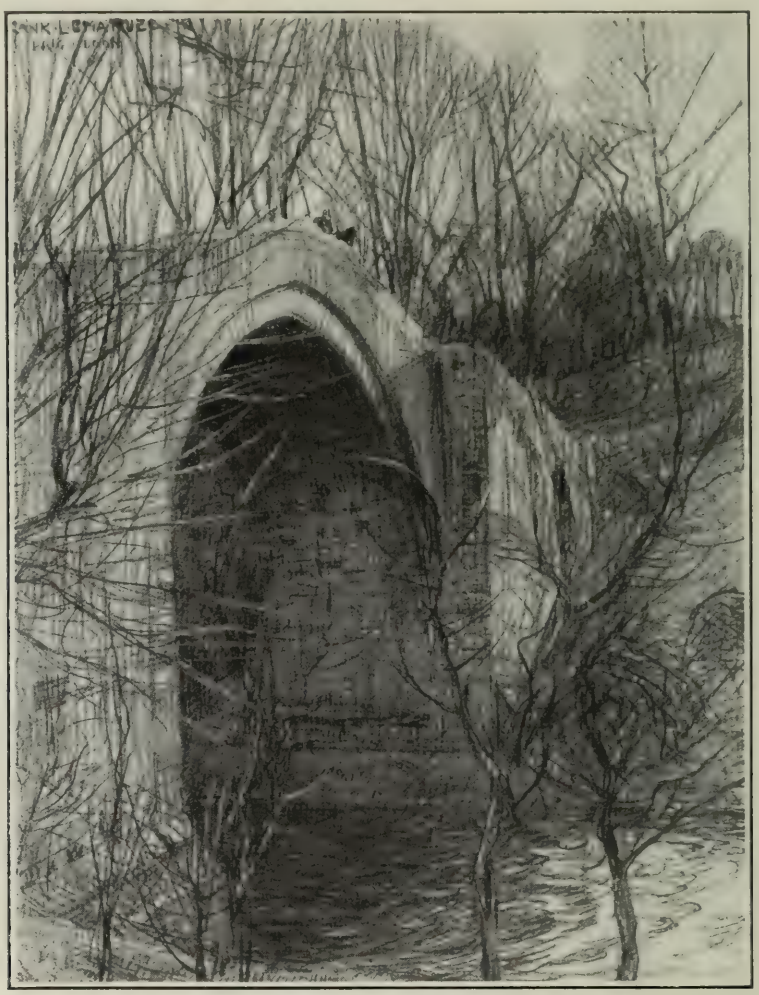
Cumnock, where modern two-story houses have only half supplanted the old white-washed, thatched, one-story cottages, and had disentangled our cramped legs and descended beside the parish cross, we found ourselves presently at the grave of the Prophet Peden, reading one of those vindictive epitaphs by which the Covenanters and their children unto the third and fourth generation sought to keep alive the memory of the persecuting time. This spot was once a place of execution, the Gallows Hill. A passion of love and pride consecrated it to another use more than two hundred years ago. The story is not without a touch of weirdness. Few incidents better illustrate the national character and the strange vicissitudes of Scottish history. Alexander Peden was one of the ministers who refused to submit to Episcopal "collation" when the restored Stuart kings were trying to abash free Presbyterianism. It was death to lodge or feed him or to follow him to the hills and listen to his words. He hid in caves along the Lugar and the Ayr, baptizing children, performing marriages, burying the dead, preaching on the lonely moors, where the white fog fell in answer to his prayer "Cast the lap of thy cloak over auld Sandy and thir puir things, and save us this ane time" heartening faint outcasts with his humor, his anecdotes, his confident predictions, aflame always with patriotic zeal, crying "He is not worth his room in Scotland the day, that prayeth not the half of his time, to see if he can prevent the dreadful wrath that is at your door, coming on your poor motherland." With sadness he foretold the capture of this man, the treachery of that, the slaughter of a bridegroom he was marrying, the rout in the Pentlands and at Bothwell Brig; and these things came to pass. He had but to point a finger at the scoffing maid-servant on the Bass Rock, and she flung herself into the sea; at the soldier who was guarding him, and he refused to serve any more against the King of kings. On the misty moorland simple men caught sight of this portentous figure, "in grey clothes," wearing "a fause-face," his sword, an Andrea Ferrara, clanking as he stalked away; and they readily believed him inspired. Of the faithful Covenanter preachers in the West, Peden was about the only one who escaped death at the hands of the prelatists. But they harried him to his life's end in 1686. The laird of Auchinleck offered the Boswell family tomb for the repose of his body. After six weeks it was dug up by spiteful adversaries, "out of contempt," as his old gravestone records. The winding-sheet flew from their grasp and

settled on an oak tree, which thenceforth ceased to grow upwards, spreading out horizontally, as if in awe. The body was dragged to the gallows foot in Old Cumnock, two miles away. Thereupon the people of that parish placed their own dead near it. Peden's dust can scarcely be said to rest in peace even now, for the vengeful inscriptions above it and on the gravestones of three other martyrs of the killing time taint the air. I saw the oak tree bowing still its awe-struck head.

One might, at first thought, wish that the numerous martyrs' monuments throughout Scotland might be removed—even the bitter record in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh, and even the stone among the Pentlands which commemorates the charitable deed of a brave farmer to an Unknown Covenanter after the slaughter on Rullion Green. Who, we ask, would lay down his life now for a matter of church government? What but unchristian feelings can be inculcated at these places of bloody execution, where one reads

> "This stone shall witness be
> 'Twixt Presbyterie and Prelacie."

But on reflection I think we cannot spare any of these truth-telling stones. Their language does not exaggerate. We have it in our power to fix our attention upon the courage and constancy of the "elect," who were driven by uncomprehending tyranny from their bare farms to the barer moors, and overlook the lesson of hatred which their followers sought to teach in carven monuments. The blue banner of the Covenant was borne, through apparent defeat, to an ideal victory; and, to say the least, a sombre gleam of romance rests upon these scattered graves and lonely scenes of blood.



The Brig o' Doon.

My desire to buy some kippered herring in Old Cumnock occasioned a pretty exhibition of Scotch thoughtfulness. "Could we



Old Ayr.
(The buildings in mid-distance are Loudoun Lodge, anciently the seaside mansion of the Earls of Loudoun.)

ask Mrs. Probert, of the Head Inn at Ochiltree, to have them cooked for us? Would it not offend her to have her own larder slighted?" Thus the American professor, who was born and bred in Scotland. Mr. T., as a son of Ochiltree, thought we might put it to Mrs. Probert in such a way as to avoid offence, and so the odorous parcel was pocketed. Again the carrier's wagon was overcrowded, worse than before, and with an equally good-natured company, encouraged by proximity to lively conversation in very broad Scotch. The professor and I, and a young man of the country squeezed into the front seat beside Mr. Hendry. He beguiled the way by questioning the professor about America. "There will be no enclosures in America like these," pointing to the hedges; "it will all be open, no doubt, and as soon as a man

drives out of one of your big cities he goes over hill and vale straight before him, without a road, till he comes to the place he would be at. You will observe," he remarked, "that a Scotchman thinks. He may be quiet, but he is aye thinking." I nudged my friend, the supposed American, and the phrase has become a by-word with us.



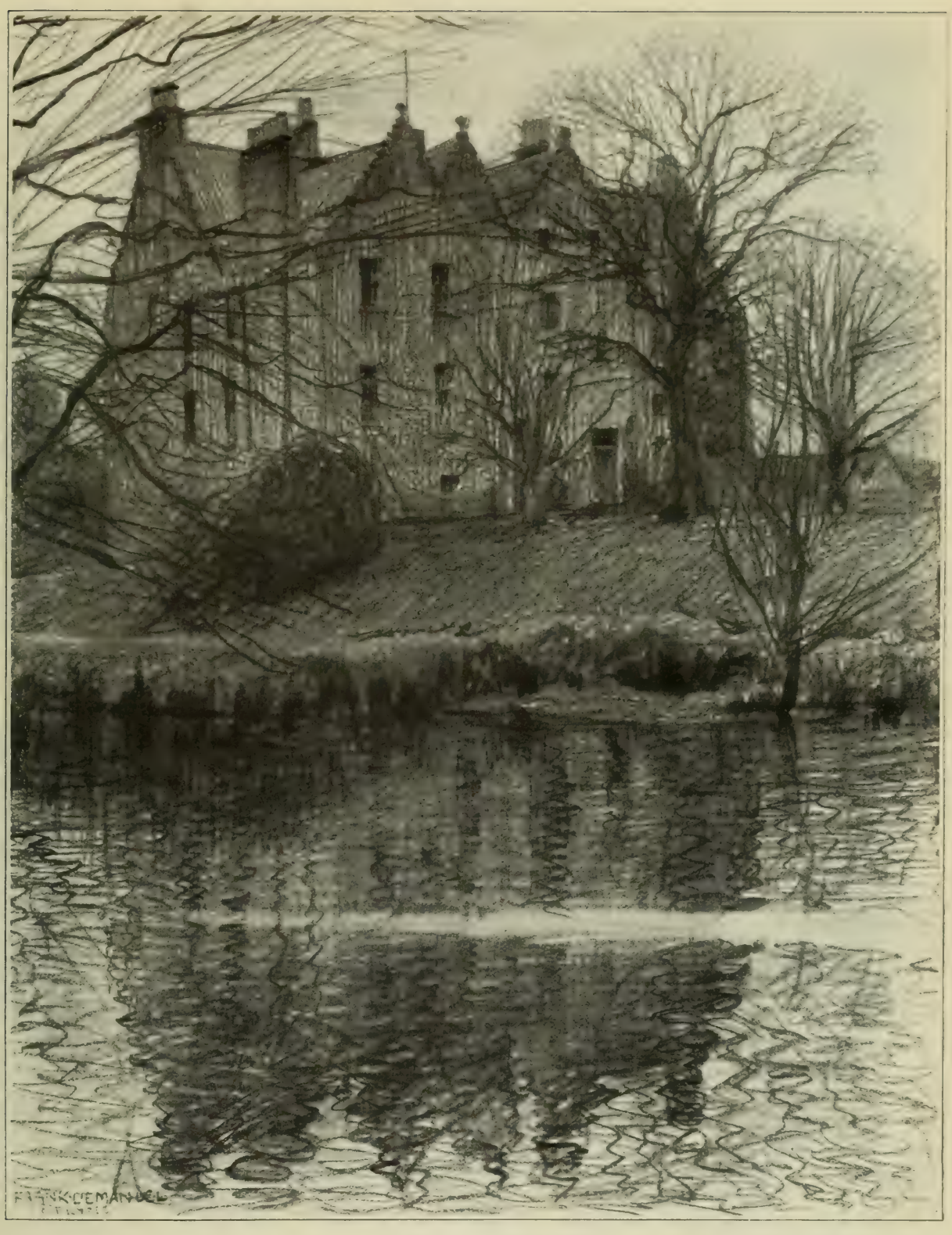
Looking down High Street, Ochiltree.
(The third house from the left of the drawing is "The House with the Green Shutters.")

There was a fine play of shadows and wandering lights over the dark green rolling country. The farmlands lay high; the water-courses were deep and richly wooded. The prospects were singularly wide. The holdings appeared to be of good size, averaging perhaps a hundred and fifty acres, and the buildings were capacious and clean, all of stone, and generally whitewashed. Here and there the upper works of a coal-mine led to an expectation of ugliness and squalor, but coming close we found the fair face of Nature very little disfigured, and among the most tasteful houses were the homes of miners, handsome sandstone buildings with neat grass-plots in front and a glory of climbing roses. It was a surprise to see the grimy faces of coal-miners at the windows of such houses, and I thought with discomfort of the ugly unpainted wooden shanties around some of the pit-mouths near Scranton and Wilkesbarre, unattractive abodes of men who, as a class, deserve well of the world, like sailors, trainmen, and physicians, for the dangerous and necessary work they perform. I do not believe anything in Scotland has given me much greater pleasure than the sight of those black miners looking out between lace curtains.

At last, from Mr. T.'s rising excitement, it was plain that we were approaching Ochiltree, where he was born, and where he and his sister still own and sometimes inhabit the ancestral "but and ben." Their grandfather and great-grandfather lived on Glenconner farm, visible from the village, and there Burns often visited his friend James Tennant, his

"Auld comrade dear, and brither sinner,"

to whose father, bearing after Scottish



Ochiltree House.

fashion the place-name Glenconner, he referred in the famous lines,

"My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men."

Where else in the world do farmers lend one another volumes of philosophy or peruse "Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston"?

"I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on!
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing."

Burns expected his neighbor to read the books, and was in a hurry to have them back:

"But hark ye, frien'! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, an' return them quickly."



Auchinleck House.

I have seen a fair number of Scotch villages, and Ochiltree is the most Scotch. One long street, in three reaches, flows down the hill-side. From the head of the brae you see about one-third of its length, to the kirk; here it bends, and you may go a step further and see the village cross, at the end of another third; and at the cross you begin the last stretch. This winding and sloping street is lined for the most part with one-story houses, each offering a door flanked by two small windows. Thatch makes them look old and whitewash fresh. They stand shoulder to shoulder, and few have front yards. To an extent unusual in countries north of Italy, the scenes of village life are enacted in the public view, on the street, and about open doors. From what I saw of the play, it is no such tragic stuff as an Ochiltree boy, George Douglas Brown, put into his "House with the Green Shutters," one of the most vital works of fiction in our time. Since Ochiltree has begun to realize that a substantial and lasting fame was achieved through that terrible novel, the house, near the head of the brae, where Brown was born, has been distinguished with green shutters, almost the only shutters in the place, and quite incongruous. The corner-stone of the parish church was laid by James Boswell. In spite of this recommendation, which I daresay found no favor in their eyes, Boswell's philosophy of religion being considered, the disruptionists erected a Free kirk around the corner, in a cross street. It is common to deplore the expense of this doubling of church buildings and ministers and the halving of congregations, which have taken place in so many Scottish parishes, but I could never discover that anything worse than pecuniary loss had resulted. I have observed no bitterness between the two bodies. Their slight differences afford persons who are very particular an opportunity to gratify their tastes with some degree of nicety. One church is said to be more liberal than the other in matters of theology. Perhaps it may go further in that direction and become the home of the many who will be ill at ease in orthodox societies when the people follow the younger generation of ministers in their changed views of the Bible.

In a dark grove, just beyond the lower end of the village, rise the high, crow-stepped gables of an ancient mansion that has given shelter to two famous men upon an interesting occasion in the life of each. For in Ochiltree House John Knox was married, and who else but Claverhouse! Leaning for shelter against the high wall that surrounds Ochiltree House are some

old tombstones in a half-forgotten graveyard. The gate was locked, but imitating a small boy in an Eton jacket who climbed into the park over the wall, we climbed over the gate into the graveyard, not to look for Covenanter rhymes, but for the names of James Tennant and of "winsome Willie" Simpson, poet and schoolmaster in Ochiltree, with whom Burns once made a compact to cause the rivers of Ayrshire to be renowned in song:

"Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon
Naebody sings.

"Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best."

In the same epistle come the delicious lines:

"The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
Oh, sweet to stray an' pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang."

The satirical postscript to this epistle gives an amusing explanation of the points at issue between the Auld Licht and the New Licht ministers, just "a moonshine matter." As to the issue between the poet on the one hand and Scotch religion on the other, no traveller in Ayrshire is permitted to remain indifferent. The conviction grows upon one that the greatest songwriter of modern times, perhaps of all time, was scarcely less remarkable as a satirist. These fields and clustered villages presented to his penetrating gaze an abbreviated world. Knowing the virtues and follies, the enthusiasms, the hypocrisies, the labors and sports, the comedies and tragedies of Kyle—this little district which formed for him one community, in the heart of Ayrshire—he was able to instruct the world. He did for Scotland what Lafontaine in a more conspicuous, though



Looking up Ochiltree High Street (the church belfry on the right).



Mossgiel Farm.

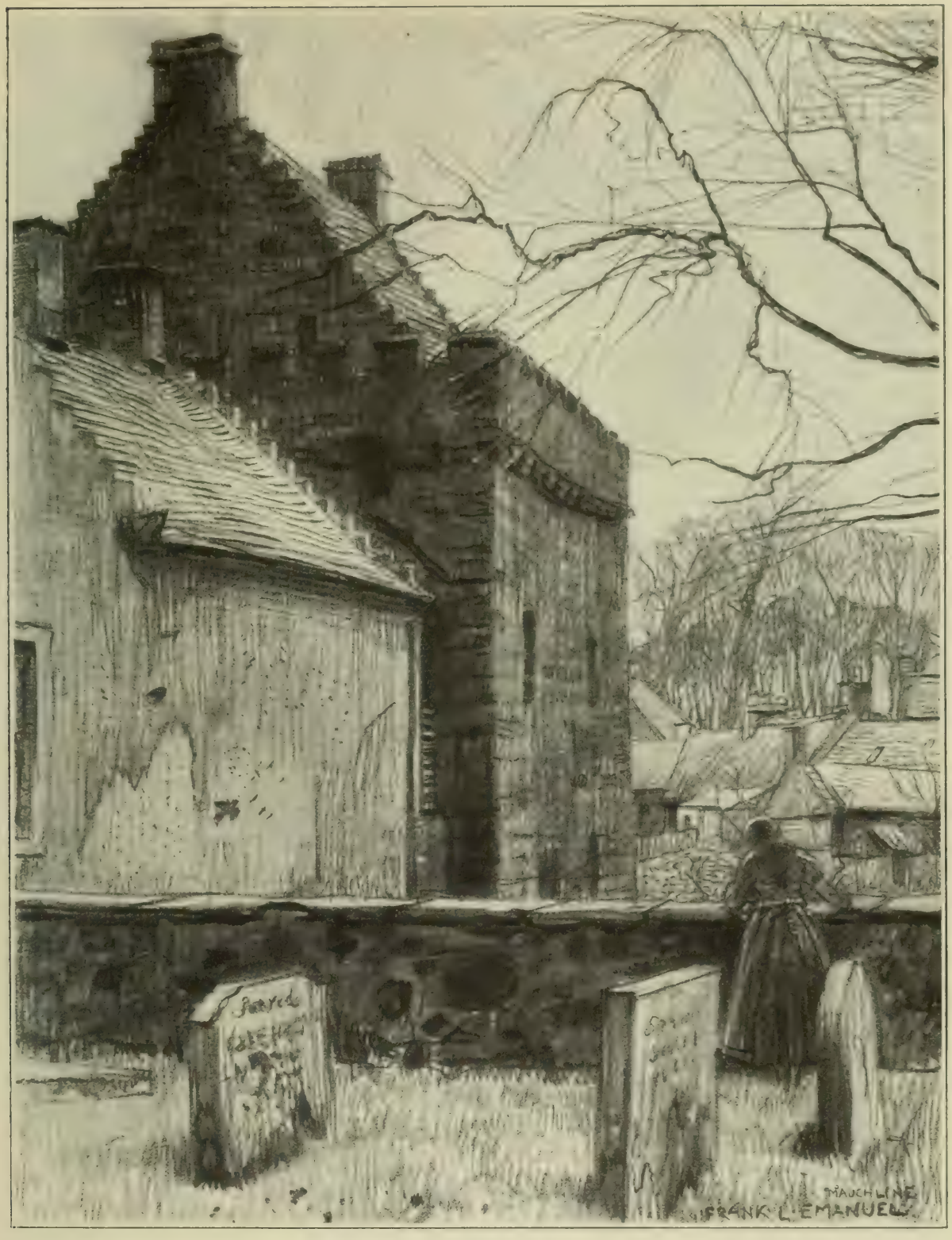
really narrower sphere, did for France in the seventeenth century. He drew up closer to the objects of his attack than even Voltaire or Swift. What he ridiculed was not, generally, the perversity or the stupidity of a nation, but some immediate departure from natural and humane conduct, something at Tarbolton or Mauchline which touched him unpleasantly. Hence his passion. True, he professed a rationalistic philosophy, derived from the dominant French writers of the age and the British deists; but in large measure his views of life originated in his own experience, and of course they were vitalized with personal feeling and winged with local phrases. Thus he gave a humorous rather than a bitter turn to his satire. He knew its objects, in most cases, as "brither sinners" and fellow Ayrshiremen. The undeniable virtues of most of them were present in his mind, along with their odious orthodoxy. His own shortcomings, too, made it impossible for him, Rob the Ranter, to set up as a quite serious judge of morals. Hence his good-nature. And on the whole, then, it was instinct, not theory, personal grievance, not party prejudice, that brought him to a glow. On the unequal distribution of wealth, for instance, he is excited to comment by thinking how easily he, a hard-working, well-meaning young man, may be reduced

> "To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
> When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin";

though the reflection takes a wider sweep and is tinged with the sentimentalism of Rousseau, when he cries:

> "It's no in titles nor in rank,
> It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
> To purchase peace and rest;
> It's no in making muckle mair,
> It's no in books, it's no in lear,
> To make us truly blest:
> If happiness hae not her seat
> And centre in the breast,
> We may be wise, or rich, or great,
> But never can be blest.
> Nae treasures, nor pleasures
> Could make us happy lang;
> The heart aye's the part aye
> That makes us right or wrang."

On the harshness of church discipline and the hypocrisy of some who make profession of religion, he is called to express himself



Mauchline Castle (in which Burns was married) and a corner of Mauchline churchyard.

when, shamed yet defiant, he flings out of meeting after being disciplined for his misdeeds; but from the "Epistle to John Rankine," full of personal bitterness and the consciousness of guilt, there is a long step upward to the good sense, clear rationalism, and strong public interest of "The Holy Fair." What "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" is to other songs "The Holy Fair" is to other satires. It is altogether Scotch. It is provincial—nay, purely local. It records a moment in the personal life of Burns. Yet for all that, the wide world feels it. A fable of Lafontaine, a *conte* of Voltaire, does not blight a more universal crop of vanities.



Poosie Nancy's (on the left) at Mauchline, where Burns started housekeeping.

To the uninstructed or the innocent the verses of this rankling satire may have appeared a lyrical outpouring, here sweet, there gay and wanton. Certainly no opening could be more demure than the first lines:

"Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walkèd forth to view the corn
And snuff the caller air.
The rising sun o'er Galston muirs
Wi' glorious light was glintin';
The hares were hirplin' down the furs;
The laverocks they were chantin',
Fu' sweet that day."

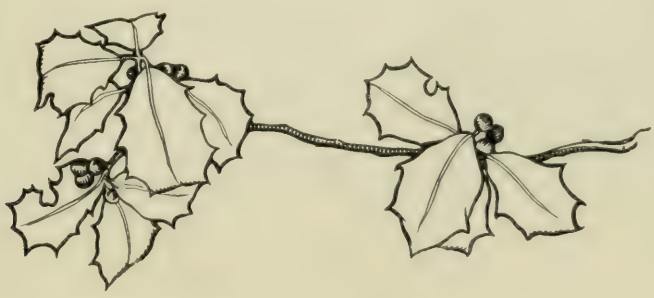
The frank young ploughman, thus early abroad, and surveying the acres which have been the scene of his week's labor, encounters "three hizzies," whom he describes in a manner that puts prose paraphrase to shame. They are Superstition, Hypocrisy, and Fun. He accompanies them to the open-air service held in Mauchline churchyard, and pictures with intense animosity the ministers from that and neighboring parishes whom he finds preaching there. No doubt the portraits were sufficiently accurate to cause dismay, but whether they were just is another question. A great literary genius has an immense advantage with posterity as against even a whole presbytery. It may well be that of his originals some were bigoted, some sensual, some double-faced; but it is not likely that they were, as a whole, either worse or better than other men of the same profession. Merely it was their misfortune to have this young farmer for a neighbor. And so it is best not to regard "The Holy Fair" as a contribution to the history of Scotland. Yet there was no doubt a particular remoteness from reality in the religion of that time and country. Strained, abstract, unnatural, tending to create a hierarchy of domineering "divines" and a mob of "yill-caup commentators," who raised a din "wi' logic an' wi' Scripture," it was transparent moonshine to a man whom Nature had brought up at her own knee. Between the Poet and the Priest such warfare goes on forever. Clearly the advantage this time was with the Poet.

As I stood in Mauchline graveyard, half-

way between the church and the tavern, the sun was darkened and a sense of oppression seized me. The town appeared sunken, dingy. Here, in the field where they once held high jurisdiction, moulder "Holy Willie" and "Daddy" Auld. Over yonder is the one small room where the great poet began housekeeping as a married man. Here the battle went hard with him. It could not have been cheerful to look every day upon a graveyard and brood over the excessive claims of an unamiable religion. The intellectual companionship afforded by the masonic lodge in Tarbolton must have been pitifully inadequate for a man of whom the wits of Edinburgh declared that his genius flamed more brightly in his conversation than in his poetry. Temptation to drink was strong, and opportunity to drink abounded on every hand. We are here in touch with squalor. The thought of his manly heart enduring such contact and his noble powers thus hemmed in was suffocating.

Out of Mauchline we climbed into the purer air and sweeter associations of Mossgiel Farm. We took shelter in the house from a shower, and conversed with the farmer, whose father held the lease fifty years ago and was separated by but one other tenant from Robert and Gilbert Burns. In their time the leasehold was for about one hundred acres. The present two-story farmhouse is built up on the walls of the old one-story cottage which they occupied. They were not successful farmers, but the poet was happy at Mossgiel. Here flowed his most spontaneous verse. From these high-lying fields he swept with a glance the world which was the subject of his sagacious comment. It is no longer deemed sufficient to qualify Burns as a sweet song-writer in the Doric. His is by far the best poetry the British Isles can boast, from the death of Milton to the opening of the nineteenth century. And perhaps no more discerning eye, no more comprehensive understanding, no more penetrating judgment ever in that time surveyed the conduct of men. What an amazing thought—that a few rural parishes, between Ochiltree on the west and Tarbolton on the east, afforded sufficient training and sufficient scope to this critical genius, gave him knowledge and occasion!

Tarbolton and Catrine and Lochlea, we saw them all, but Ochiltree was still our centre, and "Oh, if I could only have ye here for a fortnight," sighed our genial friend, "I would make ye love the place so ye couldna leave it." I will not pretend that I think George Douglas Brown the most important Scottish novelist since Stevenson, and perhaps to say that would mean little; but his birthplace may well be proud of him for a true observer and a faithful artist. An old gray manor-house that witnessed the nuptials of two such "marshals of the world" as Knox and Claverhouse, is something, too. I may be right or I may be wrong in thinking that the man of letters who most completely and entertainingly represented British life and thought in the eighteenth century was James Boswell; but it is not with indifference that a person walking down Ochiltree street beholds fronting him Auchinleck estate, of which Bozzy was so proud and whither he led a greater man, though less readable author, than himself. In and around Ochiltree lived James Tennant and Willie Simpson and other of Burns's dearest friends, and it is by far the prettiest village in the heart of the Burns country. I remember it best as it reposed in the faint sunshine of late afternoon and on through the lingering midsummer twilight, at the home-coming of the rooks and the play-hour of door-step toddlers, when the blue smoke from a hundred cottages proclaimed that crowdie-time had come, and the croon of soft voices floated up the brae.





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"Science Revealing the Treasures of the Earth."

ABBEY'S LATEST MURAL PAINTINGS

By Royal Cortissoz

THE paintings which Mr. Abbey has recently executed for the Capitol at Harrisburg, offer strong testimony to the susceptibility of an artist to the spirit of his time. They are modern and he has hitherto lived much in the past. Indeed, it would have seemed that his imagination needed the spur of old romance before it could be exercised to good purpose. But Mr. Abbey has proved that he is a man of the world in which he lives. From Robert Herrick's fragrant and sunlit garden, in which the artist began his career, some thirty odd years ago, and from the larger but still essentially poetic motives which thereafter engaged him, he passes to the wild glare and terrible uproar of a great steel furnace in Pennsylvania. He finds nothing embarrassing in the transition. He is a twentieth-century American though he has spent so much of his life working in England on themes drawn from the earlier poets and dramatists; and he now interprets motives of modern science as sympathetically as he once limned the loveliness of Anthea and Chloris. All he asks of his new material is that it shall submit itself to his sense of beauty.

The career which led him finally to the rank of a Royal Academician has been, of course, that of a painter, but in its earlier stages it continued to embrace the activities of a draughtsman in black and white. In retracing the path he has travelled it is interesting to reflect on some of the conditions of his experience. The ambition of your brilliant illustrator is a familiar story. At the beginning he is absorbed in the task set for him by his magazine editor. Then, as he abandons the pen for the brush, he grows restless under the limitations of scale imposed upon him, and has dreams of color. The odds are that he will try to realize those dreams in excursions for which an hour is snatched now and then from his regular work. In recent years his liberation from the monotony of black and white has been facilitated by the perfecting of color processes. Editors who once were anxious for the illustrator to stick to his last to-day encourage him to make his drawings in color. In Mr. Abbey's day the color processes were unknown. The possibilities of the

half-tone had also still to be discovered. His wash-drawings were prepared for the wood-engraver and while his linear work was reproduced in facsimile, by mechanical means, his technical development necessarily took account of influences which in most cases would have promised a sharp break in the passage to color and canvas. The illustrator who for years is only an illustrator can rarely avoid such a break. He finds it hard to make and he finds it even harder to overcome a certain prejudice in the observer. In the first moments of exhilaration over his escape from the page of a magazine he is apt to choose a canvas of goodly size for his picture, and he is more than ordinarily fortunate if his critics fail to tell him that he has only produced one of his characteristic illustrations, enlarged. The truth is that his critics generally have reason for so admonishing him. It is not only technique that counts in this matter; it is the artist's whole way of looking at things. Here is where Mr. Abbey's problem was again different from that of the typical illustrator of the present time.

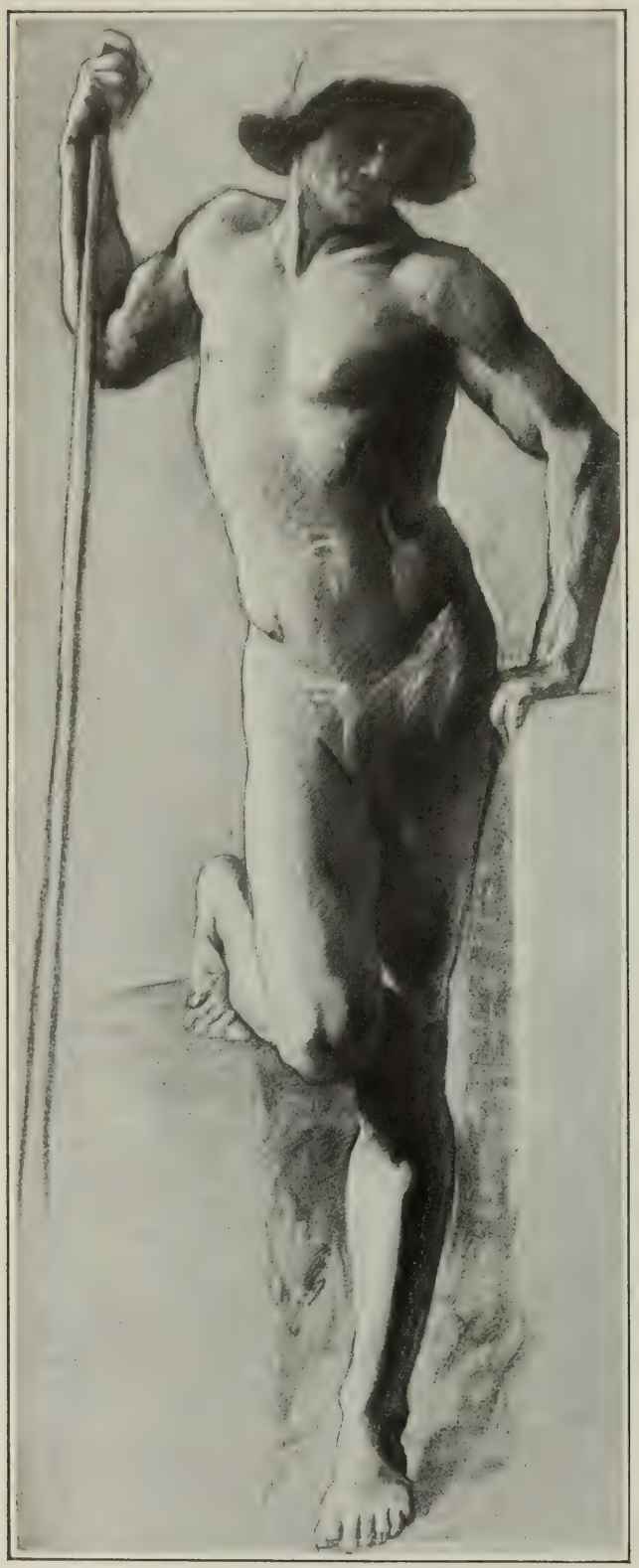
Nowadays the worker in black and white is not infrequently asked to illustrate a romantic narrative which compels him to look up old backgrounds and picturesque costume; but more often he is required to



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A study for a group of figures in "Science Revealing the Treasures of the Earth."

deal in actualities. Whether his manuscript be an affair of fiction or of fact it is an affair of modern life, and it encourages



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A study for one of the figures in "Science Revealing the Treasures of the Earth."

him in every way to remain in the current of modern art. He tends naturally toward realism in his drawing of the figure. In his rendering of atmosphere, of light and air, it is his own fault if he does not profit by the teachings of impressionism. Mr. Abbey worked somewhat apart from all this when he sprang into notice through his illustrations to Herrick. Nature was his model and he was curious then, as he is now, in matters of form and gesture. How keenly he sought the truth is recalled, for example, by a stormy coast scene which he drew, years ago, to be engraved in a small block—a view of "Aros, Sound of Mull." The dark cliff, frowning back upon angry breakers, and half lit by a lurid sky, with sea gulls gleaming against its sombre masses, is depicted with a breadth surprising enough in contrast to the draughtsman's ordinary drawings. But the important thing to note is that the situation in which Mr. Abbey found himself as an illustrator reacted upon him in such wise as subtly to pave the way for his achievements as a painter. It made him, above all things, a deviser of pictures. It is unfashionable for the artist to think. The young man just home from Paris and from flying visits to Haarlem and the Prado is sure of nothing if he is not sure that subject doesn't matter and that the immortality of Velasquez and Hals is to be explained on a purely technical hypothesis. Secure in the conviction that the art of the Spanish master resided in his hand and received no guidance from his brain he lives in terror lest an impulse of the imagination might clog his manual dexterity and stamp him a Philistine. Mr. Abbey has had an old-fashioned predilection for thinking about his work, and this, I believe, has been one great source of its vitality. It has steadily nourished his powers of invention. There are early drawings of his which show him as the looker-on sketching his contemporaries, but these are negligible, neither better nor worse than the average American illustrations of the late seventies and early eighties. The drawings in which he detaches himself from the rank and file are those giving graceful, pictorial form to a poet's conceits. He reads Herrick, "Upon Julia's Clothes," and straightway he sees that dame in all

her bravery. He pictures her strolling along a leafy terrace, with an embowered old manor-house in the background, and sets her upon the page with peacock feathers suggestively, and very decoratively, filling out the border. He would disdain that drawing now, perhaps, considering it for its execution, but he could not disdain the manner in which the little composition is put together. There, in fact, was his gift. His reading always set his mind in motion. He has been something of an archæologist in his way, making careful research into the details of dress, furniture, and accessories generally, so that he might faithfully reproduce the scene described by his author. But he has found a richer inspiration in his texts. The songs of Herrick and of other lyrists, Goldsmith's great comedy, and the plays of Shakespeare, have brought out his sense of humor, quickened his interest in character, and all the time stimulated his faculty of design. His illustrations have the variety that comes from thought and the charm which comes from skill in grouping, from taste in the framing of backgrounds. They illustrate, and they are, by virtue of their originality and artistic quality, interesting apart from the text. They are, in a word, the productions of an artist who was all the time working with the brush as well as with the pen, and who accordingly treated his subject with ever-increasing breadth.



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A study for figure in "The Spirit of Vulcan."

As time went on and he expressed himself in color as the medium of his life's work, he was the better armed in that he had something to say. It was not yet anything of modern significance. He was still under the glamour of the past, a romantic yet somehow very sedate past, in which the ladies and their gallants carried themselves with discretion, displaying fine clothes rather than high emotion. There is little dramatic passion about these pictures, built up as they are from reverie. Their prevailing key is that of the well-known "Mariana," in which the Lady of the Moated Grange sits pensive amid her cushions, listening to the lute of her attendant page. For a time Mr. Abbey's figures were content with these idle employments, or were occupied a trifle more energetically, treading a stately measure as in "The Pavane," a picture of dancers on a Renaissance terrace. His mood is well represented also in the series of pastels portraying in each instance a handsome young woman voluminously robed, and posed for a purely decorative purpose. He would give his model an old musical instrument to hold, or he would place in her hand a golden dish of fruit or flowers. The final impression he left was that of an artist falling

in love with sumptuous form and rich color and almost, if not quite, adroit enough to do justice to his feeling for these things. The simplicity of these pastels was their chief virtue. Mr. Abbey has pursued the quality ever since and it has great weight, as we shall presently see, in his Harrisburg decorations; but it has occasionally evaded him. Undue solicitude for detail in place of a broad instinct for mass has caused some of the Shakespearian subjects he has painted on a large scale to seem more like fragments of pictorial narrative than like units of design, made to stand by themselves. They have been highly effective and, by the way, it has been interesting to observe their influence upon a number of the younger British artists. In the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy there are always several pictures obviously painted in emulation of Mr. Abbey, with a plentiful use of the reds, blacks, and whites which have characterized his palette.

On one occasion, his earlier pictorial method of painting has proved especially efficient; the Holy Grail series, running like a broad band of illumination around the walls of a room in the Boston Public Library, has precisely the atmosphere, as of an old monkish chronicle, which is called for by the artist's central idea. He wished to revive the glittering pageantry of the Arthurian legend, to put its mailed knights, its banners and all its picturesque harness into the foreground. The hint of mysticism is given at the proper moment, but the main thing is to tell the story with the almost naïve directness of a mediæval parchment, and this is done with a touch well fitted to the requirements of the room. That room is a frame, receiving the pictures in a kind of friendly intimacy. At Harrisburg Mr. Abbey was invited to exercise the functions of the mural decorator on higher grounds, not so much to fit his pictures into a frame as to make them part and parcel of a monumental whole. It was his opportunity to meet the architect half-way and to coöperate with him in completing, rather than embellishing, the lofty rotunda of a vast fabric in stone. On his long experience of picture making he has based the group of decorations I have now to describe—a group finer than anything he has ever done before, and constituting a landmark in his career.

It consists of four lunettes of heroic dimensions and as many circular panels set in the pendentives between them. They are placed midway between the drum of the great dome and the massive piers supporting the whole structure. The lunettes are recessed well back of the curving line followed by the pendentives, and the ceilings of the arches enclosing the larger paintings are richly coffered. The imposing cornice superimposed upon the piers forms a perfect base for Mr. Abbey's decorative scheme. He has been, indeed, very fortunate in his architectural environment. Classical in style, it has been handled with a due sense of dignity and no thin or frivolous details have been admitted. White marble rules below the cornice, save where the capitals are bright with gold. In the cornice itself, and in the conventional ornament on the pendentives around the artist's panels, blue is added to the arrangement of white and gold. The general effect is reposeful and cool. Mr. Abbey has made his work a very harmonious part of it. I have alluded to his predilection for red. This comes out in the present scheme but not at all obtrusively. None of his decorations has been painted to "make a hole in the wall" and none of them contains a too assertive passage.

Their subjects bring us again to the point already mentioned, the artist's success in forgetting the preoccupations of years and in expressing the essentially modern genius of his native land. He has read the history of Pennsylvania, and in these decorations he summarizes its salient chapters. The first of these, which he entitles "The Spirit of Religious Liberty," is a tribute to William Penn. He figures the pioneer's zealous venture in an ocean scene, showing us a fleet of ships advancing toward us under full sail with three white-robed wingless angels in the heavens, leading the way. Facing this the lunette called "Science Revealing Treasures of the Earth," represents a number of miners lowering themselves into the pit, while, in the background, blind Fortune, attended by figures of Peace and War, floats poised upon her wheel. The third decoration, "The Spirit of Light," celebrates the discovery of oil and its tremendous potentialities. Against a web of dark lines, formed by a number of derricks, rises a crowd of aerial



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"The Spirit of Religious Liberty"

From a photograph. Copyright, 1908, by Curtis & Cameron.

figures lifting upon their finger-tips small but brilliant flames. In "The Spirit of Vulcan" Mr. Abbey depicts the interior of a steel foundry, with the brawny god looking down upon the labors which have contributed so much to the prosperity of the State. In these lunettes the artist presents specifically tangible elements in Pennsylvanian progress. In the pendentives his medallions are dedicated to the great forces of civilization at large, to Religion, Law, Art, and Science, embodying each motive in a single figure with appropriate accessories and spreading an inscription over each golden background.

The foregoing brief summary will have made it plain that Mr. Abbey has had, as always, something to say. Many episodes in the history of Pennsylvania might have yielded him suggestive material, many scenes involving famous personages and giving opportunity not only for portraiture but for drama. In choosing themes of a certain impersonal significance, however, he secured the grandeur indispensable to monumental art and, at the same time, was faithful to the interests of humanity. The ideal of religious liberty symbolized in the first of his paintings is no unsubstantial theory, academically expressed; the hearts of men are behind the straining timbers of the ships that come bravely on to a new shore. The natural forces treated in the remaining lunettes are those which in this country, and most emphatically in Pennsylvania, have enlisted the taming energies of a whole people. The church, and then coal, oil, and steel—these things have made Penn's Commonwealth, and in going to them for his ideas Mr. Abbey has ranked himself with those mural decorators of his time who are in the van. He is their comrade, too, where the technical solution of problems of the sort is concerned.

The modern mural painter is hard put to it to reconcile the immemorial claims of decorative tradition and the methods of the schools in which he is trained. His composition must be well balanced, but if, with this in mind, he follows too closely the classical formulæ of the old masters, he is sorely apt to be stilted and uninteresting. Everybody knows the banality of the modern figure of The Arts, say, enthroned in the middle of a lunette like some matronly acrobat, embarrassed by unaccustomed garments but bent upon keeping herself at the precise centre of the canvas. The gesture of the figure on her right is repeated in the reverse direction by the figure on her left. Thus, the artist holds the scales even to the extreme limits of his canvas, and the decoration remains absolutely lifeless. But what if he uses the naturalism which he would otherwise practise? If he tries to vitalize his decoration as he would a casual note from nature, will the result not be equally out of place? It is hard to find the middle course, but it is there, as men like Besnard have shown, and Mr. Abbey has found it. The Harrisburg decorations are admirably "centred," but not through academic pedantry. He gains his end by a right adjustment of masses, by a discreet arrangement of colors as well as of forms.

This is manifest at once when the observer enters the main portal on the east side of the building and is confronted by "The Spirit of Religious Liberty," far up on the western wall. There is no crassly fixed centre here, but the design is beautifully unified. Across the bottom of it stretches a narrow strip of deep blue sea. Narrow as it is it has enormous weight; smoothly but irresistibly you feel the pressure of an illimitable body of water. The foam rises, subtly suggesting the deep snore of the sea itself, under the forefoot of the nearest vessel. The ocean moves, it is alive with its color, its sound, and its sharp, salt smell. Mr. Abbey has done nothing truer or more artistic than he has done here, painting the sea as it is and at the same time making it a sort of pedestal for the intensely decorative ships that tower above it. The broad sails relieve the dark hulls with breadths of tawny red. Something of their glow faintly flushes with rose the white draperies of the three celestial guides. Back of it all is a cloudless sky, vague, opalescent, spacious. Filled with the large airs of the open sea, eloquent of the wide horizons faced by the founder and his people, is this beautiful painting, a work to touch the imagination with a sense of an old hope gloriously fulfilled. And, withal, the lunette falls into its place as naturally, with as much of architectural balance, as though its component parts had been mathematically assembled.

The same well-pondered construction



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"The Spirit of Vulcan."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1908, by Curtis & Cameron.

marks the eastern lunette, "Science Revealing Treasures of the Earth." The red earth itself provides the firm foundation in this case, synthetized, like the sea in the other, into a simple, broad mass. The deep fissures in it are only dimly discerned. artless creatures, obviously the builders of a new world, eager upon the scent of discovery. Whether intentional or not the treatment of the tree-trunks behind them is singularly suggestive in view of the allegorical figures filling the upper part of the



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A study for a group of figures in "The Spirit of Vulcan."

The miners are descending warily into unknown depths and, accordingly, these are enveloped in the gloom of mystery. The practically nude bodies of the workmen are not painted in too high relief. These delvers are coming close to Mother Earth with primitive toil and their skins are subdued in color to the stuff they work in. One is aware of them as stalwart yet young and canvas on the other side. The russet-winged goddess of Fortune in her red robe, drifting over the abyss between Peace and War with their thin floating draperies respectively of blue and white, looms against a bright sky like a phantom out of the pagan mythology. She sets the mind momentarily on thoughts of classical antiquity, and, keyed to this mood, the bare tree-



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Study for one of the figures in "The Spirit of Light."

trunks raise a fleeting memory of some pillared Greek temple. Between these natural columns you catch glimpses of distant blue hills. The air seems very still. The explorers work as in a breathless wonder, tense with the excitement of uncovering a precious secret in one of the silent places of the world. Both in this and in the decoration traversed above, Mr. Abbey links his design with the deeds of the men who made Pennsylvania, and generalizes his theme so that it has a wider scope. He lifts his local allusion to the plane of his purpose as the collaborator of the architect.

The northern and southern lunettes, conceived with equal imaginative grasp, are, nevertheless, designed in such wise as to bring more realistically home to us a sense of what Pennsylvania is doing to-day with the liberty sought in those red-sailed ships and with the treasures wrung from the earth. The hammer-wielding god in "The Spirit of Vulcan" wears his scanty blue garment after the careless fashion of the Olympians and his ruddy limbs and shoulders rest appropriately in cloudy billows. But he broods over the scene less as a



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Study for one of the figures in "The Spirit of Light."

poetic figure than as the mentor and friend of the very human toilers beneath him. He seems, in very truth, the genius of the amazing chamber in which he finds himself, a place of giant machinery, dark, fantastic and forbidding, of molten metal and eddying vapors, of grimy, sweating men who are children of this generation, but who, at their mighty task, wear, somehow, a grander, more elemental air. The management of the color in this decoration is superb, the prevailing darkness of the machinery being relieved to just the right extent by the warm flesh tints of the smiths, the glow of the flaming steel, the pearly tones of the shifting steam and the touch of lovely blue in Vulcan's tunic. But one dwells also with special appreciation on the modelling and draughtsmanship which the artist has brought to the portrayal of his figures. The linear habit proper to his illustrations made with the pen, and subsequently hinted, if not actually disclosed, in some of his paintings, is here conclusively abandoned. The figures are seen in the round and are so painted, freely and boldly, with close research into movement, the play of muscle and the swiftly changing effects of light and shade. Nor has the painter's interest in detail distracted him unduly. He fuses his details into one moving vision.

Up to this point Mr. Abbey has worked, so to say, on safe ground. In his fourth lunette, he lets himself go in rather audacious vein. Baldly stated on paper, the idea of a company of light-bearers rushing up into the air, past the prosaic timbers raised above a number of oil-wells, hardly commends itself as suitable for a great mural decoration. It all depends, of course, upon how the thing is done. Mr. Abbey does it with success by concentrating his attention upon the inherent picturesqueness of his subject. He sees that subject against a dark sky, the deep blue of which is broken by rifts of gold. With such a background the black tracery of his derricks takes on a new aspect; it is no longer prosaic but, on the contrary, positively romantic. One thinks of the tall chimneys on Thames side which turned into campanili under Whistler's eyes. The derricks have something bizarre about them; beneath the shadow of those ghostly towers, almost anything might happen, and there is, after all, not audacity alone, but, in some sort, an inevitableness in the sudden upward flight of the "Spirits of Light," golden-haired, ivory tinted goddesses, swathed in diaphanous blue, and coming like exhalations from the deeps. The maze of their floating figures, all softness and grace, would lose half its value against a neutral background. The needed contrast, the element to make the balance true, comes from the rigid lines of the derricks. The eye rests upon this lunette with the same contentment as upon its companions.

If the four have, as it were, a common vitality, expressed in the same terms, their decorative integrity, as of work growing out of the construction of the walls, is in part supported by the medallions in the pendentives. These unite while they divide the canvases to which they are subordinate. They are necessary members of the scheme, embracing Mr. Abbey's zone of the rotunda in one chord of color. In them he has sought to create four episodes of design without so far emphasizing them as to give them an independent existence. To this end he causes the figures to stand out against golden backgrounds so that each medallion counts vividly in the ensemble, but none of these personifications is invested with too complicated a meaning. Religion, clad in the white robe of innocence and treading under foot the dragon of evil, stands with arms uplifted between her altar and the torch with which she passes on the sacred flame. Law, in heavy red habiliments, is blindfolded, but she, too, has conquered the enemy at her feet. In one hand she bears the scales and in the other a sword. The owl of wisdom perches on the wrist of Science, whose right hand holds the lightning. The serpent coiled beneath the hem of her garment lifts its head above her knee. Her face is veiled. Religion and Law are tall, solemn, hieratic figures. Science is made more human. She is the most beautiful of the four. Her robes are bewitching in color, agleam with the deep greens of the emerald and the hues of a dark Egyptian scarab. The figure of Art is, somewhat surprisingly, the least pleasing of them all. It is statuesque; the laurel-crowned head and the columnar throat have a certain sculptural distinction, but the figure as a whole leaves a rather meagre impression which is only deepened by the insignificance of the accessories and the cold reds and greens in the draperies.



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"The Spirit of Light."

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All of the medallions suffer a little from the manner in which the inscriptions have been introduced into the background. The breaking up of the words ends by teasing the eye with a sense of unrelated letters. On the other hand, these inscriptions have been kept in so low a key with reference to the gold behind them that after one's first impulse of impatience they are summarily ignored and the medallions are observed in their broad relation to the lunettes and the architecture.

When all is said, it is, in fact, the swift, sweeping view of Mr. Abbey's decorations that imposes the severest test. How do they bear the scrutiny that takes little, if any, account of their meaning but looks simply to their organic fitness in the place in which they are fixed? They bear it triumphantly and, what is more, they will not let you neglect their meaning. That is because Mr. Abbey has perfectly balanced substance and form. His idea in each decoration is set forth with simplicity. There is no surplusage as there is no obscurity. In the same moment in which you apprehend the beauty he has put into his designs, beauty of form, color, and composition, you realize his thought. It is important to observe, too, that he has placed his scheme in the right perspective. It is interesting to study it from the successive galleries which, at the topmost stage, permit it to be pretty closely examined. But it is seen at its best from the pavement, when the beholder is thinking of no single detail in the rotunda, but surveys at a glance all that lies within his line of vision. At that moment Mr. Abbey's decorations seem to him as necessary to the building as the giant piers around him or the floor on which he stands.

"Science."

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THE USES OF DIPLOMACY

By Katharine Holland Brown

Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

IT was a family proverb among the Burford relatives, to the farthermost permutations and combinations, that the Fairy Godmothers had not only gathered around Lydia Burford's cradle, but had fought around it, for the privilege of lavishing all their rosy benisons upon the curly brown head of the small inheritor. This saying gained its earliest warrant when, at fourteen, left orphaned, without even means for an education, her Great-aunt Augusta Crowninshield had suddenly descended from Brookline, as from the celestial cloud of Homeric fable, and had taken providential command of the little girl's forlorn affairs. (Lydia's mother was a Crowninshield only twice removed, although her father belonged to an unknown race from Baltimore.) The tradition was further justified when, throughout the series of impeccable schools which Aunt Augusta's severe beneficence granted, she was reckoned not only the cleverest but the most winsome pupil of all their rosebud gardens. The maxim was again quoted, with enthusiasm, when at eighteen she stood in white against the majestical background of bygone Crowninshields by Copley and Smibert, and made her adorable curtsey to Aunt Augusta's majestical black-walnut world, by which she was pronounced the most charming débutante of the year. It voiced yet stronger assurance when, at twenty-two she amazed and delighted not only Aunt Augusta's sovereign universe, but a certain discerning element in outside spheres as well, by her completely bewitching small novel, "The Romany Torch." And it swelled into a very pæan of triumph when, at twenty-four, she was married to Bronson Wolcott.

Lydia herself took her boundless golden fortunes very calmly. Even the applause that greeted her book did not bewilder nor exalt her. She realized demurely that being twenty-two and a Crowninshield niece might have some bearing upon even the chaste exaltation of her literary fame. But Bronson she never learned to take so calmly. He was altogether too splendid to be true. It was not alone the outward man, the things visible, concerning which the Burford permutations so exulted, that thus overwhelmed her; his superb personality, his balance and his poise, his sweeping success at every tourney of life. Rather, it was the things invisible: the mingled strength and fineness of his nature; his broad sight; his kind unswerving judgments; now and then a glimpse of certain heights and depths which left her abashed and silent, hardly believing that she, little ordinary Lydia Burford, could be beloved by such a man.

A Burford cousin once remarked that Lydia's life was less a life than a play, a flying succession of dramatic scenes. Lydia had retorted that it bore even more resemblance to a kinetoscope. The year of her marriage, especially, seemed in retrospect so unreal, bore so bewilderingly the aura of enchantment, that she could look back on those fleeting weeks with an odd detached interest, as placidly as if they visioned forth the romance of a stranger. Yet she cherished every gleaming sparkle of remembrance; each one a pearl upon her hidden rosary.

To Lydia, her real life began on that first magical twilight; an April twilight, of gray mist, and fog-dimmed surf, and dim, white, wind-blown stars. All day she had played her amiable laborious rôle as youngest guest at the soul-wearying Russell house party. She had wound yarn for Aunt Augusta, she had played billiards with the Major; she had sung ballads for sentimental Miss Abby, and pounded rag-time for that spirited octogenarian, Mrs. Sears. These and many other tasks she met, with her unfailing merry interest. But late that afternoon, as she stood crisp and sweet at the tea-table, assisting Mrs. Russell at that interminable dreary function, a sudden pulse of revolt swept every nerve. She poured the last cup with steady hands, then drifted aimlessly to the long French window, half open. There she surveyed the field. Major Chandler was hot-foot on the trail of the Battle of Chancellorsville. Mrs.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Bronson tested the trellis with a strong grip.—Page 673.

Atterbury held the rest of the roomful with the impassioned tragedies of her five last cooks. No one had glanced her way.

Lydia drew the sharp breath of reckless resolve. The French window gave not even a betraying creak as she slid through to the velvet grass below.

Down she ran, across the shadowy gardens, then through the deep screen of pines to the long white star-lit beach beyond. The April night welcomed her with laughing gusts, with cool gay misty kisses: she raced to meet it like a colt, her curly head flung high, her slim, splendid young body prancing with the rapture of escape. Her muslin skirts were drabbled with wet, her thin little shoes soaked through. She pelted on recklessly, perfectly aware that, should Aunt Augusta ever learn of this, she would pay to the uttermost farthing for her wild freak, perfectly resigned to pay, "But I'll have my run first," she called rebelliously to the white scandalized birch copse, as she fled past. The wind grew fresher: Lydia turned to it, hands outstretched, her round cheeks paled for sheer delight. The night breathed in her throat, beat through her veins, shone in her rapturous eyes. As she stood there, inhaling it, living it, she might have been a runaway dryad, sister to the whispering poplars on the knoll behind.

Finally she stopped for breath. This tiny oak thicket marked the estate boundary. She was a mile from the house; it was almost night; already the household might miss her. Her truant frolic veered to swift misgiving. She must hurry back, and dress for dinner. At this moment, Aunt Augusta might be rapping petulantly at her door.

Thereat her dryad humor dropped from her like a cloak. She turned and fled, taking the shortest way, a woods path, to the foot of the avenue. Up the avenue, it would be a short half-mile to the house.

Just as she emerged into the open driveway, the great gates clashed shut. The station wagon, returning from the last train, rolled through. Lydia, startled and keenly embarrassed, shrank back against the hedge, hoping to pass unnoticed. But in her white dress she stood lined sharp as a statue against the black trees. She heard an astonished exclamation. The carriage stopped. Bronson Wolcott sprang out, and came toward her.

"Miss Lydia? Out for a stroll?" Even in the twilight she could discern the surprised lift of his fine gray head, his puzzled kindly smile. Poor Lydia, pounced on like a runaway baby, stared up at him in dumb chagrin. She knew Wolcott only as the most impressive guest of all this impressive household. She stood in childish awe of him, his great attainments, his stately presence. To be caught at all in this absurd unconventional trick was bad enough. But to be caught by this cool smiling prince of perfectness! She clutched her dishevelled hair, pulled twenty ways by snatching evergreen twigs, with trembling hands.

"I—I just ran away for some air," she faltered. "The others don't know——"

"What they're missing?" finished Wolcott, with a friendly laugh. Apparently it was his usual fortune to be met at the gates by a breezy fellow-guest in flying braids and tempestuous petticoats. "I'm famished for a mouthful of air, myself," he went on. "May I walk up the avenue, too? Thank you. James, you need not wait."

He fell into step beside Lydia, talking of the day in town, so easily that Lydia felt at once reassured and yet more awed. From the godlike Wolcott, this was not only courtesy, but chivalry. However, with every casual word, the situation became more commonplace. But half-way on their decorous road, the April night took a hand in affairs, and without warning. Not even a breeze, a darkening of the sky, foretold that swift, sheeted flood of fragrant rain.

"By Jove, we'll be drenched through!" Wolcott pulled Lydia into the hedge shelter, and flung his coat around her shoulders. Lydia threw it back at him.

"Put it on yourself," she retorted. "Who minds a sprinkle like this? Oh-h!" as a wreath of lightning crinkled across the sky, "It's going to pour, truly! Let's run for it!"

Then she stopped, paralyzed by her own audacity. But Wolcott had seized her hand.

"All right. One—two—three—Go!"

All her wild outdoor mood flashed through Lydia. Hand in hand, like impish boy and girl, they raced up the long drive, stumbling, splashing, breathless with laughter. The rain beat in their faces, the merry spring thunder rolled and shouted, the rollicking wind screamed like an impudent school-boy in their ears. They fled across the soaked turf to the garden front, then



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Something else troubles you, I know."—Page 680.

stopped and viewed each other in the dusk, two sheepish conspirators. Bronson, athlete that he was, was puffing and crimson. His collar was melted, his clothes soaked and dripping. Lydia clasped despairing hands over her unspeakable hair.

"We'll never dare face Them looking like this!" gasped Lydia. Bronson considered her with dancing eyes.

"We do look rather desperate characters," he admitted. He glanced at the terrace, then at the stout iron rose trellis which masked the blank wall beyond. Its top round came flush with the second-floor windows, already softly alight.

"Which is your window, Miss Lydia?"

"The narrow bay—*Oh!* Can you help me climb up? *Will* you?" Lydia fairly danced in wild unreasoning hope. "Oh, please, please!"

"We'll try for it." Bronson tested the trellis with a strong grip. His deep voice shook with strangled laughter. For the moment he looked as young, as mischievous as the girl herself, swept out of his stately orbit by his romping race, by the mad April wind, the smell of wet wakening earth, by Lydia's lovely face of pleading and dismay. "Is your window unlocked? Wide open? Good! I'll help you up, then I'll present myself at the proper entrance. Everybody knows my eccentric preference for walking up from the station. If just they haven't missed you——"

"And if just they don't catch me scrambling up the trellis, and shoot me for a burglar——"

Wolcott choked.

"In that case, they'll have to shoot me, too, as an accomplice. Come!"

He hurried her up the terrace, then lifted her lightly to the first round. Steadied by his grasp, she reached the second, the third: then, with a quick boyish spring, she swung into her wide-open window. She was just in time. As her foot touched the floor, Aunt Augusta's high tones floated over the transom.

"Lydia! *Lydia!* Why do you not answer when I rap? I am almost ready to go downstairs. Make haste!"

At dinner, Bronson, dignified and serene beside the hostess, had hardly a glance for Lydia. He carried the conversation with his usual ease. Lydia, still bubbling with the fun of adventure, dared not even look his way.

The next day indoors proved even more trying than its predecessor. Aunt Augusta had a headache, which meant linked discomfort, long drawn out, for her immediate associates. At four o'clock, she settled for a nap. Again Lydia fled to her beach, feverish for the comfort of her out-of-doors.

It was a still, wistful day, with none of yesterday's hoyden frolic, but full of a dear appeal. She walked on and on, soothed by the gray peace of the brooding sky. As she rounded a great bowlder, singing softly to herself, she came face to face with Bronson Wolcott.

"This time, it's with malice aforethought," he explained, gayly. "I took an earlier train from town, meaning to coax you for a drive. But this is better, isn't it?" His dark laughing glance challenged her. "Now what particular misdemeanor shall we commit to-day? Last night, housebreaking; to-night—say, piracy? Here's old Tarr's dory. Shall we row to Baker's Island and back before dinner? Dare we try?"

Lydia, radiant, could hardly wait to reply. She scrambled into the dory, and helped him push off. Wolcott's face, boyish with pleasure, reflected her delight. Comrade truants, they exulted in every stolen moment. First the long row across the waveless silvered water to the island, that far deserted heap of amber sand; then back, through a sunset fog-dimmed, yet blazing with strange magician's fires. Last, the hurried tramp home through glimmering dusk, the cold salt gusts carrying them like wings, the leaping flash of the lighthouse signalling them across the yellow twilight shore.

"This will be quite all of it," Lydia remarked severely, next morning, as she watched Wolcott drive away. His visit with the Russells was ended. From the city he would go to Washington for a long, important stay. "You may meet him in town every day for the rest of your natural life, but he'll always be the magnificent Bronson Wolcott, lawyer, clubman, Pillar of Society. He'll always remember that he's grown up. He'll never forget, and be just a nice boy again. Requiescat!"

The week dragged for Lydia. She found herself counting the days till her return to ordered hours and duties in Aunt Augusta's

home. On the eighth night after Bronson's departure, her growing restlessness became a torture. She faced the long dinner with bright endurance. She chattered gayly through two endless hours at the Major's cribbage-board. Then she slipped away, out on the dark east gallery.

It was a clear, chill night, all pulsing with hurrying spring. A white April moon peered through the half-leaved branches. Now and then a wakeful bird-note drifted to her ear. She stood there a long time, a gray wraith against the great vine-bound pillar. She felt the fog-damp on her bare throat, its creeping touches on her hands. Her eyes grew very wide and black: her slender body leaned, listening. Presently her aunt's voice rang out, wondering impatiently where she could have disappeared. For once her dutiful spirit would not turn back. She knew herself summoned by a more imperative command. And at last a dark figure crossed the lawn, and strode up the steps to her side.

"I knew you would be here," said Bronson, curtly. For a moment he looked at her without further speech. His lean high-bred face bore a curious expression: neither greeting nor tenderness: merely the still intent surprise of one who finds himself suddenly, incredibly, face to face with the visible realization of some mysterious long-sought dream.

"I wanted you," said Lydia, looking up at him with grave eyes. In the moonlight, she saw him whiten to his steady lips. She put out her hands to him, trembling. They stood and looked at each other, dulled by the shock of revelation, awed like two children before the inscrutable face of joy.

"I know," said Bronson, in his brusque voice. He gave her no word of love. But as she leaned to his voice, he caught her two hands to his breast, then lifted her and swept her into his hard, silent grasp.

Four months afterward they were married, after a betrothal like a hurtling race of dreams. During those weeks they were together so little, their stolen hours of comradeship were so rare, that when Lydia stood beside him, before the rose-wreathed altar, and heard her solemn adjurations, she owned a panic-smitten longing to call a halt, to beg reprieve, "Just till we can catch up and get acquainted."

Later, she confided her apprehensions to Bronson. "And, Bronson, I never will catch up with you," she added, her face shadowing against her laughter. "I'll never be clever enough to keep step. I'll be poor Alice Through the Looking-Glass, forever running for dear life, just to keep standing still."

Bronson looked at her steadily. Before his glance, her own eyes quivered and fell.

"Personally, I shall be quite content to have you stand still—precisely as you are," said he.

To Lydia, the months that followed joined in a grim conspiracy to prove her forecast. She was forever running for dear life, to keep up; and for all her panting efforts, she could only struggle along at Bronson's heels. To be the wife of a Salem Wolcott, she soon discerned, meant quite as arduous an undertaking as to be the wife of Bunker Hill Monument. Her elaborate new obligations, at first so many exciting playthings, soon irked and harassed her, for she realized that her performance of them reflected even more glaringly upon Bronson than upon herself. She must be the real princess, always, the head of Bronson's magnificent establishment, the regal chatelaine. Yet for all her eager pains, she felt herself often but an awkward Cinderella. And she had all the normal woman's passionate desire to efface her own personality in that of the man she loved, to spend herself in aiding his ends. But in Bronson's life, all was so finished, so symmetrical! What could remain for her to do? She could not even improve upon his household arrangements. That realization brought its special prick. Nowhere did she feel the subtle differences of her new environment more keenly than in the exasperating parallels which she was forever drawing between the conditions of her earlier life and her life to-day. Sometimes these quaint disparities teased and burdened her. Again, they would be screamingly funny. Bronson's quiet "There will be five for dinner, Jacobs," and the butler's deferential "Yes, sir," brought before her, a flashlight view, the tragicomedies of her childhood, in her dull Southern village home. She recalled the awful note of preparation when long-dreaded guests were imminent; the toil of polishing windows and mending curtains; the aching hours spent on her knees darning the frayed

stair-carpet, that the returned missionary or the Sunday-School delegate might not trip his reverend heels therein; the last wild panic of preparation, when, inevitably, some cataclysm engulfed all their distracted efforts, and the perfidy of the butter-woman, the salt overturned in the ice-cream, worse, the hopeless toughness of the festal chicken, would drive her pretty worried mother to anguished tears, and her kindly futile father to futile maddening sympathy. Against the polished surface of her life to-day, its planned exquisite order, these raw recollections held grotesque significance. Her own life had been all fretting fragmentary detail; Bronson's, a straight smooth road, with not one obstacle to break his course. What wonder that he should take life in his stride? That she should, inevitably, stumble along at his heels?

Late that winter, Bronson was summoned to Washington, for the twentieth time, in consultation upon a troublesome minor treaty. That was not surprising. He was already quoted as an authority upon international law. The following month, when he was named envoy extraordinary to confer with certain noted jurists in Paris upon a famous war indemnity, Brookline listened with unruffled calm. It was no great honor for a Salem Wolcott. Bronson was merely upholding family tradition. Probably the Court of St. James would be his next field. Bronson would quite honor the post. Equally, agreed popular opinion, equally would Lydia.

Lydia did not overhear this reassuring judgment. That was a pity; for she certainly needed both reassurance and consolation. If the first weeks of her marriage had brought her pure rapture, the months following had brought her pure dismay. She had always met life half-way, breezily, daringly; but deep in her Puritan nature lay a stratum of self-distrust, the product of the tortuous self-analyses, the morbid spiritual struggles, of her forbears. Heretofore she had gone unaware of its presence: but now the swift current of her new life had worn its way to the depths. Moreover, she had made certain bewildering discoveries. . . . She loved Bronson terribly. . . . Marriage had always appeared to her a dignified and a desirable estate of life. She now discerned that it could be heaven or hell, but seldom the placid middle ground of her guileless imaginings. She groped and fumbled, all thumbs, at its locked mysteries. Against its great current of Reality, she felt, as she grimly assured herself, like a paper doll afloat in a chip boat.

And her inadequateness to her exacting new vocation had been driven home by twenty invisible needle-thrusts of mishap. She had flung herself heart and soul into the winter's demands, gowns, charities, friendships. Yet she had achieved nothing for Bronson. She had held her own, perhaps; no more. She felt herself a failure, a drag on Bronson's winged triumphs. She was all pretence; the winter's tests had proved it. Any really clever woman would have known how to supplement Bronson's interests. She herself might do for an hour's romance. But for the wife of such as Bronson, for a king!

All these grieved self-upbraidings, however, were for the times when Bronson was away from her. When he came back to her, she promptly forgot all her uncertainties in the one golden certainty that he was with her, and all was right in her world. But Bronson was seldom with her. And her self-distrust grew until it clouded every hour.

When Bronson, then in Washington, received his appointment on the Commission, his first eager telegram was for Lydia, to accompany him. Lydia bloomed at the thought. She had missed him piteously. All her dim forebodings had reared monstrous heads. But now! Yet even as she plumed herself upon this snatched victory, there came alarming summons from Aunt Augusta. She was gravely ill at the Nahant place. Lydia must come at once.

Lydia went. Aunt Augusta's seizure proved but slight. However, Lydia must remain with her, she insisted. Gratitude as well as duty commanded the sacrifice, for Aunt Augusta had been a second mother to her. However, as Lydia rebelliously whispered, what she wanted just now was not mothers, but husbands. Still, her crushing disappointment gave her no warrant to spoil Bronson's one evening with her, between Washington and Paris. Therefore she girded herself for the fray. And she was so unflinchingly merry, so casual and so gay, that Bronson went from her

oddly puzzled. Perhaps a bit sore at heart too.

Had Bronson known how cruelly Lydia hungered for him, how grave her need, he would have carried her off with small regard for her filial cares. But Bronson, queerly enough, possessed like Lydia his layer of self-distrust. Rather, it was a black drop, which tinctured all his inner life. His powerful and far-reaching successes, his lofty standing, his bold dominant personality—all these were but the husk, the outer shell, put on like so much armor. The inward man, the real Bronson, was as sensitive, as keenly, morbidly self-analytical, as the outer man was poised and self-assured. He weighed his own motives without pity. He stood off and judged his life with almost bitter clarity of vision. And on no part of his life did he look with more merciless scrutiny than upon its romance. His love for Lydia held a father's protecting tenderness. She seemed to him infinitely younger than himself, infinitely appealing, a being dazzling, crystalline, adorable. He was passionately proud of her, her beauty, her girlish cleverness, her spirit. Yet she made him feel himself all his years, and more. He could never quite share alike with her. He could never quite step back into her radiant morning. True, on that April night he had crossed the barrier of years and had stood beside her: they had been boy and girl, together. But that was only the moment's soaring rapture, his one supreme exquisite hour. The years were there, implacable, insurmountable. His hour could never strike again.

Sometimes he questioned whether in his compelling passion he had dealt fairly by Lydia. She had been such a child. She had given all, unquestioning, so royally! He would have been more generous to have turned away from her dear presence, to have disowned her lovely witchery. Youth called to youth, not to staid years. Surely, he had not been fair with her. . . .

Throughout the sea voyage and the long days that followed, these harsh perplexities wove their poisoned web through Bronson's tired mind. Perhaps, in his desolate musings, Bronson needed Lydia quite as forlornly as Lydia needed him.

The negotiations dragged. The treaty was a Jack-Horner's pie, and the various Powers took much unction in putting in thumbs and in pulling out plums. June passed: the agreement still hung fire; July, August; and Bronson chafed to reach his wife with an eagerness which mounted to panic. However, Lydia's letters continued reassuring, even commonplace. She was perfectly well. And Aunt Augusta improved each day, save for a terrifying relapse whenever Lydia suggested leaving her. She missed him, of course. She certainly supposed he wanted her to. Why not? No, surely! He must never think of asking to be relieved on the Embassy. She was very set up indeed, to find herself Madame l'Ambassadrice. He had better not dare resign, and thus prick her upblown pride. Was it really true that they met in conclave, as the German caricaturists had it, in a dormouse's nest, and went to their conferences riding on snails? She enclosed the caricature, cut from a late review. She was now going driving, then to dine with the Atterburys, where she would have an extremely good time, and she continued to be his very loving Lydia.

It happened that Bronson, being uncommonly tired and a trifle disheartened, did not read hunger and thirst between the lines.

The long summer wore away. The newspapers, having recalled several precipitate announcements of a settlement, began to make a joke of the affair. The Russian envoy's claims were the stumbling-block. He was a woolly person in more ways than one, and his extravagant demands occasioned much uneasiness for those in high places, and much profane and vain swearing for his associates. Finally it was whispered that the present Commission could never reach an agreement. A new council must be appointed. This report was officially denied, but it roused unpleasant international gossip, at a most inopportune moment. Bronson, who had been making quiet negotiations for his release, was urgently entreated by the State Department, backed by insistent appeals from the President, to stand by the Commission. His resignation would swell the rumors of disagreement, and might even precipitate a renewal of hostilities.

Bronson shut his teeth and accepted the situation in silence. Unluckily, his example was not contagious. The rumors grew. The caricaturists worked overtime. The

great journals indulged in satiric leaders and in top-heavy monographs. Bronson, grimly silent, endured. And Lydia waited.

Suddenly, like a spark to a smouldering fuse, word flashed through the continent, that the long wrangle had flamed into actual violence. The Spanish Commissioner had snapped his fingers in the face of his Prussian colleague. The Belgian deputy had had his eminent ears pulled by the Russian envoy, and had astoundingly retaliated by throwing his opponent through the window, to the detriment of his ambassadorial dignity, and the intense delight of several malapropos onlookers. Thereat a great many things happened, all at once. The press reports leaped from satires and monographs to double columns and flaring headlines. The two great contending Powers proceeded unostentatiously to collect cavalry, and equip a few more war ships apiece. The stock market betrayed ominous flutterings. The President of one country called a hurried Cabinet meeting at his fishing shack, the King of another improvised a council chamber aboard his yacht.

The tension rose hour by hour; the civilized world hung on the brink of panic: when—incredible!—the nations were electrified by news that, in a single night, as by miracle, the envoys had reached a complete and friendly understanding. The demands of both disputants had been met by a new protocol. Through their representatives, the two sovereigns announced themselves absolutely satisfied with its provisions. Behold, a triumph of Diplomacy at its best! After all its vacillations and its blunders, the Commission had proven itself magnificently adequate to its high task. The Commission sat back in a blaze of glory, and waited for applause.

When the applause came, however, it was not for the Commission, but for one Commissioner, alone. For, as the Paris despatches proclaimed, this superb victory for peace, this coup incomparable, was the work of one man. Of one sole mastermind, unaided, illumined only of his own genius: in a word, of the astute, the brilliant, the amazing Monsieur B. Wolcott, already famous in his own land, now wreathed with international laurels. He it was who had calmed the agitations of the Spanish envoy; he who smoothed the ruffled plumage of the Preuss eagle; he who tranquillized the prickles of the Belgian hedgehog; he who—yet more wonderful—had rushed to the rescue of the bumped and infuriate Russian bear, had picked him up, dusted him off, and, by some inspired sorcery, had soothed his outraged emotions, and led him, meek as any lamb of the Caucasus, to head the Signers on the protocol. And, climax upon climax! Even the amended protocol itself, this miracle of strategy, was the work of the sublime Monsieur B. Wolcott. Impossible? Yet true. It was a wonder past belief that this, the century's triumph in diplomacy, should come out of America; America, the crude, the naïve, the gauche, the yokel among nations. But honor where honor is due. To the amiable Monsieur Wolcott, one owed not of praises alone, but of gratitude, as well, that he had thus cut the Gordian knot. There followed much ornate detail.

Lydia was allowed to read the cabled accounts of her husband's prowess on the day that her son was a week old. That same morning, she permitted a cablegram to be sent Bronson, telling him of the child's coming. In the face of scandalized protests, she had insisted that no word be sent him, if possible, until the conclusion of the treaty. She was quite aware that she was doing an outrageous thing. But she knew intuitively that the man was carrying an overpowering load, and that the shock of even happy news might mean a grave interruption. Moreover, her cloud of self-distrust had darkened in these lonely weeks till it distorted every outlook of life. If she could not keep step with Bronson, she could at least keep out of his way. Her husband's new fame seemed to set him still farther apart from her. She saw herself a regrettable obstacle in his road. The baby, a sturdy splendid atom, did not bring her the orthodox comfort. For all her precocity of mind, Lydia's emotions were slower of growth. Above her instinct of motherhood rose her instinct of longing to be mothered, for the tenderness that only Bronson knew to give. And in the lack of it, she did not especially thrive.

When Bronson at last came home to her, gray and drawn by the great anxious love and fear that had fairly consumed him, he was peremptorily ordered to present him-

self with as little flourish of trumpets as possible. Therefore he talked soothingly of his steamer acquaintance, and described with much humor his quarrel with a Paris cabby, and his extremely narrow escape from arrest—an edifying anti-climax to his work on the Commission. Incidentally, he forgot to mention the sleepless nights he had paced the steamer deck, the wretched days he had fought through, week on week, torn between the unyielding claims of his professional honor and his sore tortured longing to be with her.

Lydia on her part had little to say. To Bronson, she seemed hardly glad to see him; rather, peacefully indifferent. As a matter of fact, she was so utterly content by the mere sight of him, the steadying notes of his deep voice, the grasp of his strong hands, that it never occurred to her to tell him so. She hardly spoke. She merely rested. Afterward, she reflected that Bronson had treated her much as if she and the baby were contemporaries. He had been tenderness itself. And he had "talked down" to her. Decidedly. He had not even told her the inner tale of the treaty, though he might know that she was passionately proud of his success. Perhaps he felt that she would not understand its complications. Very likely that was all. And that was quite enough. Poor Lydia pushed the baby away, and turned her face to the rose-tapestried wall.

It happened that Bronson also spent some rather heavy hours, considering how little he had seemed able to divert her. Still, when you considered that eighteen years' barrier, it was not strange. He might cherish and protect. That was his due. But he need not ask the crowning joy of giving happiness. He might as well accept the inevitable.

Then Bronson put away his meditations, and turned to his mountain of accumulated work. Immediately, also, the unescapable festivities in his honor, dinners and banquets without number, began. Between his toiling days in the office, and his laborious nights of recreation, the man grew stupid with fatigue. His rare hours with Lydia did not stimulate him. Lydia was lovelier than ever. But she was subtly changed from the rippling brook of a girl. She no longer flashed, challenged, sparkled. Instead, she yielded him a dim, sweet dutifulness; her cool serene detachment cut the man to the quick. She, too, was beginning to realize, to accept the inevitable. Poor little exile, turning back vainly toward her lost kingdom of youth! Poor child!

One November morning Lydia stood before her mirror, listlessly viewing herself in a new evening gown, just sent home. She herself had designed the dress, for the great Mayflower Dinner to be given that night in Bronson's honor. This would be her first appearance that season. When she had suggested going, Bronson had roused from his brown study, and had heartily and delightedly urged it. Lydia therefore had thrown her whole soul into the selection of a suitable array. Beside its momentous decisions, the choosing of her trousseau had been a trifle light as air. This once she must play up to Bronson's lead, she must stand abreast of him. If she could drink the wine of this small triumph, it would hearten her. And it would please Bronson. If she could please Bronson!

The maid smoothed down the clinging velvet with admiring hands. Lydia considered her image with a faint quizzical smile. The gown was green, a pale silvered tint, embroidered with opalescent jewels, frosted with long falling webs of lace. It was the perfection of its art. In its soft luminous draperies, the fresh-cheeked April Lydia would have been a half-blown rose. But in to-day's sharp autumn light, the dress drained her of every gleam of color. Against it, her lips were gray, her round throat showed waxen hollows, even her shining hair lost its bronze lustre. Lydia looked at it, impassively. One more failure.

"It will be better by electric light, Mrs. Wolcott," ventured the maid.

"Possibly," said Lydia, dryly. As the woman left the room, she picked up her telephone, and called Bronson's number.

"Is that you, Bronson? Yes, it's Lydia. I called up to say that I do not think I'll go to the dinner, after all. No. I'm sorry." She bit her lip at Bronson's prompt courteous concern, his dutiful affectionate question: "I'm sorry too. Anything wrong, Lydia?"

"Nothing. Only—I really don't believe —I care to. You're coming up to luncheon? Well—good-by."

As she put down the receiver, Aunt

Augusta's cane clicked down the hall. Aunt Augusta, imposing in her primeval beaded plush driving coat, stalked in.

"Lydia! Why in the world aren't you out driving, this fine day? You need it to give you some color. You're positively haggard. You want to look your best at the Mayflower Dinner. *Not going?* Lydia, really, you are too absurd. Haven't you any interest whatever in Bronson Wolcott's affairs? You're not a child, nor a plaything—though I must say he treats you like one. I never saw a man spoil a woman so ridiculously in all my days. Come! You mustn't disappoint Bronson."

"I hardly think—what I do—matters to Bronson." Lydia's voice was as colorless as her lips. Aunt Augusta viewed her keenly.

"Well, of course Bronson is sufficient to himself. He can carry off any situation. But you surely might gratify him by showing yourself pleased with his successes."

"It does seem so, doesn't it?" murmured Lydia, unflinching. "Don't you want to see the baby, Aunt Augusta?"

"No, I cannot wait. *Aren't* you thankful that he's all Wolcott, Lydia! He's the image of his father. Not a drop of Burford in him. Now I must go on to Maria Day's, to luncheon. But, Lydia——"

The old woman hesitated; then she turned back. Her keen old face lighted with a strange sudden passion; a piteous wistfulness, tragic, inarticulate. So she might have turned back, impotently, to her own rebellious girlhood, beseeching it to hold fast the happiness already slipping through lax wilful hands. "Now, Lydia, don't be such a conceited little fool. Of course Bronson adores you absurdly. But for all that, he may be wishing inwardly that you would try harder to do your part. And some day—it may make a great difference. You never can tell."

"Indeed, you never can tell, Aunt Augusta. Thank you. I hope you have a pleasant luncheon, Good-by."

Lydia crossed the hall to the shaded nursery. There lay her small son, cuddled asleep, the firelight dancing on his silken head. Lydia bent over him warily. She worshipped her child; but she stood a little in awe of him. Aunt Augusta was quite right, she owned disconsolately. He was all Wolcott. Boston was stamped on his funny crumpled forehead, graven on his pink tongue. When he wanted anything, he announced his desires by a calm rhythmic ear-splitting yell, delivered with the precision and the efficiency of a rapid-fire gun. The note of assured and long-established hereditary supremacy rang in that yell. It had the foreordained success of a dominant tradition. Lydia marvelled, even admired. He knew so precisely what he wanted, he attained it with such minimum of effort, he was so eminently a Wolcott, a Salem Wolcott, a Copley, and a Sears! He even yelled in broad A's. Lydia stooped with a quivering laugh, and kissed his pudding-cheek. Alas, the baby opened a disturbed, reproachful eye. Then he rolled over and lifted an indignant shout.

"Oh, please don't! I didn't mean to!" Poor Lydia's coaxings were lost in the deafening flood. The nurse was below-stairs, eating her lunch. Even Bronson Jr.'s roars could not carry three floors down. Lydia would not have summoned her for worlds. "It's a pity if I can't quiet my own baby," she remarked, tremulously. "There, there, Sonny boy! Come, now!"

She gathered the warm wriggling bundle into her arms, and stood crooning and kissing him. Bronson Jr. squealed and resented with fists and feet, like a cross puppy. He was a heavy baby, and a strong one. Lydia's wrists were weak, and unaccustomed to his weight. One more irate bounce—and he rolled from Lydia's grasp and fell with a heart-stopping thud on the polished floor.

At last Lydia gathered him up again, and felt his soft little body with shaking terror-numbed hands. He was not even bruised. He blinked and gasped, then took up his yell precisely where he had left it off. Lydia sat on the floor, holding him. She dared not try to stand. The room whirled and darkened and gleamed; she could not see Bronson Jr.'s red affronted face when, at length, his fruitless howls died in outraged silence, and he set gloomily to chewing a fat thumb. She was still crouching there when Bronson entered the room.

"Lydia, you here? Why, darling! What is wrong?" Bronson caught up the baby, and dumped him into his crib, then caught Lydia up in turn. "Are you ill? Lydia! *what* has happened?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," said Lydia.

She drew away from him. Her voice was very sweet and cool. "I—I dropped the baby. You'd think that if I hadn't sense enough for anything else, I could at least handle my own child. But it seems not. However, he didn't—break."

"I should say not. You couldn't break him with a hammer," said the father briefly. "But this has frightened you cruelly, Lydia. Sit down, dear."

"I'd rather not." Lydia stumbled back. Bronson caught her arm. His grasp sent leaping pulses to her heart.

"Wait, Lydia. Something else troubles you, I know. I—I've known that for a long time. Tell me."

"There's nothing to tell." Lydia sat rigid in the white chair. She spoke on without volition: she could hear her voice checking off the words like a cuckoo clock. "It doesn't matter, Bronson. I'm only so dreadfully sorry that I was so stupid as to imagine . . . that I was . . . equal to doing things . . . that I could truly make you happy. It was such a mistake——"

"I see."

Lydia's hand tightened on the chair-arm. She stared back at Bronson's ashen face. Something seemed to whir between them, like the snap of a breaking wire. Strange fear lit in their meeting eyes.

"I know." Bronson went on, picking his words. "I've quite realized. You've been so tired, so unhappy, ever since I came home. I can't help seeing it. I can't have you suffer like this, Lydia. Tell me the truth. Shall I stay away? Will that ease matters? It was my mistake in the beginning, dear. I asked too much. A man of my years should not have let himself imagine. . . . But I loved you so that I dared hope——"

"It isn't that you're—older. I'm proud of that. Or, I would be—if I could do my share, if I could live up to your life. So you needn't try to make it easier for me, Bronson." There were no tears in Lydia's heavy eyes. But her very soul was sobbing within her. "It's my fault, straight through. I'm not one of you and yours. There's nothing *to* me. To be sure, Mamma was lovely, and Papa was a dear, even if he was a Southerner. But they weren't born in Boston . . . so we were different . . . to begin with. And you'd never even have heard of me, only Aunt Augusta adopted me because I looked so much like Mamma . . . and then my teachers gave me high marks because I was poor, motherless little Lydia Burford . . . and other people were kind because they liked Aunt Augusta . . . and my book went through because I was a Crowninshield. . . . I'm all pretence, that's all. There's nothing to me, I say. I'm not wise enough, nor worthy enough, to be your wife. I never shall be. I'll never be fit to bring up your child. And, Bronson, you used to think I was pretty. But I'm not even that. I just have . . . a way——"

Bronson put out his hand toward her, then drew it back again. The room was silent save for the purr of the low fire, and Bronson Jr.'s confiding chuckle of reply.

At last Bronson stood up, white and grave.

"Do you mean this, Lydia?" he said, under his breath. "Are you trying to save my feelings? Are you avoiding the real issue, the difference of age, which makes——"

"I only wish I were," Lydia's voice was a whisper. Yet the low vibration held the ring of truth. "I've always been so proud because you *were* older. Because even then you chose me. But I, myself——"

Bronson looked at her a long minute. Dim understanding awoke in his drawn face. Here was a straw of chance. If it failed him— But it should not fail. He would take chance and risk alike, unflinching.

"I've a few matters of my own to confess to you, Lydia," he said, slowly. "When I've told them, we can talk over this—which you have told to me. I, too, have always felt that I was not worthy of your love. On my side, I am not in any sense adequate to bringing up this child. I'm all pretence myself."

"But, Bronson——"

"Oh, I know what you will say, that I have always succeeded in everything, straight through. True. But half my successes have been given to me, out of hand. The other half have been won on a fluke. Sheer luck. Nothing more. I was such an oaf that I barely got my bachelor's degree from Harvard—how I did sweat over it! I failed on Math three times running. But I was a Salem Wolcott, son of Signers and Founders through four generations, and somehow I'd be given another chance, each time. For my doctor's degree, that was

pure luck. By accident I stumbled on those thirteenth-century manuscripts, and built up my Angevin Codes from them. Won on a fluke, you see. Though to hear the reviews praise me, you'd think I had written the Codes themselves. My success at law is nothing but grinding hard work. You can score in any profession if you bring all your time and strength to bear on it. For the rest—my family connections have given me everything. I have always possessed. And I have never earned. Lydia, do you understand me?"

Lydia was staring at him, colorless, wide-eyed.

"But the Commission, Bronson! That was your own. And that was wonderful. You can't disown that!"

"No. Though I'd like to." Bronson looked at her narrowly. Slow red pulsed to his forehead. "Lydia, have you wondered that I did not tell you of the amended protocol? Why I never refer to it?"

Lydia quivered.

"I thought perhaps—you felt it wasn't worth while——"

"That you weren't capable of understanding it? I see." Bronson's set lips twitched. Grim amusement flickered across his strained face. "Did it ever occur to you that I might be ashamed to?"

Lydia stared back at him.

"The papers were right in one sense. It *was* inspiration—of a sort. The night I put it through—ugh! I don't like to remember. It's like a hideous jumbled dream. It was white-hot, that sickening, gritty heat of Paris in late September. I'd been slaving on the new protocol all day, and I felt sure of its acceptance, save by our Russian friend, Poltavenski. Not that he'd question my compromises; merely that he so loved a fight for the fight's sake.

"Somewhere near midnight I left my rooms and started down the boulevard for a breath of air before turning in. Presently I ran into Poltavenski. He was surprisingly amiable, for he had just won a couple of hundred francs at the Maison Vert, and he urged me to join him for a bite of supper. I wasn't enthusiastic; and I was still less eager when the salmi and the melon appeared. The salmi was flavorless and cold. The melon was warm. The wine was past praying for. And Poltavenski, of course, made a most edifying scene.

"'Thousand deffil!' he remarked. 'Must a gentleman thus serve his guest, with such parings, such dregs and refuse! Bring to me quickly M. le Propriétaire, *marmiton*, that I may instruct him!'

"'Why not order something that we can cook for ourselves?' I suggested, to calm him down. 'Sweetbreads, or omelette, say——'

"'Entrails of a calf!' fumed Poltavenski. 'Innocent babes of fowls! I am no Herod, I. If there could be of fish, yes. Or mushrooms. But this swine of a landlord will never see fish till that Day when he and his kindred shall rush with violence down a steep place into the sea.'

"'Could we have lobsters?' I asked the waiter. You should have seen him brighten. By amazing luck, they had a tankful, very much alive, and as the man assured me, of a necessity fresh. 'And mushrooms?' By another special dispensation, there were truffles, that day gathered. 'Sweet peppers?' Again my garçon beamed."

"And, Bronson, you——"

"I did. I confess it. I was lost to all sense of shame. I made that identical stew we used to make on our beach picnics; lobsters and truffles and sweet peppers, with cream, and paprika to touch it off. I sat and smiled and cooked. He sat and chortled and ate. I made one chafing-dishful; two; three—Lydia, you will never believe, so I shall never tell you, the quantity which that cheerful cormorant devoured. The Slav stomach is a phase of the mysterious East which my limited Anglo-Saxon understanding will never grasp. When at last he pushed back his plate and smacked his lips and began to express his feelings, he was ready to sign a dozen protocols. He'd have given me not only my concessions, but, in his new heartfelt affection, he'd have given me Manchuria into the bargain—for the recipe. I remarked that we might drop into my rooms and glance over the new draft while finishing our cigars. He complied, still gurgling joyously. It did not take him three minutes to glance gayly through that amended protocol. Nor two to affix his signature."

There was a long silence. Finally Lydia looked up

"Then—you mean—in a way, we've been deceiving ourselves, not each other,"

she whispered. There were heavy tears on her long lashes: but shamed April laughter strayed through. The rarest gift of all her fairy dower, her common-sense, was coming to her aid. "We've imagined ourselves so superficial, we've blamed ourselves so unnecessarily——"

"Precisely."

"And yet—it doesn't make any real difference, does it? Now that we—we know." Hot color flamed into her cheek. As if shaken awake by some strong hand, she was suddenly rousing out of her long wretched dream. Mercifully she did not see the gulf of fathomless misunderstanding over whose brink she had so nearly slipped. Had she looked up, she might have seen the shadow of that gulf upon her husband's face. But her shamed eyes were turned away.

"Bronson!—What a goose I've been! And—Oh! You've been just as great a goose, I do believe. Just to think, after all our grieving and misery and self-blame, that—that we're both in the same boat!"

"Exactly the same boat," said Bronson, gravely.

He stooped and picked up Bronson Jr., still superciliously sucking his much-enduring thumb.

"I don't see any way out of it for you," he said, sombrely. "You'll have to accept this environment of sham and dissimulation, you'll have to breathe the atmosphere of pretence and opportunism all your days, you'll have to be brought up by hopelessly inept, incapable, superficial parents—or else go to an orphan asylum."

Then he laid the baby down, and went to his wife.

ON COMO

By George Meredith

A RAINLESS darkness drew o'er the lake,
As we lay in our boat with oars unshipped.
It seemed neither cloud nor water awake;
And forth of the low black curtain slipped
Thunderless lightning. Scoff no more
At angels imagined in downward flight
For the daughters of earth, as fabled of yore:
Here was beauty might well invite
Dark heavens to gleam with the fire of a sun
Resurgent; here the exchanged embrace,
Worthy of heaven and earth made one.

And, witness it, ye of the privileged space,
Said the flash; and the mountains, as from an abyss,
For quivering seconds leaped up to attest
That given, received, renewed was the kiss;
The lips to lips and the breast to breast;
All in a glory of ecstasy, swift
As an eagle at prey, and pure as the prayer
Of an infant bidden joined hands uplift
To be guarded through darkness by spirits of air,
Ere setting the sails of sleep till day.

Slowly the low cloud swung, and far
It panted along its mirrored way.
Above loose threads one sanctioning star
The wonder of what had been witnessed sealed.
And with me still, as in crystal glassed,
Are the depths alight, the heavens revealed,
Where on to the Alps the Muteness passed.

THE CHRISTMAS HANDICAP

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

THE race in which I defeated the so-called Australian for the championship of America was worth two thousand dollars to me, which two thousand, barring a few inevitable dollars spent in treating the crowd, I should have brought home to my wife and little girl, and so made sure that all would be well with them till the next season. And so I intended, but in the most accidental way in the world we—Fifield, the bookmaker, was with me—we ran into a faro-bank on the way home, and in the morning I came away with about enough to pay for a good breakfast at a hotel, for after that I would not go home. I had said on leaving my wife that I would come back to her with the money in my pocket or not at all.

I had to borrow a half-dollar off Fifield to tip the waiter. "Tell my wife I've gone, but don't tell her where," I said to Fifield, and went on down to the docks and shipped on a cattle-steamer. Not what you might call one of the preferred occupations, feeding cattle and cleaning their stalls, but not laborious, either. Only the food—the men's food—is not what it might be, even for men down on their luck. And the men are not always what they might be. Plenty of good-enough people, some who are unfortunate or some just adventurous ones among them, but sometimes also a bad one. There was one who did not take to me any more than I took to him, a big brute of a chap, the heavy-weight bully of the after-hold. Perhaps he thought I was as meek as I must have seemed blue—he must have thought so, for nothing in my build or looks should have led him to think I could not put up a fight with anything walking God's earth. The afternoon I ran the Australian, I had stripped at 182 pounds, and not a pound of it you could have torn off with anything less than a cotton-hook. And make no mistake, I was still in condition; one night at the gaming-table, nor four days of bad food on the steamer, was not pushing me back to the second class.

This chap picked a fight with me, and I threw him into a stall where four Colorado steers would have trampled him to death had not his mates hauled him out onto the alley-way in a hurry. "And if we'd been on deck I'd just as soon've thrown you overboard—and could do it as easy as I say it, too," I ripped out at him, and so I would, or to any man who came at me as he had. Once I got warmed up I did not mind taking a chance at most anything. I had backed the starter's gun in too many big races not to have nerve, and had carried my weight down the track at too fast a clip too many times not to know I had power.

But if this chap was a surprised man, he was not altogether giving up the fight; at least he was believed to be the man who, a few nights later, dropped a bale of hay down the hold onto me, who was stretched out on the hatch two decks below. Sometimes those bunks on cattle-ships are not any too clean, and I was sleeping out this night. Now a bale of hay falling through the height of two decks doesn't come down like any hatful of feathers. It loosened two of my ribs, so said the head-steward, who had once studied medicine and was the nearest thing to a doctor the ship carried, and who, after a fashion, also trussed me up. He did not make a good job of the bandaging—even he himself said as much—which probably caused him also to say: "But what can you expect? The man ought to be dead, anyway!" But I wasn't, though when the inflammation set in and the fever began to keep me awake nights I almost wished I was. Almost, but not quite; there was always the wife and the child in mind.

In Liverpool, after the ship was docked, I collected what money was coming to me for the eleven days' passage. But first I beat up the man who probably dropped the bale of hay on me, beat him up good in a quiet out-of-the-way alley in a part of Liverpool where cattle-men and their kind hang about. There are regions there where

the police take scant notice when two of the guild engage in battle, provided it does not become too general, or they do not take to welting too many outsiders.

They probably aim not to debauch their help, those steamship lines—ten shillings was coming to me for the trip. Some of the crew said I was lucky not to be docked a few bob for the three days I was laid up with the floating ribs. And doubtless so; but from out of that two dollars and a half I bought a third-class ticket to Manchester, where I remembered was a man famous in America for backing professional sprint-runners. I found his place—a "pub" with a sort of eating-house attached. There I ordered my roast-beef and potatoes and a mug of ale, and they did taste nourishing. As I ate and drank I gave ear to the talk going on around me. It was all of horses, whippets and foot-running. I soon learned what I most wanted to know—before New Year's there would be several good professional handicaps, with the betting on them promising to be lively.

Before I had finished my meal the master himself came in and sat down among his customers. I took a good look at him. A pretty decent sort he appeared, one who might have the nerve to take a chance on a man who could show him a good performance, and who might give a fellow a fair share of the winnings after he had won; which coincided with what I had heard of him. A square "gaffer," the professional sprinters termed him.

After I had smoked my single pipeful, which I allowed myself after every meal when not in strict training, I picked up my little bag, which held my running clothes and shoes, a pair of running corks, a tooth-brush and a hair comb—nothing more—and approached my man. "Mr. Ensey, I've been doing a bit of sprinting on the other side. It's no use telling what I'm good for—you'll have a chance to see that for yourself if you'll take me on. Will you bed and board me till I've had a fair try-out?" I said no more than that then.

The old fellow looked me over. He would probably have looked a horse over in pretty much the same way except that he paid more attention, possibly, to my face than he might if I were a horse. "What do you weigh?" he asked at last.

"I did strip at 182 pounds two weeks ago."

"M—m—thirteen stone—but you don't weigh that now?"

"No—o—probably not."

"And why?"

I might have told him of the broken ribs and the fever, but I did not care to. It sounded too much like an excuse. I have small use myself for men who are always producing excuses, good-sounding excuses though they be, in place of performances. This man was concerned in my running, not in my troubles. How fast could I swing through a hundred and fifty yards, not how did I happen to get a couple of cracked ribs, was what the old gaffer wanted to know. So now I answered, "It must have been the bad passage."

"H—m—— My lad, if you lose nigh a stone-weight crossing the Atlantic, I'm not sure you've the timber to stand the hard training we put a handicap runner through here. But what 've you ever done on the other side?"

I hesitated to answer, but finally did say: "I've done evens——" meaning ten seconds for a hundred yards.

He smiled ever so little. "H—m—— Not too many 'ave showed me evens over here—not for *my* watch. Them ten-second amachurs can't ever show better than a quarter or 'alf second for me."

"I'm no amateur."

"Well, on another look, I'll give you credit, I don't think you are. I'm puttin' you down for something better than a cup-huntin' amachur. But what's your name? I must 've heard of you, if you're anything great."

I wanted to be honest with him—I liked the old fellow already—but I preferred not to give my name just then. "Suppose you let that go for awhile?"

"H—m—m. Well, please yourself, but when a man's goin' to the expense of taking care of you for some weeks maybe he's not askin' o'ermuch to know your name. But please yourself. I like your looks."

That same afternoon I ran a trial for him. The blue feeling was on me again, and my side aching terribly. I knew I could not run fast enough to get away from a policeman, but I went with Ensey to the track. A dozen or more idlers, curious to see the American run, also went along.

I did my best, but I had to run alone—and I never could run well alone, though I



"Will you bed and board me, till I've had a fair try-out?"—Page 684.

did not tell the gaffer so. As I say—excuses are no recommendation to a man who is risking money on you.

After I had crossed the finish line I allowed my momentum to carry me, in the customary way, on for fifty yards or so, so as not to strain anything by stopping too suddenly. By the time I had returned to the old man he had replaced the watch in his pocket and I did not ask to look at it. But that it was very slow I knew. The faces of the idlers, not to mention their comment, proved that. "Huh—that chap. 'E can't run as fast as my old woman," says one. That was enough.

I was in the dressing-room, about to get out of my running togs, when the gaffer entered. "Eh, lad, how long is it since you've run in ten seconds on the other side?"

"Oh—not so long."

"M—m—but you do fall away fast. What d'y' think you did to-day?"

I said I had no idea. I dreaded to be told; and the old fellow guessed as much. "And I don't know as I blame you, lad. It was——" He whispered it, as he might some shameful secret.

Well, I could believe it, though not since my first race in public, one for boys of sixteen years, had I run so slow.

"And the marvel is you've such a grand style. I do like your style, lad."

"Well——" I was lying on the rubbing-board—the pain of my side forced me to lie down. "I suppose you won't care to keep me after that trial."

"I didn't say that, lad, though on the judgment of it I shouldn't be wasting another ha'penny on you. But I can't get over your style. You've got the style of a champion—you have that—and I must say, too, every other mark of a champion but the speed. What is it—what's wrong?"

I had got as far as removing my spiked shoes in the undressing process when the gaffer had entered, and there I stopped. I wanted him to think that his entrance had put out of my mind the thought of further undressing. I wanted him to leave before I pulled off my running shirt; but plainly he was going in no hurry. And the longer I delayed the more bound he was to stay. At length I could not help seeing that he was suspicious of something or other. Well, the truth was better than some sorts of suspicion, and, after all, if he was ever to back me why shouldn't he know? I drew off my

shirt, and then old Ensey saw the bandage about my body.

"Eh, lad—what's that 'ere?"

Then I told him, and how I came by it.

"And was it right, d' y' think, to hide it from me—me that's to be put to the expense of keeping ye?" But he was mostly sympathy. "And ye tried to run with that? Man, it's resting, not running, ye should be. Come, now, and lay by a week or two, and then we'll see what ye'll make of it."

I rested two weeks, jogged easily for another week, and then showed a gain of six yards over that first trial. "Ah—h—that's more like, but a long ways off yet of championship form." I did not tell him that once out of my running I was rather slow to come around, nor that my weakness was not yet gone; nor that raw, foggy weather, as they had this day, was terribly discouraging. Dry weather always for me. Cold or hot, no matter, so it be dry.

Another week and I ran two yards faster. Four days later another yard came off. "You surely are coming, lad. Show me a quarter second off that again and I'll give you a pair of pumps—" (spiked shoes he meant) "off the best shoemaker in England."

"You can order them for next week," I answered to that. And on the day appointed I won my pumps; and that same day I was entered for the next handicap. I was not so far short of my true form then, for it must be remembered that in all my trials I had run alone. And, as I have said, running alone never suited me. I needed somebody alongside trying to pass me, or somebody ahead striving to beat me out. To me any race at all meant two yards above my practice time. A big race, with a great crowd and, it might be, a band of music, with the cheering and shouting, the betting calls and so on—a championship, or match for big money—meant from three to four yards to me. I never could run cold. I suppose it was that my imagination as well as muscle had to be tuned up before I could get all that was in me out.

But I said nothing of all this to my gaffer, and a week later when I won my handicap, showing form equal to ten seconds flat, the old man was taken by surprise.

"Aye, lad, but if I'd a notion ye were that kind, I'd made a pot of money on ye—twenty-five to one against. I'd only five pounds down on ye. Why, ye're a real racer. And you're in rare form." And he really thought so; but I was not yet in form. I had told Ensey that I had done ten seconds in America. As a matter of fact the day I won from the Australian I had done nine and four-fifths seconds, though the time was returned as ten seconds; and at that, after going fifty yards, certain I could not lose, I had let down. And further, though this was known to but a few good friends, I had done inside nine and three-fifths seconds in a race before that. On that occasion, also, the watches had caught me in ten seconds, which was correct, but the course was five yards over the hundred—a mistake that did no harm. I was after a living, not records. But what use *telling* the gaffer what I could do when there would soon be a chance to *show* what I could do.

Of the thirty pounds I received for winning that first race I sent Fifield twenty, for my wife and little one, but saying also that he must not yet tell her where I was; otherwise she would be over on the next steamer, which was not what I wanted. Too many people here that I did not want her to mix with, and also I did not want to face her until I had made good that two thousand dollars. The balance, ten pounds, I handed back to my gaffer, saying, "Just before we go to the post in the next race lay that on me," which, when the time came, the gaffer did, at ten to one.

But now they had discovered who I was, and classed me accordingly, on my reputed speed, nine and four-fifths seconds for the hundred. I would hereafter be back mark man, on scratch with the English champion, whom I had not yet met. I won that race, one hundred and thirty yards, in twelve and two-fifths seconds, and that for the jealous watches of men whose living depended on their getting it to half a yard.

The old gaffer, for whom I was gladder than for myself, hugged me in his joy. "Lad, lad, but ye do storm at the finish. I never see aught like the way ye came through that last thirty yards. Where'd ye learn it?"

I did not tell him that I could have come yet faster if it were needed, but—"You'll enter me for the big Christmas 'cap now," I did say.

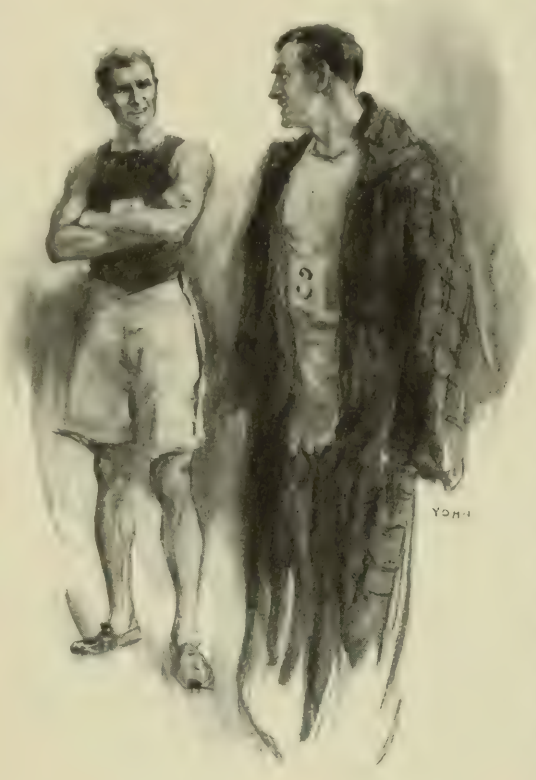
"That I will, and if your mark isn't too restrictive, I'll lay more than a few pounds on ye."

"Oh, no fear but I'll be well back on an impossible mark this next time. They'll not have the American running away with any more 'caps for awhile again."

How he chuckled at that! "You have it right! You've done what no stranger ever did before—win two 'caps. And I'm proud enough to have had the 'andling of you. Aye, they'll make it impossible for ye next time, but ye'll try for a place if naught else? Aye, that's it. And there's no doubt ye'll meet our English champion—they say he's saving himself for it. How do you like the notion of meeting him?"

"It suits me. But I'll want a special preparation for it, the same as he'll get."

"You'll have it, lad, as good a preparation as any sprinter in England ever 'ad—as 'Arry 'Utchins 'imself ever 'ad. And we'll put you in a stable at Sheffield to train for it."



"Ho, Ho, with nine yards the devil from hell won't get me."—Page 694.

II

It is in England, where stables of professional runners are kept as if they were stables of horses, that they know how to get a sprinter in shape. During my eight weeks' preparation I slept, with four others, in a large back ell-room of a small hotel in Sheffield. Every night at ten we were locked in that room by a little old, scrappy Scotchman, who kept the keys in his pocket and slept on the other side of the door. Every morning at half-past six we were called for a stroll, to take the kinks out of legs and back and arms and to put the fresh air into our lungs. Returning from that we were towelled lightly, then allowed to sit down to breakfast. At ten or half-past we dropped down to the grounds for practice. No hard working—just a fooling around and a few starts, but finishing up with a long, easy swinging quarter in fifty-five or fifty-six seconds, to start the sweat. In the afternoon we did our fast work. After each practice we were given a good rub-down; and before turning in at night we were rubbed down again.

We were worked like race-horses, fed like horses, with the best of food and plenty of it—this little hotel was famous for its good beef and chops and vegetables—and at night we slept like horses. The five of us, we would tick off to sleep like so many clocks, as Angus used to say. But with all that never a touch of drudgery. It was the work we were best fitted for, the work that of all else on earth we would rather do. Out of sheer love of the game we would have gone through it for nothing; would have paid for the chance, some of us, if not allowed to do it otherwise. And I may say I never knew a world-beater in athletics who did not go at his work with that same feeling. If it were not so he would never have become a champion. And I imagine that it is pretty much that way in any other profession.

This work into which we put so much passionate energy was fast bringing us to as near physical perfection as man may get. I know that after six weeks of it, on top of the six weeks of good living that had preceded, I was like a tiger. Cloistered almost, like so many monks, only worse off than monks—no spiritual devotions to counterbalance—with no outlet for our boiling energy but our sprinting practice, our trouble was to hold ourselves in. Returning from the grounds after practice we used, out of excess of animal spirits, to dare each other

to all kinds of foolish stunts, may be betting sixpence or a shilling a corner on the outcome. One afternoon I took in a running leap a street that, so they told me, the champion long jumper of middle England had refused to attempt for a hundred pounds. The leap was not extraordinary —nor had I ever trained specially for jumping—a good jump, no more—but the run to it was most uneven and the curbing on which I landed broken and jagged. The thing was that if I did not take off and land just right I would probably break or strain something—my ankle or instep. There were that and other things which I had no notion of attempting until suddenly I found myself doing them. There was the spiked iron fence which surrounded our hotel to the height of a man's shoulder. They dared me, one day, to stand off ten yards from it, hop up to it, then hop over it, in ordinary street clothes and shoes of course, from the brick sidewalk. If I did not clear it, the spikes would probably be driven into my left side or thigh, and I be left in a bad way.

I tackled it and I remember the bar-maid—she was looking through the window of the hotel—a score or more were gathered outside—the bar-maid shrieking as I rose in the air. But she needn't have—I cleared it handily.

But the gaffer got after her when it was all over. He came along too late to stop it. "Don't ever you yell like that again, Miss Arnold, when a man's trying a thing like that. If you can't bear it, don't look." He spoke roughly enough, as he could at times.

"But, Mr. Ensey, who'd ever think he was really going to try it—such an awful thing, and fancy if he slipped up!"

"A wonder he didn't—at your murder yell!"

"But a man don't slip up, Guv'nor, when he's *got* to do a thing," I put in here, wanting to help her out.

"Some don't, maybe. I don't fancy you've eyes or ears for anything but what you're after at the moment, but all men aren't that way. And, Ned, you want to begin to put the brake on. You've got so much bloody energy tearin' round in you now that you'll go crazy or explode soon if you don't watch out. A little will-power is what you need now, lad."

I answered nothing to that, only called for the half-pint of bitter beer which I allowed myself before dinner and supper when in training.

But my gaffer hadn't done yet. He turned to my stable-mates: "Let me ketch any o' you darin' 'im again—just let me! Don't you know 'is temper by this time?—and the trial 'eats less than a week away!"

Going out the door, I looked back to see how they were taking it, and in so doing met the bar-maid's eye. She had her handkerchief to one side of her face as if brushing her flushed cheek, but on the side away from the old man was an expression that I did not know what to make of.

The trial heats of the big handicap, to which my gaffer referred, were run on the second day before Christmas. Being the important running race of the year, a great crowd was present; and as by this time there was so much curiosity to see me, the only foreigner who had ever come to England and won two handicaps, that the management offered me fifty pounds to insure my appearance. I was now, in the eyes of the public, next best man to Rowden, their champion, although the betting men, who are better judges, rated me as his equal; some privately said I was a shade faster. I knew myself I was faster—"a good bit faster," my gaffer said, but not in public.

Rowden and I had the same mark—that is, we both started from scratch; and we both won our first trial heats. There would be great running, everybody said, when we came together. But we never came together. In the semi-finals, an entry that nobody had figured on, a man named Heddon, with nine yards start, stayed so far in the lead that forty yards from home Rowden dropped his arms and gave it up. It was a scandalous beating, and with the report of Heddon's easy win, away flew my chances.

Leaving the grounds that afternoon, everybody was saying, "Heddon, Heddon? *Who* is this Heddon?"

But trust our shrewd old gaffer to get hold of something about him. He came to me at supper in the hotel. "We're hooked," he began. "I knew him when he used to run in Caledonian outings and small 'caps in Scotland two or three years back, and then he dropped out of sight. His entry would come in from time to time to this handicap and that, but he'd never

run. Now we see why he's been running under cover, all this time—only the Lord knows where or under what name. A proper sleeper he is. Laid by till all was right for the killin'. A pot of money for him to win the final, as of course he will. His backer will see that he don't go wrong for that."

"Who's his backer?"

"H—m—m— there now. I've my suspicions, but I'll find more about it. I've scouts out. I'll be back, by and by, and report."

I finished my supper and smoked my half-pipeful, and then Angus went out for a stroll, to see if he couldn't discover something about Heddon. He invited me to go along, but I said I didn't care to go. "But leave me the keys," I called out after him.

"Oh, aye——" he tossed them back—"the old Guv'nor could always trust you—you're not like the others."

I wanted to be alone, and started for the room, which this night I was to have to myself, because my stable-mates, who had not so much as won a single heat among them all, were through with training. They were now out and about the city enjoying themselves. And how they could and would enjoy themselves! After a man has been exercising like a race-horse and living like an anchorite for months—he is the man who has the capacity for pleasure, not the man who is pursuing it all the time. And pleasure? I slammed my bare hand against the hall wall as I thought of it. It was blessed little pleasure I was having these days. I must have exclaimed aloud at the thought, for a voice said—"Don't take it so to heart."

It was the blonde bar-maid; and if I haven't said much of her before this, don't imagine that she wasn't a factor in the life of the place, or that the light of her beauty was hid under any bushel. And she could measure a man up—the physical and emotional make-up of a man at any rate—as quickly as any old gaffer in the world.

She was the one feature of the hotel which my gaffer did not like. He wanted no women around when men were training. And this was a "specially damn dangerous creature," he used to say, "to be standin' about." All I had to do with her was when I would go in after practice every morning and afternoon and get my half-pint of bitter beer. There, of course, she was always, and naturally I said "Good morning" or "Good afternoon" to her.

No every-day bar-maid: with her figure and locks, she would have made a hit on the stage. Our fellows used to put an extra edge on their appetite before meals arguing why she did not go on the stage. "Why don't she?" the old gaffer would answer. "Why? You know damn well why. It's *men*, not Johnnies, she wants."

Whatever the reason, be sure it was not because she could not if she wanted to. I was rather surprised to see her now. She should have been behind the bar. But there she was at the foot of the stairs. She had never been free in her speech with me as with the others; nor was she over-free now. Indeed, there was even a backwardness in her manner.

"You're looking blue," she said. She did not call me by name. She used to call all the others by their Christian names—Joey, or Charlie, or Georgie—but she never addressed me by any name at all—unless she caught my eye or there was no other person present, she never spoke to me at all.

"You're looking blue."

"I'm *feeling* blue," I said.

"No wonder. But cheer up—no disgrace even if you can't win to-morrow."

"It's not the race!"

"No?"

"No." And looking at her, I thought of another woman. Her face flushed. One hand crept up to her neck-piece. God forgive me for anything in my eyes that made her blush, but 'twas not her just then—'twas a sweeter girl I had in mind.

I went up the stairs. On the landing I looked back. She was still standing there, a handsome woman. She smiled, and going through the door which led to the back of the bar, she smiled again. And there was more than pure kindness in the smile.

I continued to my room. I *was* blue. When you haven't seen or heard from your wife for four months, when you have had no answer to half a dozen letters, when you have been sending money-orders home and no word of acknowledgment of them either, when you know yourself to be a man who never understood women, and there was I only a professional sprinter, when she might have married other men, with any of whom she'd be running no risk

of ever wanting for the good things of life —I tell you I *was* blue. And there was the little girl, too.

Well, I had only myself to blame. I had gone off, after throwing away the money won in the big race, without a word, though of course Fifield would explain something of that; would possibly make her understand that it was my old besetting sin, the love of a wager, and not the cold intention, which started me: no close friend of mine, Fifield, but surely friend enough to do that. He had won many a dollar on me—he owed me that little kindness.

There I sat and thought. Nobody came near me. I thought of Angus, probably having a mug of ale somewhere; of the old gaffer, ferreting out news of Heddon. But always my mind would go back to my wife. Why hadn't she sent word? Fifield, too, was to write after he had delivered my message to her; but from him never a word, either.

I was still sitting there when ten o'clock struck. I opened the window, which looked out on the side street. A fine night; many people on the street, and from the "pub" below, which opened also onto the side street, the noise of cheerful voices. Two or three of them plainly were celebrating—had doubtless won a few pounds on the race, won it off men like myself, and they could afford to take a drink. *Could* and *would*. But I mustn't. Not me—I was in training. To-morrow night, now, I would be free and could drink—if I cared to—but not to-night. A fine freedom, indeed! A fine life altogether! Putting enough physical and mental energy into my work to bring success to half a dozen tradesmen, and what was I getting out of it? To-morrow I was slated for defeat—a bad defeat. Four yards he might head me. A fine return for weeks of self-denial and effort! Fine, fine! Well, thank the Lord, to-morrow night would end my running.

To-morrow night? Surely I was a proper fool—to-morrow night. Even if I get second place, what was fifty pounds—my gaffer's share? It surely couldn't break him. To sweep up a field of bets was his game. And the next day after was Christmas. A fine Christmas! A merry Christmas! Hadn't seen wife or child in four months, and nigh four thousand miles from home.

About then, or, it may have been an hour later—Lord knows how your mind works at such times—I heard from the yard, which was in the rear of the house, the voice of the room-boy: whereat I ran—my mind always did get a jumping start—I ran to the rear window and whistled. He answered.

"Come up," I called, "the back steps."

He came—by way of the back door. I drew out some change. "Bring me up some ale—three bottles. Say nothing to nobody, and bring them up the back way."

He would have brought three bottles of poison just as quickly. In no time he was back.

"Now bring me more—a dozen this time." He went. He was proud to go for me. Wasn't I the fastest sprinter in the world? And wasn't my name in letters two feet high, adorning every dead wall in town? And my full-length picture in every sporting paper of that week?

He was hardly out of the door when I opened a bottle and gulped it down; and another, and was opening the third when he returned with the twelve bottles, which he set at my feet on the floor, and then handed me a sealed envelope.

"What's this?"

"A note."

"So I suppose. But who from?"

"Oh—h," he leered at me knowingly, cunningly, "You know."

"I know?" I looked at him. He was a precocious one, acquainted with many things before his time. "I know—hah?" I drew the cork out of the third bottle—and slowly let it pour down my throat. "I know—hah? And what is it I know? And how do *you* know I know?"

"She said you'd know."

"*She?* And whoever *she* is, how did she know you were coming up here?"

"She guessed where I was going—wormed it out of me—I didn't mean to tell, but you can't keep a thing from her. And——"

The door was heard opening below—the front door. And closing. "Sh—sh—it's your gaffer—he's no love for me—but she said she'd be off at twelve," and was gone down the back stairs. Waiting a moment to make sure it was my gaffer's step on the stairs, I pushed the bottles, empty and full, under the bed, and drew down the blanket so that all were hid. The note I stuck in my pocket.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I could feel the taunt in that yell, and into my soul it came."—Page 698.

It was the gaffer. He took a seat, pulled out his pipe and then put it back. "Excuse me, Ned, I forgot—for the moment I was fancyin' the running was over."

"And isn't it as good as over?"

"Well, m—m—yes—though you're a man that's likely to do anything in a pinch. I've great faith in you, Ned."

I knew something of my old gaffer's weakness by this time. Any friend of his was a fine fellow, so I passed that over.

He was now regarding me affectionately —"But what's wrong with you? You're not yourself at all. Come, come, Ned—we mustn't let it take such a hold of you. Hold out a while longer—maybe I'll have good news for you in the mornin'."

My mind at the word "news" was far away again.

"Good news of what?"

"Oh—h—I've been doing some investigatin'. And a man whose description fits your gambling friend Fifield, that you told me about, is here and doin' business, though not under that name." Long before this I had told the old gaffer of the race with the Australian and the after-loss of the two thousand dollars.

"But did you see this Heddon run today, Ned?"

"No, I was being rubbed when he won that heat from Rowden."

"Well, take a light-haired man of five feet ten, thick-set, heavy calves, specially long in the back, a quick starter, high knee and strong arm action—who would that remind you of?"

It did not come to me till then—yet I was hardly surprised. Perhaps I was too loggy with ale to be much surprised. Perhaps so. "That would fit the Australian who ran me for the American championship."

"Well, that's 'im—but no Australian. That's Heddon—and your friend Fifield's got him under lock and key at the Swan. I must say they planned it well—and stand to get a pot of money—and a good bit o' mine and yours they'll get at the same time. 'Tis Fifield will get most of it, too. He was in drink to-night, and said a lot. He's no love for you."

"And why not—did he say?"

"H—m—m—hints, hints. But suppose 'twas him was behind Heddon when you beat him in America? And suppose—suppose, then, Ned—suppose he's in love with your wife?"

"He *was*—wanted to marry her—but he's got over that."

"How d'y know he's got over it? Suppose he figured he could keep you over here with not money enough to go back home, and she over there with not money enough to buy herself and the little girl bread! How then?"

"You surely do imagine things, Guv'nor."

"Maybe so—maybe so. And maybe I'm only imaginin' he led you into that gamblin' joint where you lost your two thousand! But you're tired, lad. You're up too late as it is—after eleven o'clock—go to bed. And lock that back door. However came it open, anyway? I told Angus never to leave it open. If I see him anywhere I'll send him up to keep you company. You'll make what you can of it, to-morrow, won't you, Ned?—and then a fine lay-off. And mind" —no moaning over the good thing that was being snatched from us, but a fine, warm smile from the old fellow—"mind, I may have great news for you to-morrow. Good night, Ned."

Great news? Heddon disbarred? No, they could not do that. His running under another name abroad could be no cause for disqualification, even if we cared to play that game, which we had no mind to. They would have to let him run now—and all bets would go at the post—and we would take our medicine.

My head ached. What was the old man's notion of Fifield trying to keep me from my wife? Queer things came into the gaffer's head—the most suspicious man at times.

I leaned out of the rear window. I could hear the voice of the bar-maid whenever she went into the kitchen. Also I could see her shadow against the white fence in the yard. Presently I could hear the old gaffer's voice below. A few minutes and I heard him say "Good night," and, a moment later, his steady old step going up the side street.

Good old gaffer! Poor old Ned King! Ned King, you poor slob! I drew the blanket up from the floor, reached under the bed and held a bottle up to the light.

I had a thought that the sight of the ale would make me forget my backer. But it did not—not quite. "I told 'em all I

didn't care if 'e 'ad twenty-nine instead of nine yards—when Ned King gets after him those nine yards will shrivel up like thin-cut bacon on a hot grill——" I could see him in the bar of the Swan defying all who might care to contradict.

Good old gaffer. And he trusted me. And he had given me a chance; bedded and boarded me when I was down and out. And once again his money was down on me.

Aye, his money was down on me. I counted the full bottles idly. Twelve, and three gone. What a forgetful time I could have yet! And plenty more downstairs. I, who had never until to-night taken the second bottle of ale at one sitting, to-night was going to see how much a man would need to take to make a man forget.

I sat on the edge of my cot. I took pleasure in counting the bottles once more. What a time! To be sure I could. But would I? Would I now? "I says to 'em all before the bar of the Swan—not if 'e 'ad twenty-nine yards! And when Ned King gets after 'im——" Game old gaffer!

Surely I could. I drew the cork of one. The froth welled slowly up. I watched it a moment, then stepped to the wash-basin and poured it down the drain. One after the other I drew the corks and poured the ale into the basin. As I emptied them I stood them up like soldiers on the floor.

I heard the boy's step on the back stairs. In he came cautiously. His rat-like, wicked little eyes peered around the room. He looked at the empty bottles on the floor—counted them—fifteen—chuckled—"My, but you're going a gait! And all alone, too!" And then, as if assured of something he very much wished to know, ran down the stairs again. I could hear the kitchen door closing behind him.

I threw the empty bottles out of the back window. I heard them drop one after the other, on the grass in the back yard. Then feeling drowsy, dull, tired—wretched—I undressed, and was getting into bed when Angus came in.

"A bad outlook for to-morrow, Ned." He had more beer, perhaps, than was really needful for his health, and so a bit maudlin. "The Guv'nor give 'em the devil, Ned, and so did I—down to the Swan, Ned. But no use—twenty-five to one you can't win—and, of course, you can't—nor no man that ever lived or ever will live, with that hound on the nine-yard mark. Well, well, I'll be turning in here to-night, Ned—spare beds enough." I must have gone off to sleep then, for I remembered no more of Angus.

But by and by, how much later I cannot say, I thought I heard a knocking at the door; at first softly, but at length more boldly. I sat up, and as I sat up it stopped, and as it stopped the voice of Angus called out: "What is it, Ned?"

"What's it, you?" I retorted; and must have immediately fallen off to sleep again, for I heard nothing more.

III

Only three bottles, and I knew men who could have taken a dozen of that same ale and not minded it, but the sap of life had long ago ceased to run freely in them, or else their natural holding capacity was greater. I awoke like a man from horrid dreams, and had no appetite for breakfast, though I did try, under the anxious eye of Angus, to force it down.

"It can't be, Ned, you're stale from over-training. It can't be, for yesterday you were like a lion."

After breakfast I slipped down to the track, and had been cantering up and down for perhaps ten minutes, when Angus came running in. "What ails you, Ned—working like this on the morning of the finals?"

"I've got to work it off."

"Work what off?"

I made no answer to that, and he, thinking I had a touch of the sulks, said no more; and I, who had always laid out my own work, tore up and down the track till I felt I had enough.

On the way back to the hotel I slipped Angus, and, stepping into a pub, had a brandy and soda, the second I had ever taken. The first was when my wife had the baby, and I, in the next room, had to wait hours for the word. As to drinking that liquor, and drinking it when I did that morning in Sheffield, I have to say that I knew what I was doing. There is more to training than exercising or being massaged, or eating or sleeping. Ten years up to this time I had been running, studying my game and studying myself. If I was the fastest short-distance runner in the world, it was

more than length of stride or drive of back and arm that made me so. It was more also than my brains and body. It was knowing the things which lie so deep in you that you are not able to make anybody else understand them as you do yourself. And that morning I drank my brandy and soda, drinking it, too, in the full knowledge that it is a bad thing, even one drink, when you don't need it.

My drinking it was all over town in an hour, and, joined to the rumor that I had been on a drunk the night before, caused many a good man to grieve that day in Sheffield; and also it killed any further betting on me.

At half-past eleven o'clock I was back to the hotel. At twelve I had lunch—chops, soft-boiled eggs, toast, apple-butter and tea. After lunch—one o'clock—I went to bed. The race was at four o'clock. "Call me at three," I told Angus—and was asleep, he said afterward, in two minutes.

At three o'clock I was sleeping so soundly that Angus had to shake me to wake me. At half-past three we went to the grounds, where were now forty thousand people, viewing patiently the preliminary events to keep them in humor; and they were still swarming in.

Not till I was on the mark that day did I get a look at Heddon. He *was* the man who only four months before I had run for the American hundred-yard championship. And now he had nine yards in a hundred and fifty. "Never, unless he drops dead, will you get him," was what one bookmaker said to me, and that was pretty near what I thought myself.

"So it's you, you Australian champion," I said to Heddon when I met him. "A fine champion! And a fine game you're playing with Fifield."

"Well, it's so fine a game that when we cash in after the race we'll have back that four hundred pounds we lost in America and a good many other four hundreds with it."

"You have to win first."

He laughed out loud—"With nine yards? Ho, ho, with nine yards the devil from hell won't get me."

"Maybe the devil couldn't," I says—"but 'tisn't the devil will be after you. Poor devil, he has to hop along with cloven feet and a tail flying back in the wind to handicap him even more. But with *them*——!" I held up one spiked shoe, and as he looked I flexed toes and instep, and—I couldn't help it, I was that alive with energy boiling to turn itself loose—I stood and leaped over a bench beside the track. It was a clean leap of eleven feet, toe to heel, and two fellows who had just finished a mile run were lying on it, resting. They started up in alarm. "H'I say, there, King—fancy if you didn't make it!"

"Make it!" broke in Angus. "Lie down. He could 'a made it an' you'd been tiered three high—and that's what he'll do to you, Heddon. Ned won't run this day—he'll leap the whole hundred and fifty yards. At about a hundred yards you want to listen—but you won't *have* to listen—you'll hear it—the chunk, chunk of his spikes, the same hitting the cinders so fast that you can't count 'em, and at a hundred and twenty you'll be feelin' a hot breath getting hotter every second—and then you want to watch out, Heddon, for that'll be the backmark man comin' in to his own—won't it, Neddo?"

That sounded like blackguarding, didn't it? But this Heddon was a notorious man himself at that game, and we were only taking his measure; and not all foolishness, this by-play. As I watched him now I began to see that that jump over the bench wasn't altogether a waste of energy. I knew what was running through his brain. He saw again that hundred and eighty odd pounds flying through the air. By and by that same hundred and eighty odd pounds would come flying through the air after him. When a lad and just breaking into the game, and faster men came tearing down behind me, I knew how I used to feel. I used to wish—with those champions behind me—I used to wish the tape was something nearer.

I was mad and getting madder. I could have ripped the track in two. I dug my holes, and, breaking away from the mark, breezed down past the stand. A voice there called out—an American voice—"There's your Derby winner for you—him for me."

I was beginning to feel like running, but I was not yet worked up to that nervous tension which precedes a great performance—or a great break-down. Inside of me was—I began to feel it—the power with which, by and by, would do what I willed. But as yet it half-slumbered.

Coming back by the judge's stand I met my old gaffer, whom I had not seen since the night before. All the morning I had been wondering where he had been. I thought he would say something about the brandy and soda; but evidently he had not yet heard of it. His face was beaming.

"You're a horse, lad—a horse, nothing less. But look here"—he stepped closer—"old Parkeson's—that couldn't be bribed—he's gone home for Christmas—said in forty years he'd never failed to be home for Christmas eve—and they've bought up the substitute starter."

"Well, he'll need to be a clever one to shoot him off the mark and not me, too. When Heddon leaves the mark be sure I'll leave it with him—if I don't leave it before, so long as they're out to do that kind of work. But that fifty pounds the management's giving me for showing up—I want you to get it and lay it on me."

"To win? or for the place?"

"To win."

"Hah?"—He laid a hand on my arm—"Have ye learned anything? Is aught wrong with 'im?"

"Nothing wrong with him. He'll run the race of his life to-day."

"Then ye can't win. At nine yards ye can't win. The devil from hell couldn't do it."

"That's what Heddon said, but I gave that devil's tail a twist, and he's not so sure as he was. At twenty-five to one, I'm telling you, lay that fifty pounds on me. Will you tend to it?"

"I will. And, by heaven, a bit of my own. The fighting look's in your eye to-day, lad. And if you win—if you win, Ned——"

"If I win?—What are you smiling at?"

"Ho, ho—it won't put me in the poorhouse if we do lose. But keep an eye to the starter." He ran off toward the bookmakers' stand.

"And get some of it with Fifield's people, if you can," I called after him.

"All they're game for," he called back.

The starter called out to know if I were ready. Always in the big handicaps it is the scratch-man who is deferred to. He it is who has the choice of paths, who may put off his preparations till the last second. In the light of the scratch-man's privileges I made my first move. One path was as good as another, but I wanted Heddon under my eye. He had the fourth path from the pole, so I demanded the third from the pole.

The starter seemed surprised. "I thought you'd already picked your path"—he pointed to where I had dug starting holes on the inside path.

"Never mind what *you think*," I rapped back. "It's what *I do* that you have to go by. I'm using my right to take what lane I please."

I took a long time digging my new holes, so long that all, Heddon and the starter particularly, began to show signs of nervousness.

When I had finished digging my holes I stood up in them, to get the feel of them in the usual way; after which I cast off my bath-robe. Angus, in waiting, picked it up and was about to make off down the track; but I looked at him, and he dropped it on the ground again. The others now handed their blankets to their attendants, who rushed off, as Angus would have done, down the track to where they would be able to see the finish.

We were now all ready—apparently. The starter said—"On your marks"—the others got on; so did I, but last of all and very slowly. "Get set," he called. All set—but me—and waited for the gun. I could, being behind, see them, but they could not see me. I made no move to set, but watched them for perhaps ten seconds. The starter, I knew, would never dare to fire that gun till I was ready—crouched over and apparently ready at least—not with the eyes of sixty thousand people glued on us. He might be bought up, but 'twould be ruining him forever and taking his life in his hands to do that. Even at twenty-five to one, there was other money than our own down on me. Finally, he called out—"Come up, everybody—what's the matter, King?" at which I left my mark and jogged down the track.

I went fifty or sixty yards before turning back, and I made no haste coming back. The others, Heddon particularly, eyed me curiously. I paid no attention to them, except that, walking past Heddon, I said: "And you're dead sure you'll win it, eh?"

"What is it, King?" asked the starter.

"Oh—h—I don't know—nervous, maybe."

"Well, try it again." We set again. Again they bent quiveringly for the crack

of the pistol, and again, at the instant when they were on the wrack to hear it, I stood up and, when the starter called "All up," swung down the track. This time I went a full hundred yards at almost top speed. Oh, but I was going rarely, and I made sure Heddon felt it. It was my day, and yet more than sheer sprinting power was to win this race for me.

Hankins, the pistol-firer, was plainly puzzled, and, I believe, worried by my actions, which was what I meant him to be. I had no mind to let him have that pistol-firing all to his own hand. He looked inquiringly at me as I returned to the mark, but I said nothing, only once more stood in my holes as if ready for the gun.

I watched again the backs and legs of my competitors as they crouched. They were all showing the strain. And yet again I stood up. This time I called out to Angus: "Just cinch up my shoe-lacings, will you, Angus?" and while he was bent over to it I, well wrapped in the bath-robe, whispered, "And take your time at it, Angus."

There I was warm as toast from my jogging and the bath-robe, and there they were beginning to feel the cold. Heddon darted down the track as I had been doing, but the others didn't dare get too far off for fear the starter would make them hurry back and fire the gun before they had recovered their wind.

My shoes seemed laced to suit me, and, casting off the bath-robe, I was again on the mark. This time I meant to go.

I bent leisurely at the preliminary word, yet more leisurely at the word "Set"—taking notice of everybody, but with a special eye to Heddon. All by now were plainly showing the effect of being kept waiting. It was in December, Christmas Eve, mind you, and, though a sunny day, naturally not over-warm, and men do not stay out in scant clothes, bare legs and arms and low-cut shirts without feeling it; and you want to be warm as a coal-fire for your best sprinting. And more than the cool air they had been feeling the suspense of waiting. And Heddon? I knew how his mind was working. He was wondering if I would really go this time. "I'll worry you more than that," I said to myself—"with your nine yards and your crooked play. I'll worry you—and you, too,—Mister Starter."

I was going to try something I had never tried before in a race. They called me a steady and sure man on a mark—and so I was, none more so, but many a time had I tried this in practice. "As to the wrong of it," I argued to myself—"well, it may be, but they, not I, began the game." As to any wrong done to the other three in the race, they had no chance against Heddon or me. It was I or Heddon would win this race.

Well, there were sixty thousand crazy, howling people waiting for us to go, and a starter, for all he had fired the gun at a hundred handicaps, wishing to get the job off his hands. He said "Set," and there we were, I not quite steady, nor intending to be too quickly. But at last I bent over, and as I did so put my mind in place of the starter's. "Ah—h," he was saying to himself—"At last—and now—" and here he would be taking a quick, sure glance to the others and back to me again—"All steady now——" again a look all round—"A tremendous crowd—the biggest 'cap in years—a good job almost done—and King still steady as a rock—and now——

"Steady, Heddon!" "Steady, Heddon?" And Heddon already like a marble figure! That was the tip for him. "Now, Neddie boy, watch out," I said.

Heddon's back hunched over so slightly, his knees moved. But he was not going just then. He relaxed—the others, mind you, like so many quivering rocks, as he no doubt thought I was, under the strain. I watched anew. The muscles of his back and legs began to crawl—a breath, and the heel of his front leg lifted, settled, the hind heel began to lift, l-i-f-t—a quick but full inbreath—and——

I leaped and the gun cracked. Nobody could say that I beat the gun or that Heddon beat the gun, but the starter had completed his contract. He had shot Heddon off his mark.

But Ned King was right there with him, not up into the air where a man a mile away could see, but moving out of the holes, nevertheless, and ten feet they say I cleared in that first wild leap from the mark.

"Blast you!" Angus later said I said, breaking out of the holes, but I don't remember that. I only remember that I saw Heddon before me, his back straight up, his head bobbing, his arms and legs working desperately. My back was bent over—



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Oh, papa,—papa—" she was saying, and believe me, I didn't regret that finish.—Page 699.

no man running carried his body or head further forward than I did; and my arms were swinging across my body, and hardly time to swing across before I had them back. My arms and back always did more of my running than my legs. Style? Style is made on a thousand practice days, not in the heat of the race. But I had style, none better, and I knew it was there to stand by me. And it was standing by me. Heddon ran high, with his legs moving like the fore legs of a trotting horse. Mine were more like the trotter's hind legs, my feet barely off the ground, but every stride well up on my toes, and a full eight feet to every stride at that after I settled down to my work. That was my job—to set my feet down and pick them up again as fast as ever I could. I hardly gave them time to hit the ground, though when they did hit it, they hit it for fair. They said afterward that a man who had to follow me down the track would have had his head knocked off with the cups of earth I threw behind. The track was a bit soft, I may say. They also said that you could hear me pounding a hundred yards away. Well, I meant to pound. I was after Heddon.

At thirty yards nobody could notice that I had gained. And maybe not. It took a few strides to get my weight and length under way; but after that nobody was heard to say that I did not gain; and gain fast. One chap with ten yards I caught at the hundred-yard post, though I only recall him dimly. I saw one man clearly in the race—Heddon—one man and one thing—Heddon and the red worsted across the track at the finish.

Heddon could run a fast hundred yards, and he ran a good hundred now. I gained no more than three yards on him, maybe four to the hundred-yard mark, which left all of five yards to make up in the last fifty. If a man can gain only four yards in a hundred, how can he ever gain nine in a hundred and fifty? It doesn't figure out, does it? No. But I could run every foot of a hundred and fifty yards. Heddon could not. Every yard that I covered saw me going faster than the yard before. He couldn't do that. He could run fast to a hundred, and there hold his speed. He could not increase it. Sprinting handicap rarely extends past a hundred and thirty-five yards, because they used to figure it out that a hundred and thirty-five yards is as far as the scratch-man can run without falling away in speed. But I knew that I could run a hundred and fifty and keep going faster and faster to the tape, on the right day, that is, and, believe me, this was the right day.

And I tore on with the same low stride and my body held forward like a rigid bar—every lift of my thigh beat against my ribs and chest. My breath was in-held, my heart pounding. And those others kept coming back to me, though, as I say, I barely saw them. But Heddon I saw. He loomed up immensely. The sixty thousand shrieking people—the insiders along the edge—I never saw or heard them. I never could see anybody in the race, anyway, but the man I had to beat. I don't know just where I passed the others, but I gave them a scandalous beating. At a hundred and twenty yards—thirty yards to go—only Heddon was before me—and he looked all over a winner. No mortal could beat a man of his speed. Four yards in thirty! But, God in Heaven, I was coming! Heddon's own backers were admitting that now. Never a man they ever saw was coming like me, they said. I, myself, did not believe then that I could win, but I still saw Heddon's back. He was still going, and going good, but, God in Heaven, I was tearing, leaping—flying, man, flying.

Ten yards from the finish and the Heddon people cheered crazily for their victory. It was as surely all over as that. And I heard that cheer. Through my ears, and into my brain, yes. I couldn't hear sixty thousand people, but I could feel the taunt in that yell, and into my soul it came—and then—then I lifted. Hope of Heaven, man, but I lifted. Back, arms, shoulders, neck, the muscles of my toes, the very scalp on my head—I gave 'em all I had. Man, but 'twas a burst.

They said I covered twenty-five feet in my last two strides. In the last foot of that last leap I got him.

That's the way I stormed at the finish; and past the line I kept on going, arms down, head up again, but my momentum carrying me clear on to the turn of the track fifty yards beyond the finish, and there at the curve I almost ran over the fence and into the people in the front row of seats, who by this time were making a run for the

field; and it was there I almost ran into her arms—and her arms were wide open. She crying—calling "Oh, Eddie—Eddie——" and the little one laughing like mad—"Oh, papa—papa——" she was saying, and, believe me, I didn't regret that finish.

Thousands of voices were calling—some yelling—some cheering—cursing, some of them—but when I heard her voice, and the name—she alone ever called me "Eddie"—I clean forgot Fifield and the beautiful beating I intended giving him the minute after the race was over. It was almost smothered, that voice, and, I was excited, confused—even now it blurs to me—but I whirled, and stood on my toes. Being tall, I soon saw her—little as she was—herself and the little one. I shoved them right and left when they wouldn't make way, and little I cared what they might think, I lifted her off her feet and kissed her, and snuggled her—and hoisted the little girl to my shoulder.



"D' y' know what ye did, Ned,—do ye know, man?"

About this time the gaffer came running down with his watch in his hand: "D' y' know what ye did, Ned—do ye know, man?"

"I don't know, and I don't care." I said.

"Man, man, but the most impossible time—an impossible time." He repeated it reverentially.

I went to the dressing-room, leaving my wife and child to go to their hotel with my gaffer. After dressing I sneaked out of the grounds through a loose plank in the fence—to dodge the crowd—and by side streets stole up to my own hotel to get my bag. I was coming down the stairs again when I met the bar-maid. She was taking off her hat. She looked at me and I looked at her. I shook hands with her and said—"I'm going."

"I know. I saw the race—and the rest of it." There was that in her expression that made my heart bleed, but what could I do?

Out on the street I recollected the note of the night before. When I had put it in my pocket I meant to read it later. Now I drew it out and tore it into little pieces which I scattered along the gutter. I had no mind now to read it.

At the other hotel, the best in the city, in our suite of rooms, we had dinner. The old gaffer had collected all the money due us, and that money was now poured into a great salad-bowl. In five and ten-pound notes and sovereigns it flowed over the edges of the bowl, for us to look at while we ate.

I poured my share, more money than I expected to earn in years, into my wife's lap—"There's your little house in the country and something more. Forgive me those two thousand dollars I gambled away. Forgive me for leaving you as I did."

The tears stood in her eyes.

"And forgive *me*, Ned," put in the gaffer. "I do love a game man, and you're game. When you told me your story, after you'd won that second 'cap, I couldn't help writing her. And I knew more of Fifield than I ever let on. I've a friend or two in America, too. But I was afraid for the missus—afraid she'd get here too soon and interfere with your trainin'. And afraid she'd come too late and make no Christmas for you. And now that's said, there's for the kiddie." He crowded ten gold sovereigns in each of the child's hands. Money looked so common to us that when the sovereigns rolled out of her little hands, we none of us bothered to help her collect them, but let her chase them herself around the floor, under the table and chairs.

And that night I made up my mind never to run again. That day I had beat the gun —the only crooked thing I ever did.

That side of it didn't bother my gaffer.

"Don't let that worry you—'twas you or them, with them naming the rules. But if you never run again, Ned, here's this from me." He stood up to say it. "I've seen 'em all, Ned, in the last fifty years—seen 'em all come and go—but you're the greatest of 'em all. And I'm not in wine when I say it —Ned, you're the greatest sprinter that ever laced a shoe."

'Twas worth putting your soul to the wrack to be told that by him, the best judge of sprinters and the best-hearted old gaffer in England.

That night, for the first time in most four months, I felt a woman's arm about me. And next day was Christmas.

SULLA AT ATHENS

By Rennell Rodd

He sat upon the terraced rock of Pnyx,
The dreadful victor, ruthless to avenge
His blight of nature on the blood of man,
Red-handed Sulla. The close Roman helm
Shaded his leprous visage, and his eyes
Fierce as an eagle's, watched the ruddy smoke
From low Piræus blotting out the sun,
While the mined gates fell crumbling one by one.

From shore to shore, from Sunium to Thebes,
The land lay seared and bleeding. By the quays,
Gaunt skeletons with blackened ribs adrift,
The hulls and barges smouldered. Famished slaves,
Sweating beneath the legionaries' lash,
Toiled for new masters, levelling the great walls,
The long strong arms which her Themistocles
Had stretched to guard her throne above the seas.

For Rome had spoken. And the voice of fate
Was Lucius Sulla's, and those thin drawn lips
Were pitiless as death. Vain any plea
To purge rebellion's trespass, or avert
His coldly purposed vengeance. Long, too long,
The 'leaguered folk had battled with despair:
Now gaunt with famine, silent, cowed and penned
In their doomed city they abode the end.

Only at times a train of suppliants came,—
Pale starving wives, with babes at barren breast,
Young maids with hair unbound and haggard eyes:—
Humbly afar they knelt down in the dust,
Beating their bosoms, flinging up white arms

With prayerful palms extended. But none passed
The screen of lictors, and the hollow sky
Alone received their ineffectual cry.

And the priests followed, grave and bowed with years
Pointing the fillets on their hoary brows,
Craving his pity for the ancient fanes,
The shrines of heroes in all lands renowned;
Lest she be roused, the goddess of dread name,
Resentful of usurped omnipotence.
Unmoved he heard; he mocked not man's despair,
But their own gods were not more deaf to prayer.

Yet, ever as his captains came and went,
Or messengers with streaming brows rode in
To lay their tablets on his knees, a voice,
Low but insistent, hushed and yet again
Prevailing through the clamor of the noon,
Touched the reluctant mystic; a voice strange
And yet familiar, dominant to fill
The conscious soul that wrestled with his will.

"Lift up thine eyes, O victor, to the sun,
Gilding the roof of the great fane, and say
Has earth another miracle like this!
Was ever work of human hand so fair,
So throned, so footstooled! Is there any land
So holy for the memory of her sons?
Alas for man, the little dust and breath,
Created nobler than his doom of death!

"Was it not here, while still his half-formed mind
Groped in the dimness for a god to guide,
Quaked at the thunder, shuddered in the noon,
That first the living thought struck fire to light
The darkness of the unawakened soul;
Gave the quick stars an order in the sky,
Based the deep roots of wisdom, showed the way
That all men travel in her wake to-day?

"Was this not she who in the dawn of years,
The lonely outpost of the west, stood firm
When all the myriads of the teeming east
Were poured like sand upon her shores? Alone,
She bore the shock upon the crescent plain
That lies beneath yon marble peak. Alone,
Ere Rome was Rome her dauntless hundreds drave,
The baffled east back on the sundering wave!

"Was this not she who, when a second time
They came in fleets that darkened all the sea,
Left roof and hearth and in light ships went down
To where yon island narrows the twin gulfs,
Staked all upon her wooden walls and sank
A thousand galleys in her furious charge,
Then from her ashes rearose like this,
Herself the trophy of her Salamis?

"Was it not here that in her triumph's hour
Men wrought the marble into forms so fair
The very gods might envy, conjured earth
Into the hues of sunset and of dawn,
Made the blood pulsate on her pictured walls,
Divined the mysteries of sound, the rhythm
Of balanced arc and angle and design
Till man's high craft grew worthy the divine?

"Was it not here,—is not the live air quick
With voices none shall silence, theirs who taught
The afterworld the sum of all it knows?
Has Rome not paid her tributary back
A thousandfold with tribute of the heart,
And worn these steps with reverent pilgrim feet?
O victor, ere the bitter day be spent,
For those she bore, for all they were, relent!"

The low voice ceased.—And now the autumn sun
Rested on far Cyllene, sank, and left
The fleeting magic of the twilight spell
On Athens in her ring of purple hills,
Throned and transfigured. In the pause of change
The stricken city seemed to sigh.—He rose
And sheathed his sword and—"Be it so"—he said,
"I will forgive the living for the dead."



A TOAST

WITH PICTURES BY

ALONZO KIMBALL
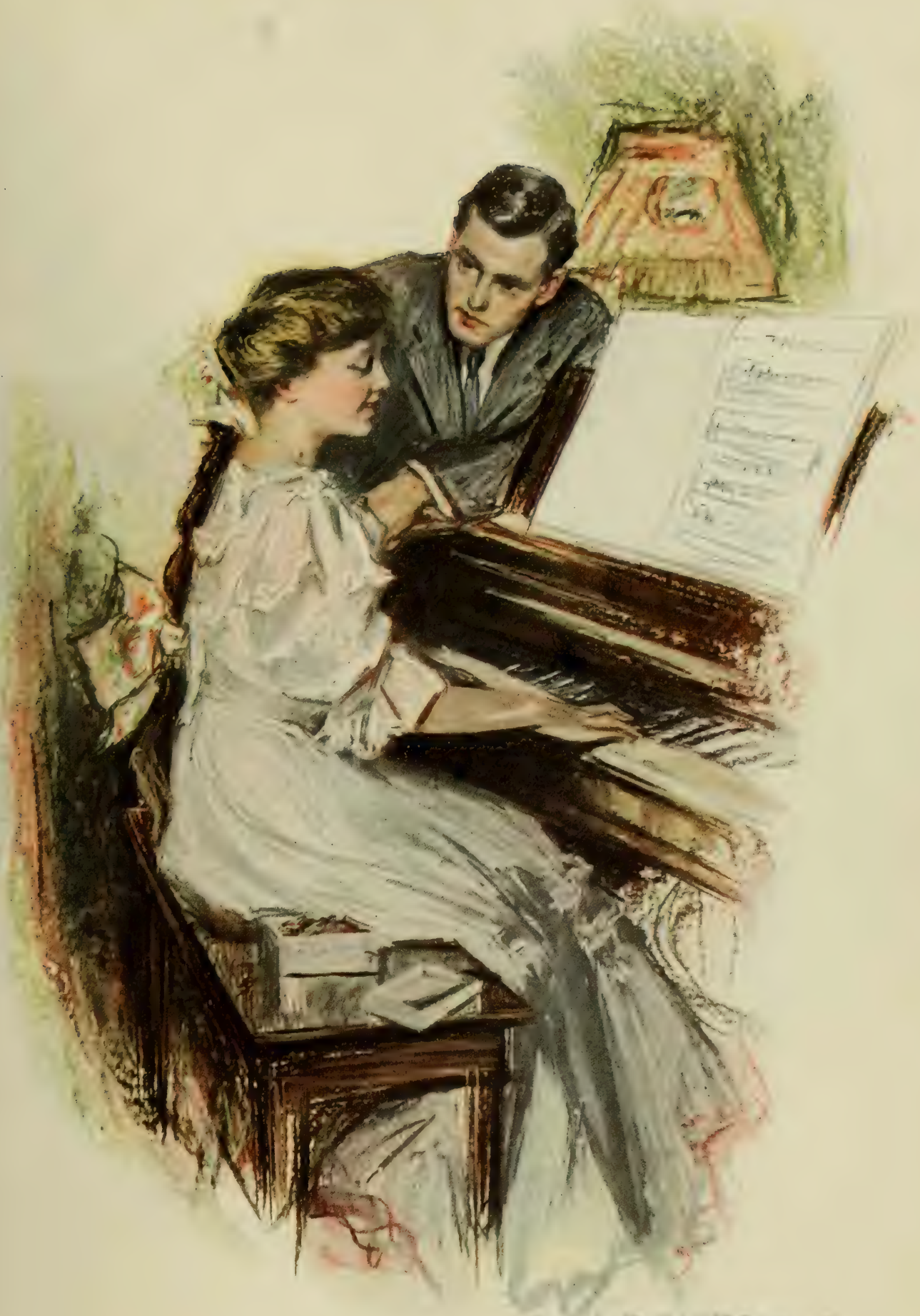


Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

—*The School for Scandal.* Act. III. Sc. 3.



Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.





Here's to the widow of fifty.


ALONZO · KIMBAL—



Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean.


ALONZO KIMBALL



And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.


ARTHUR · KIMBALL



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

He had a sudden flashing sense of being in a net that was softly tightening.—Page 719.

THE WARNING

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustration by W. J. Aylward

WELDON leaned forward slightly in his chair, his hands loose between his knees, and faced the president steadily. The moment had come. All his rehearsals of it, all his tremors, all his incredulities must end here. He felt a distinct surprise at his collected coolness, his almost amused grasp of the situation. Except for the tense, guarded muscles that a month's racking, overworked strain had left conscious of their possible trickiness, he was absolutely himself.

The president's careless glance conveyed just such a tinge of critical surprise as the occasion called for: he toyed with a slender tortoise-shell paper-cutter. The pendulum of the sombre, costly grandfather clock behind him swung tolerantly, silently; the murmur of the bank beyond them was utterly lost behind the heavy double doors and forgotten behind the bronze velvet curtains. The president's voice sounded on—he seemed to Weldon to have been uttering pompous platitudes since time began. His voice was as meaningless as a cardboard mask: how could people pay attention to him? Weldon wondered irritably.

". . . nor has it ever been my policy to render myself inaccessible to my—my corps of assistants. No. Not in the slightest degree. Our interests. . ."

Here Weldon's mind slipped softly from its moorings and drifted off on seas that soon grew tropic: should it be Bermuda, after all? Oleanders and a turquoise bay—what a relief to pavement-gritted eyes!

"Nevertheless, trivial, inconsequent interviews between one in my position and those of my—my corps of assistants who may so far forget themselves as to seek them, must always be deplored. They tend only to weaken. . ."

And yet this man had a reputation for cleverness—nay, it was no empty reputation. Did not Weldon know what he could do, know better than any living man? And yet, how he babbled! Hark, here was his own name.

"You inform me, Mr. Weldon, that you have been ten years in the employ of the bank, a gratifying but by no means unusual record. Our cashier, you know, is now in his twenty-third year, if I am not mistaken. Yes. Was it to inform me of this only that you requested this interview?"

"No," said Weldon wearily, for the president's voice hit like a dull hammer on his ear. "No, it was not for that."

"I trust, Mr. Weldon, that your mention of the fact that your salary is two thousand dollars was not intended in any way . . . was not, in short, to be regarded in the light of. . ."

"No, oh, no," Weldon murmured impatiently, trying to shake off a compelling drowsiness that threatened him.

"Because in that case . . . in that case . . . it was, I remember, only upon Mr. Bingham's urgent recommendation that it was made two thousand. The post has never carried but eighteen hundred. But your exceptional work, according to Mr. Bingham . . . I am glad to hear it is not a question of salary. I never discuss. . ."

Again Weldon's mind slipped off and this time groves of palms hovered between the grooved Corinthian pillars of the president's office, palms and frosty coral wreaths. To breathe that languid, blue-stained air!

". . . May I ask, then, Mr. Weldon, for what purpose you have requested this interview?"

Consciousness returned with a flash and Weldon straightened in his red leather chair.

"I have been waiting for some time the opportunity to tell you, sir," he said coolly, and the angry start that greeted this positively strengthened him. It was a natural start, at least.

"Mr. Deeping," he continued, with only a little catch of the breath, "what you describe as my 'exceptional work' has led me to request this interview. I believe it to be

in many ways exceptional. During Mr. Russell's illness I assisted Mr. Bingham, and after his recovery I continued this assistance in other ways. Mr. Bingham has perhaps intrusted me with more responsibility than was in every respect wise—certainly with more than he realized. I was enabled to give him some opportune help on the occasion of the last inspection and this gave me a fairly general survey——"

"One moment, Mr. Weldon."

The president glanced at the clock and laid the paper-cutter down with a decisive motion.

"Let me suggest to you that whatever assistance you may have rendered Mr. Bingham (for which, by the way, I consider you have received ample compensation), you rendered it entirely of your own volition and, and on your own responsibility. It is quite your own personal affair. I could not for a moment consider——"

Weldon's taut control snapped short under these booming syllables.

"Damn it all!" he cried fiercely, "shall we talk here all night? This should have been over long ago. Listen to me, if you can. I have been for a month convinced that there is something vitally wrong in this bank. In the beginning I couldn't tell why. Some men have an instinct for false figures, a sort of scent for rotten conditions, I suppose. I'm one of them. I've been working at it for a month. And now I know."

The president laid the paper-cutter gently down again, and Weldon realized that he must have picked it up. As it touched the polished desk one half of it was seen to be at the least angle from the other: it was in two parts.

"And now you know, Mr. Weldon?" he repeated quietly, "you surprise me. What do you know?"

Weldon smiled approvingly at him. There was stuff in this babbler, this hypnotist, this phrase maker.

"I know that one of the cleverest frauds in the history of banking has been accomplished in this bank, Mr. Deeping, and I know by whom and how it has been accomplished. I know how Mr. Bingham has been used in the matter and how ignorant he is of the tool he has been. I know how completely the directors have been deceived and how ably the books have been doctored. I know precisely where the discrepancies are and how great they are."

"You have been very diligent, Mr. Weldon," said the president gently. "I presume you to have the proofs of all you assert?"

Weldon put his hand into an inner pocket and drew out a slip—a small slip—of paper.

"You must, of course, have a memorandum by which to check this," he said a little huskily, but meeting the older man's eyes steadily, "so I made it as condensed as possible. You will understand it, however, I am sure."

Without a moment's hesitation the president put out his hand and took the slip. Weldon touched his thumb and it was like an icicle. For a brief space he studied the close, tiny figures, then he raised his eyes from them.

"You are to be congratulated, young man," he said, pausing slightly between his words, "on the possession of a very keen mind and abilities far from ordinary. I believe you said you had no assistance in all this?"

"I did not say so," Weldon replied, "but it is true."

"And no confidants, I infer?"

"Absolutely none."

"It would be idle," said the president, "to assume ignorance of your motive in obtaining this interview."

Weldon bowed in silence.

"I will merely inquire of you what guaranty I have, in case I arrange for the purchase of this slip from you, that the terms will be final?"

"Only my word to that effect," said Weldon composedly, "which I do not think I have broken since I was eighteen. Also the fact that I intend to leave the country—finally, to the best of my belief."

"But you must have a duplicate of this slip?"

"None. I have a mass of rough memoranda, from which I could after some trouble reconstruct it, but this I should destroy. After that, unless I had free access to the bank, I should be helpless. And in six months, barring accidents, you will be able to set everything straight: you have left the way open admirably."

The president folded the list small, and

pushing aside the tail of his frock-coat, put the square of paper into his hip pocket—an odd selection, it seemed to Weldon.

"And where did you say you were going?" he inquired, in his perfunctory voice.

"I did not say," Weldon returned, marvelling at the man's control, "but I am going South somewhere."

"No," said the president quickly, still pushing the list deep into his hip pocket, "you are not. You are going to die, Mr. Weldon," and something shone in his hand on the flap of the pocket.

His elbow was crooked back; his muscles were those of an elderly man, not quite coördinated with his tongue. In a breath, a space too short for thought, Weldon flung himself across the gap between them and drove his head and shoulders straight at the rounded, broadcloth vest: under his impact the elaborate swivel-chair slipped, swayed, crashed to the ground, and they went down together, Weldon's weight on the bent arm.

He raised himself cautiously, hands pressed on the fat shoulder under him.

"The old fox! The old fox!" he muttered aggrievedly. "Shoot me, would he? Murdering old fox!"

There was no heaving in the heavy body under him, but he was not to be easily hoodwinked now—he had had a taste of the man's mettle. He held his breath and listened: the clock ticked tolerantly, wealthily; the flames flickered in the open, sea-coal fire; there were no other sounds at all.

Reaching with infinite care around the relaxed portly body he felt for the hip pocket and drew out the small revolver, then sprang quickly backward.

"Get up, Mr. Deeping!" he said softly, "get up, sir, some one may come."

But it seemed that for once the president was indifferent to appearances, for he did not move, but lay as he had fallen, with one bent arm. Weldon walked over to him and lifted the coat-tail from his face. Then he perceived that it was improbable that Mr. Deeping would ever get up again. His face had long been a mask, but never had it been colored in this way, and Weldon knew that the artist responsible for that tinting never worked on any subject but once.

Between two ticks of the clock, it might be, Weldon saw himself leaping to the window, pouring water from the inner lavatory, calling for brandy, loosening the collar. So vivid was this vision that it seemed he must be doing all this, actually, and he stood vacant-eyed, staring at the dead man. Once he tried to take a step, but his very muscles seemed paralyzed, and a voice, steady as the clock, seemed to tell him:

"How senseless! The man is dead. Dead. You know it. Let him alone. Think what to do. How can you escape? Think! Think!"

Suddenly his mind cleared and he laughed shortly, with relief. He had felt literally guilty. But he had not killed the president. It was the president who would have killed him. What had he done but protect himself? If the shock of his defensive lunge had done for Mr. Deeping, how could he help that? The man's time had come, that was all. And it was a quick death, a good way. He moved toward the body again and tried to lift it, but had not the strength. He could not do it decently. The revolver was still in his hand, and with a quick exclamation he pushed in into the hip pocket again, considered a moment, took it out, felt for his folded list at the bottom of the pocket, got it, and restored the revolver. Moving toward the little mirror in the lavatory, he straightened his tie, wiped his face, then stood, thinking, between the body and the door.

Curiously enough, the figure on the floor hardly disturbed his consciousness. It was difficult for him to take Mr. Deeping seriously, even in death. He had always been an absurdity; posturing, phrase making, repellant. Death conferred a dignity, he had supposed, but death had not done this for the president. Another time-worn superstition, that: humanity had invented so many. Suppose all those old ideas should turn out, on the event, to be as threadbare and empty? Remorse, for instance? Would one dishonesty, one violent break with the canons of honor, never repeated, *oh, surely never repeated!* tincture all the future with a slow, spreading black drop? If so . . . but why imagine it? It was unlikely. A whip in the closet to frighten the timid children. . . .

He shook himself briskly. A clever business, to stand philosophizing, with a dead man in the room, and all his work to do!

Now, what was the next step? To see the directors? There was Webb; would he be clever enough for Webb? And yet, if Webb had not been able to detect the frauds that juggled along under his nose, how should he not be a match for him, when he *had* thus detected them? It would certainly be to Webb's interest to keep this quiet till they could straighten it all out. Then they could divide what the president would have got. And nobody would be a penny the poorer. It was absurd to call it a crime—if the event proved successful. And it would be more than absurd to refuse him the reasonable amount he would ask for: the gain would far exceed his, even if five of them should divide the whole.

Stop a moment! Suppose he could confront them with Deeping's own memoranda? Suppose he should control the material the president must have had ready, in case . . . why, he must have an incredible sum by him, all ready at a moment's notice, something he could convert in an hour into cash, before he fled. He kept the revolver: he would have kept this. He was ready for anything. His pockets. . . .

Weldon pushed aside the coat flap, but his hands refused the further motions. To go through another man's pockets! And yet Deeping had done worse than this: what sums had he not twisted and turned, added and subtracted, borrowed and replaced? But not an actual pocket. No, no. He cursed himself for a weak fool, but the pockets he could not touch. The spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh, tyrant after years of honest, deep-indenting habit, travelled its accustomed grooves and would none of such muscular innovations. Well, he must take his chance with the Board. He flung open the door and seized a brass-buttoned official of many years' inferior but faithful service.

"Run," he muttered, "run, Henry, for Mr. Dupont! Mr. Deeping has had some sort of stroke. Get him and call a doctor quickly—don't make any row now about it, you understand. I'll stay here."

The man touched his cap and hurried off and Weldon stood nervously by the door. A minute passed, two minutes. Suddenly he turned, slipped the ornate brass bolt above the Yale lock, stepped quickly to the dead man's side, and went with rapid, tactful fingers from one pocket to another. The clock ticked leisurely, and unconsciously he muttered, counting the strokes,

"Seven, eight, nine . . . he must have them here. . . ."

A low knock at the door caught his strained ear. His hand held a thick timetable; *New York, New Haven and Hartford* stared him in the face. The leaves fell apart as his hand for the first time shook, and between them—ah! there they were! "Memoranda, etc.," was written on the top paper. Thrusting the slender sheaf into his pocket, he threw the timetable on the desk and drew the bolt slowly, peering out between the bronze curtains with caution.

"How is he—gone?" whispered Dupont, the dead man's brother-in-law, tiptoeing across the room. "Heart, I suppose. Henry's called the doctor, but he said he guessed it was no good, from your face. Nobody has an idea of it—you managed very well, Mr. Weldon."

He glanced at the body and said a few perfunctory words.

"Well, well, we all have to go. Sixty-one, I think. Has any one sent for Webb? I think Webb should be sent for."

Weldon glanced curiously at the mild, unimportant brother-in-law. He was always thought of and mentioned in his capacity of brother-in-law. Why should he think of Webb? Common-sense answered, why not? He was immeasurably the head of them all. Opening the door to discover if there were yet any disturbance in the bank, he confronted Potter, a fat, red-faced, many-millioned man, who puffed excitedly by him.

"Terrible thing, isn't it, Dupont? Great shock to you. Naturally. Has—has Webb been informed? Quite right, quite right."

He dropped into a chair and wiped his pink, fat forehead, looked once sharply at the body on the floor, then obstinately at his knees. He appeared very excited to Weldon; more so than the death of his associate could properly explain, perhaps? No, no: what folly! Probably it made them all feel rather shaky—overfed, weak-hearted old fellows, all of them. They saw their end.

A soft tap on the door followed, and as

the two older men looked with one accord at Weldon, he pushed aside the portières and admitted Mr. Fayles, a thin, aristocratic, iron-gray man, who made himself one of them without a word. Stepping to the body he looked a moment, then sank into the chair Weldon had occupied during his interview, fitted his gloves into his top hat, dropped it beside him, and with an extraordinary convulsion of countenance buried his face in his hands. After a moment's annoyed contemplation of his motionless figure, Weldon met Dupont's eyes inquiringly. The brother-in-law shook his head, no wiser, evidently. Weldon gestured imperiously toward the fat man, and Dupont tiptoed over to him, whispering hoarsely, "I didn't know he was so attached to Edward, did you, Potter?"

Potter pressed his puffy hands together till they streaked red and white.

"Good Heavens! Good Heavens!" he burst out, "this is awful! Where can Webb be?"

Dupont stared, then shrugged his shoulders vaguely and returned to his seat. "I really didn't know he was so attached to Edward," he murmured to Weldon confidentially.

They sat in silence. The president's great bulk stretched among them like some sleeping, foreign animal in a zoölogical garden. It was like a funeral; the funeral of some associate, attended with perfunctory punctiliousness. The blow was financial, not human; it was the death of so much bank stock.

Another knock. Again Weldon, recognized master of ceremonies now, opened the door, this time for the doctor. It was the president's own doctor; Weldon wondered why it was that important men's doctors were always to be got so quickly. Did they have a secret call in the event of a bank president's death? What would happen in case one were called from the birth, say, of another bank president's son? Imagine the doctor's state of mind . . . he shook himself to dissipate such idiotic thoughts: his mind worked as the mind of one in a worried, hurried dream.

"Good-day, gentlemen, a sad errand for me," said the doctor gravely. "Ah, yes, a little more light, please? Ah, yes. Instantaneous, of course, Half an hour, forty minutes, I should say? Ah, yes. I supposed so. Any one present . . . any shock or excitement?"

Weldon spoke briefly. He had been discussing bank matters with Mr. Deeping. He had mentioned a few of the matters in discussion when Mr. Deeping had put his hand into his pocket, appeared to sustain some stroke, slipped back in his chair, and fallen dead-weight on the bent arm. Just as they saw him. It was impossible to move him, except to free him from the chair. He appeared to have died instantly. It had been made known immediately.

"Ah, yes," said the doctor. "Just as I expected. I warned him of it. Not a month ago. A great loss to the community, gentlemen. All the arrangements, now . . . Mr. Dupont, I suppose you . . . or if you had rather that I. . . ."

"If you would, please," said the brother-in-law gratefully, "I am bad at that sort of thing—I—my head——"

"Ah, yes. Perfectly natural. I will have the body removed, then, as soon as possible——"

"Not till Webb gets here!" Potter broke out, twisting his hands convulsively, "wait for Webb. I insist on Webb!"

The doctor stared.

"Mr. Potter, I believe?" he inquired courteously. Then turning to the others generally, "Do I understand that there is any reason——"

"No reason at all," Dupont interrupted irritably, "not the least. Webb will be informed, fast enough. If you are kind enough, Doctor——"

It was obvious that he dreaded the chance of any personal responsibility. What a rabbit of a man he was! Weldon remembered suddenly that a night watchman had been dismissed for saying that Mrs. Dupont blew her husband's nose for him! One could almost believe it. Hear him, now.

"Mr. Fayles will, I am sure, agree with me——"

"With you? With *you?*"

Mr. Fayles's voice was hollow, tortured. His face was wet. He turned his red-rimmed eyes on the man before him.

"What in God's name are you?" he said ferociously. "Wait for Webb, of course."

His head went back in his hands and they stared at one another. Fayles, the cold aristocrat. Fayles, the unruffled!

The doctor's glance settled finally on Weldon, as a possible clew to the situation.

"This is—this is—we make every allowance, of course," he began, "for such an unsettling occurrence. Of course. Mr. Webb, of course, would naturally . . . and yet I hardly like the idea . . . it seems. . . ."

There was a strange sense of tension in the room, not to be accounted for by that dead creature on the floor. No, there was something else. Weldon with difficulty repressed a smile. That fool of a brother-in-law knew nothing, clearly. Potter was merely irritable and at sea generally, he was sure. He could swear that whatever alarmed Potter alarmed him only through Fayles, whose collapse was unprecedented. Did Fayles know? Impossible. Fayles stood for old-fashioned, delicate scruples, finical standards. "As straight as Joseph Fayles," they said. And yet, why. . . . He remembered that he had not yet answered the doctor. How his thoughts ran away with him!

"Mr. Webb's connection, of course," he murmured, "principal director, you might say, made it natural to lean on him . . . to depend . . . undoubtedly he would have been notified. Probably if the doctor were to send for the body, Mr. Webb would have got there before, and his colleagues be satisfied. They depended on his judgment to such an extent. . . ."

The air of the room seemed to tighten round them. That doctor was no fool. He must feel something—what, how much? He pursed his lips.

"Just as you like, of course," he said briefly. "It would seem that there can be very little difference in judgment as to the expediency of burying a dead man, however. If that is what you mean. I will do as this young man suggests. These matters, of course, have a certain formality. There are precedents. . . . Ah, yes. Good-day, gentlemen."

He looked toward the door, which Weldon, in his capacity of master of ceremonies, opened for him, and passed out, drawing a deep breath as he crossed the threshold and hurrying, it seemed to Weldon, down the corridor. Did he want to be rid of them? It seemed so.

There they were. All the directors but Webb. All that counted, that is. One would imagine it a meeting of the board. Then why was he here? Suddenly he lost himself in a great yawn, and realized that he was dying of sleepiness. Neither last night nor the night before had he closed his eyes.

"As there seems nothing more for me to do, gentlemen," he said abruptly, "I think I will go now. There is no more assistance——"

"Wait for Webb," cried Potter nervously, "wait, won't you? I—I insist on it!"

One felt really sorry for this rich, fat man. How ludicrously he resembled his caricatures!

"I really wish you would wait for Mr. Webb, Mr. Weldon," Dupont assured him, "it would be a great convenience. You could tell him just how it happened, you know. Just. You see, your being there, you know. . . ."

"Of course I will stay, if you desire it," Weldon answered gravely, wondering if he could keep awake. His eyeballs fairly dragged down. The tall clock's tick confused itself with his thoughts: *one, two! one, two! one, two!* Suppose he were to run now, with the "memoranda, etc.," and take whatever Mr. Deeping had been going to take? That was folly, if the rest didn't know. Then he would be a common criminal. If they did know, then he could leave his memoranda slip and they would understand and make up the sum amongst them. Let Webb and Potter fork out, for once. Let them bleed the depositors. *One, two! one, two! one, two!* Why not? why not? why not? His eyes fairly closed for a second.

But a soft click of the door opened them. There was no knocking here. The curtain moved and Mr. Webb was in the room. Involuntarily they rose to meet him, and Fayles for the first time took his hands down. Tall and unnaturally thin, his sallow cheeks framed in lank, sandy hair, his eyes turned down, it was hard to realize that this almost slouching fellow held the attention of the shrewd in these matters as the certain head of them all, when the present great leader should have dropped his sceptre. But this was the Webb in whose labyrinthine meshes the cartoonists delighted to picture the unhappy flies of their country's financial system; this was the weaver whose warp was of railroads

and his woof the unhappy populace, in yet other pictorial fancies. This was that Webb before which many patient Penelopes had sat through many Sunday editions, dressed in stars and stripes, a sorrowing, perplexed America, and gaped to find it unwoven by day, though thick patterned with rich promises in the evening.

"All over, is it?" he said in his dry, sceptical voice, "too bad, too bad."

His eye shot out from its heavy lid and took them all in. It lingered on Weldon.

"This the young man with him at the time? Sudden shock, eh?"

Weldon told his story again. They had talked of business. The president had put his hand in his pocket. Handkerchief, probably. Had experienced some shock and fallen, dead-weight, on his bent arm. As you see him now. Unable to lift him. Notified Mr. Dupont immediately. Nothing more.

"Dear, dear!" said Mr. Webb. "As quickly as that! Hard on you. Nothing handy, I suppose; only window up and water and such things?"

For the life of him Weldon could not help the slow red in his face. He glanced at the window: it was locked. For Heaven's sake, why lie? He was no murderer. And yet—any one, *any one* would have opened that window.

"I did what I could," he said in a low voice, "but it was plain that Mr. Deeping was dead. He never drew another breath."

"No brandy about, I suppose?" pursued Webb.

But Potter interrupted.

"For Heaven's sake, Webb," he implored, "let all that go! He's gone. You know he never touched a drop of anything. Of course there was no brandy."

"Of course," Weldon interrupted, relieved. Every one knew the president's views on that subject: he had forgotten them.

"Of course," repeated Mr. Webb softly and glanced again at the window. An intense irritation flared up in Weldon: this man flicked him on the raw with every syllable.

"If you have no further use for me, gentlemen," he began, but Webb waved his thin, small-boned hand negligently.

"One moment, Mr.—Mr. Weldon, I think? What business did you say you were discussing with my poor friend?"

Mr. Fayles took a quick step and grasped his colleague's arm.

"For God's sake, Webb," he muttered huskily, "look at us! Where are we? What's to be done? They've sent for the body by now.".

Potter seized the other arm.

"Will you tell me what all this means, Webb?" he blustered, "what's the matter with Joe Fayles? Is it possible that—is anything——"

Webb's lids lifted and the snake-like swiftness of his glance at Fayles was not lost on the others.

"If Mr. Fayles," he began slowly, "has occupied himself in spreading the disquiet he has endured since he discovered (and imparted to me) the fact that my poor friend here carried a revolver about with him, he has done a mighty foolish job. That's all I have to say."

Even Dupont was alarmed now. It was with a grim amusement that Weldon watched them all. Dupont suspected Potter, was staring malevolently at him and chewing his slight moustache nervously. Potter never took his eyes from Fayles, whose clutch on Webb was the anguished clutch of the drowning man that has caught at sea-weeds. They seemed to Weldon like actors in a play, and he was the spectator. He observed them from his red plush seat, almost despising them for the entertainment they gave him. How absurd they were, with their dead president and their suspicions. They were mad to get at the pockets—he knew! But they hadn't the nerve. And Webb, crafty old Webb, was holding them in like dogs on a leash.

"Did he really carry a pistol?" he said gently, "let's see."

He leaned over the body.

"I wonder why he wanted the pistol pocket?" he went on casually, "any idea, Mr. Weldon?"

A tiny, fine chill tingled at Weldon's heels and flew up to his hair. He had a sudden flashing sense of being in a net that was softly tightening. In an agony of regret he wished that he had not that sheaf of "memoranda, etc." It was suddenly clear to him that he had stolen them.

"I have no idea, sir," his tongue answered stolidly.

"No, . . . of course not," said Mr.

Webb thoughtfully. "Well, gentlemen, I can't see the need for any more discussion. This is very deplorable—a great shock. He was very methodical and no doubt everything is in easy shape. . . ."

They drew close to him and Weldon, though he caught the murmur of voices, distinguished nothing but the steady notes of the clock: *one, two! one, two!* His head nodded a trifle and for one blissful second his eyelids fell. The clock began to strike eleven. *One!* he struggled, but it was too sweet. *Two!* He became dimly conscious of a rustling and movement by him. *Three!* there was a light touch on his arm and Webb stood near the chair he had dropped into. The others must have gone.

"You seem exhausted, Mr. Weldon," he said quietly.

"I—I have missed my sleep lately," Weldon stammered, trying to control the motions of his mouth, his voice striking his own ear as mechanical, far away, labored.

"Exactly," said Webb suavely.

"And now, Mr. Weldon, how much do you expect for those papers?"

Part II

Weldon drew his chair across the broad veranda in an aimless, leisurely way, anchored it in the shadow of a wicker table laden with cool glass pitchers and iced fruits and sank into it, sighing restlessly. The pillars of coral that supported the veranda roof framed, each pair of them, an oblong of sapphire bay; vivid masses of pink oleanders hedged the foreground; the tremulous sapphire crawled softly over a creamy crescent beach. In the pleasant noon stillness the mild whine of a patient puppy broken by the chuckles of some young human thing rose on the air. Jars of sweet flowers sent out their almost tropical odors with each tiny, invisible wind-current: they seemed to puff it into his face.

A great green and flame-colored parrot, hung head downward in his yellow cage, began suddenly a mechanical, dry, litany: "*Mañana! mañana! mañana!*" It was like a clock—passionless, regular, meditative. Weldon shrugged his shoulders distastefully; he had never been able to conquer his dislike of steady, measured sounds. It was an unreasonable weakness, but incurable. He twisted uneasily in his white flannels as the bird droned on,

"*Mañana! mañana! mañana!*"

"Be still, Chico, be still, sir!"

A fair, finely grown boy took the coral steps two at a bound and threatened the parrot.

"Daddy, keep him quiet, won't you? He frightens my white mice awfully. Why do mice hate parrots? Do you know, daddy?"

Weldon's face cleared and he threw his arm over the slender shoulders.

"I don't know, Pippo, I can't guess," he said. "Where's your mother?"

"Just beyond you," and the boy slipped away to his pets, grudging the time for her kiss in passing.

She stood softly behind the wicker chair and laid her hand on his forehead. Her lips were only a little smoother.

"Still troubled, dearest?" she asked him in her pleasant English voice. "Still dreaming?"

She was very fair, with reddish lights in her thick, low-growing hair, and brown, broad eyebrows. Under them her eyes shone, a frank, dark blue; she bore a curious likeness to a colored print that, pinned to his dark hall bedroom in his first days of dull clerkship, twenty years ago, had smiled over his narrow bed and set his ideal of dear and loving women forever. She had even the same small dimple at the left of her mouth.

She slipped to the floor beside him and laid her head in her wifely English way against his knee.

"I'm so sorry it bothers you, Phil," she murmured, her cheek against his hand. "One would think you were a superstitious boy, you silly! Hear baby—he's playing so dearly with those puppies! He pats them and then pinches their tails so slyly! Oh, Ted! Oh, baby! Call to mummy!"

From the balcony above a shrill crow drowned the complaint of the puppies.

"Doesn't he say it plainly!" she cried, flushing a beautiful mother-rose. "And he is so strong, Phil!"

He caressed her absently. Ten years gone, and a dream had swept those years to one side as one would draw a bronze curtain, had opened the past as one would open a heavy mahogany door! All night a tall, carved clock had ticked, ticked

through his dreams, *one, two! one, two! one, two!* A sinister, sandy face had mocked and probed him, a fat, animal face had irritated him, a pale, haunted face had pleaded with him. He had tossed himself awake, had listened thankfully to the soft breathing beside him, had kissed the fragrant braid across his face, and sunk again into heavy, sultry nightmare, doomed to live that shameful day through every clock-tick. And now his brain was cloudy with it. His hand lay listless on her shoulder.

A five-year-old girl, lovely as a tea rose, stood doubtfully in the cedar-wood door, poised for flight either way, sucking in the dimple at the left of her mouth. Running at his call she flew into his arms and dropped her buttercup head on his shoulder. For the first time he smiled, and the wise wife slipped quietly away and watched them from the door, guessing at their murmurs, counting their kisses. Later she disturbed them reluctantly.

"I want to say you are not at home," she said, "but I daren't quite do that, for he is from the States, dear, and it is important business. His name," dropping her eyes to the white rectangle in her hand, "is Webb. Shall I send him out here?"

Weldon put the child down from his knees and half rose.

"Yes," he said clearing his throat, "send him out here. And keep the children away."

So this was it. It had not been for nothing, that dream.

The tall, lank figure was before him, the ironical smile drooped on the tight lips. Ten years had left him as they found him, but for a thought of gray in the sandy hair.

"Sit down," said Weldon briefly, "what is it?"

"You've put on a little weight, I see," said Webb, nodding at the proffered chair, "but that's only proper in the president of a bank, I suppose. You've done well, Mr. Weldon."

Weldon bowed.

"You did not come to Bermuda to tell me this, Mr. Webb, I think?"

"No," said Webb, "I didn't. Ten years ago, Mr. Weldon, you called me a mind-reader when I had put two and two together once or twice, put myself in your place for ten minutes, complimented you by assuming that your course had been what mine would have been, and spoken to you accordingly. Can't you do a little mind-reading on your own account, now?"

"I confess myself unequal to it," Weldon said coldly.

Webb nodded indulgently.

"All right," he returned, "we'll take it that way, if you want to. Mr. Weldon, I don't know if you read our papers down here at all?"

"I have never opened an American newspaper since I left the country," said Weldon briefly.

"I see. I suppose you know that Blickenstern's dying, though?"

"Yes," Weldon answered indifferently, "we all know that, of course."

"Yes. Well, Mr. Weldon, I'm supposed to inherit his shoes. It's not much to you, of course, but a lot to me—and to a lot of other people, too. Now for something you don't know. In just about five days, Mr. Weldon, we're going to break through the crust and drop into the biggest panic since '93. That and Blickenstern's death—he must go soon, now—and this fearful railroad business—I won't bore you—will put me into a bad hole. A worse hole, I don't mind telling you, Mr. Weldon, than Blick's successor can afford to get into. It's all a matter of balance, now; pretty fine balancing, too, for the next week. In six weeks there'll be enough for most of us, but just now—well, there'll be dozens of us in the Street who'll be grateful for ten thousand in cash around the corner. Think of it—ten thousand! Now I'll be short. I need some money—not stage money, Mr. Weldon, real money! I wouldn't take Blick's name on paper for what I want this week—and getting it or not getting it means the top of the heap for me, or three years' fight for it. I can't afford three years. I wasn't a bank president at forty, you know."

"You mean you want the ten thousand pounds you gave me?"

"Just so. I want fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Weldon—for six weeks. I hate to do it, honestly. Nothing but this infernal panic could have driven me to this. But I'm helpless. And it's worth millions to me to have no one suspect it. I can't touch a penny elsewhere—it's all tied up. I must be able to produce it without any fuss, or disturbing the jack-straws a particle. There's no use in going into the details."

"No use at all," said Weldon stiffly, "for it will be impossible for me to lend you such a sum, Mr. Webb, impossible. I have paid well for my position here."

"And a good move, too," said the other heartily. "You stand well, Weldon; none better."

"I have never been what you would call ambitious," Weldon went on, more passionately, now. "When you yourself asked me why I demanded no more than the ten—the fifty thousand, you remember my answer. I knew that it would buy me a good, respectable interest out here, assure me of a position I had every capacity to sustain honorably and efficiently, and give me the leisure and climate that I wanted. I shall never be a rich man—by your standards. I don't care. I thought my brains and initiative were worth what I asked, and you agreed with me. I promised utter silence and have kept my word. You promised the same and have broken yours. I can do nothing for you, even if I wished to. I'd rather not discuss it further."

"*Mañana! mañana! mañana!*" the parrot shrilled. It still hung head down in the shining cage. Weldon could have wrung its neck. It was worse than a clock. Webb sighed regretfully and raised his heavy lids. As the old snakish glance reached him Weldon felt the old net-like sensation, the old baffled rage.

"I'm sorry, Weldon, but I can't let it go. It's no use—you can't afford it. It's all like a house you build out of cards, you see, and you can't slip out one without the whole thing caving in. Whatever I pull out I have to explain. How do you suppose I got you your fifty thousand, back there? You know I've never had much money—to call money. It's brains—what you call mind-reading, you other fellows—that I've matched against the rest of them. And I've got them where they're afraid of me. I can't drop back. Listen to me, Weldon!"

He drew his chair close and talked low and steadily for five minutes. The air seemed to grow dense; the rustling hiss of the foam on the creamy beach was the hiss and flicker of a sea-coal fire; the grotesque shadow of the wicker chair, black on the white veranda floor, was the spread, silent bulk of a dead man.

The low voice ceased.

"How about it, Weldon?" it added abruptly, "can you afford that?"

Weldon pushed away his chair roughly. "Come down to my room at the bank," he said.

Hours afterward he dragged himself into his bedroom, an older man by ten years than when he had quitted it. His body seemed heavier, his face hollower, with pinched lips and sunken eyes. The man who waited on him stared openly and mentioned the doctor, only to receive a curse for his pains—the first he had ever heard from his master.

In the late dusk his wife found him asleep in a long chair with an empty decanter beside him and heavy rugs dragged up to his chin. They tried, both of them, to make that nervous chill account for the change in him, but she watched him narrowly and he felt her eyes day and night.

Something tolled like a bell in him and never stopped for a moment: *six weeks! six weeks! six weeks!* all his waking movements went to that intolerable rhythm; he was like a man under a gallows, with a reprieve coming to him, at the mercy of all the elements. It was observed at the bank that he worked harder and longer and much alone: they said the American blood was coming out at last, and smiled at each other.

"Only mind you don't engage us in speculations, old man," said one of his colleagues jocosely, "'safe and sound,' you know! Look at the States—a pretty mess that!"

Weldon turned on him in a fury of anger.

"Speculation! speculation!" he cried harshly, "you know that I hate it like hell!"

They were genuinely anxious about him.

One morning he found his wife in his dressing-room, white faced over something in her hand.

"Philip! Philip!" she whispered and clung to him.

He put the shining little steel-eyed thing behind him.

"My dear, don't be foolish," he said quietly, "if I have my reasons for wishing a certain sort of protection for a few days, will you make me regret my sparing you?"

"You—you mean the bank?" she gasped.

"What else could I mean?" he said steadily, and in some quaint woman's reasoning she was appeased.

At the end of three weeks the strain eased a little. He read a letter from Webb with a grim smile, bought an American newspaper, and passed an entire day away from the bank. His wife held her breath as she watched him, but affected not to notice the change, and he blessed her for it: his nerves were raw. Two days, three days went by. He sent out for another newspaper and later in the day raised the tiny salary of the page who had brought it to him. In the cool of the afternoon he rode with his wife, the boy on a shaggy pony beside them, and kissed her as she turned in the saddle in the shadow of the dusk.

"You are the best wife a man ever had," he said, looking deep into her honest blue eyes, and she galloped away from him to hide her happy tears.

The next day he told the servant to bring the parrot cage back to the veranda, where the little daughter liked to have it, and grimaced tolerantly at its strident cry.

"*Mañana! mañana!*"

Life is as it is, he thought, and can we hope to change it because we change? Surely not. Everything had its price, and he had really never paid the price of that ten-years-old bargain till now—he acknowledged it. Out of that blue-stained air the messenger of fate had dropped and taken his toll of youth and candor and elasticity and departed again, and now the weight was slackening from his chest and there were but fourteen days to wait.

The next day he found a second letter from Webb on his desk. To relieve him from needless anxiety, wrote the great financier, he wrote to inform Mr. Weldon that six weeks had proved too wide a margin and he promised himself the pleasure of a complete settlement six days from the date of writing. Weldon stared at the letter head: it had been three days on the way—that meant in three days—by the next boat! The letter was grave, but subtly jubilant. The railroads were subdued. Blickenstern was dead, the country hailed his successor. A foundation of millions lay firm beneath his feet.

The president left his bank early and went home on horseback to luncheon. His wife saw the husband of many days ago and asked no more of life, but sang among her flower jars.

"Will you come up to Government House this afternoon, dear? It's weeks since you've been," she said, and he smiled and promised. "I've a new frock," she confided shyly, like a girl, "and I think you'll like to see it—now."

"I'll be back before four," he told her, "a little late, but I promised one of our young fellows an appointment."

She pouted as she had used in her courtship days.

"A young man!"

"I can't disappoint him, sweetheart. Youngsters feel those things. He wants more money and I really believe he's worth it."

As he entered his private room something struck him disagreeably. He glanced about—a sea-coal fire burned in the tiny English grate. He scowled and touched a bell. Asked to explain, the page confessed that he had promised Mrs. Weldon to put a fire there whenever any dampness should threaten, and that to-day being noticeably damp he had kept his word. The president nodded and the lad made his escape.

In another moment a slender young man entered, with a discreet knock, and faced him. He seemed unaccountably excited —even blustering, for a young man in his position.

The president took out his watch and counted the ticks to quiet his irritation. We must be kind to the young ones—promotion means so much to them. He remembered his own successive steps, and how the blue-eyed girl in the picture had smiled on them all, above his narrow bed.

"Let us look at all this a little quietly," he said, softened already, "believe me, I want to satisfy every reasonable claim. It is to my interest——"

He caught his breath. Something in the young man's attitude as he faced him, level eyed, hands between his knees, a contemptuous smile on his hard young face, smote him to the very marrow.

"What is he thinking of me?" flashed through him. The answer came like the shot from a cannon.

"Is it to your interest to satisfy every reasonable claim on the ten thousand pounds you borrowed from the bank last month, Mr. Weldon?"

The soft lines faded from his face and two gray streaks grew around his mouth. The ticking of the watch in his hand rose

and swelled and filled the room—*one, two! one, two! one, two!*

So this was the end. Never a night of honest sleep again. Never a free swell of the chest. To go down in sight of land, to drop just outside the fort! *All over! All over! All over!*

The young man was still talking, quickly, definitely enough, but it grew blurred as it reached his brain. He found his tongue, dry and stiff in his mouth, asking questions mechanically.

Did any one know of this?

No, only the young man. He was not inclined to be rapacious. He had an interest in a bank in Gibraltar, and two thousand pounds would establish him there. He had thought it might be worth the president's while to put him in the way of two thousand pounds—considering everything. Promotion was slow in Bermuda . . . dead men's shoes. . . .

The tongue in Weldon's mouth asked, calmly enough, how he was to be protected against further demands. The young man explained very clearly. The president had managed thoroughly well: in a few days the recent transaction would be a ripple under water. But during those few days . . . he smiled disagreeably.

The fire whistled in the grate; the bank was utterly still. They were alone in it. In one second of time years and the future itself wheeled before Philip Weldon's sunken eyes. So the black drop *had* lasted, after all, and would tint his life as long as that life lasted on earth . . . and longer? Anything was possible. Must the sordid drama play itself eternally, through the years and countries, till the final ripple hit the southern-most port of refuge? Would this man sit before a sea-coal fire in his bank in Gibraltar, frozen, his life and honor nipped at the root by the triumphant hound who had tracked down his one fault? Before God, his only one! He was white beside some others who lived and died respected. Prove the contrary, any one!

One, two! one, two! one, two! That watch. Either he was going mad or it could be heard in the street outside, it shouted so. Who was he, anyway—Deeping or himself? Who was that young man?

Suddenly his head cleared. He moistened his lips and leaned forward, the watch crystal shivered in his grasp.

"And you are going——"

"To Gibraltar," said the young man briskly. "I am glad that you——"

"No," said Weldon thoughtfully, "I am afraid you are not going to Gibraltar. You are going to die."

He pushed his hand back into his pocket and felt the precious hard little object there. His fingers clasped it, when a heavy blow sent him reeling in his chair. A pain like a knife cut through his heart and he fell heavily backward on his bent arm.

. . . . . .

His eyes opened. He drew a deep breath. A tall, carved clock in the corner struck, and a man, a lank, sandy man beside him, seemed to have said something, for his voice was in the air.

"He must have had some papers—if there is anything wrong—good God, Webb, what shall we do?"

This was a slender, foppish man, iron gray.

Weldon sprang to his feet, pulling his right arm from behind him, wide, wide awake now. He was free! He was free!

The clock struck again.

Thrusting his hand in his coat he drew out a sheaf of papers and pressed them upon Webb.

"Here, gentlemen," he cried breathlessly, "are the papers you want! And here," he threw a small folded slip on the floor, "is an explanation that may help you with them. I wish you good-day."

To get out! To get out! He burst through the portières and the door, as four men, uniformed, with a black stretcher between them, entered it from without. In the moment of his withdrawal from them he saw, as one sees a stage group from his red plush seat, Potter, panting and terrified, Fayles, anguished, Dupont dazed and suspicious, their eyes fixed on Webb, who, calm as in his own office, ran over the sheaf with his snake-like eye. Even as he nodded shrewdly, the stretcher was in the room and the group dissolved.

Weldon found his hat in his hand; he polished it furiously as he strode down the corridor. He threw himself on the outside door and as he opened it, he heard through the unclosed door of the private room, the great clock strike eleven. With a shudder he plunged across the threshold, out, out into the clean, free air.



THE VICTOR

By Theodosia Garrison

Illustration by Henry McCarter

THE live man victorious
Rode spurring from the fight;
In a glad voice and glorious
He sang of his delight,
And dead men three, foot-loose and free,
Came after in the night.

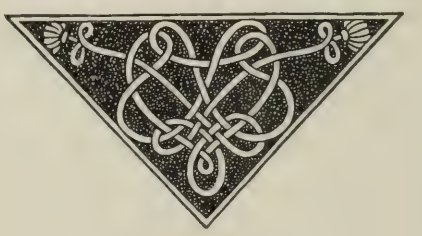


ND one laid hand on his bridle-rein—
Swift as the steed he sped—
"Oh, ride you fast, yet at the last,
Hate faster rides," he said.
"My sons shall know their father's foe
One day when blades are red."

And one laid hand on his stirrup-bar
Like touch o' driven mist,
"For joy you slew ere joy I knew
For one girl's mouth unkissed,
At your board's head, at mass, at bed,
My pale ghost shall persist."

And one laid hand on his own two hands,
"Oh, brother o' mine," quoth he,
"What can I give to you who live
Like gift you gave to me,
Since now from strife and ache o' life
Your sword-stroke makes me free?"

The live man victorious
Rode spurring from the fight;
In a glad voice and glorious
He sang of his delight,
And dead men three, foot-loose and free,
Came after in the night.



THE RESCUE OF THE GODS

By Emerson Taylor

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

"LET me pour you a fresh cup of tea. Won't you, Senator?" entreated Miss Vaughan hopefully, as her guest hesitated. "I don't know's I ought to, Miss Sarah."

"Don't be afraid. There's plenty of it. Really," smiled the old lady a little sadly. *Was* she old—or merely tired? "Thanks to my friends," she added.

"It ain't *that*," protested Mr. Abbey, late of the Legislature, transferring his gaze a bit guiltily from the towering corner cupboard with its show of old Lowestoft to his hostess's fine and eager face, but taking in the pie-crust table at her side as he did so. "I just don't want any more tea, Miss Sarah. I couldn't." And the rattle of the delicate, cracked old cup and saucer as he set them down sounded like an emphatic exclamation point.

Miss Vaughan leaned back in her chair again, her fragile, work-roughened hands drooping into her lap. And she seemed so disappointed that, though one disappointment more or less might appear to be of small account in the life of a gentlewoman who, after a noonday of calm happiness and ease, had come to pass the twilight time in the company of poverty and sorrow, Mr. Abbey felt vaguely that he owed it to her to make amends for his failing appetite.

"I was so interested lookin' at the beautiful old furniture and things you've got here, that I kinder lost my taste for tea, I guess," he told her.

"My household gods! Well——"

"They must be worth a lot of money, Miss Sarah," he continued piously.

"Oh, more than—*that*, Senator."

"Of course. I only meant——"

"If there wasn't a Vaughan ghost mixed up with every piece in the house from the kitchen crane to the pineapple bedsteads, *I* wouldn't care a *pin* about them. But there *is*, you see," she said quite simply and positively. "In some cases, two ghosts. They make good company for me, those old Vaughan ghosts, when there's nobody like you around to keep me company, Senator. We talk together. Of the old days! When the Vaughans——"

"I understand," he said nervously. "When——"

"The Vaughans were rich," she sighed. "And—*counted*."

"I wish you was rich now, Miss Sarah. I wish there was some way to fix things—the way they ought to be."

"Maybe the Vaughans have had their turn," she answered lightly, her smile very brave. And Mr. Abbey could not tell which most to admire, his old friend who was so very poor, or the old mahogany, which could make her rich—almost.

Such furniture as filled the dusty lifeless old rooms! The kind that dealers in such things despair of finding any more; the kind that wise designers are trying now to reproduce!

"D'you know that that big sideboard of yours is worth at least three hundred and fifty dollars?" the Senator asked her, with a confession of guilt and treason in every syllable.

"Yes?" She was not a bit interested. "It came to us through Shenandoah Lee—she that married Judge Vaughan, you remember. It was sent out from England originally. . . ."

She loved them, those household gods! What tales could she not tell about them all! What of the iron fire-dogs, the court cupboard, the cradle hollowed from a white pine trunk, the musket that was carried to Quebec—the score of things belonging to the times when the colony was young? What of the splendid sideboard with its delicate inlay Mr. Abbey had ventured to value, brought North by the Virginia bride along with the quaintly embroidered fire-screens, the punch-bowl and service of Fitzhugh Nankin? From the famous Governor Vaughan himself had descended



"I see," he replied vaguely.—Page 731.

the Georgian silver, the slim-legged card-tables, the dining-room chairs so delicately carved; the ivories, the glazes of the East which showed here and there—chessmen, Black Hawthorn, Ming—were trophies of the prosperous days when the sea-captain sons in their lean and lofty clippers bore the house flag of Vaughan Brothers from Sandy Hook to Singapore, from Minot's Ledge to Manila; the nugget of gold John Vaughan brought home from California. The letters in the old secretary, yellowed and cracked now, but very precious, bore the names of Washington and Webster, of Mazzini, of Hawthorne, of Newman, of Boz—addressed to Vaughans of Kingsford, all of them. Copley painted the smiling Lydia Vaughan, Trumbull the hawk-nosed Judge, Stuart the General in Continental blue and buff. The curious model of a telegraph instrument was given to Joseph Vaughan, the lawyer, by the inventor himself—and how the lawyer and his friends laughed together at the inventor's sanguine hopes, which none the less had something fine about them!

Treasures they were indeed, the contents of that old house at the end of Kingsford's elm-shaded street. More than that, they spelled a mute history of ten New England generations, from the time of the first settlers down to those dark but splendid days when Edward Vaughan dropped at Gettysburg and his brother at Lookout Mountain,

to those dreary days when the collapse of the "boom" town and the mockery of the gold mine set a period at the end of the chapter—to the days when Miss Sarah was left alone, gaunt and gray and poor, with ghosts for company. The gods of her house! The memorials of ten generations of Americans who *counted!*

"What were we talking about when I—interrupted you?" she asked her guest.

Her happiness that August afternoon was in hearing about life. It was a privilege to listen to Mr. Abbey's talk—good man and true gossip, with whom, in conversation about his neighbors, discretion never hampered, if indeed it even dissuaded, a generous fancy. Such a shrewd judge, the Senator, of how far this tender annual or that hardy perennial of scandal was worth cultivating! Hence Miss Sarah's graciousness, hence the tea—though along with her hospitality to Mr. Abbey went a sense of enjoying it on her own account—a luxury long disused, like the old piano, or the cobwebbed, high-swung carriage in the stable. And there was for Miss Vaughan yet another reason for trying to prolong her visitor's stay. It was because she had plainly perceived that the Senator, though sadly at a loss how to discharge his burden, had come freighted with something to tell her which was of great importance.

"Haven't you some more news as interesting as that last piece?"

"News?"

"Gossip, then," smiled Miss Vaughan.

"I—I ain't got a *great* deal to say," he demurred hastily, fingering his empty cup. "I just looked in on you as I was passin'."

"That was neighborly." It was also palpably untrue, she was glad to guess. "But——"

"There *is*—this much, Miss Sarah," he replied resolutely. "I couldn't leave without saying it to you." As a matter of fact he had solemnly promised at least three people he would tell Miss Vaughan that which she ought to know, but which she would probably laugh at or cry over, before he dared come back; and he took the plunge. "You know the way I feel about you—the way we all feel, Miss Sarah," he went on desperately. "Friendly, you know. We like to do all we can for you—all you'll let us do, that is."

She made no reply for a moment. From their chipped and dusty frames, ruddy, white-haired Governor Vaughan and his mother, the Lydia of the Copley portrait—so young and so ready to laugh—looked down incuriously. The ticking of the tower-like old clock in the corner was so placid as to sound relentless.

"I wish we could help you more," added Mr. Abbey hopefully. "And if only you'd——"

"More!" she echoed. "Of course it's not much that your women folks keep me in food—actual *food*, Senator!" Her hands were locked tightly. "Oh, no! Or that you and the doctor and Ezra Pike make believe I'll ever pay back your loans. Loans indeed! It isn't much that you do. But—I am grateful for my small mercies, my friend. Do you know," she demanded, leaning toward him swiftly, "that if it wasn't for your charity and goodness, I'd probably die? Starve?"

"There ain't goin' to be no danger of that, I guess. You—you kind of *belong* to us, Miss Sarah. The—Vaughans, you know."

"I've often heard of a Society for the Preservation of Old New England Landmarks," she murmured, her gray eyes lighting up for a second. "Is that——?"

"No!" he cried indignantly. "It's *you* we want to help. If you'll only let us," he repeated.

"And I'm grateful. Ever so grateful, Senator. Though I know I don't half show it. Of course," she continued, "it is a queer position, Senator—for me to depend on you all."

"A hard one," he tried to say.

"*Queer*," she repeated a little impatiently. "For, of course, I ought to look to my brother."

"But you can't, Miss Sarah!"

"I've no doubt that Theodore would do everything for me, Senator if I cared to allow it. But at present——"

"Theodore!" exclaimed the Senator wonderingly. "*Him?* That reminds me," he added hastily. "I ought to've given this to you before. It's a letter from your brother himself, I guess, to judge from the writing. Miller gave it to me at the post-office to deliver. Don't mind me, if you want to read it, Miss Sarah."

"From Theodore!" Her face was all alight as she looked at the rough, feeble



There was revealed standing on the porch a stout woman who wore very pretty, fussy clothes.—Page 733.

writing on the envelope. For an instant she made as though to open it; but then, with a little laugh, she laid the letter quietly aside.

"Don't mind me," repeated her guest encouragingly.

"I want Theodore all by myself," she answered softly.

Mr. Abbey glanced up at the photograph she kept near her chair, on the end of the mantel-piece, the picture of a young-old, slightly overdressed man of thirty-odd—a pirated edition, cheaply bound, of his older sister.

"Where *is* Theodore now?" he asked doubtfully.

Miss Sarah closed her eyes. "He has business in and near New York at present. Principally at Sheepshead Bay and Aqueduct Park—places in the suburbs," she explained casually.

"*Where?*"

Mr. Abbey's cry of surprise won just a glance from his old friend—a lightning glance of inquiry and challenge, that softened instantly into gentle indifference.

"He writes me that a number of leading financiers are associated with him," she said. "They——"

"Oh!"

"Yes. Theodore's business is financial in its nature; not," said the old lady with delicate emphasis, "not *commercial*, Mr. Abbey."

"I see," he replied vaguely. But because the Senator was in the habit of reading every word of his New York paper every day, even to the page that contained the scores of the ball games and the other sporting news, he was, as a matter of fact, fairly accurate in the guess he made as to Theodore's probable occupation. He wondered if Miss Sarah had any inkling of what her brother was engaged in; but she gave no sign. "Financial!" grunted the Senator to himself. "Well, you *could* call it



"A debt of honor!" she whispered for the hundredth time.—Page 735.

that, I suppose." And he recalled not without a stab of conscience how one summer afternoon he had yelled himself hoarse with the rest of the frenzied, surging crowd, when the favorite came thundering down the home stretch in a gallant dash for first place. The dust, the bright sun,

"No. Funny, isn't it?" she smiled, though there was sadness in her eyes. "But we'll not disturb *that* illusion, Senator, please."

He was speechless, trying to collect his ideas.

"If Theodore believes that the old house



Then another knock, and then— 'Oh, Sarah Jane!"—Page 737.

the colors of the jockeys, the thudding hoofs—! "Hope he's enjoying life," said the Senator aloud.

"That picture of him is less than a year old," she replied calmly. "Doesn't he *look* happy?"

"He'd look happier if he was to help his sister some. Excuse me, but, now we're talkin' about finance, why doesn't he, Miss Sarah?"

"He doesn't know I need any help. That's why."

"What——?"

is kept up as it was when his father, the late Chief Justice, was alive—when Theodore was home—we'll let him, Senator. Don't tell me that I'm ridiculous, because I know it already."

"But——"

"No!" she insisted gently, folding her arms.

"All right," he exclaimed. "Theodore's out of it, then—I supposed he would be, for one reason or another, anyhow. We here in Kingsford will do all we can for you, but that is precious little after all. Here's

your Southern Kansas cutting and passing its dividends—there's *that* much less until better times come. Here's——"

"What are you talking about, anyhow?"

"Money," he replied crisply. "How to keep you from getting poorer than you are now, Miss Sarah."

"Ah——?"

"How to keep you—the way the Vaughans ought to be," he added proudly.

"Don't!" she pleaded, wincing a little.

"There *is* a way to do it," he went on resolutely. "And I come here on purpose to talk to you about it, Miss Sarah. It's a way three or four of us have been thinking about for quite a while."

"Thank you, Senator, truly. Home-made pickles and brandied peaches?" she inquired in an altered tone.

He waved her question aside. "It's a plan that ought to net you four or five thousand dollars at least. Probably more. And within six weeks."

"I don't wonder you've acted so uneasy all the afternoon, if that's been fretting you," she observed. "Well, Senator——?"

But before Mr. Abbey could say another word, the clatter of the front-door knocker broke in on the quiet of the old room.

"Now who can that be?" asked Miss Vaughan, slowing down her rocking-chair. Her companion had darted to the window which commanded an oblique view of the porch, and returned from his observation very red in the face.

"I think it's a summer boarder," he reported. "I—I *think* so, that is."

"*Who——?*"

"I couldn't say," returned Mr. Abbey miserably. "Wait a minute, Miss Sarah! I—" But already, gray and silent as one of the ghosts she lived with, Miss Vaughan had glided from the room. "It's come!" groaned the Senator. "*She's* come! And before I had a chance to prepare Sarah's mind. And now if there ain't trouble, I'm the biggest liar in New England."

As Miss Vaughan opened the front door, there was revealed standing on the porch a stout woman who wore very pretty, fussy clothes, and the sort of smile that timid folks resent.

"I s'pose I oughtn't to have come so inform'ly," she began happily; "but it's only business that brings me this time. That is—" She swept a quick glance—a stare rather—up and down the other woman's shabby clothes. "You *are* Miss Vaughan, aren't you?"

"What was it you wanted, please?"

"Miss Vaughan." The visitor raised her metallic voice considerably. "May I see her? Oh—!" For the other had inclined her head an inch or two, her eyebrows raised, her lips a trifle pinched. "So *you* are she! How very interesting! I—we've all heard so much about you, Miss Vaughan," she laughed cheerfully.

"I believe I am what's called highly original," came the answer, absolutely without expression. "Before long I hope to rank as a real village character." A tiny pause, and then, to the listening Mr. Abbey's utter bewilderment, who in all the forty years of his acquaintance with her had never heard from her lips, "Wal naow, what's it yeou wanted to see me abaout?" she twanged.

"Delicious!" murmured the visitor. "I came on business, Miss Sarah."

"Bad mistake!" whispered the listener in the parlor. "Why *won't* they learn not to be so fresh—her first name!"

"How?"

"Furniture."

Miss Vaughan put her hand behind her ear, and apparently listened attentively.

"*Old* furniture!" shrilled the fat woman, pointing with her parasol into the hall by way of emphasis, where stood a deep-toned, magnificent high-boy, massive yet graceful, from its boldly carved claw-and-ball feet up to the whirl of gilded flame between its elegant scrolls. "Like that. My, but that's a stunning piece!"

"Furniture?" echoed Miss Sarah doubtfully, blindly.

"One of the men in the village told me that you might be willing to sell some. *Sell—!*" she repeated impatiently.

"Oh!" said Miss Sarah slowly. "Selling furniture, eh!"

"Here's my card," said the caller.

The white slip was read, then crumpled up in the thin hand.

"I'm glad to know your name, Mrs. Talbot. What was it you said about selling furniture? I wish," said Miss Vaughan ever so pleasantly, "that I could help you out, Mrs. Talbot."

A pause, during which hope blossomed on the caller's face like an expanding

flower, though the gray woman in the doorway was considering her quite calmly—like a judge about to pass sentence. And then, like a bolt from the blue:

"Don't you find selling furniture a pretty hard business?" asked Miss Sarah compassionately.

"*Me?*"

"Seeing that fancy bag you're carryin', and seein' that circussy-lookin' team out yonder, I thought prob'ly you had *something* to peddle. But I never guessed at furniture. What you got—samples or jest pictures of it?"

The visitor's pomp fell from her like a disguise. "Do I *look* like a peddler?" she quavered hotly. "*Do* I?"

"When I first saw you" asserted Miss Sarah mildly, "I thought you might be a hair-tonic-and-cold-cream woman. But——"

"The *idea!*"

"You'll have to speak a leetle louder, Mrs. Turbot."

"This is outrageous!"

"How?"

"Insolence!"

"Sorry not to oblige ye no better, Mrs. Talker, but no furniture to-day, thank ye." And, as the dressy lady, actually muttering, steamed down the weedy brick path to where her carriage was waiting, "Can't I fetch you a glass of water?" drawled the conqueror. "You do look so het up!"

The door was shut.

"That woman!" whispered Miss Vaughan. Her eyes were closed. She leaned against the wall, first flushed, then gone clay white. "Oh, how could she! Oh, John Abbey, it's hard to be poor sometimes. The pain of it!" she whispered tragically. "It's never happened to me before."

"Guess she didn't mean no harm," Mr. Abbey tried to say. "She's the wife of Talbot the Cracker King. They've just built that big house across the river. Rich? Heavens!"

"They can't mean to be cruel," she assented faintly. "But," she cried clenching her hands at her side, "don't they think we have *any* feelings left, these rich people? They write stories about us; they laugh at us; they—patronize us, just because we're old and poor and different from *them!* Don't they think it all hurts? Well, it does. They talk about the New England conscience! Well, there's a New England pride, too, I'd like to have them know."

"What did she say she was after?" asked Mr. Abbey presently.

"Furniture! She asked me to sell her some of the old Vaughan furniture!"

"Well——?"

"As if it didn't mean everything to me!" she cried indignantly. "Everything! As if it was even mine to sell."

"But it is—if you want to, Miss Sarah."

"It is not mine to sell, John Abbey! It is a trust—a sacred trust, John Abbey. And I pray God I may keep it. I will keep it!" she cried quiveringly.

He waited a moment. "It would fetch a tremendous price, Miss Sarah."

"Very likely."

"That high-boy in the hall, now," he persisted. "Why, I saw one in New York, not near so fancy, they was askin' two hundred dollars for—and got it too. That chair you're sittin' in's worth fifty or sixty, just as it stands."

She rose to her feet. "John Abbey, look at me. Did you send that woman here—that Talbot thing?"

"Suppose I did?"

"Go away!" she commanded, low and clear. "I—I can't bear any more to-day."

"You won't sell anything?" he demanded, halting in his retreat. He spoke pleadingly—like a man who had made his last appeal. "Not a piece? Not—for food and drink and fire? It's come to that, Miss Sarah."

"When I want to sell a stick or an ounce or a shred of my things—the Vaughan things—I'll let you know. Till then——"

"Good-by," he said from the doorway. Then for a moment his strength flowed back to him. "I only did this—because we like to help all we can, Miss Sarah."

"I know it," she said quickly. "And I ought to thank you."

"What will happen when we've *done* all we can?" he asked bluntly.

"Haven't I always Theodore?" she demanded.

"Theodore? That——"

"My brother in New York," said Miss Vaughan splendidly, taking up his letter from the table. . . .

The twilight, melting into purple night, found her still sitting in her high-backed

chair; and the sorrow in her face had deepened now to tragedy. As she lay back in the chair, she seemed to feel a tender reproach in the embrace of its arms, as in that of a friend she was about to betray.

"A debt of honor!" she whispered for the hundredth time, fingering her brother's letter. "He needs a hundred dollars for a debt of honor. There's only one thing to do. There's only one way to do it—only one." She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, God, if only I might have been spared *this*, dear God! They're all I have left—all, all, all! . . ."

A hundred miles to the west and south of quiet Kingsford, a man, in clothes cut overfashionably and patterned overbrightly, dodged a pair of ramping truck horses on his way across a muddy street crossing near a ferry, looked to the left at an advancing surface car, and stepped directly into the front wheel of a high-powered motor car slipping along close to the curb. He got up a trifle dazed. A crowd was pressing round him. His brown derby hat was dented and blackened with mud; mechanically he brushed it round and round. He knew that a policeman was holding him up under the arm. His hip hurt him some, and his left shoulder. The chauffeur's face was very white. He was quite silent, though some of the crowd called him names.

"How d'you feel now?" asked the policeman. "Guess he ain't hurt, Mr. Talbot."

A portly, middle-aged man leaned out of the automobile and asked another friendly, anxious question or two. The man who had been knocked down was very much interested in hearing that voice; it was different from what he supposed it would be; and the questioner's eyes were kindly, not cold and disdainful. In his half-daze, all he could think of clearly was the fact that the rich man was not very much like his photographs or the caricatures of him in the newspapers.

"Talbot!" muttered the man in the shabby clothes. "It's him! Joseph B. Talbot."

"Get in," said the rich man, throwing open the door of the tonneau. "I don't believe he's hurt, officer. But we'll look in at a hospital, if he wants to. Where are you bound, my friend?"

"To the races," said the shabby man before he thought, and the crowd laughed as it began to melt away. So did Mr. Talbot, and he patted the new passenger gayly on the knee.

"Then we'll go down together," he said affably. "How are you now—better?"

"Oh, yes. Thank you, Mr. Talbot. I knew you right away. It's white in you to take me with you," he laughed uneasily, his nerves still jangling. "I won't say again that I don't have *any* luck."

"H'm-m!" rumbled the financier. "Up against it?"

"Well, I *have* been worse."

There was a little roll of money in his fob pocket—a hundred dollars or so, and he had his watch, say forty dollars more. Also a letter which was comforting in its prospects—a letter with the Kingsford postmark, and written in a slim, slanting hand.

"A good deal worse," he amended.

"I'd like to be of some assistance to you, if I can—if you'll let me, Mr——"

"Vaughan," said the shabby man. "Thank you, sir. But——"

"Nonsense! Don't I owe you something for knocking you down?" he laughed. "Yes, by gad, a debt with interest."

"You're very kind to——"

"Nonsense, I say. Now look here. We'll begin right here with this debt paying, Mr. Vaughan—this way." He laid his hand on Vaughan's knee, searching his face with curious, inscrutable eyes. "Follow the races regularly?"

"No, sir. Er—that is——"

"Never mind that. Anyhow you might like to hear what I have heard about the third race this afternoon. Of course tips are all bosh—all but this one." And he laughed again, to the dutiful echo of the others. "Not that I *approve* of betting on a horse-race," added the great man stiffly; "but I hear very excellent accounts of a beast known as Old Maid. And——"

The shabby man almost stood up in the swiftly moving car. "What's that?" he gasped. "Old Maid?"

"She will be a fifty-to-one shot—I think they call it—at first," said Mr. Talbot. "But the odds will be far less before the race is called, no doubt."

"Old Maid!"

"Not to win the race Mr. Vaughan. I should bet on her—if I were a betting man by habit or profession, which I am not—for second or third place."

"Old Maid!" the other repeated wonderingly, as he subsided to his seat again. There was magic in it—a coincidence like this!

"I was figuring to back that mare myself to-day," said Vaughan judicially. "There's something in the name, I guess. Thank you, sir."

"Not at all. Come and see me after the race is run. I want to talk to you for a minute. Shoulder paining you any now?" he asked, very kindly and friendly, not a bit like his pictures.

"Thank you, sir," said Vaughan again. Extraordinary how one's fancies work out successfully sometimes! Old Maid every time that day from the moment the postman rang at his bell in the morning till now!

"My dear Brother," so the letter from Kingsford ran, "My only wish is to be of such help as I can whenever anything like trouble comes near you. I have been a little short of ready money myself, but presently I shall have some income due, and then I will send you the hundred dollars with the earnest hope that it will be of use to you in meeting your debt of honor. I would like to believe for a special reason that this money was bringing something like real and permanent happiness to my dear brother, who must come and see me when he can."

A good sister, that old maid up in Kingsford whom he had not seen for nearly five years! Old Maid, a good name to bet on that afternoon! A man in Talbot's position was apt to know things that other men have to pay to hear of, or can only guess at. And mentally the shabby man counted up his money now—and *then*.

"What will you do with it, if you win?" Mr. Talbot's friend was asking the great man, and Vaughan listened curiously. What *did* rich men do with their money?

"Make a present to my wife," the Cracker King replied. "She's on the track of some wonderful old furniture she's discovered up in the country—where our new place is. Something pretty good, I guess, from what she writes. I can send her enough for a couple of chairs, maybe, if Old Maid does what we expect of her. . . ."

Through a long and terrible hour Miss Sarah stood by and watched while the fat woman of the former interview—restless, voluble, and oh, so rich!—handled and priced the gods of the house of Vaughan. And never for an instant did the latter guess at the pain that gnawed the heart of the gaunt old woman, whose ideas of values were so absurd it was a sin to take advantage of her.

"I'd like to buy the whole house out," declared Mrs. Talbot with a sigh of happiness, after pricing the bed in which Lafayette had slept—a magnificent four poster, and the dining-room chairs. "I don't suppose you'd want to part with all your old things, though—even on very generous terms, would you?"

"No," said Miss Sarah quietly. "Not all."

"But the secretary!" They had come back into the sitting-room by now. "You must let me have *that*. It's awfully quaint."

"Do you want it—specially?"

"If you could only see how bare my little library looks, you'd have pity on me. Come! I'm bound to have it, you know," she laughed gayly, laying her plump hand on Miss Vaughan's arm. "Do!"

"I should want a hundred dollars for it, Mrs. Talbot."

"What—? Well, of course, one can't get these old things for nothing any longer. A hundred, you said?" She looked it over once more. "Very well. It's mine, Miss Sarah." What was it that made her hesitate for just a second? "Are you sure you want to let me have it? Because——"

"Take it," was the answer. "You may as well."

The afternoon ended in sullen rain; a wind roared in the giant horse-chestnut trees before the Vaughan house with a noise like surf. She could not eat her trifle of food. Since her visitor had departed, she had sat almost motionless at the old secretary. Presently she lit her lamp, and began to clear out the old drawers and the crammed pigeon-holes. The files of receipts dated back to the days of her grandfather—this or that horse bought or sold, Morgan Pride, Silver Bells, famous trotters of the old days which he had loved like his own sons; bills for books—when Professor Longfellow was writing; tucked in among them a browned, cracking sheet of letter paper marked "Personal and Confidential." She glanced it down with a sense of wrong-doing. The writer was explaining

something he had said in a public speech—so patiently!—as to a man whose criticism was well worth answering. The modest signature leaped up off the page. "Lincoln!" whispered Miss Sarah reverently, proudly. "To my father!" More letters followed—to her mother from her soldier sons. She pressed the secret spring, and drew out the little box concealed under the middle compartment. Another package, tied with blue ribbon. She took it out; but these letters she knew by heart—all His plans for their happiness together after their marriage, His assurances that he was perfectly well, that there was no danger of the yellow fever spreading to where He was living. . . . The old secretary! It was here that she had written her answers to her lover's letters. And to-morrow they would come to take it away.

"It is cruel!" she sobbed, quite spent at last. "Cruel and hard—hard! But Theodore says it is a debt of honor—and the Vaughans have always paid honorably, thank God."

The shriek of the whistle on the last up-train blowing for Kingsford roused her from a sorrow that numbed her tired hands and heart. She finished her task, too exhausted for tears. The pigeon-holes and drawers were empty; their precious contents had been carefully stowed here and there; nothing remained to do but to put out the light, when suddenly there came to her the sound of a horse splashing up the muddy road, then the surly "Whoa!" of the driver, who had apparently pulled up at her gate.

"They can't be coming for the old desk to-night!" she gasped. "Oh, please, not to-night!"

The knocker crashed on the front door. The carriage drove away—she could hear the grate of the wheels as the driver cramped to make the turn. She heard a cheery bar or two of whistling on her front porch, then another knock, and then——

"Oh, Sarah Jane!" somebody called out, with a laugh of real happiness.

"Who is it?" she whispered to herself, over and over, on her way to the door a step at a time, her eyes wide with fatigue and fright.

"Got some fatted calf ready?" asked a man's voice, as she unbolted the door and swung it open.

What Senator Abbey met with the next morning when he went to the old house after the secretary, with Mrs. Talbot's hundred dollars for Miss Sarah in his pocket and a hundred confused apologies on his lips for his share in the deal, supplied him with gossip for nearly a year. From the open window of Miss Sarah's sitting-room drifted the fragrance of a cigar! From upstairs came the voice of Miss Sarah singing "Coronation."

"Just the man I wanted to see!" she exclaimed briskly, as the Senator commenced his apology for being alive. "Come right in."

"I'm awful sorry, but I came after the secretary, Miss Sarah."

"Ha!"

"Mrs. Talbot asked me to."

"Is she waiting for it now?"

"She said she'd have the room ready so's it could go right into place."

"Well," said Miss Vaughan deliberately, "you tell Mrs. Talbot, John Abbey, that—what's the expression young people use nowadays?"

"What, Miss Sarah?"

She folded her arms tightly. "Nothing doing!" remarked Miss Sarah serenely.

"But——"

"Not"—and she smiled beautifully—"not on your tintype, Senator. Nor on hers, for that matter."

He fell back, staring at her blankly. What had come to her? Where had she learned those queer bits of slang? Who—? "Say," said Mr. Abbey uneasily. "Look here, Miss Sarah——"

"*Look* here, if you like. And tell me," she commanded, dragging him indoors, "exactly what you see. First—*this!*"

A man who was prowling about in her sitting-room turned to them with a smile. But of him the Senator was only dimly conscious, for, opening a drawer, Miss Vaughan drew out a stout blue envelope, and, without a word, she spread out before the Senator's astonished eyes a package of yellow-backed bank-notes.

"Fifty of them," was her only comment.

"What——?"

"And for a hundred dollars apiece. That's one thing for you to see. And the other——"

The strange man came up to them, laughing contentedly. Mr. Abbey gave a

startled glance from him to the photograph on the mantel-piece.

"Theodore!" he cried.

"My brother!" said Miss Sarah, slipping her arm through the stranger's.

"Glad to meet you, Mr.——"

"*Senator* Abbey," she corrected, drawing him up to her and presenting him with the gentlest pressure of her hand on his arm. "The best—and most devoted—of my Kingsford friends, brother dear."

"It ain't much *I've* been able to do for her. But," said the Senator, backing away, "we liked to do what we could, you know. The—the Vaughans, you know."

"Come back when you can," said Miss Sarah. "I want you to hear all about it."

"Just like a novel, isn't it!" Theodore remarked, watching Miss Sarah put up the money, with lazy satisfaction.

"Like the old-fashioned ones, my dear. Yes, a happy ending, Theodore." She looked up at him over her shoulder. "You haven't told *me* the story yet—all of it. You made a successful business venture, I gathered from what you said last night."

"A speculation, it was."

"Ah—?" She darted one of her quick, half-humorous looks at him. "I know so little about business matters—even my own brother's."

He did not seem to hear her. He was looking out the window at the quiet countryside, brilliant under the sun of a morning after rain. "My—speculation turned out all right this time," he said slowly, with a doubtful shake of his head. "But——"

"Well——?"

"I'm going to quit it, Sarah."

"Your business?"

"For *good!*" he exclaimed, driving his fist into his other hand. "Even after this. Even after the business has earned some money that's going to do somebody some good."

She looked him through and through. "Would I prefer having you in some other business, Theodore?"

"Yes," he replied almost defiantly. "You don't want me to be a——"

"S-sh!" she cautioned, a smile puckering her lips. "Isn't it in the Vaughan blood?"

"What is——?"

"Didn't you ever hear of Morgan's Pride and Silver Bells?" she countered, almost in a whisper.

"*What——?*"

"Your grandfather was famous for his trotting horses," she sighed demurely. "I believe the sport was very popular in New England at one time."

The man held out his hands to her. "You dear old thing, you'd find some good in Satan himself, if only his name was Vaughan."

"Very likely," she admitted candidly, and then, with a smile that was full both of love and of mockery, "Come and kiss me, Theodore," said Miss Sarah.

"How did you know it?" he asked a moment later.

"One finds nearly everything in the New York papers nowadays," she replied carelessly. "Even the names of one's friends. If you know where to look."

At their noonday meal she remembered to ask him two final questions.

"What business are you going into, Theodore, now that——"

"Crackers. And I'm going to make good, sister."

"Crackers?" she echoed uncertainly. "Do you think that crackers are quite——"

"Quite!" he laughed—but seriously. "What's good enough for *him* is good enough for anybody, I guess. He's a mighty kind, square man, sister. He said that as he'd nearly killed me with his automobile, he owed me at least the *chance* of another life. So he took my name and address, and we had a talk. And—he gave me a good job in his office, Sarah," he concluded. There were something like tears in his brown eyes.

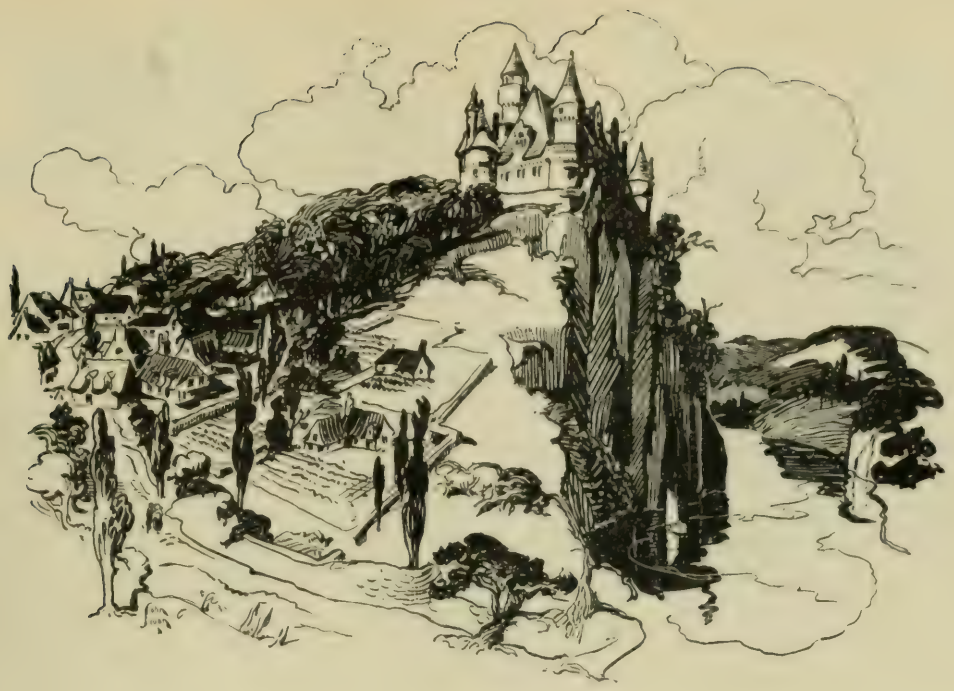
She did not notice them. "Who is *he?*" she asked impatiently.

"One of the best men that the Lord ever made, that's who. And if I ever make what I hope to make of myself yet, Sarah—as good a Vaughan as any of them—though, Lord, what time I have wasted!—it'll be owing to him and nobody else. Just him!"

"Him?"

"Joseph B. Talbot, the Cracker King. God bless him!" said Theodore fervently.

"Ha!" ejaculated Miss Sarah. "Very well," she agreed after a pause. "All right. A-*men*. God bless his wife, too, if you like. Let me pour you a fresh cup of tea."



THE CONFESSION OF THE COUNTESS ANNE

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

AN object dropped from certain windows of the Château de Freyr fell into the Meuse, and from that side, indeed, but for these windows its gray walls were hardly to be distinguished from the cliff which they prolonged. To the south, where the river escaped from the shadow of the cliff into the sunlight of the meadows, the approaches were less abrupt, the lower slopes being covered with vineyards. Still further around, to the west, a noble wood of chestnut and oak rose in steps to the great wall of the terrace, their topmost branches almost reaching to the terrace level. Even on this side, however, the pathway, which first skirted the vineyards and then disappeared in the wood, was so steep that when the Countess Anne returned from an excursion to the town a donkey was always in waiting for her at the Sign of the White Fawn, where the path left the main road. There is a legend that when the King of France passed a night in the château on his way to Flanders, four stout Flemish draught horses had dragged His Majesty's coach up the hill into the courtyard whose stones had never before, as certainly they never have since, felt the wheel of a carriage. But this legend is of doubtful authenticity, and was repeated to the few travellers who stopped for a glass of wine at the Sign of the White Fawn only as one repeats similar doubtful tales of what happened in the days when there were giants in the land —with a "they say" and a shrug of the shoulders.

"Evidently," said the Countess Anne one day to Doctor Leroux as they climbed the path to the château, "evidently my ancestors were in the habit of paying visits which they did not wish returned."

The cluster of houses at the foot of the château was also known as Freyr. A few of its narrower streets straggled a little way up the hill, but the greater number, including the great square with its fountain by Girardon, stretched out into the meadows along the river, bordered by a wide allée of plane trees, in whose shade gossips knitted, and children played, when the weather was fine.

These gossips would have told you that it was now thirty-five years or more since the Countess Anne came to Freyr, an event of great importance at the time, inasmuch as the château had not been inhabited for more than a century. An event, too, which gave rise to much speculation, for in those days, of course, the Countess was young, barely twenty, and according to

rumor, marvellously beautiful. According to rumor, too, she had lived in a brilliant world with which Freyr and its lonely château had nothing in common. Would she bring gallants and ladies in her train? Would the *cor de chasse* sound once more in the park, and candle lights dance again in the mirrors of the *salle de bal?* Then, little by little, other rumors, from God knows where, filtered through the town—that there was a Count who had eaten the Countess' dowry in less than a year, some said in less time even; that the young wife had fled from her husband as from the plague, or, according to others, had been deserted as soon as the dowry was gone. Possibly the Abbé D'Arlot or Doctor Leroux could tell you whether the Count was still alive. But as he had never been seen by any of the inhabitants of Freyr, and as there were no children to remind one that he had ever existed, he was gradually forgotten even by the gossips who knitted in the allée by the Meuse. Even his name had perished from the land, for every one in Freyr had come to say "the Countess Anne."



"I think," said the Countess one day to Doctor Leroux as he walked beside her donkey up the path, "that I must purchase another donkey. Balafré is beginning to stumble, and when he stumbles badly he gives me such a shock that I have a pain in my heart."

"That is not the fault of Balafré," said Doctor Leroux.

"No, so you have told me before. It is the fault of my heart."

"Undoubtedly. What could I say to my conscience if I did not warn you against those exertions which . . . for example, I saw you to-day lift that big baby of Mère Bigot."

"The dear child! so I did," said the Countess; and then, after a little silence, "so you think it will stop some day, without warning?"

"It is possible, certainly."

"Provided I have time for confession and the sacraments," said the Countess as if to herself, "I should not object so much to that way."

"You know I do not attach any"—he emphasized the word gently—"importance to the sacraments. As for confession, that is another matter. A good confession has often been of great assistance to me. But for *you*," he said, laying his hand on Balafré's back, for the path was steep at this point, "what can you possibly . . . ah, well," for the gesture of the Countess arrested him, "if that is so, why not make your confession now?"

"There are confessions one does not make till one is sure one is about to die," replied the Countess Anne.

Doctor Leroux walked on beside Balafré in silence. There was sometimes such a mingling of seriousness and playfulness in the Countess' answers that silence was the best refuge for uncertainty. Often, however, as now, the Doctor's silence was the silence of irritation. It irritated him to think that she, whom he held to be no whit lower than the angels, should be tormented by the need of confession. For what could such a woman possibly have to confess! And his irritation found vent when, on his way home, he encountered the Abbé D'Arlot, who always dined at the château on Thursdays, slowly ascending the path.

"Why do you seek to govern by fear!" he



exclaimed, shaking his cane. "That the law should inspire fear, that is natural; but for Religion, it is folly. The criminal does not commit murder for fear of the gallows. That is well—for the victim! that is well for Society, which protects itself. But what good does this fear accomplish for the criminal himself? Absolutely none. It stays his hand, it does not change his heart. Is it to wash the hand or to cleanse the heart that the Church exists? Ah, that the Law should govern by fear, that I admit. But the Church! when the Church inspires fear it is because it wishes to usurp the place of Law, to govern as well as to pardon." And turning on his heel, the Doctor went grumbling down the path.

Accustomed to these outbursts, the Abbé smiled. None knew better than he that his friend possessed the kindest of hearts. But it took fire easily. As Père Bigot said: "*c'est comme les allumettes—faut pas les gratter!*" for Père Bigot had often experienced the Doctor's wrath, being accustomed to descant to the habitués of the White Fawn on the Art of Government, a proceeding which excited the Doctor's bitter scorn. "There is one branch of knowledge," he said one day to the Mayor, "which it is not necessary to teach in the schools."

"What is that?" inquired the Mayor unsuspectingly.

"How to govern one's neighbor."

Yet Père Bigot was never tired of telling how, when he broke his leg drawing logs from the forest, Monsieur le Docteur had cared for him "as if he had been the Countess Anne."

The truth is that while tolerant of every form of weakness and suffering, the Doctor despised every form of pretension. With politics he would have nothing to do, and on all social questions was as conservative as on religious ones he was radical. His speech was often hot and his silence chilling, and with many ideas of the day which, like other ephemeral fashions, penetrated even to Freyr, he was sadly out of joint. "But," said Madame Leroux, "he has the heart of a little lamb"—and Madame Leroux, while adoring her husband, understood him well.

As for the baby of Mère Bigot it was true, as the Doctor had pointed out, that it was enormously heavy for a baby of its age. But then, it had such an enticing way of stretching out its hands that it was impossible to resist their appeal. Not that it enjoyed any special prerogatives. To the Countess Anne all babies were appealing. No mother in Freyr had any cause for jealousy in this respect. "Ah, what a pity she is not a mother," they used to say.

But this had not always been so. Time was when the peasant on the straight white road which divided the meadows, doffing his hat as she went by, slender and erect on her black gelding, received but scant acknowledgment. Tradesmen who had counted on better times with her coming were sorely disappointed in those days, for there were neither revels nor feasting to quicken trade, nor any change in the usual

life of Freyr. A few lights shone at night in the château windows, and now and then a solitary figure walked in the château wood—that was all.

How or why the transformation came to pass, no one in Freyr could have told you. You know how marvellously the dead leaves of the dead year disappear, how little by little the naked branches take on those faint colors which herald the spring; and then, after days of alternate sun and cold, and delays without number, how, in spite of all these warnings, we are suddenly astonished to find every bud and leaf in its place, and to hear the strife of chattering birds seeking nests. No less wonderful was the miracle wrought in the Countess Anne. When first she came to Freyr the signs of a winter lately passed were in her face, as if something had frozen the sources of life as winter freezes the wood springs; and in her manner a hauteur and aloofness such as one feels when one attempts to penetrate in winter the snow-bound wood. And now the littlest child sitting on the door-step in the sun stretched out its tiny hands confidently as she passed by, and Madame Leroux, watching her retreating form as she went out the gateway of the Hôtel Dieu, turned to her husband saying:

"It is not the same woman that came to Freyr years ago."

"The very same," he replied. "Go get that stone, my dear, which you keep in the depths of your chest, and see how it will shine when it sees the light of the sun."



Madame Leroux knew very well that he was chiding her for so rarely wearing the one jewel she possessed—a souvenir of such happy days that she locked it securely in her chest lest it should be lost—and smiled. Then she began to think, to wonder what sun had shone upon the heart of the Countess Anne.

She remembered the day her husband had first gone to the château, and how, when he had returned and had talked for a whole hour on every subject but the one which was consuming her heart, unable to refrain any longer she had asked at last if the Countess was really as beautiful as rumor had said. They were at table, and she remembered well how her husband, looking up from his plate, replied:

"My dear, what do you say of this ragout?"

"Of this ragout?" she had stammered, taken aback, "why, it is delicious."

"So? and what do you say of a morning of May, one of those mornings, for example, when the buds are turning silver and rose, when the leaves are preparing to unfold and birds are calling in the wood?"

"That it is beautiful, certainly."

"O words, words! why not delicious—not like this ragout," he added maliciously, smiling over the rim of his spectacles, "but like the Countess Anne."

She remembered that day was the first day of spring, for the windows were open and the bees came in and out seeking what was not yet to be found in the fields, and that her husband, finishing his coffee by the garden window, had added:

"Something, perhaps, not yet beautiful, but which promises to be so, which charms because it suggests, which stirs the imagination and calls out to the things in the heart which are dying, saying 'do not die, do not die.'"

Ah, Madame Leroux had thought, she must be beautiful indeed.

Above all she remembered her disappointment when in her turn she also first saw the Countess Anne—a black figure, its face as white as its white hands, taking scarcely more notice of her courtesy than did the hound by its side. And now the Countess was an old woman, with white hair and a figure no longer slim, but with eternal spring in her eyes. Yes, it



was true, as her husband had said—some one, something, had taken the jewel out of the dark into the sun. And Madame Leroux, who endeavored to atone for her husband's delinquencies, crossed herself, saying, "God only was capable of such a miracle."

Of the two men most people would have selected the Abbé rather than the Doctor for the friendship of the Countess Anne. For the Abbé, though poor, was of noble family, having in his face and manners those signs of race which circumstances can never wholly efface or disguise, and which often contrasted strongly with the brusque, even bourgeois ways of the Doctor. Yet whereas the Abbé dined at the château only once a week, Doctor Leroux was a frequent visitor. This did not trouble the peace of Madame Leroux. She knew that she was his wife, the mother of his children, the woman who in certain respects was his inferior, but whom he tenderly loved. She knew, also, that the other was the woman who in certain other respects was his superior, who, in the dull monotony of Freyr, was the stimulus to his intellectual nature as she, Madame Leroux, was its rest.

Notwithstanding their different natures and beliefs, there were no better friends in Freyr than the Abbé and the Doctor. Often in the dusk of the allée under the limes they were to be seen walking leisurely to and fro of summer evenings, the Abbé, his hands crossed behind his back, listening, defending, explaining, the Doctor always attacking something, pounding the gravel with his cane. On one subject above all others the Doctor loved to talk—the Countess Anne—and it was strange that the Abbé, who certainly shared his friend's opinion on this subject if on no other, was so reticent whenever her name was spoken. For example, the Doctor would say:

"What is adorable is that she gives without ostentation, without playing that odious part of the Lady Bountiful who cannot forget the gulf over which she steps."

"Do you think she is even aware of it?" The Abbé would reply gently.

"But no discretion," the Doctor would pursue, waving his stick aloft, "no discretion. Only yesterday I said to her, 'Please, please discriminate a little. That piece of a hundred sous which you gave to that old rascal Gervais will certainly find its way into the till of the White Fawn.'"

And then the Abbé would remain silent, or perhaps, on the way home, just before parting, would say in an impersonal way:

"Charity does not discriminate. Organ-

ize charity, ask of it judgment, reason, and it is no longer charity. Such only creates what it seeks to relieve. There is only one charity, the charity that reaches the heart because it proceeds from the heart, and that charity never hesitates, never reasons—it gives, at the first touch of the hand on the hem of the garment. The mistakes it makes are only the price it pays for the immense privilege of doing good."



It was a day of early autumn—the grapes still hung between the yellowing leaves of the vines—when Doctor Leroux, his black felt hat pulled down to his shaggy eyebrows, came through the gate of the château path, past the creaking sign of the White Fawn and along the narrow street which led to his own door. If there had been nothing else to mark that day Madame Leroux would have remembered it as one on which her husband had no greeting for her when she looked up at the sound of the opening door. For without even taking off his coat or hat, he disappeared into the laboratory, a small yellow phial in his hand.

She was just reaching to the nail where hung the little green bag of woven grass she always carried when she went to town—for the maid had forgotten the black beans for the master's soup—when something stayed her hand. She was not alarmed, but, as she afterward said, she "felt something." So laying aside her black shawl and taking her knitting from her pocket, she sat down by the window. And then, while waiting, recollecting that her husband had been called to the château, she began to feel fear, that fear which is just fear, and which, because it is fear of one knows not what, is the worst fear of all. How long she sat there, listening for her husband's step, she did not know, though the clock ticked in full sight above the chimney mantel. At last the door opened and her husband came in, sitting down beside her heavily, with a great sigh, like a man whose strength is spent. She laid her hand over his as it rested on the arm of his chair, looking into his face but not venturing to speak.

"I give her three days—perhaps not even that," he groaned.

She stood up at his first words, leaning, dazed, against the wall.

"What will Freyr do without the Countess Anne," she gasped with a little choking sob.

Of all the tributes the Countess Anne had ever received, this first thought of Madame Leroux, selfish as it might seem, was perhaps the greatest and best.

"And to think that I foresaw nothing," he moaned pitifully; "that while I stood at the door death should come in the window—that I can do nothing—that I am helpless!"

The needles trembled in Madame Leroux's hand.

"There is God, my dear," she murmured.

"Please do not speak to me of God," he said with a gesture of weariness. Then silence fell upon them both.

There was a little path in the garden, covered with a trellis from which grapes hung in yellow and purple clusters. Here, up and down, for a long hour the Doctor walked that day, struggling with thoughts which had never troubled him before.

Should he tell the Countess Anne?

Surely it was his duty always to prolong life to the last possible moment, to fight Death with every ally at his command, even when the battle was lost. And no ally was stronger than Hope. To say "Courage! we two will conquer," that was what he had always said to every patient. By what right could he say, "It is useless, dismiss the physician and send for the priest"? To soften pain was one thing, to shorten life another. Was it less criminal to shorten it by taking away hope than by administering an opiate? Besides, what could she have to confess, such a woman, whose life had been open to his

eye for nearly forty years? Nothing. It was monstrous, absurd. Why should he attach so much importance to a chance word? Yet what if it were true, that something lay on that white heart? By what right should he deprive it of its desire? For the end was sure, the fight was hopeless. Why then should he say there is hope, when hope there was none? What if, after all, there was God waiting, ready to listen, a God of Judgment, a God of Wrath as well as of Mercy, who would say, "Inasmuch as ye did not cast your burden upon Me, depart from Me into everlasting darkness." That, too, was monstrous, absurd. That such a God should one day hold him responsible for the peace of a soul troubled him less than that that soul should one day look at him with reproachful eyes. For the first time in his life he almost wished for such a God, some final Judge to whom he could turn in his doubt, upon whom he could cast the burden of his perplexity.



A wooden gate opened from the garden. He lifted the latch mechanically, following the winding street, heedless of greetings, and turned up the path by the Sign of the White Fawn.

"How good of you to come! I believe there must be some truth in these new-fangled notions of telepathy. I was really about to send for you."

He pressed the white hand in his for reply, his throat too rebellious for speech. Then, abruptly, without further waiting, a little timidly, almost as it were like a novice speaking of things in which she was not proficient:

"Do you know, my friend, I think I am about to die."

He started, involuntarily, experiencing an immense relief that his task was made so easy. She looked into his face searchingly. He did not exclaim, "Nonsense!" brusquely, as perhaps she expected.

"Do you believe then in presentiments?" she asked, her voice trembling, but very sweet and clear.

"They are sometimes not to be disregarded," he said hoarsely.

Her eyes did not fall, and she understood.

"Thank you," she replied steadily. And then, after a pause, "you are always the good friend."

He walked away to hide his face and was standing at the window when she spoke again.

"Please come and sit here, beside me, I am not afraid."

The strength in her voice astonished and steadied him. Not afraid! For a moment the world became fairer and brighter. What a fool he had been! Then the reality came back, and as he took the seat beside her again he covered his eyes with his hand. She took the free hand and drew him down, smiling.

"You came to comfort me, and now—now it is I who have to comfort you." He straightened up, smiling too, something like his old self, and laid his other hand over hers. Her eyes wandered a while over the room and then came back to his.

"Tell me, will there be pain? You know what a coward I am."

Ah, what scenes, what suffering he had witnessed, dry-eyed. Now the tears rolled down his cheeks.

He shook his head.

"Precious tears, I love them, every one," thought the Countess Anne. "Just drowsiness, such as I felt before you came?" He nodded. "Sometimes God is good," she murmured, closing her eyes. Then she roused herself and taking a key from under her pillow put it in his hand. "We have had much business together," she said earnestly. "*That* must not stop. You will find in my desk everything I wish done. You will do it—just the same—just the same as if—hush!—better perhaps. And now, my friend, you must go, for a while—but not far."

"Never far," he whispered. The big tears fell on the white sheet as he bent over her.



She kept his hand a moment, then released it reluctantly and turned her face to the wall, repeating under her breath, "Not far—not far."

As he moved softly toward the door she called to him.

"Will you send, please, for the Abbé D'Arlot?"

He nodded silently.

"Remember, I am not afraid," she smiled.

Then he left the room.

Although it was only mid-afternoon when Doctor Leroux knocked at the Abbé's door, the day being Thursday, the Abbé already wore his best soutane—for Thursday was the day on which he dined at the château. Few and blunt words suffice for men. When, therefore, in his usual courtly manner the Abbé had offered him a chair, the Doctor began at once, without preamble. After his visit at the château it was a relief to speak freely again.

"The Countess Anne is dying."

The Abbé's face became pale as death.

"Dying!" he exclaimed with a quick indrawn breath, brushing with a gesture of bewilderment the thin hair from his forehead with his thin white hand.

"She has sent for you—you had better go at once—she wishes to make confession." The words came with an effort.

"She wishes me? But I am not her confessor," gasped the Abbé, sinking into his chair.

His breast rose and fell so violently under his robe that Doctor Leroux strode to the sideboard. "Have you no brandy? Here, take this." He filled a glass from the decanter of wine and carried it to the Abbe's lips.

"It is nothing. I will go," he said, refusing the proffered glass. "Dying! *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" he moaned.

"You are not her confessor?" said Doctor Leroux. "I thought—I always supposed—at all events," he faltered, "she desires you." He put on his hat and went to the door. "I am going to her also. This is a time when she needs us both."

As the door closed he heard the sound of sobbing within.

Through the wicker gate, between the high vineyard walls, and then into the cool spaces of the wood the Abbé climbed the château path. The loiterers at the tables under the trellis of the White Fawn rose and touched their hats at his approach. But he took no heed of them.

"The Abbé is growing old," said one.

Half-way through the wood he paused to rest on a wooden bench, just where an opening in the trees disclosed the meadows and the curve of the winding Meuse. Every Thursday for twenty years he had climbed this path. Every Thursday evening for twenty years he had sat in the same chair at the same table in the great dining-room of the château. In summer, after dinner, they sat on the terrace, and in winter in the two high damask-covered chairs before the fire. And every Thursday evening for twenty years there had been three games of

draughts before he took his leave. Now that was all over, forever.

Dying? He had not even observed that she was growing old.

In the courtyard the great Dane welcomed him as always. There was no commotion. Nothing was changed. For a moment he said to himself, "I dream." Then he rang the bell at the small side door.

Doctor Leroux was in the ante-room. "You have no time to lose," he said. No, not yet," he replied to the Abbé's eyes, "but unconsciousness—that may come soon."

The Abbé had become quite calm now. His pale, refined face had become still and his step firm.

When the door closed behind him he lifted his eyes. It was not the face of the dying that they saw, but a face transfigured, radiant, the face of one whose waiting was at an end. He went forward fascinated, bewildered, by that radiance, like a man who does not know what is to come.

"Sit down—here," she said, indicating the chair by her bed. He took the chair. "Nearer," said the Countess Anne. He felt that he was beginning to tremble, that self-control was slipping away. "Nearer," she repeated.

He bent his white head till it rested on the sheet close to her arm.

"Look up—" her voice was almost a whisper—"did you think you could love me for twenty years and give no sign?" she smiled.

A strange groan escaped his lips, and his head fell upon the pillow beside hers.

"Do you hear?" she whispered. "I love you—I—love—you."

"And you are dying—dying," he cried aloud.

"That makes no difference," said the Countess Anne.

If any one would know what was passing in the Abbé's heart, let him go to the marshes when the tide is full. He had forgotten his calling, the long weary years. God and the world were swept away. Strength had forsaken him. He lay like a little child, weak, powerless, before that tide that came so resistlessly, filling every empty chamber, stilling every ache, satisfying every thirsty root, till the heart, like the marsh, was full—and then, suddenly, mercifully, came night.

Doctor Leroux had hastened in at the first faint cry. They bore him away gently, but every effort was unavailing. He had climbed the château path for the last time.

"At last," thought Doctor Leroux, bitterly, "peace with God is made—and it has cost a life."

When he reëntered the room the Countess' eyes were still shining. They looked up to his in mute appeal, and before he knew what words he was uttering, under their insistent spell he had spoken:

"Grief killed him."

The lips quivered, but the strange, triumphant smile remained. A feeble hand plucked at his sleeve and drew his head down till his ear touched her lips.

"It was not grief—it was joy," she whispered.

The next day there was a great stillness in Freyr. Every shop was closed. For the bells of Our Lady of Mercy were tolling in the great square.

Doctor Leroux walked rarely now in the allée by the Meuse. When his work was done he loved rather to sit with Madame Leroux under the garden trellis or before the fire, his hand in hers. But she never knew what sun had shone upon the heart of the Countess Anne.



AT THE FOOT OF HEMLOCK MOUNTAIN

By Dorothy Canfield

"In connection with this phase of the problem of transportation it must be remembered that the rush of population to the great cities is no temporary movement. It is caused by a final revolt against that malignant relic of the dark ages, the country village, and by a healthy craving for the deep, full life of the metropolis, for contact with the vitalizing stream of humanity."—PRITCHELL'S "Handbook of Economics," page 247.

SOMETIMES people from Hillsboro' leave our forgotten valley, high among the Green Mountains, and "go down to the city," as the phrase runs. They always come back exclaiming that they should think New Yorkers would just die of lonesomeness, and crying out in an ecstasy of relief that it does seem so good to get back where there are some folks. After the desolate isolation of city streets, empty of humanity, filled only with hurrying ghosts, the vestibule of our church on prayer-meeting night fills one with an exalted realization of the great numbers of the human race. It is like coming into a warmed and lighted room, full of friendly faces, after wandering long by night in a forest peopled only with flitting shadows. In the phantasmagoric pantomime of the city, we forget that there are so many real people in all the world, so diverse, so unfathomably human as those who meet us in the little post-office on the night of our return to Hillsboro'.

Like any other of those gifts of life which gratify insatiable cravings of humanity, living in a country village conveys a satisfaction which is incommunicable. A great many authors have written about it, just as a great many authors have written about the satisfaction of being in love, but in the one as in the other case, the essence of the thing escapes. People rejoice in sweethearts because all humanity craves love, and they thrive in country villages because they crave human life. Now the living spirit of neither of these things can be caught in a net of words. All the foolish, fond doings of lovers may be set down on paper by whatever eavesdropper cares to take the trouble, but no one can realize from that record anything of the glory in the hearts of the unconscious two. All the queer grammar and insignificant surface eccentricities of village character may be ruthlessly reproduced in every variety of dialect, but no one can guess from that record the abounding flood of richly human life which pours along the village street.

This tormenting inequality between the thing felt and the impression conveyed had vexed us unceasingly until one day Simple Martin, the town fool, who always says our wise things, said one of his wisest. He was lounging by the watering-trough one sunny day in June, when a carriage-load of "summer folk" from Granville over the mountain stopped to water their horses. They asked him as they always, always ask all of us, "For mercy's sake, what do you people *do* all the time, away off here, so far from everything?"

Simple Martin was not irritated, or perplexed, or rendered helplessly inarticulate by this question, as the rest of us had always been. He looked around him at the lovely, sloping lines of Hemlock Mountain, at the Necronsett River singing in the sunlight, at the familiar, friendly faces of the people in the street, and he answered in astonishment at the ignorance of his questioners, "*Do?* Why, we jes' *live!*"

We felt that he had explained us once and for all. We had known that, of course, but we hadn't before, in our own phrase, "sensed it." We just live. And sometimes it seems to us that we are the only people in America engaged in that most wonderful occupation. We know, of course, that we must be wrong in thinking this, and that there must be countless other Hillsboro's scattered everywhere, rejoicing as we do in an existence which does not necessarily make us care-free or happy, which does not in the least absolve us from the necessity of working hard (for Hillsboro' is unbelievably poor in money), but which does keep us alive in every fibre of our sympathy and thrilling with the consciousness of the life of others.

A common and picturesque expression for a common experience runs, "It's so noisy I can't hear myself think." After a visit to New York we feel that its inhabitants are so deafened by the constant blare of noisy confusion that they can't feel themselves live. The steady sufferers from this complaint do not realize their condition. They find it on the whole less trouble *not* to feel themselves live, and they are most uneasy when chance forces them to spend a few days (on shipboard, for instance) where they are not protected by ceaseless and aimless activity from the consciousness that they are themselves. They cannot even conceive the bittersweet, vital taste of that consciousness as we villagers have it, and they cannot understand how arid their existence seems to us without this unhurried, penetrating realization of their own existence and of the meaning of their acts. We do not blame city dwellers for not having it, we lose it when we venture into their maelstrom. Like them, we become dwarfed by overwhelming numbers, and shrivelled by the incapacity to "sense" the humanity of the countless human simulacra about us. But we do not stay where we cannot feel ourselves live! We hurry back to the shadow of Hemlock Mountain, feeling that to love life one does not need to be what is usually called happy, one needs only to live.

It cannot be, of course, that we are the only community to discover this patent fact; but we know no more of the others than they of us. All that we hear from that part of America which is not Hillsboro' is the wild yell of excitement going up from the great cities, where people seem to be doing everything that was ever done or thought of except just living. City dwellers make money, make reputations (good and bad), make museums and subways, make charitable institutions, make with a hysteric rapidity, like excited spiders, more and yet more complications in the mazy labyrinths of their lives, but they never make each others' acquaintances . . . and that is all that is worth doing in the world.

We, who live in Hillsboro', know that they are to be pitied, not blamed, for this fatal omission. We realize that only in Hillsboro' and places like it can one have "deep, full life and contact with the vitalizing stream of humanity." We know that in the very nature of humanity the city is a small and narrow world, the village a great and wide one, and that the utmost efforts of city dwellers will not avail to break the bars of the prison where they are shut in, each with his own kind. They may look out from the windows upon a great and varied throng, as the beggar munching a crust may look in at a banqueting hall, but the people they are forced to live with are exactly like themselves; and that way lies not only monomania but an ennui that makes the blessing of life savorless.

If this does not seem the plainest possible statement of fact take a concrete instance. Can a banker in the city by any possibility come to know what kind of an individual is the remote impersonal creature who waits on him in a department store? Most bankers recognize with a misguided joy this natural wall between themselves and people who are not bankers, and add to it as many stones of their own quarrying as possible; but they are not shut off from all the quickening diversity of life any more effectually than the college-settlement boys' Sunday-school brand of banker. The latter may try as hard as he pleases, he simply cannot achieve real acquaintanceship with a "storekeeper," as we call them, any more than the clerk can achieve real acquaintanceship with him. Lack of any elements of common life form as impassable a barrier as lack of a common language, whereas with us all the life we have is common. Every one is needed to live it.

There can be no city dweller of experience who does not know the result of this herding of the same kind of people together, this intellectual and moral inbreeding. To the accountant who knows only accounts, the world comes to seem like one great ledger, and account-keeping the only vital pursuit in life. To the banker who knows only bankers, the world seems one great bank filled with money, accompanied by people. The prison doors of uniformity are closed inexorably upon them.

And then what happens? Why, when anything goes wrong with their trumpery account books, or their trashy money, these poor folk are like blind men who have lost their staves. With all the world before them they dare not continue to go forward. We in Hillsboro are sorry for the account-

keepers who disappear forever, fleeing from all who know them because their accounts have come out crooked, we pity the banker who blows out his brains when something has upset his bank; but we can't help feeling with this compassion an admixture of the extreme impatience we have for those Prussian school-boys who jump out of third-story windows because they did not reach a certain grade in their Latin examinations. Life is not accounts, or banks, or even Latin examinations, and it is a sign of inexperience to think it so. The trouble with the despairing banker is that he has never had a chance to become aware of the comforting vastness of the force which animates him, in common with all the rest of humanity, to which force a bank failure is no apocalyptic end of Creation, but a mere incident or trial of strength like a fall in a slippery road. Absorbed in his solitary progress, the banker has forgotten that his business in life is not so much to keep from falling as to get up again and press forward.

If the man to whom the world was a bank had not been so inexorably shut away from the bracing, tonic shock of knowing men utterly diverse, to whom the world was just as certainly only a grocery store, or a cobbler's bench, he might have come to believe in a world that is none of these things and is big enough to take them all in; and he might have been alive this minute, a credit to himself, useful to the world and doubtless very much more agreeable to his family than in the days of his blind arrogance.

The pathetic feature of this universal inexperience among city dwellers of real life and real people is that it is really entirely enforced and involuntary. At heart they crave knowledge of real life and sympathy with their fellow-men as starving men do food. In Hillsboro' we explain to ourselves the enormous amount of novel-reading and play-going in the great cities as due to a perverted form of this natural hunger for human life. If people are so situated they can't get it fresh, they will take it canned, which is undoubtedly good for those in the canning business; but we feel that we who have better food ought not to be expected to treat it very seriously. We can't help smiling at the life-and-death discussions of literary people about their preferences in style and plot and treatment . . . their favorite brand on the can, so to speak.

To tell the truth, all novels seem to us badly written, they are so faint and faded in comparison to the brilliant colors of the life which palpitates up and down our village street, called by strangers, "so quaint and sleepy-looking." What does the author of a novel do for you, after all, even the best author? He presents to you people not nearly so interesting as your next-door neighbors, makes them do things not nearly so exciting as what happened to your grandfather, and doles out to you in meagre paragraphs snatches of that comprehending and consolatory philosophy of life, which long ago you should have learned to manufacture for yourself out of every incident in your daily routine. Of course, if you don't know your next-door neighbors, and have never had time to listen to what happened to your grandfather, and are too busy catching trains to philosophize on those subjects if you did know them, no more remains to be said. By all means patronize the next shop you see which displays in its show windows canned romances, adventures, tragedies, farces, and the like line of goods. Live vicariously, if you can't at first hand; but don't be annoyed at our pity for your method of passing blindfold through life.

And don't expect to find such a shop in our village. To open one there would be like trying to crowd out the great trees on Hemlock Mountain by planting a Noah's-Ark garden among them. Romances, adventures, tragedies, and farces . . . why, we are the characters of those plots. Every child who runs past the house starts a new story, every old man whom we leave sleeping in the burying-ground by the Necronsett River is the ending of another . . . or perhaps the beginning of a sequel. Do you say that in the city a hundred more children run past the windows of your apartment than along our solitary street, and that funeral processions cross your every walk abroad? True, but they are stories written in a tongue incomprehensible to you. You look at the covers, you may even flutter the leaves and look at the pictures, but you cannot tell what they are all about. You are like people bored and yawning at a performance of a tragedy by Sophocles, be-

cause the actors speak in Greek. So dreadful and moving a thing as a man's sudden death may happen before your eyes, but you do not know enough of what it means to be moved by it. For you it is not really a man who dies. It is the abstract idea of a man, leaving behind him abstract possibilities of a wife and children. You knew nothing of him, you know nothing of them, you shudder, look the other way, and hurry along, your heart a little more blunted to the sorrows of others, a little more remote from your fellows even than before.

All Hillsboro' is more stirred than that, both to sympathy and active help, by the news that Mrs. Brownell has broken her leg. It means something unescapably definite to us, about which we not only can, but must take action. It means that her sickly oldest daughter will not get the care she needs if somebody doesn't go to help out; it means that if we do not do something that bright boy of hers will have to leave school, just when he is in the way of winning a scholarship in college; it means, in short, a crisis in several human lives, which by the mere fact of being known calls forth sympathy as irresistibly as sunshine in May opens the leaf buds.

Just as it is only one lover in a million who can continue to love his mistress during a lifetime of absolute separation from her, so it is one man in a million who can continue his sympathy and interest in his fellow-men without continual close contact with them. The divine feeling of responsibility for the well-being of others is diluted and washed away in great cities by the overwhelming impersonal flood of vast numbers; in villages it is strengthened by the sight, apparent to the dullest eyes, of immediate personal and visible application. In other words, we are not only the characters of our unwritten stories, but also part authors. Something of the final outcome depends upon us, something of the creative instinct of the artist is stirred to life within every one of us . . . however unconscious of it in our countrified simplicity we may be. The sympathy we feel for a distressed neighbor has none of the impotent sterility of a reader's sympathy for a distressed character in a book. There is always a chance to try to help, and if that fail, to try again and yet again. Death writes the only *Finis* to our stories, and since a chance to start over again has been so unfailingly granted us here, we cannot but feel that Death may mean only turning over another page.

I suppose we do not appreciate the seriousness of fiction-writing, nor its importance to those who cannot get any nearer to real life. And yet it is not that we are unprogressive. Our young people, returning from college, or from visits to the city, freshen and bring up to date our ideas on literature as rigorously as they do our sleeves and hats; but after a short stay in Hillsboro' even these conscientious young missionaries of culture turn away from the feeble plots of Ibsen and the tame inventions of Bernard Shaw to the really exciting, perplexing, and stimulating events in the life of the village grocer.

In "Ghosts," Ibsen preaches a terrible sermon on the responsibility of one generation for the next, but not all his relentless logic can move you to the sharp throb of horrified sympathy you feel as you see Nelse Pettingrew's poor mother run down the street, her shawl flung hastily over her head, framing a face of despairing resolve, such as can never look at you out of the pages of a book. Somebody has told her that Nelse has been drinking again and "is beginning to get ugly." For Hillsboro' is no model village, but the world entire, with hateful forces of evil lying in wait for weakness. Who will not lay down "Ghosts" to watch, with a painfully beating heart, the progress of this living "Mrs. Alving" past the house, leading, persuading, coaxing the burly weakling, who will be saved from a week's debauch if she can only get him safely home now, and keep him quiet till "the fit goes by."

At the sight everybody in Hillsboro' realizes that Nelse "got it from his father," with a penetrating sense of the tragedy of heredity, quite as stimulating to self-control in the future as Ibsen is able to make us feel in "Ghosts." But we know something better than Ibsen, for Mrs. Pettingrew is no "Mrs. Alving." She is a plain, hard-featured woman who takes in sewing for a living, and she is quite unlettered, but she is a general in the army of spiritual forces. She does not despair, she does not give up like the half-hearted mother in Ghosts, she does not waste her

strength in concealments; she stands up to her enemy and fights. She fought the wild beast in Nelse's father, hand to hand, all his life, and he died a better man than when she married him. Undaunted, she fought it in Nelse as a boy, and now as a man; and in the flowering of his physical forces when the wind of his youth blows most wildly through the hateful thicket of inherited weaknesses she generally wins the battle.

And this she has done with none of the hard, consistent strength and intelligence of your make-believe heroine in a book, so disheartening an example to our faltering impulses for good. She has been infinitely human and pathetically fallible; she has cried out and hesitated and complained and done the wrong thing and wept and failed and still fought on, till to think of her is, for the weakest of us, like a bugle call to high endeavor. Nelse is now a better man than his father, and we shut up "Ghosts" with impatience that Ibsen should have selected that story to tell out of all the tales there must have been in the village where *he* lived.

Now imagine if you can . . . for I cannot even faintly indicate to you . . . our excitement when Nelse begins to look about him for a wife. In the first place, we are saved by our enforced closeness to real people from wasting our energies in the profitless outcry of economists, that people like Nelse should be prohibited from having children. It occurs to us that perhaps the handsome fellow's immense good-humor and generosity are as good inheritance as the selfishness and cold avarice of priggish young Horace Gallatin, who never drinks a drop. Perhaps at some future date all people who are not perfectly worthy to have children will be kept from it by law. In Hillsboro', we think, that after such a decree the human race would last just one generation; but that is not the point now. The question is, will Nelse find a wife who will carry on his mother's work, or will he not?"

If you think you are excited over a serial story because you can't guess if "Lady Eleanor" really stole the diamonds or not, it is only because you have no idea of what excitement is. You are in a condition of stagnant lethargy compared to that of Hillsboro' over the question whether Nelse will marry Ellen Brownell, "our Ellen," or Flossie Merton, the ex-factory girl, who came up from Montpelier to wait at the tavern, and who is said to have a taste for drink herself.

Old Mrs. Perkins, whom everybody had thought sunk in embittered discontent about the poverty and isolation of her last days, roused herself not long ago and gave Ellen her cherished tortoise-shell back-comb, and her pretty white silk shawl to wear to village parties; and racked with rheumatism, as the old woman is, she says she sits up at night to watch the young people go back from choir rehearsal so that she can see which girl Nelse is "beauing home." Could the most artfully contrived piece of fiction more blessedly sweep the self-centred complainings of old age into generous and vitalizing interest in the lives of others?

As for the "pity and terror," the purifying effects of which are so vaunted in Greek tragedies, could Æschylus himself have plunged us into a more awful desolation of pity than the day we saw old Squire Marvin being taken along the street on his way to the insane asylum? All the self-made miseries of his long life were in our minds, the wife he had loved and killed with the harsh violence of a nature he had never learned to control, the children he had adored unreasonably and spoiled and turned against, and they on him with a violence like his own, the people he had tried to benefit with so much egotistic pride mixed in his kindness that his favors made him hated, his vanity, his generosity, his despairing outcries against the hostility he had so well earned . . . at the sight of the end of all this there was no heart in Hillsboro' that was not wrung with a pity and terror more penetrating and purifying even than Shakespeare has made the centuries feel for Lear.

Ah, at the foot of Hemlock Mountain we do not need books to help us feel the meaning of life!

Nor do we need them to help us feel the meaning of death. You, in the cities, living with a feverish haste in the present only, and clutching at it as a starving man does at his last crust, you cannot understand the comforting sense we have of belonging almost as much to the past and future as to the present. Our own youth is not dead

to us as yours is, from the lack of anything to recall it to you, and people we love do not slip quickly into that bitter oblivion to which the dead are consigned by those too hurried to remember. They are not remembered perfunctorily for their "good qualities" which are carved on their tomb-stones, but all the quaint and dear absurdities which make up personality, are embalmed in the leisurely, peaceable talk of the village, still enriched by all that they brought to it. We are not afraid of the event which men call death, because we know that, in so far as we have deserved it, the same homely immortality awaits us.

Every spring, at the sight of the first cowslip, our old people laugh and say to each other, "Will you *ever* forget how Aunt Dorcas used to take us children out cowslipping, and how she never would lift her skirt to cross the log by the mill, and always fell in the brook?" The log has mouldered away a generation ago, the mill is only a heap of blackened timbers, but as they speak, they are not only children again, but Aunt Dorcas lives again for them and for us who never saw her . . . dear, silly, kind old Aunt Dorcas, past-mistress in the lovely art of spoiling children. Just so the children we have spoiled, the people we have lived with, will continue to keep us living with them. We shall have time to grow quite used to whatever awaits us after the tangled rose-bushes of Hillsboro' burying-ground bloom over our heads, before we shall have gradually faded painlessly away from the life of men and women. We sometimes feel that, almost alone in the harassed and weary modern world, we love that life, and yet we are the least afraid to leave it.

It is usually dark when the shabby little narrow-gauge train brings us home to Hillsboro' from wanderings in the great world, and the big pond by the station is full of stars. Up on the hill the lights of the village twinkle against the blurred mass of Hemlock Mountain, and above them the stars again. It is very quiet, the station is black and deserted, the road winding up to the village glimmers uncertainly in the starlight, and dark forms hover vaguely about. Strangers say that it is a very depressing station at which to arrive, but we know better. There is no feeling in the world like that with which one starts up the white road, stars below him in the quiet pool, stars above him in the quiet sky, friendly lights showing the end of his journey is at hand, and the soft twilight full of voices all familiar, all welcoming.

Poor old Uncle Abner Rhodes, returning from an attempt to do business in the city, where he had lost his money, his health, and his hopes, said he didn't see how going up to Heaven could be so very different from walking up the hill from the station with Hemlock Mountain in front of you. He said it didn't seem to him as though even in Heaven you could feel more than then that you had got back where there are some folks, that you had got back home.

Sometimes when the stars hang very bright over Hemlock Mountain and the Necronsett River sings loud in the dusk, we remember the old man's speech, and, though we smile at his simplicity, we think, too, that the best which awaits us can only be very much better, but not so very different from what we have known here.



PHYLLIDA

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE O'NEILL WILSON

PHYLLIDA'S mother played bridge all day and until midnight and after, and Phyllida's father gambled in stocks, but Phyllida, trained by the nuns, and having spent most of her days in a rose garden, and most of her nights in a small white room with a crucifix over her bed, was a thing of fire and dew and ideals.

"In our home," she told the Poet, "we'll always burn candles and we'll have a sun dial in the garden."

"If we live in a flat there will be no garden," her lover reminded her.

"We can still burn candles," Phyllida stated, "and I can have window boxes and feed the white doves on the sill."

"Dear heart," murmured the Poet, knowing that the doves would be slate-colored pigeons, but putting off the moment of disillusion.

With such capacity for romance, it was not wonderful that Phyllida should agree to an elopement.

It was the last resort of the Poet. He had asked for Phyllida's hand as a gentleman should, of her father first, and failing there, of her mother. And both of them had stated that they had other plans—there was the multi-millionaire, Fortunatus; and Phyllida should not marry a poor man.

"I am not poor," the Poet told them, "I do not live by my poetry."

Phyllida's father said that poverty was a matter of comparison, that Phyllida would inherit millions, the Poet could, it seemed, give her only thousands.

"I can give her many things that she does not get at home," said the Poet, flushing.

"For example?" asked Phyllida's father.

"An atmosphere of good breeding," said the Poet, succinctly, and took his hat and went out.

"Of course now they will never consent," he told Phyllida that night. Phyllida's mother was playing bridge in the music-room with three feminine dinner guests, and Phyllida's father was smoking in the library with three masculine ones, and Phyllida and her Poet met clandestinely in the garage. There was no light except such as the moon gave through a high square of window above them. The shadows of the big touring car hid them, and the chauffeur, with the Poet's tip in his pocket, was chaffing the cook at the kitchen door.

"They will never consent," the Poet repeated, "I regret that I was impertinent. But there was something in his manner——"

"There is always something in his manner," said Phyllida calmly, "you needn't try to explain——"

"The thing for me to do is to go away," the Poet said feeling that, as a Poet, he should have put it more exquisitely, but with no heart to try.

Phyllida's face was uplifted. Her sheer blue gown fell in straight folds to her feet. In the moonlight, her hair shone nimbus-like about her head.

"You shall not go," she said faintly. Then, almost whispering, "Kiss me——"

It was the first time she had permitted it. She was half a little nun, half-awakened woman.

Out of a wonderful silence she murmured, "Nothing can part us now, beloved——"



Playing bridge in the music-room with three feminine dinner guests.—Page 754.

It was then that they decided to run away. The Poet realized that it was a childish and hackneyed thing to do, but there seemed no other way to get Phyllida.

To Phyllida it was the great consummation.

"To-morrow night," she said, standing away from him a little, "we will go over the hills and far away—in the moonlight——"

And the Poet, carried out of himself by her youth and beauty, cast doubt to the winds.

He caught her hands in his, and, at arms' length, swung her with him from side to side, rhythmically, as he chanted.

"I know a little house—set in the midst of a tangled garden and beyond the garden are reeds and rushes—and beyond the reeds and rushes a little lake. And beyond the lake the hills are purple against a golden sky—and the moon hangs low when it is late—our honeymoon."

They both laughed, and the Poet kissed Phyllida—the second kiss, which could never be as wonderful as the first, but which was wonderful enough in all conscience.

But when the Poet had left Phyllida and walked the city streets alone, he was burdened by the feeling that he ought not to let her run away with him. For the Poet, with the thinning of his locks on his temples had grown wise, and he knew that while one may put into verses all the moon-lighted fancies that one pleases, one must live life as it really is.

But Phyllida, troubled by no doubts, packed into a big trunk all the fine sheer garments that the nuns had made for her. And there was one delicate robe that was embroidered about the shoulders with true-lovers' knots. Sister Beatrice had wished to leave off the true-lovers' knots, but Phyllida had overruled her.

"I shall keep it for my bridal," she had said, "and I shall want to wear it because you made it."

There was nothing among the pretty



"Nothing can part us now."—Page 755.

things that Phyllida's mother had made, and if there had been Phyllida would not have put it in that trunk. Her mother had no place in her wonder world. Neither had her father, and so she left behind all the jewels he had given her, piling them up in a glittering heap on her dressing table. But she took with her an amethyst rosary that Father Rosario had brought to her from Rome. Father Rosario had heard the confessions of the girls at school. Phyllida being of another faith had made no formal confession, but she had asked Father Rosario many things.

"Suppose my father and mother should want me to marry some one I do not love," she had demanded, "should I be obedient then?"

He had looked down at her with a grave face, but back in his eyes there had been a little flame.

"Love has not found you yet. Wait until it comes."

"But when it comes," Phyllida urged, "wouldn't it be right to forsake all others —and go——?"

They had reached the little shrine at the end of the garden. Above it two white doves cooed and caressed. The blossoming almonds on each side flung up pink branches to the sapphire sky. The spring breezes murmured and sang. Father Rosario caught his breath quickly.

"God will tell you, dear child," he had said, gently, "and your own heart."

And now her heart had told her—and presently—she would ask God——

So when everything was ready, she went into the alcove, where her bed stood, and the curtains fell about her and hid her, and the room was very still.

The moonlight touched the jewels on the dressing table, so that they seemed to burn in a circle of white fire, and within that circle there appeared, all at once, a long white hand, with tapering fingers.

But as the fingers clutched at the jewels and picked them up, there was a click, and the lights flared.

"Mother," Phyllida cried sharply, "what are you doing?"

"I thought you were in bed," her mother stammered.

"I was in the alcove saying my prayers," Phyllida told her, "what are you doing with my jewels?"

"As I came by the door I saw them—and —and I felt they were not safe——"

Phyllida's startled eyes questioned, for her room was at the end of the hall and there was nothing beyond.

But her mother's glance met her's steadily. "It's very late," she said, with a yawn, "you ought to be in bed—but you'd better lock these up," and she let the half dozen rings and bracelets, and the string of pearls and the chain with the diamond heart slip through her fingers reluctantly.

Phyllida's tense figure relaxed. All the sinister suggestion of that first sight of the tall figure in the shimmering white gown had departed, and she flung out her hands in a gesture of relief.

"Oh, mother," she cried, breathlessly, "I was so frightened—I thought it was a thief!"

All that night Phyllida lay wide-eyed in the darkness, for it was her last night in her father's house, and there were things to think of. Things that had been and that were to be.

The night waned, and the dawn came in gray through the windows, and there was the patter of rain against the panes, which was a bad omen for Phyllida's wedding morn.

But Phyllida cared nothing for omens. Rain or shine she was to marry the Poet, and as she went downstairs her cheeks matched the pink of her gown, and her eyes were full of dreams.

When she came into the dining-room, her father and mother said "Good-morning," and went on eating grapefruit. And Phyllida said "Good-morning," and ate *her* grapefruit. Even the frigidity of the domestic atmosphere could not dim her radiance. But there had been a time when her heart had cried out for the long lines of smiling girl faces, and Sister Beatrice's morning benediction.

When he had finished breakfast, Phyllida's father laid down his newspaper and started to go, but Phyllida's mother stopped him.

"You might as well tell Phyllida now," she said, "she will have to know——"

And Phyllida's father rested his arms on the back of his chair and stared at his plate and said, "I'm ruined. Yesterday was a most unfortunate day—I have lost everything——"



"Love has not found you yet."—Page 756.

Though he spoke calmly enough, the whiteness of his handsome face made Phyllida catch her breath and say, "Oh, I am so sorry for you, father."

Her mother's polished finger tips tapped the mahogany impatiently, "If you were really sorry you would marry Fortunatus."

It seemed to Phyllida that, for a moment, a gleam of hope lighted her father's face.

"Sister Beatrice is fifty—but you should have heard her laugh."

Her mother shivered. "One might as well be dead as out of the world——"

But Phyllida's father put out a shaking hand and touched his daughter's arm.

"What made them happy?"

In a sudden mood of exaltation, Phyllida caught the shaking hand in hers.



As the fingers clutched at the jewels, there was a click, and the lights flared.—Page 755.

She looked from one to the other. "But —I do not love him," she protested.

"You might—if it were not for the Poet," her mother said, "he has filled your head with fancies——"

Phyllida's cheeks flamed. She pushed back her chair and stood up. "And if I married Fortunatus, what then?"

"We should all have plenty of money," said her mother, and her father turned his face to her with that haggard gleam of hope.

"But should we have happiness?" Phyllida flung out.

They stared at her, the little slender child, who, for eighteen years had been mothered and fathered in a convent.

"I can see no happiness here," Phyllida went on, "at the convent we were all happy."

"You were all young," said her mother.

"Father," she cried, "it was love. Love of one another—and of God!"

That afternoon, while the rain fell ceaselessly, Phyllida wrote a note to the Poet.

"I cannot go with you to-night. You will see by the evening papers that my father has lost everything. And it doesn't seem right that he should lose me, too. This morning he kissed me, for the first time since I was a little girl—and, after all, he is my father——"

And when she had added a few words, that were to echo forever in the Poet's heart, she sealed the envelope and went back to her desk to get some money from her silver purse to pay the messenger.

But the purse was not in the desk, and though she hunted in every nook and corner of her room, she could not find it, and in

it was all the money that she had saved from her allowance, so that she might not go to the Poet empty-handed.

Then, with fear tugging at her heart, she said to the man, "I cannot find my purse. I will go and get the money."

She sped up the hall to her mother's chamber, but found it empty, and, guided by the sound of shrill laughter, she went down to the music-room, where, set in the middle of the polished floor, was a little spindle-legged table, and about the table were four women playing cards. And Phyllida's mother, with two spots burning red in her cheeks, was talking eagerly, as, with her long white fingers, she shook a roll of bills from a silver purse.

"There," she said, triumphantly, to a tall dark woman in a rose-colored gown who was adding up rows of figures on an ivory tablet, "how much do I owe you, Juliana?"

And thus, with her daughter's money, did Phyllida's mother pay her debts at bridge.

Phyllida crept away, unnoticed, and climbed the stairs, saying over and over again, passionately, "She stole it, and she would have stolen my jewels."

At the head of the stairs was the library, and as she passed the curtained doorway, she heard a voice, Fortunatus' voice, and he was saying:

"If I marry Phyllida, I will fix things up for you."

And her father's voice shook and broke as he answered, "I cannot sell her——"

She shrank back into a shadowy corner as Fortunatus came forth, with his face flaming with anger, and flung himself out of the front door. After the noise of his exodus, a strange stillness seemed to hang over the house, broken once by the shrill laughter from below.

Phyllida parted the curtains. Her father sat at his desk, looking drearily out at the driving rain.

"Father," Phyllida whispered, and he opened his arms, and she crept into them.

And after a long time she whispered, "To-night the Poet and I were going to run away—but now I cannot leave you."

Her father smoothed her hair back from her face with a shaking hand. "You must marry him," he said, "and tell him to take you away from it all—all that we have taught you——"

"There's a little house in a tangled garden," Phyllida told him, eagerly, "with a lake beyond where we will spend our honeymoon."

"Tell him to keep you there always," her father's tone was almost fierce, "and when things get too much for me here, I will come sometimes, and visit you."

"Come now," Phyllida was aflame with the idea. "Come with us now, and we will all run away together."

She saw a new light come into his face and then die away into weariness as the shrill laughter made mocking echoes in the quiet house.

"I cannot."

"Yes. Yes." she insisted. "Mother wants to go and visit Juliana. She has always wanted to go, and you can leave a note. And you can stay with us for a time,



and the Poet, why, the Poet can help you plan your future, father."

"What does the Poet know of finance?" her father scoffed.

"Nothing," Phyllida admitted, securely, "but he knows a lot of lovely things about living—and so does Father Rosario—and Sister Beatrice."

"Then they shall teach me," said her father humbly.

So Phyllida went upstairs and sent another note to the Poet, that made him open his eyes and read it again, and when he had read it a third time, he read it through a mist.

"Dear heart," he said.

And that night the three of them ran away together. The Poet, who knew life, and Phyllida, who knew love, and the old man who had everything to learn.

THREE O'CLOCK

(MORNING)

By Ridgely Torrence

The jewel-blue electric flowers
Are cold upon their iron trees.
Upraised, the deadly harp of rails
Whines for its interval of ease.
The stones keep all their daily speech
Buried, but can no more forget
Than would a water-vacant beach
The hour when it was wet.

A whitened few wane out like moons,
Ghastly, from some torn edge of shade;
A drowning one, a reeling one,
And one still loitering after trade.
On high the candor of a clock
Portions the dark with solemn sound.
The burden of the bitten rock
Moans up from underground.

Far down the street a shutting door
Echoes the yesterday that fled
Among the days that should have been,
Which people cities of the dead.
The banners of the steam unfold
Upon the towers to meet the day;
The lights go out in red and gold,
But Time goes out in gray.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

TWENTY years ago, come this Christmas-tide, there appeared in these pages, almost in the space which the Point of View now occupies, a paper that has fairly won its place in our permanent literature and that has borne, through the lapsing years, a message of courage and cheer to many a human heart. "A Christmas Sermon" was the last of the series of "end-papers" that, during the year 1888, Robert Louis Stevenson contributed to this magazine, and he conceived it in a valedictory spirit thinking only at the time of the conclusion of his twelve-months task, though in point of fact, its composition coinciding with his departure from these shores, it may well be taken as a farewell message to a land where its author had experienced much kindness and for which in turn he cherished a hearty affection. Far outreaching, however, any such geographical limitation, it embodies for all mankind a message of high spiritual significance—the serious conclusions of a serious son of a serious race; and as such it has appealed to all kinds and conditions of men.

The "Christmas Sermon" Twenty Years After.

It was indeed held at the time of its publication to lack the joyousness which we associate with the Christmas season, and to paint the picture of conduct in too sombre hues; and we find Stevenson writing to his friendly critic Sidney Colvin: "I agree with you the lights seem a little turned down; the truth is I was far through, and came none too soon to the South Seas, where I was to recover peace of body and mind. *And however low the lights, the stuff is true.*" I have italicized the last sentence, for therein lies the sturdy, unblinking, clear-eyed faculty of looking ascertained truth in the face—however unprepossessing truth might appear to one fully appreciative of the ease of conformity and the comfort that lies in evasion of a private standard of conduct—that characterizes every written word of Stevenson—and more of his acts than our humanity can ordinarily count on the credit side of life's ledger.

Viewed in the light of our longer perspective, moreover, does this criticism hold, and does the author's qualified acquiescence that the light is dim indicate more than the mood of the artist, who knows better than any one else the shortcomings of an accomplished work compared with the ideal present at its first conception? For surely at the Christmas season, "from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy," no message was ever penned that more concisely formulates a standard of conduct to which any honest soul may more ardently, aye and with such joyous hope, aspire, than the words so fittingly chosen to commemorate the man upon the monument erected by the "loving hearts" of our brothers in San Francisco.

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." Acknowledging the grim condition and the necessity of both fortitude and delicacy, does not this suffice to engender that hope, springing eternal, which constitutes the incentive and the reward of life? Evidently these words have been so taken, and have been graven in characters more enduring than those of the San Francisco monument in the hearts of those who guard "the glimmering hope that perhaps we do better than we think." The enduring mark of enduring literature, the fitting words married to the fitting thought, place the "Christmas Sermon" high among the works of one whose art was as his life, one of gallant endeavor; who in both respects often builded better than he knew, and also consistently and bravely acted up to the gospel he preached in "Æs Triplex." "By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week."

Those who were near Stevenson at the time when the "Christmas Sermon" was written know under what circumstances of physical pain and mental anxiety the words

were penned; but they know as well the serene outlook upon whatever the future reserved, and the unfailing joy and interest in his craft that sustained him. This is the true Christmas spirit, to look back on the year that is spent and forward to the year that is coming with equal consciousness of and determination for sustained effort; to have done and to do a little to the best of one's ability; and to do this joyously so that we may honestly inscribe upon our hearts:

"'This is the study where a smiling God
Beholds each day my stage of labour trod,
And smiles and praises, and I hear Him say:
'The day is brief; be diligent in play.'"

New Antiques and Old Novelties

WHY is it that there are only thirty-six dramatic situations and only thirty-nine merry jests? Why is there nothing new under the sun? Why is it that we are doomed to disappointment when we enter the shop of the enterprising tradesman whose sign declares that he deals in "New Novelties and New Antiques"? It is the new novelty that we fail to find in his wares; his novelties are certain to be old; and it is only his antiques that are new. There is, indeed, this difference that the antiques pretend to be old and are young, whereas the novelties vaunt their youth and yet reveal themselves as hoary with age.

There seems to be no limit to the willingness of mankind to say ditto to itself, in spite of its eternal longing to hear and to tell some new thing. Whately was right when he said that most Irish bulls had been calves in Greece. And as we smile we wonder whether this is not the echo of some Grecian witticism. The worthy Père Bonhours asked gravely whether a German could have wit—*si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit;* and, of course, he could not foresee Heine, a German who was the very quintessence of wit and *esprit* and *Geist.* Yet even Heine trod in the trail blazed by those who went before him; and when he said that Victor Hugo's muse had two left hands, he may—or he may not—have been aware of Rivarol's earlier declaration that an Englishwoman might be beautiful, except she had two left arms.

One of the most characteristic of Mr. Kipling's tales of his "Soldiers Three," is that narrating the stain upon "His Private Honor," which can be removed only by the willingness of his superior to meet him, man to man, with the weapons bestowed by nature. A score of years or more before this British short story was written the same situation had been utilized by Labiche in a most amusing three-act farce, entitled the "Vivacités du Capitaine Jic." The situation is precisely the same in the French play and in the English tale, although the French soldier is a cavalryman and the English soldier belongs to the infantry; and yet it is inconceivable that Mr. Kipling should have taken it over from Labiche. And, if it comes to that, who trod the trail before the French dramatist? And in what specimen of oriental folk-lore may we some day find a remoter original? Perhaps the late Max Müller would have explained it away as an obvious sun-myth, the obscured honor of the private being only the passage of the shadow of the moon across the earth during an eclipse.

The pathetic situation of the guilty wife forgiven by her nobler husband at the hour of death is in "Froufrou," the most Parisian of latter-day dramas, but it is also in Heywood's "Woman Killed with Kindness," a most characteristic Elizabethan play. Probably it has its analogues in Greek drama or in Greek epic. The most striking effect in the "Danichefs," the Franco-Russian play to which the younger Dumas lent his easy wit and his dramaturgic skill and which had its vogue on the stage in Paris and in New York a quarter of a century ago, is to be found in the "Electra" of Euripides. And the central episode of the late Mr. Hearne's "Margaret Fleming" (the moment when the devoted wife gives suck to the illegitimate babe of her husband) has its parallel in the attitude of Andromache to the offspring of Hector. New antiques are plentiful enough if we take the trouble to collect them; the real rarities, which the collector must seek in vain, are the new novelties.

A Modern Idyl

BEYOND my apple tree, high against the blue, he sits upon my neighbor's roof and hammers in the sun. The birds sing round him in the friendly green branches; the fragrance of those young leaves and of the fresh-cut shingles must be sweet. He works in leisurely fashion, tears off a few old shingles; sits and thinks; nails on a few new ones, and thinks again. I find myself envying him his sense of endless time; his way of throwing down his hammer upon the stroke of five, with a nail half driven in, and hurrying down the ladder, the first bit of haste he has shown; envying, too, his——

It must have been my Scotch maid who put it into my head that he was lazy, for such an idea would never have occurred to me in regard to Labor, whose struggles I have followed with deep sympathy. I suppose I might describe myself as a parlor socialist who makes not infrequent visits to the kitchen. It was on one of these occasions that I heard the following astounding statements:

"I never see such good-for-nothin' men in my life as the men in this country," said Janet. The painters had been busy in her pantry, and she was vainly searching for traces of their toil. "They've been here all day, and what have they done? Scared the cats, and that's all." As ill-luck would have it, the men employed by the state commission to ferret out gypsy moths were working out in our yard that day. Janet eyed them scornfully. "It's took 'em all the mornin' to cut off three knot-holes and tack 'em up," she observed. "End they've spent the afternoon lookin' for their hammer. What does the state pay 'em, then, for standin' with their hands in their pockets? Na, na, the women in my country work a deal harder than the men in this."

It set me to thinking, for I have reason to respect Janet's power of observation, and the grim logic of her conclusions, though one has to make allowance for a touch of exaggeration, due, doubtless, to Calvinistic theology, in her statement of truth. Day after day, while my neighbor's roof grows all too slowly, I have watched the village Laboring Man in whatever aspects he has happened to come under my eye; gardener, raking leaves or clipping grass; carpenter, sawing boards; mason, plastering the house that is going up near at hand, and I find it hard to square him with the Laboring Man of the pamphlets, the "hardly entreated brother," of Carlyle and Ruskin. Miners and factory hands are, of course, beyond my observation as I sit at my window and toil, and I speak only of the workers I have watched. So sitting and so watching, I have found it in my heart to envy the wage-earner his happy irresponsibility and freedom from anxiety. His is no risk; the employer takes that; no haste—is not delay money in his pocket? no gnawing anxiety lest the result be less good than the best. For sweet security, tranquillity, freedom from strain, there has been nothing like his lot since the days of Theocritus, of sheep browsing secure in grassy pastures by the sea, of peaceful noontide piping in the shade. I, sitting at my desk and gnawing my pen, doomed to eternal vigilance in labor of the mind, cry out upon you Laboring Man, that it is not fair! It is as if the primal curse lay upon you but for stated hours, and, at the stroke of five, you were privileged to leave the rough fields of toil and go back to Eden for more hours than you spend outside. The curse, as spoken, recognized no eight-hour law. Should I not appreciate it, do you suppose, if instead of being haunted by shadows of ideas even in my dreams, I could but begin thinking at eight-thirty, and quit upon the stroke of twelve? Could I but train my mind to take a noontide rest upon a sunny wall, or to slumber away an hour under the maple as you do in your high leisure, should I not be content? There you are now, piping in the shade, though it is but a clay pipe and indifferent tobacco that you use. Would I might learn your way of working, slow stroke by stroke, with intervals of gracious waiting, and get rid of this eternal, and infernal, impulse goading me on to make things better! Would I might toil for stated hours, with time for sunshine and bird songs! *Et ego in Arcadia*, if it might be! Why should you be paid simply because the hours pass, and draw Father Time's wage for sending the sand through the hour-glass? Shall a man receive hire because Saturn, Venus, and the rest are swinging with measured pace around the sun?

Would, too, that with this golden relaxation of the present, I could share the happy assurance of result of the market-man, careless of destination, and whistling cheerily, who is even now delivering our chops at our neighbor's house, eight numbers down the street. All paths are perhaps alike desirable in Arcady, but is this quite true here? Such faith that all will come out well exists not elsewhere outside the Islands of the Blessed. It will doubtless aid you in the digestion of your luncheon, but oh, who will be digesting mine?

Yet, Laboring Man, you are missing something. Is it sour grapes that, at this moment, I am sure that all is not well with you in your *dolce-far-niente* state? There is not enough uncertainty in it to pique you to effort; one may not, with impunity, be cocksure of life. Is it not written in our ancient book of wisdom, nature, that the organism which has nothing to contend with shall die out? This worry, this uncertainty, this taking risks, this element ruled out of your existence as you sit basking in the huge gourd shadow of your labor union, contains the challenge that makes it all worth while; herein is the secret of poignant joy in

living. Are you never to know the high content of dissatisfaction with yourself? Are there no heights in Arcady to climb? We have moved on from our sheltered pastoral fields, O inhabitants of Smithville, Berryville, and Jonesville Corners, and there is no returning. It will be well for you, if you are to survive—and arrive, to be up and doing.

There, at this minute, opposite sits the mason who is busy with my neighbor's house—sits upon the wall, waiting for eight o'clock for fear lest he give ten minutes' extra time. I, who am awakened by the early bird—it is an oriole—and am at my work betimes, realize that I have misspelled my title. I should have written, *A Modern Idle.*

Concerning Correspondence Schools

A SOMEWHAT supersubtle friend of mine, who is forever seeking to discover the hidden causes of all sorts of events, likes to explain the decline of negro-minstrelsy in the United States toward the end of the nineteenth century as caused in great measure by the coincident rise of after-dinner oratory. He maintains that the hunger of the normal human being for "chestnuts" being now stayed gratuitously by the post-prandial speakers, the Interlocutor and the End-Man could not withstand the competition and therefore went out of business. Probably a strict logician would dismiss this as a fallacy, denying that what is *post hoc* is necessarily *propter hoc.* And yet the suggestion is alluring, and it would account for the deliberate joke-hunting and for the persistent anecdote-mongering which debases so much of our latter-day dinner-table speaking.

Is it also fallacious to point out a similar connection between the strange vogue of Christian Science and the marvellous development of the Correspondence School in recent years? Is not the underlying theory of the Correspondence School a belief that Absent Treatment is available also in education? Hitherto the art of healing has always found its profit in the personal influence of the physician on the patient, direct and almost hypnotic; and yet this element is necessarily lacking in any system of Absent Treatment. Hitherto in the art of education, great stress has been laid on the personal contact of the teacher and the pupil, on the immediate but unconscious influence exerted by the gifted instructor in arousing and in stimulating the ambition of the aspiring beginner; and yet this element is necessarily lacking in any scheme of instruction by letters only. In both cases the impression of the wiser man upon the more ignorant is surrendered voluntarily.

That the Correspondence Schools are now flourishing is evidence that they have supplied an obvious deficiency in our previous educational arrangements, even if they have had to get along as best they could without the potent aid of the actual teacher's presence. Their popularity is proof also that the Complete Letter-Writer of our youthful days, with its forms for all sorts of occasions, was not really complete, since it did not engage to supply a perfect education also. There seems to be no field of instruction which the epistolary tutor is not now prepared to preëmpt. It is true that I have not happened yet to read any advertisement of a Correspondence Sunday-School, and yet such an institution may exist, even though I have no knowledge of it. Indeed, it seems impossible that the method of Absent Treatment should not have been applied to Religion as well as to Sign-Painting and Dentistry and English Literature.

I say this with the more confidence since I chanced recently to find in a column of educational advertisements two appeals to ambitious youth, which opened unexpected vistas as to the possibilities of instruction by letters. These two advertisements followed one another without the interposition of any other advertisement of any other Correspondence School. Thus displayed they afforded an example of what may perhaps be termed Humor by Juxtaposition. Here they are—with only a polite transformation of the address, made advisable solely because these remarks of mine are not intended for the advertising pages of this magazine:—

PLAYWRITING AS A PROFESSION brings fame and fortune. You need not be a genius to succeed. Full course by correspondence. Address Dramatic Institute, Bean City, Mass.

LEARN PLUMBING. Many of our students have graduated in four months and are earning regular plumber s wages. Illustrated catalogue Free. Mississippiville Trade School, Mississippiville, Mo.

The sole suggestion the reader may feel called upon to make is to the effect that it is a pity that the writer of the first advertisement did not declare that "many of our students are earning regular playwright's wages," and that the writer of the second advertisement did not assert that in plumbing "you need not be a genius to succeed."

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

CÉZANNE—AN INTRODUCTION

OF all the arts, painting is the one whose spread from land to land must always be the slowest. A new musical composer appears in Germany and his works may have their first auditions simultaneously in half a dozen of the great cities of the world. A great poet is heard in France and his works, in the original and in translation, may be read in San Francisco as in St. Petersburg, a short time after their publication in Paris. Even sculpture, by the quasi-perfection of the reproductive processes to which it lends itself, may be diffused about the world with the rapidity which its appreciation demands. But painting—limited to the unique examples which the master produces—travels far more slowly. Especially is this true when the relation is that of Europe to America. Constable could, after all, easily send his work to Paris when, in London, it did not meet with the success it deserved. Monet and Pissaro made their journey to the English capital in as few hours as they would have needed days, had an American gallery been the object of their study; and to-day, we see Rodin exhibiting in Prague, Manet's work being sent to Germany, and Sorolla's from southern Spain to Paris or London with comparative ease. But America, while presenting a rich field for artist and dealer, is so far off from the great European centres that with the cost and risks of transportation—not to speak of the great extra expense imposed by our hostile art-tariff,—the organizing of an exhibition of work by a new man or a new school is so hazardous a venture that it has rarely been undertaken. And so we have to-day the case of Cézanne—by all odds the strongest of recent influences in continental painting, and practically an unknown name in America!

To convince oneself of his importance in Europe, one need only glance at the great exhibitions. At the Salon d'Automne of last year there was a wonderful retrospective exhibition of some sixty Cézannes. And as one walked from these galleries into those filled with the current work of the year one felt almost that a separate group of pictures—and a large one—might have been made with such a title as "followers of Cézanne." With the impetus which the great retrospective gave to the study of the master (this being supplemented by at least one important private exhibition), the influence was still more marked at the Salon des Indépendants in the spring, where quite surely not less than four to five thousand pictures in that bewildering show of seven thousand works were other than they would have been if the painters had never known Cézanne. Even in the conservative and more or less official spring salons, where the work is principally by men who cannot readily change, either by the rigidity of their styles or the public's demand of a certain well-recognized order of work from them, the influence of Cézanne is plainly seen.

The younger men of Germany are basing their art on Cézanne to a very considerable degree, as a number of their elders did before them. Probably in no other country is there more eager buying of Cézanne's pictures, and a German painter tells me that in many and many a small city of his native land, there are more works by Cézanne to be seen than there are in the Luxembourg—this circumstance we must note, however, being far outbalanced for the art-lover in Paris by the quantities in the collections of dealers and connoisseurs, which are more accessible to the public in France than anywhere else.

Finally, the men who are bringing back the art of Paris to Austria, Hungary, Poland and Russia, may without hesitation be said to have chosen Cézanne as their favorite master and guide. England, as might be expected, remains true to its tradition of seeking inspiration at home.

Within the last few years much writing about Cézanne has been done; and widely differing judgments of his work have been made. Nowadays, the trend is more and more insistently to eulogy, even to the highest, most unbounded eulogy, and in anything like advanced quarters, derogation scarcely ventures a murmur. Only a short time ago was the period of equally divided combat, while before that, the painter, when mentioned at all, was merely a butt for ridicule.

Manet and Monet were to the mass of the critics in the sixties, seventies, and eighties, outrageous and impious, but Cézanne was unspeakable. Even then, however, a few discerning men appreciated his pictures and Zola, that indomitable champion of greatness in adversity, was one of the number. He closely studied Cézanne as a model for the vital and epic central figure of his great novel "L'Œuvre," and, if the painter resented this, we must lay it in large part to the hostile suspicion with which his continued miscomprehension and ridicule from the public had led him to regard every one. And to this, also, the retirement to a remote part of southern France, Aix—his birthplace, where he spent the greater part of his life. In his latter years, this retirement was so complete that few people knew even whether he was living or dead. Had it not been for the enterprise and perseverance of one of his most impassioned admirers, Émile Bernard, the painter of the "Cairo Opium Smoker," of the Luxembourg, we should be practically without information about the period of Cézanne's most remarkable accomplishment. The record of his several visits to "his master," as he loves to call him, is published in *L'Occident*, for July, 1904, and more notably in the *Mercure de France*, in three numbers during the month of October, 1907. In the faithfully reported conversations, in the letters which he prints, in his own observations and his experiences with the old gentleman (for such Cézanne then was), we get an invaluable light on the personality whose course we shall attempt to follow.

Paul Cézanne was born at Aix, near Marseilles, in 1839. His father was a hatter who, thriving in his well-patronized establishment, was able to carry on a banking business with the funds he accumulated, and left to his two daughters and Paul a fortune which kept them in ease throughout their lives. Cézanne always spoke of his father with admiration and deep affection. "My father," he once told Bernard, "was a man of great insight. He said, 'My son is a dreamer; he will never be able to cope with the difficulties of the practical world, I must work for him, since he will not know how to do it for himself.' And so he toiled at his business in order that my sisters and myself might have the benefit." The young Cézanne had a good education, and it was at the school where he received it that he met Émile Zola, a fellow-student. Later he entered his father's bank, but at the age of twenty-three was allowed to go to Paris, to take up work more in accord with his tastes. He sought out Zola, who was already there, and the two associated on friendly terms for some time. It was their practice to make excursions into the country, and in some nook which they would select, to write verses together—frequently in Latin. "Mine were better than his," Cézanne was wont to affirm in later years. Notwithstanding this superiority (if it really existed), Zola began to achieve success and was soon so far ahead of his old schoolmate that the latter found the companionship far less attractive than it had been, and drew away from it. He entered an art academy, where Pissaro and Guillaumin were among his associates. The years went on without much result. Like many young men sent to the great cities and having a reliable stipend from home, Cézanne seems to have brought his work in art and literature only little above dilettantism. He himself said, "Until I was forty, I lived in Bohemia. Then I went to work with Pissaro and from him I learned to apply myself." The practice of continual, unremitting industry that he took from that tireless and beautiful painter became a habit which remained with him to the end. Even as an old and stricken man he would be at his studio at the earliest practicable hour, paint till noon and, after lunch and a rest, recommence for a long afternoon's work. Nothing was allowed to interfere with his routine, and we have the fact that even at the death of his mother—an event which was a deeper grief to him than to any other of his family—he had to make his daily excursion to the "motif"—the particular piece of landscape on which he was at work.

The change from his irregular life before he lived at Auvers sur Oise, near Pissaro, to the concentrated effort of his succeeding years, did not change Cézanne's standing as regards the public; and Meier-Graefe, in his spirited essay, tells that it was only through the influence exerted by a friend that the one picture the painter ever had accepted by the Salon was placed in the exhibition of 1882.

In ill health, but anxious to work and express the ideas which he at last felt to be mature, Cézanne went back to Aix, where he continued until his death in 1906. He was a constant sufferer during this period; even the short journey to Marseilles became extremely arduous for him and his life restricted itself to the daily round of studio, the "motif," the

studio and home. Bernard gives some charming glimpses of the personal side of the man,—of his affection for his son Paul, and of his whimsical good humor at meals (when he was not, as frequently occurred, too much absorbed in painting mental pictures of the people about him or the still-life on the table).

The non-acceptance of his work by the juries was a matter of great mortification to him, but, like Manet, he always looked to see the tide of opinion turn in his favor. Unlike Manet, who stayed in the society which rejected his work and had personal friends who kept him in countenance, Cézanne let his feelings get the better of his logic and came to look on the people who took any interest in his work with morbid suspicion. Especially were women and priests the objects of his distrust; the former because he imagined that they wanted to entrap him and steal the secrets of his art; the latter because he feared they would, for the same purpose, gain an ascendency over him by means of his deep feeling for religion. Thus it was with great surprise that he found out that a certain priest with whom he was accidentally brought into acquaintance was really a very fine man. During his latter years he would have no models for the nude, and the effect of this on his pictures is only too apparent. His old housekeeper, a good and faithful woman of whom he thought highly, had orders never to touch him, even with the hem of her skirt. "Ah," he would exclaim, "they think I have a trick, and that they will get it out of me, but never, never will they get their hooks on it!"—"mettre le grappin dessus" as his own expression was. This distrustfulness once led to a misunderstanding even with the devoted Bernard, but after running away from him at top speed and taking refuge in his house, Cézanne evidently repented, and made overtures of reconciliation, which the pupil was glad to accept, and a greater freedom of the master's studio than he had before enjoyed was the result.

Cézanne's methods, like so many things connected with him, were peculiar to himself. He had the rare faculty of being able to keep up his interest in a picture, even after it had eluded and disappointed him several times. Once convinced that he was in pursuit of the thing desired, he was unrelenting in his efforts to attain it and in his refusal to accept anything else. Thus a picture might be worked on at more or less distant dates over a long period—sometimes growing worse, sometimes better, until the time when it was satisfactory or, once in a while, so far miscarried as to make his abandoning it a necessity. On the other hand, if he felt that he was on a really false track, he would throw aside the study from the very first. It was not his usual practice to destroy these canvases, but to store them in a sort of attic in his studio where large numbers of them accumulated, together with notes and sketches from nature. This collection served as a reference for him, a place to consult past work, make comparisons as to his progress. He would not allow these pictures to be shown in exhibitions, and it was only after his death that they were placed on view, though some had gone forth through various channels before, and much mischief has been done to their author's reputation by people who judged his art from these unrepresentative productions.

The exhibiting of sketches is always accompanied by danger, and most of all so, when, as in the present case, the finished works which alone could make them comprehensible are insufficiently known. By degrees, however, the feeling grew with a part of the public that despite the faults and eccentricities which they so much reprehended in Cézanne's work, there were still good phases to it, and as we always see, where really important qualities begin to emerge from the haze of misunderstanding, it takes no great time until the bad, which had first appeared insurmountable, is quite dwarfed by the good. From a scattering representation in various galleries, as arranged by his agent in Paris, Cézanne passed to his first private exhibition at Vollard's gallery in 1895. Since then the prices of his works have mounted uninterruptedly until with the advent of an American multi-millionaire, they soared almost hopelessly out of the reach of the people, often of modest means, who were the first to buy his work.

And what are the qualities of this work which at first seemed so absurd and later so fine? To say that its primary importance is as a vehicle by which a great personality reaches us, might appear something between a truism and an evasion. But until the science of æsthetics makes such progress that a canon may be applied, this somewhat unsatisfactory generalization will remain the first reason of the critic for his admirations. It applies to Cézanne quite closely, however, for his greatness lies more in an intensely individual way of seeing nature than as an expressor of ab-

stract artistic concepts. In other terms, he falls in with the class headed by such men as Giotto and Rembrandt, who merged their æsthetic qualities inextricably with their particular viewing of the world and its people—rather than with the class to which Leonardo and Rubens belong, where interest focuses on the grand syntheses of drawing and color.

As a painter of men and women, Cézanne shows a profundity of understanding and sympathy which would suffice alone to excite the admiration of the earnest student. His workman is presented to us in a different manner from that of Millet, for while the latter dwells entirely on the toiler in relation to his task, Cézanne treats him as a person, to be studied at once for his own sake and in the diverse activities of his life. Thus there are pictures where a workman sits with a pipe, to be painted from the same standpoint as a lady with her fan, and also groups of workmen in a café, playing cards, etc., etc. A Cézanne portrait has that haunting look of the sitter's personality which carries us back rapidly to the work of Greco. Indeed, there have been few, if any, cases of apparent atavism so striking as that which is almost always remarked between Greco of the sixteenth century and the man who was but recently in our midst. There is the same insistence on the important —at whatever expense to the minor matters of superficial fidelity to nature; and what is even more strange, their very virtues and defects took much the same course, so that to mistake at the first glance certain works of Greco for Cézannes is neither difficult nor without precedent.

The landscape pictures are characterized by a seriousness which sometimes amounts to positive austerity. In them we become more conscious of Cézanne's great æsthetic quality —Form; while in the still-life, that field of art where the expression of the object is evidently at its least, we have the painter's mastery of this master-problem as a recurring and unmistakable note. And it is at this point that he reaches out from the class of men who are first of all expressors, and allies himself as well to the classical school with its impersonal laws.

It was natural that through his association with the group which may be credited with the renewal of color in European art, Cézanne should himself have become a colorist, but this matter of his passion for form as a pure abstract quality seems very much due to his work by himself—natural inclination and such rudiments of the study as he took from the painters who were his comrades at Paris also having their share in it. Cézanne seems to combine the position of the primitives who evolved their wonderful art with comparatively little help from the past, and that of the moderns who have so much of precedent and example that they are almost embarrassed in their selection of standards.

The early works of Cézanne show the clearest influence of Courbet and Manet. They are dark and often heavy, the strong modelling which he sought, being attained by black-and-white values, almost entirely. The impasto is thick as it always was with Courbet, and till late in life, with Manet. It would be interesting to collect data on the masters of painting as such, and see how many have gone from a uniformly heavy pigment to thin paint with only an occasional emphasis or staccato-note of solid color. And among these men Cézanne would belong. Pissaro gave him the modern clarity of tone, receiving in exchange the influence of his friend's splendid feeling for the broad and simple planes into which the genius knows how to organize the infinitude of little tints and spots that are seen in nature. From the time of his return to Aix we find Cézanne taking heed of no new influence,—reproductions in books and the ancient works in the churches of his town being almost all the art which fell under his notice.

Where no living traditions exist, such as those which sustained the art of the long series of men whom we call the old masters, the experimenter is almost sure to let go of some phase of his work while he is trying for others. So Cézanne, interested in character, in form, and in the color, from which he drew such a rare beauty, concerned himself little with the realistic finish which the public of his time demanded, nor with the finesse and subtlety of line-drawing and the care as to accurate natural proportion which they had learned from Ingres to expect. But it is the fortunate, or rather the great artist, who knows how to choose what is important and hold to it even when he must give up the less important. Today there is an increase of hopeful indication that art-students, whether professionals, critics, or laymen, are giving less attention to the externals and caring more for what is within —the structural, the significant. And not the least of these signs is the high rank which in recent years has been conceded to Paul Cézanne.

WALTER PACH.

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